

The
Nineteenth Centur.

VOL- 21

(January. June)

1887



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be amended or determined. Neither Mr. Dicey nor any one else really helps us, who does not deal with the political case that is legitimately built up from this proposition. Both parties have this year explained their view of the method proper for a settlement of the land question. The foundation of the Liberal plan was the interposition of a central Irish body between the purchasing tenant and the lending State. The Conservative plan, as foreshadowed in announcements made by the Government in August, rested on securities to be found, not in a central body, but in Local Authorities, and these authorities would have to be created. On either plan, the agrarian transformation must be accompanied by political reconstruction. The connection of each question with the other, and of both with social order, cannot be shaken or loosed. Nothing but his entanglement in the purely formal elements of constitutional discussion can explain the curious failure of so acute and honest a disputant as Mr. Dicey to seize the real purport of his own statement which I have just quoted, or to work it out to a practical conclusion. His misapprehension of the policy which he condemns is complete. The policy may deserve to be condemned, but it has a claim to be understood.

The Land Purchase Bill (says Mr. Dicey, p. 268), even when discarded, remains an involuntary exposure of the futility of the Gladstonian Constitution, and of the unsoundness of the principle on which the demand for Home Rule rests. . . .

If in dealing with Ireland we must calm agrarian misery before satisfying national aspirations, this necessity is all but a confession that Irish unrest is due far more to desire for a change in the land laws than to passionate longing for national independence.

‘No friend of Italy,’ he interjects parenthetically, ‘ever suggested that Italian independence should be accompanied by a loan from Austria.’ Quite true, because Italy demanded complete independence, and the Irish leaders do not, and there is an end of our author’s parenthesis. The Land Purchase Bill was not an expedient for ‘calming agrarian misery’ at all; it was independent of any opinion as to the comparative share of agrarian discontent and national aspirations in the production of Irish unrest. It was an endeavour, inspired not by too large equity towards the landlords, but by the sound political motive of rallying the Irish peasantry to the institutions of the country, and interesting them in stability and order. We have been taunted with refusal to leave the settlement of the land to the Irish Parliament. The answer is obvious. Can any settlement be made without resort to British credit? If not, it cannot be made without the British Parliament. The Land Bill may have been a prudent or an imprudent plan for establishing a system of single ownership. But every day makes it more and more clear, as some of us have never ceased to maintain, that whether you grant large autonomy or small, whether you decide on twenty years of coercion or continue to stagger stupidly along the old, devious, slovenly,

breakneck road, in any case a measure for land purchase is rendered, both by social and political conditions, the most assured and inexorable of all certainties. The only question is whether it shall be a measure financially and politically safe, or one in both these respects extremely dangerous; and that question no statesman can answer who does not perceive, as I have just said, that the connection between agrarian aims and general political feeling is the dominant peculiarity of Irish affairs. That connection was recognised by the policy of the late Government, and it is fatally ignored in the criticisms of Mr. Dicey. He describes the Land Purchase Bill (p. 139) as saying, in effect, to the United Kingdom:

Pay fifty millions, that, without any injustice to Irish landlords, Irish tenants may be turned into landowners, and may then enjoy the blessings of Home Rule freed from all temptation to use legislative power for purposes of confiscation. The advice (he proceeds) may in one sense be sound, but prudence suggests that if the fifty millions are to be expended, it were best first to settle the agrarian feud, and then to see whether the demand for Home Rule would not die a natural death. French peasants were Jacobins until the revolution secured to them the soil of France. The same men when transformed into landed proprietors became the staunch opponents of Jacobinism. It is in any case the interest of England to see whether, say in a generation, the existing or further changes in the tenure of land may not avert all necessity or demand for changes in the constitution.

All this is very reasonably said. Mr. Mill said exactly the same nearly twenty years ago, though, unlike Mr. Dicey, he admitted that the 'administration of local justice, local finance, and other local affairs, needed the hand of the reformer even more urgently than in England.' The changes in the tenure of land recommended by Mill were generally repudiated in England at the time, as violent and revolutionary, but they were accepted by the Legislature in 1881. Yet Irish unrest is as bad as ever. The ruinous interplay between agrarian and political forces, each using the other for ends of its own, will never cease so long as the political demand is in every form resisted. That, we are told, is all the fault of the politicians. Be it so; then the Government must either suppress the politicians outright, or else it must interest them in getting the terms of its land settlement accepted and respected. Home Rule on our scheme was, among other things, part of an arrangement for 'settling the agrarian feud.' It was a means of interposing between the Irish tenant and the British State an authority interested enough and strong enough to cause the bargain to be kept. No doubt it is said that the Irish authority would have had neither interest nor strength enough to resist the forces making for repudiation. Would those forces be any less irresistible if the whole body of the Irish peasantry stood, as Land Purchase *minus* Self-Government makes them to stand, directly face to face with the British State? This is a question that Mr. Dicey might have been expected to consider, as he might well also have considered that other question, which lies unnoticed at the back of all

solutions of the problem by way of peasant ownership—Whether it is possible to imagine the land of Ireland handed over to Irishmen, and yet the government of Ireland kept exclusively and directly by Englishmen? Such a divorce is conceivable under a rule like that of the British in India: with popular institutions it is inconceivable and impossible.

Here we may leave the more general considerations raised by Mr. Dicey. To his strictly constitutional criticisms I hope, by the indulgence of the Editor, to be allowed to turn in a second, and happily a shorter article.

JOHN MORLEY.

HILL-DIGGING AND MAGIC.

THE utterances of royal personages are sometimes very startling. They assume upon occasion the tone of gracious command which none may gainsay and live; but not unfrequently they perplex and dismay by their magnificent assumption of infinite possibilities of obedience. They come upon us, too, at such unexpected moments, and they come in such unexpected forms, that we—the weak ones of the earth, born to grovel and crawl and serve—actually do set out upon our audacious missions now and then, simply because we are bidden, and we actually do get a little way upon our journey, and drop down exhausted only when the eyes that cheer but not inebriate are no longer turned our way.

Thus it came to pass with me a week or two ago. I was in a desponding mood, drearily speculating upon the question whether on this side of the grave I should ever be in funds enough to buy a certain set of five precious folios which for years have made the tenth commandment for me a lifeless fossil idol, when her royal highness's voice came to me in the silence, with these mysterious words: 'If you consulted my wishes you would begin upon *The Serpent that swallows his Tail.*'

Tremendous task! The immense undertaking indicated by these words has advanced no further than its bewitching title, though prodigious preparations have been made for a start. During an indefinite number of years it has been brooded over. Piles of notes and reams of manuscript attest the fact. What I may venture to call the *basis* of the Serpent has been of the broadest. Even Mr. Cadaverous more than once allowed that 'in competent hands the Serpent might prove a fertile and not uninteresting subject for an *opusculum.*' 'But,' adds Mr. Cadaverous, with one of his never-failing quotations, 'you must allow me to say

Dic aliquid dignum promissis. Incipe!'

Alas! I go on with the quotation, and do *not* begin.

On the eventful morning referred to, however, her royal highness would not let the matter drop; she stooped beneath her accustomed dignity: she even went as low as menace. Was it not just a little too bad that a real princess should frighten her slave with such words as these:

‘One of these days I know you’ll die; and then you’ll be sorry, and the Serpent will die with you, and the progress of humanity will be arrested; and’—for I smiled a green and melancholy smile—‘you are really too provoking! . . . Well, then, why don’t you write about the . . .?’

‘Hush! my dear, hush! the British public would never stand it. The Serpent *must* wait. As for that other, he must not be known by so profane a title: the world would denounce it as unclerical and unseemly. Think of another.’

‘Then call it the Old Magician—the Real Magician—Treasure Trove—anything; only *do* write, and don’t dawdle!’

I sighed. I trembled, and promised to obey. And thus it came to pass that I gave myself up to the charge that was laid upon me, and I began by writing the heading to the first chapter—‘Of buried treasure in general.’

Among all my acquaintances above the lower middle class I know no man of forty—except he be a country parson—who has not written a book, or who has not an account at a bank. We all write books, and we all *keep* a banking book. Yet there was a time when human beings did neither the one nor the other. Also there was a time when books were common, much written, much read, and when bankers were not common. Nevertheless in those days money changed hands—money in lumps with a stamp upon it, money by weight that was the price of lands and cattle and men’s lives, and things much more precious than even these. The world had grown quite an old world when Pasion—the Rothschild of Athens—turned over the leaves of his ledger to find out how Lycon of Heraclea stood in his books. It was a much older one when Julius Cæsar persuaded the bankers at Rome to make those heavy advances to him as he was preparing for the pillage of Gaul. But a thousand years after Cæsar’s time Europe had clean forgotten all about the finance of the earlier ages, and banking, as we understand the word, was a thing unknown. Yet men traded, and bargained, and got gain, and some grew rich, and some grew poor, and some were thriftless and some were grasping—as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.

But in process of time the art of money-making advanced again. Great capitalists rose up, fortunes were made, estates changed hands. The great men doubtless had their own methods of managing their money matters. The Jews, the Carausini (who bought out the Jews), and other such financiers, made their accounts and negotiated loans with kings and potentates and thrived surprisingly as a rule, though by no means invariably. That was all very well for the big men embarked in important speculations; but what was the small man to do—the man who went about from village to village and from

fair to fair with a pack on his back—the man of the market whom people called indifferently John le Marchant, or Johannes Mercator, or Jack the Pedlar, and whose gains counted by groats, not by shillings?

What did he do? To tell the plain truth he found his money—his hard cash—somewhat of an incumbrance to him as he travelled about from place to place. It is hard, very hard, for us to realise in our time the difficulty of finding investments for capital in the middle ages. The merchant princes of Venice or Genoa and many another thriving mart built their palaces and got rid of a great deal of their ready money by indulging in their taste for splendour. But the ‘low man adding one to one,’ to whom fifty pounds was a fortune, if he could not hear of some neighbour in difficulties who wanted to sell house and land on a small scale, must have been, and often was, sorely put to it to know where to dispose his gains. Sometimes he made an advance to the landlord out at elbows, sometimes a neighbouring monastery was badly in want of money for carrying on those everlasting building operations which ambitious abbots or priors were never tired of undertaking. Sometimes there was a speculation in shipbuilding to tempt him when half a dozen small adventurers made up a joint-stock partnership, each contributing his quota; but as often as not, when a small capitalist had a good round ~~sum~~ in his money bag there was no opportunity of putting it out at use,¹ and the poor man had literally to carry it about on his person and take his chance. Timid men and women shrank from such a risk, and then the alternatives which presented themselves were few. If there was a religious house which bore a high character in the neighbourhood the spare cash was left in the custody of one or other of the *Obedientiaries*, the depositor receiving an acknowledgment which took the form of an *obligation*—i.e. a promise to pay by a certain date. In the meanwhile the lender in most cases received no interest—for was not the taking of usury a deadly sin, or something very like it?—the security of his deposit was reckoned a sufficient equivalent for any advantage which the borrower derived from the use of the capital, and the money so lent lay not ‘at call’ but invariably ‘on deposit.’

In the case of a small trader who required a certain amount of floating capital for the purposes of his business, these monastery banks were of very little use. As the time approached for the holding of one of the great annual fairs, where the merchant laid in his stock for the year and paid ready money for it, it was needful that he should call in his small debts and gather his dues. That must have been a very nervous time for Jack the Pedlar. The nights were long and very dark; folks said that a band of landless rogues were skulking

¹ ‘Having money out at use’—i.e. *at interest*—is still a common expression in Norfolk.

in the copses down in the hollow yonder; that two pilgrims' coming home from Walsingham had been stripped of their all; that there was a hug and cry for some ruffian who had killed his mistress and was supposed to be hiding, hungry and desperate, the Lord knew where; that in Black Robin's Alehouse on the moor there had been much talk of Jack the Pedlar's wealth, and grim Jem and cock-eyed Peter had darkly hinted with some savagery that the pedlar was a grasping knave whom it would be a good deed to lighten of his burden.

Oh Jack! Jack! How you must have quaked? Was it wonderful that Jack and Jill and many a score of the thrifty ones who had laid by their tiny hoards against a rainy day should have been driven to think of a *cache* as the only possible way out of the difficulty, and that hiding money in the earth should have been a very common practice up and down the land in the old days when security for life and property was a very different thing from what we now understand by the words?

But, bless my heart!—what am I thinking about? Did not Achan, the son of Zerah, feel himself to be in the same difficulty when he purloined that wedge of gold and the fifty shekels of silver and all that perfectly irresistible accumulation which dazzled his eyes among the spoils of Jericho? Did he not hide it in his tent, dig a hole there and bury it, the accursed thing? Verily a capacious receptacle, wherein that goodly Babylonish garment had a place among other objects of *vertu*. How blind avarice is! The son of Zerah must have been distraught in his wits when he persuaded himself that he could remain for long one of that noble army of the favoured few who are *not* found out. Ages before Achan there had been buriers, the thing has always gone on. Why our dogs—our very dogs—practise the virtue or the vice, and Tip and Toby and Nick and Gyp—confound them!—can never be cured of hiding their stolen mutton-bones in the flower-beds and returning to them in the dead of night to scratch up the nauseous relics. It is a survival of some instinct or other, say the wise men. So we cannot cure our dogs of it and we cannot eradicate it from the hearts of our fellow men. All literature is full of it—yes, and all law.

In the Digest, in the Institutes, the law of treasure trove is elaborately handled; the law varied from time to time. Constantine (A.D. 315) claimed half of all treasure trove for the crown; Gratian in 380 surrendered all claim upon any share of the spoil, but assigned a fourth to the owner of the land; Valentinian ten years after this decreed that the finder of treasure should keep all that he found.

It is evident from all this legislation that in the Roman world the practice of burying valuables must have been very common. Can we wonder at it? Between the death of Septimius Severus in A.D. 211 and the accession of Constantine in 305, no less than twenty-seven names appear upon the Fasti, of pretenders to, or wearers of,

the purple. Twenty-seven Emperors of Rome in less than a century !
Mere names do you say ?

Distinguished names !—but 'twas somehow,
As if they played at being names
Still more distinguished, like the games
Of children.

Ay, that was just the worst of it. There was no saying any day who was or who might be king over us. Of course men lost all sense of security. Men with the best intentions could not be trusted. These must have been the days of old stockings and of literally hiding talents in the earth.

But our concern just now is not with other lands. We have only to look at home ; and here, 'within the four seas,' I am inclined to think that we in East Anglia have been at all times more addicted to the hoarding and hiding mania than elsewhere. There are innumerable stories of men and women digging up money and getting suddenly rich by a great find. Sometimes you are assured that old Hakes, who amassed such vast wealth that he was able to buy a farm, of fifty acres without a mortgage, began by finding an old teapot full of golden guineas up the chimney ; or that Joe Pymer dug up a pot of money in his cabbage-bed ; or that Mr. Dixe, 'him as is the builder now,' what time he was a mere well-sinker came upon 'a sight o'ld gold cups and things' when he was making a well at a fabulous depth. Sometimes, too, the prevalent belief receives a startling confirmation in an undoubted discovery, as when some few years ago, in clearing out a moat at Bradenham, a silver jug 'was actually picked up ; and then it was remembered that some fifty years before there had been a robbery of plate at Letton Hall, and the report was that the thieves were hard pressed and had to drop their booty.

I was myself once present at a very remarkable function. Evidence had been adduced, so positive and precise as to defy contradiction, that a certain magnate at Ladon had been buried in the family vault and the family jewels had been buried with him. An application was actually made to the constituted authorities for a licence to disinter the corpse and open the coffin. The thing was done. Then the real explanation of the story that had got abroad revealed itself. When the arrangements for the funeral of the defunct were approaching completion it was found that, by some mistake, the leaden coffin had been made too large for the oaken shell that was placed within it, and it became necessary to make use of something to serve in the place of wedges to prevent the inner receptacle from *shifting* when the bearers had to carry it to the vault. The undertaker's men were equal to the occasion ; they picked up a couple of old books which they found ready at hand ; the one was a battered old French dictionary, the other was, I believe, *The Whole*

Duty of Man (!). The fellows made no secret of the matter, and the two volumes were wedged in accordingly. It would have been all one to them if they had been a couple of Caxtons or Wynkyn de Wordes. But the story got wind. Two *books* soon became changed into two *boxes*, and the two *boxes* became caskets of inestimable value, till it ended by people loudly proclaiming that the family jewels had been buried with the dead, and a cry arose and grew strong that 'something must be done.' It was to me a very memorable day, for I had the French dictionary in my hands, and, inasmuch as I had a very smart new coat on and 'looked the character,' I was much flattered by being mistaken for the bishop of the diocese and being addressed as 'my lord'!

But the widespread belief in the existence of large sums of money being concealed in the ground, and which wait only for the sagacious explorer to discover them, has really a basis of truth to support it. Such hoards of valuables have indeed been turning up continuously from the very earliest times, and they turn up still much more frequently than might be supposed. In 1855 a workman came upon a collection of nearly 500 silver pennies, of the reigns of Henry the Second and Henry the Third, at Hockwold in Norfolk. They had been hidden by some poor creature six hundred years ago, probably under his own doorpost. The house may have been burnt or tumbled down—who knows?—ages had passed, and the ploughman had drawn his furrow over the place from year to year, and the corn had sprung up, been reaped and garnered, and then one day the nineteenth-century man with a patent improved share had driven it in a few inches deeper than any plough had ever gone before, and lo! there rolled out before his delighted but hardly astonished eyes the sum total of that other poor miser's life-long savings, scraped together in the times when every penny stood for at least a whole day's wages, laid by so painfully, watched so very anxiously, gloated over so ravenously, but all saved in vain for another to gather! Had the poor wretch some dream of buying his freedom or getting his only boy made a priest, or making himself master of that other strip of earth that marched with his own tiny patch? How easy it is to find a pathos in some mysterious relic of the past!

In 1852, again, upwards of 300 *British* coins were found in a field at Weston. We may be sure it had not been an open field when they were hidden there: they are said to have been coins of the Iceni—struck, it may be, in some rude mint of the great Queen Boadicea, hidden away for a purpose when money was very scarce and a little would go a very long way, meant to be dug up all in good time by the hider, who thereupon went into the battle with the Roman legionaries, fought and fell, and took his secret with him.

It is scarcely eight years since the largest find of all was made.

Ten to fourteen thousand Roman coins, mostly of the reign of Postumus, were discovered at Baconsthorpe, where it seems a Roman station once was. There they had lain for fifteen centuries, and cunning scholars will have it that some bold band of Britons made a raid one day upon the weak Roman garrison, slew them to a man, pillaged the station, burnt and rioted, but missed the treasure, which the legionaries, in view of the peril grown imminent, had buried so deep and meant to return for when the foe should have been repulsed or annihilated. Those legionaries never came back. How far did they get? And then those others who were waiting for their pay—waxing mutinous—and the commissary-general with a deficit of 14,000 pieces of silver lying in a hole in a gigantic earthen pot, and destined to lie there for ages—what did they do? And yet people will write fiction and think it is a mark of genius to be able to *invent* a story. Would not *telling* one do as well?

Gentlemen of the shires will perhaps tell me that they too had much treasure buried in holes among themselves. I deny it not, but I protest that incomparably more finds have been made among us in the east than among you in the west and the midlands. Moreover, there is a reason for this: a man thinks twice before he begins to pick a hole through the limestone or the granite. Such a hole would very soon betray itself if he did. Nor does he like to bury his hoard in a marsh or a river bank—your sloppy swamp is not adapted for concealment. But the dry and light soil on which most of our Norfolk villages were planted, and the old banks raised in primæval times for defence or for the enclosure of cattle, and the old walls of *cobble*, sometimes three or four feet thick, of which many of our humbler dwellings and almost all our barns and byres were made before the times came back when people set to work to burn bricks again and build houses with them,—all these were exactly the spots which afforded easy hiding-places for the small man's savings. Even to this day such places are utilised by our local misers.

Nevertheless, I do not want to hurt the feelings of the gentlemen of the shires. I know that it was somewhere between Wycombe and Onhandandedeceruche (*there* is a name to be proud of!) that William Attelythe in the year 1290 was said to have found a hoard of twenty pounds, the which he was said *maliciose concealasse*, and that by favour of the king he was pardoned his offence, whether he had committed one or not.

Also I know that a hundred years after this Robert atte Mulle and Alice his wife were put upon their trial on the charge of having appropriated seven hundred pounds *d'aunciem temps mussez souz la terre* at Guildford in Surrey, and that the unhappy couple were prosecuted and worried for years by Sir Thomas Camoys; though it seems clear that the charge was utterly false, and after seven years of shameful exactions it was practically withdrawn and master Robert

restored to what was left of his houses and lands and goods and chattels, which during all this time had been left in the hands of the spoilers.

So, too, in the year 1335 a decree went forth from the great King, who was at Carlisle at the time, directing that an inquiry should be made regarding a hoard of unknown value which certain rogues had succeeded in unearthing in the garden of Henry Earl of Lancaster, in the parish of St. Clement Danes, outside Temple Bar. They found the treasure in the said garden under a pear-tree, and they dug it up and carried it off; and for all that appears they escaped with their booty, and none knew what became of it or them.

Once upon a time I found myself sitting down in a humble, not to say squalid, little chapel by the wayside—just such an one as Mr. Browning has described (these poets find out everything!). I was one of a congregation of seventeen, including two tiny children that were toddling about the place all the time, and playing hide-and-seek in and out among the pews. An itinerant preacher presided, and in due time he gave out his text, and thus he began: ‘Moy friends,—If yow want to come a at text o’ Scripture, yow must die—gress.’

That good man’s discourse must certainly have struck me under the fifth rib, for ever since that day I have been painfully conscious of a tendency to *digress* upon all possible occasions. I find it hard to resist the temptation to digress now, but that something tells me that if I do my readers will be sure to yawn. Therefore I will not digress, but will content myself with hinting at what I would fain digress upon now if I dared.

I should like at this point, then, to write two chapters—one upon the odd places in which treasure has been hid from time to time, the other upon the various methods which have from time to time been adopted to discover the aforesaid treasure.

The first chapter would treat of wells and walls and churches and graveyards and dens and caves, and of *Mounds* and *Barrows*.

The second chapter would treat of the foul fiend and gins and hobgoblins, and divining rods and crystals—things grim and creepy—familiar spirits *et hoc genus omne*. But no; these chapters will form a portion of the twenty-seventh book of my great work—*The Serpent that swallows his tail*; and if on the present occasion I touch upon any of the points indicated above—it must be clearly understood that I am *touching*, not *handling*, those points, and that I am *not* digressing, but going straight on.

How did these rogues find that money in the Earl of Lancaster’s garden under the pear-tree? How did it get there? The Earl (he

was not yet Duke) was one of the greatest potentates in England. If his house was not his castle, whose should be? We cannot help thinking that the hoard must have lain there from a very distant time—it may be that it had been there for ages. How did the rogues find it? Why didn't the gardener dig it up? It was not his, and he knew nothing about it. It certainly was not found by mere chance, for there was a recognised term in use for describing such finds. In the formal documents they are spoken of as *subito inventum*; as in the case of that sum of gold and silver which William Whethereld of Brokford in Suffolk fished up from a well *infra mansionem ipsius Willielmi* in the year 1425, and about which due inquiry was made—the jury declare expressly that it was *subito inventum*; or that other hoard of money, which on the Monday after All Saints' Day, three years after this, John Sowter, alias John Richerd, of Bury St. Edmunds, cordwainer, came upon at Thurleston, in the same county, under a certain stone. That, too, was a mere chance find, and that, too, is set down as *subito inventum*. So, too, some finds were mere thefts, as when the Rev. Edmund Welles, parson of Lound, who had hidden away in a secret place in the church of Lound his little pile of seven pounds and saw it safe there on the 1st of April 1465, and when he came to look at it again on St. Laurence's Day, the 10th of August, found it was gone; and by-and-by 40s. thereof was proved to be in the hands of Robert Prymour, a noted receiver of stolen goods. It was clear enough that some one had watched the reverend gentleman, peradventure through the leper's window, one dark night as he went to trim the lamp over the altar, and could not keep himself from having one more look at his savings, just to see if they were there in their hiding-place.

But when it came to such a hoard of treasure as Beatrix Cornwallis and Thelba de Creketon—two lone women, observe—dug up at Thetford, in the year 1340, and which was worth at least one hundred pounds, which they could not in the joy of their proud hearts hold their tongues about, which they forthwith began to spend in riotous fashion, so that mere guzzling seems to have been the death of Beatrix—which, too, when Reginald of Kylverston and his brother Henry and another rogue got wind of, they came upon the two women and despoiled them of; which, moreover, was the death of Reginald also and the ruin of all the rest, none could tell how;—when, I say, it came to this kind of thing, you must not hope to persuade any but the most feebly credulous that that was all a haphazard business, or that there were no occult powers enlisted in so awful and terrible a business as that. What! are we going to be persuaded that only the nineteenth century has anything to tell us about spirit-rapping and bogies?

I will not intrude into the province of these profound philosophers, whose business it is, and their delight, to trace the origins and development of religion.

Ilud equidem invideo: miror magis.

Only this I know, that there does seem to exist a stage in the progress of human beliefs, when the orthodox and universally accepted creed of the children of men may be summed up in the brief formula—

There are gods above, there are fiends below.

That seems to have been the creed of the earliest men who had any creed at all. What the gods could do, or would do, people were very vague about; for men learn very slowly to believe in the power of goodness and in the possibility of a Divine love, personal, mild, and beneficent. These things are matters not of experience but of a higher faith. Even the gentler and the more earnest find it hard to keep their hold of these. They are for ever tending to slip away from us; but there is no difficulty at all in believing in cruelty and hate and malignity. These things are very nigh to us, meeting us wherever we turn.

There may be heaven, there must be hell,

was not a dogma first formulated in our days. Heaven for the gods, that might be; but earth, and all that was below the earth, that was the evil demons' own domain. The demons were essentially earth spirits. The deeper you went below the outer crust of this world of ours, the nearer you got to the homes of the dark and grisly beings who spoil and poison and blight and blast—the angry ones who only curse and hate, and work us pain and woe. All that is of the earth earthy belongs to them. Wilt thou hide thy treasure in the earth? Then it becomes the property of the foul fiend. Didst thou trust it to him to keep? Then he will keep it.

'Never may I meddle with such treasure as one hath hidden away in the earth,' says Plato in the eleventh book of the *Laws*, 'nor ever pray to find it. No! nor may I ever have dealings with the so-called wizards, who somehow or other (*ἀμωσγέτους*) counsel one to take up that which has been committed to the earth; for I shall never gain as much as I shall lose!' It was already, you perceive, an established practice. The wizards that peep and that mutter, the 'cunning men' that dealt with familiar spirits, had been an institution time out of mind. 'O! if Hercules would but be so good,' says the man in Persius,² 'and I could hear the click of a pot full of cash under that harrow of mine!'

Hermes was he who bestowed the lucky find; but Hercules—who was he but the *earth spirit* who claimed his dues?

When the witch of Endor, to her own amazement, had summoned

² *Sat.* ii. 10.

the shade of the dead prophet to commune with the doomed king, the wicked old woman cried out in her horror, 'I saw gods ascending out of the earth.' Under the earth were the powers of darkness that could be dealt with somehow, and they were witches and wizards—who could doubt it?—possessed of awful secrets and versed in occult practices, who somehow or other (*ἀμυστήτως*) exercised a hideous sway over the fiends below, and used them for their own ends. Has the race died out? Have the awful secrets been lost? Are there no more specimens of the real genuine article? Have all the railway tunnels and other audacious devices of our time let too much light and too much air into the bowels of the earth, so that the very demons have been expelled, or retired deep and deeper down towards the centre of our planet, where the everlasting fires burn, and whence sometimes they burst forth?

I am always finding that I know nothing of the present. I find it so hard to understand; it is so very near; it cramps a man with its close pressure. The past you can form a fair and impartial estimate of, and of the past you *can* know something (just a little), but still something; the present *wriggles* so. This I know, that ages ago there were wizards, and potent wizards, too, who had dealings with imps and fiends and goblins, and lived with those beings upon familiar terms, and called them by their several names, and compelled them to do service. Surely this candid, truth-loving, sagacious, and most impartial nineteenth century is not going to resist and set itself against the crushing force of cumulative evidence.

In the year of grace one thousand five hundred and twenty-one—that is, in the twelfth year of King Henry VIII.—a license was given to one Sir Robert Curzon, commonly called Lord Curzon, to search for hidden treasure within the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. The noble lord, like the unjust steward, could not dig himself, but he could find others who would act as his deputies and agents. Accordingly, he made choice of three rogues, who were styled his servants, named William Smyth, William Tady, and one Amylyon, whose Christian name, if he ever had one, does not appear, and the worthy trio made their head-quarters at Norwich and began to look about them. It was discouraging to hear sundry rumours that they had been forestalled. Others had been at work before them. There might be a doubt whether or not they could discover hidden treasure; there could be no doubt that if they flourished their commission in poor men's faces they might easily succeed in levying blackmail from the suspected. They lost no time in pouncing down upon four unlucky victims. From three of these they managed to extort sundry small sums, amounting in the aggregate to two or three

pounds, together with a *crystal stone* and *certain books*, which, being duly delivered up, an engagement was given that the culprits should be 'troubled' no more. The offence committed by these poor fellows, and for which they compounded, was that they had been all *hill diggers*; and though it does not appear that they had been by any means successful in their searches, yet *digging of hills* was, it appears, an amusement not to be indulged in by any but the privileged few.

Encouraged by this first success, the three went about trumping up accusations against anyone of whom they could hear any vague story, and in the course of their inquiries they singled out one William Goodred of Great Melton, a village about seven miles from Norwich, whom they found ploughing in his field; and, forthwith charging him with being a *hill digger*, they took him off to the village alehouse and 'examined the said Goodred upon hill-digging.' But Goodred was a stout knave and obstinate; he had never been a hill digger—not he—and, moreover, the squire of the parish, Thomas Downes, happened by good luck to be in the alehouse when the rogues took their man there, and Goodred threw himself upon the protection of Mr. Downes, who offered to give bail to the extent of one hundred pounds. It was a very indiscreet offer, and Smyth and the others waxed all the more exacting when they heard of so great a sum. They dragged poor Goodred to Norwich, he protesting all the way that he would give them never a farthing. But when they came in sight of Norwich Castle the man's heart sank within him and he came to terms. He promised to pay twenty shillings 'to have no further trouble,' and when it was all paid, Amylyon, acting for the others, gave him a regular receipt, or, as the deposition has it, 'made to the said Goodred a bill of his own hand.' The rascals had gone too far this time, for Mr. Downes, angered at the treatment which he himself had received, and indignant at the abominable extortion, managed to get an inquiry set on foot as to the character and proceedings of the fraternity, and then it came out that they had already begun their operations, not without the help of the black art.

It appears that they themselves knew nothing of the real methods of *hill-digging*, and the first requisite for ensuring success was to find somebody who knew what he was about. Accordingly they made advances to one George Dowsing, a schoolmaster dwelling at St. Faith's, a village three or four miles from Norwich, who they heard say 'should be seen in astronomy;' and having opened negotiations with him he engaged to co-operate with them, but he seems to have made his own terms. He would not go alone—other skilled experts should go with him; and it was agreed that they should commence operations 'at a ground lying besides Butter Hills within the walls of the city' of Norwich. There, accordingly, between two and three

o'clock in the morning, a fortnight after Easter, the company assembled—the three servants of Lord Curzon, *the Parish Priest* of St. Gregory's Church, Norwich, *the Rev. Robert Cromer* of Melton, aforesaid, and *other priests* who were strangers to the deponent. Before starting a solemn council assembled and the necessary ceremonial (*ἀμωσγέτως*) was rehearsed 'at Saunders' house in the market at Norwich,' and then the schoolmaster 'raised a spirit or two in a glass,' and the parson of St. Gregory's 'held the glass in his hand.' Mr. Dowsing was not the only nor the most expeditious hierophant present, for the Rev. Robert Cromer 'began and raised a spirit first.' When the fellow Amylyon was examined on the subject he declared that when the Rev. Robert Cromer 'held up a stone, he could not perceive anything thereby, but . . . that George Dowsing did areyse in a glass a little thing of *the length of an inch or thereabout*, but whether it was a spirit or a shadow he cannot tell, but . . . *George said it was a spirit.*'

The astonishing feature in this business is the prominent part which was taken in it by the parish priests. It is clear that among people of some culture there was a very widespread belief in the powers of magic, or whatever we may choose to call it, and that the black-art was practised systematically and on a large scale.

In the first volume of the *Norfolk Archaeology* there is a most curious and minute account of the doings of a certain worthy named William Stapleton, who had been a monk at the great abbey of St. Benet's Hulme in Norfolk, had misconducted himself, and, having been punished for his sins, had in consequence run away from the monastery and set up as a practiser of magic. The rascal was a stupid bungler, but in the course of his career he was brought into relations with all sorts of people, among others with Cardinal Wolsey and Sir Thomas More. His chief confederates, however, were half-a-dozen parish priests in Norfolk, who had awful dealings with familiar spirits, spirits that came at call and knew their names. The most notable of these fiends were *Oberion* and *Inchubus* and *Andrew Malchus*—a surly and uncertain demon—and also a singular and peculiar being which Stapleton describes as 'a Shower' and whom they called *Anthony Fulcar*, 'which said spirit I had after myself,' he assures us. All these spirits and their priestly confederates were engaged in *hill-digging*. I regret that I cannot report a single success, though it is certain that they were not idle. They were intensely serious in their proceedings, and seem to have made very little secret of them. No one seems to have thought any the worse of them for their converse with the fiends, and only one instance is mentioned of their being at all interfered with in their *hill-digging*. That instance is, however, a remarkable one. In the course of their rambles they got information that there was a very promising digging place at Syderstone, a parish not far from Houghton, where

at the manor house lived the widow of Sir Terry Robsart, a person of some consideration: She was the grandmother of Amy Robsart, and it is more than probable that in this manor house Amy herself was born. The old lady no sooner heard of the hill diggers than she had them all brought before her, examined them strictly, and told them plainly she would have no digging in her domain; 'she forbade us meddling on her said ground, and so we departed thence and meddled no further.' There was at any rate one woman of sense who could deal with the cunning men and their 'Shower.'

But what did all these people mean by talking about *hill-digging* so often?

I must defer answering this question for a little longer, until I have dealt with one more story of hill-digging which is much more complete than any of the preceding, and has, moreover, never yet, as far as I know, appeared before the eyes of those who read only what is displayed upon a printed page.

On Saturday, being the Feast of St. Clement, in the fifth year of King Edward the Fourth—that is, on the 23rd of November, 1465—an inquiry was held at Longstratton, in the county of Norfolk, before Edward Clere, Esq., Escheater of the king's majesty in the county aforesaid, and a jury of thirteen persons of some consideration in the neighbourhood, with a view to examine into the case of John Cans, late of Bunwell, and others implicated by common report in the finding of certain treasure in the county of Norfolk, and to report accordingly. The jury being duly sworn, and having examined witnesses and received their depositions, did so report, and this is what they found.

John Cans, late of Bunwell, and Robert Hikkes, late of Fornsett, worsted-weaver, *during divers years past*, on divers occasions and in various places in the same county, had been wont to avail themselves of the arts of magic and darkness and invocations of disembodied spirits of the damned, and had most wickedly been in the habit of making sacrifices and offerings to the same spirits. By means of which arts and sacrifices they had incited many persons unknown—being his majesty's subjects—to idolatry and to the practice of *hill-digging* and other disturbances and unlawful acts in the county aforesaid [*ad fodiciones montium et ad alias riottas et illicita*].

Especially, too, they had made assemblies of such persons at night-time again and again [*sæpius*] for the finding of treasures concealed in the said hills. Moreover, that the same John Cans and Robert Hikkes, having assembled to themselves many persons unknown on the night of Sunday before the Feast of St. Bartholomew in the fifth year of the king aforesaid [18th of August, 1465], they did cause to appear before the same disorderly persons, practising the

same unlawful arts, a certain accursed disembodied spirit [*spiritum aerialem*] at Bunwell aforesaid, and did promise and covenant that they would sacrifice, give, and make a burnt offering to the selfsame spirit of the [dead] body of a Christian man, if so be that the aforesaid spirit there and then would show and make known to the said disorderly persons in some place then unknown within the county aforesaid, so as that a treasure therein lying might come to the hands of them.

Whereupon the said spirit, under promise of the sacrifice to be made, did show to them *by the help of a certain crystal* a vast treasure hidden in a certain hill [*in quodam monte*] at Fornsett, in the county aforesaid, called Nonmete Hill. Upon the which discovery the same John Cans and Robert Hikkcs and many more unknown to the jurors, in return for the aforesaid treasure so found and to be applied to their own use, did then seize upon a certain fowl called a cock at Bunwell aforesaid, and there and then in the presence of their fathers and mothers, baptise the said cock in holy water, and gave to the said cock a Christian name, and slew the same cock so named, and did offer it as a whole burnt offering as a Christian carcass to the accursed spirit, according to covenant. Which being done, the said John Cans and Robert Hikkcs and the other unknown persons assembled at Bunwell aforesaid did proceed to Fornsett along with the said accursed spirit and did dig in the hill called Nonmete Hill and made an entry into the said hill, insomuch that there and then they found to the value of more than a hundred shillings in coined money in the said hill. For all which they shall make answer to our lord the king, inasmuch as the said treasure they did appropriate to their own use and do still retain.

We have come upon our real magician at last—one who knows how to use a crystal, who knows how to summon a spirit from the vasty deep and make him appear, who can carry the foul fiend along with him, make him tell his secrets, disclose the treasure that had been hidden in the bowels of the earth, at any rate *in the hills*, and, to crown all, a magician who can outwit the foul fiend, which is grandest of all.

For it is plain and evident that the accursed spirit intended to have the body of a Christian man handed over to him with all due formalities as an equivalent for the filthy lucre which he was to surrender. Some one was to be sacrificed to the powers of darkness, whose soul should be the property of the evil one for ever and ever; and John Cans did manage the matter so shrewdly that, instead of a human carcass, only a certain fowl commonly called a cock [*quoddam volatile vocatum unum Gallum*] did duty for the human victim demanded.

But where did they get the holy water? The Reverend Thomas Larke was rector of Bunwell at this time, having been presented to the living some twenty years before by William Grey of

Merton, ancestor of Lord Walsingham. Did the rector connive at the proceedings? Did he provide the holy water for the occasion? I really am afraid he did; for the craze of hunting for treasure had been *endemic* in that neighbourhood for several years past; and fifteen years before this time another worthy, named John Yongeman, with other *hill diggers*, had dug up a hidden treasure said to be worth one hundred pounds at Carleton Rode, which is a parish contiguous to Bunwell; and if the parish priests were delirious with hankerings after crystals and familiar spirits in 1520, they certainly were not less so seventy years before that time.

There remains little more than to speak of the *hills*.

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In East Anglia it is to be noted that we are *not* rich in sepulchral barrows. I do not mean that we have not some instances of these prehistoric structures, but that we have nothing to be compared to the numbers which remain in Wiltshire or the Yorkshire Wolds. We have them, but they are not very common. They were, of course, the burial-places of great chieftains who may or may not have provided for their sepulchres before they died, just as we know the Pharaohs built their own pyramids and Mr. Browning's bishop made *his* preparations for his tomb in St. Praxed's Church. Were those sepulchral mounds on Salisbury Plain our British survivals of the earlier Egyptian pyramids? Or were they even earlier structures?—and did those great men of Egypt learn the trick of heaping much earth over their dead of our primæval British forebears, learn and perfect the art as the ages rolled? I would not be too sure if I were you, Mr. Dryasdust. One of the greatest of English ethnologists was bold enough years ago to express a doubt whether the migration of the Aryan race had certainly moved from east to west, and ventured to suggest that it *might* be proved hereafter that it was otherwise. Be it as it may, though our sepulchral barrows do not *swarm* in Norfolk as they do elsewhere, we have a fine sprinkling of them. It is unquestionable that when some great man was buried in his earthen tumulus, his arms, his golden torque, his brooches and what not, were, as a rule, buried with him. In some cases these would constitute a really valuable find. For ages these buried great men were protected from disturbance by the superstitious awe that haunted the resting-places of the dead. For generations they were left alone. Tradition well-nigh perished with regard to them. But there came a day when a vague curiosity which makes diggers of us all and

the lust of gain in the spirit of Cain

began to work, and some one said, 'Let us search and see what lies there in yonder earthy pyramid!' Then they made a hole into the mysterious barrow that none had meddled with for a millennium,

and lo ! there was something to pay them for the toil. It is easy to see that no sooner had a single success crowned the search of an excavationist than a mania would speedily spread. That it did spread we have proof positive, for I do not remember a single instance of a sepulchral mound in Norfolk having been opened in the memory of man which did not afford unmistakable proof of having been entered and disturbed at some previous time. Our Norfolk barrows have *all* been explored and rifled. The hill diggers of the fifteenth century did their work most effectually: they left nothing for that rabid band of monomaniacs of our own time who with sacrilegious hands have been burrowing into dead men's graves elsewhere, and, in defiance of the curse fulminated upon such as disturb a great man's bones, are prouder of nothing so much as of having unearthed a hero's *vertebra*, his skull, his eye-teeth, or the boss of his once massive shield. No dread of the foul fiend with these gentlemen, and no taste for familiarities with *Oberion* and *Andrew Malchus* !

With regard to this particular hill at Fornsett, when first the case of John Cans became known to me, an unexpected difficulty presented itself. The country hereabouts, if not flat as a board, is at any rate almost as flat as the palm of your hand, and the little stream called the Tase goes crawling in tortuous fashion through the only depression that there is in the general level of the landscape, and nothing like a *hill*, or even a mound or tumulus, could be discovered, though a careful survey of the parish and neighbourhood was made. Had anyone heard of Nonmete Hill? No. 'Never heerd tell of no such place !' We were baffled, till by good luck the oldest inhabitant, as usual, came to our rescue. It was James Balls—aged now nearly ninety-three years, parish clerk at Fornsett St. Peter, who last Sunday, November 28, 1886, took his place at his desk as usual and gave out the responses in a full sonorous voice, as he has done every Sunday for more than forty years—who found for us the clue. 'Nonmete Hill ?' No, he had never heard the name. Mound? No. 'A hill that folks had dug into one day and found something there?' suggested some wise one. 'Oh ! lawk ! ah ! You must mean *Old Grograms* !' We had got it at last. The fifteenth-century name had long since passed away, and had been superseded by the name of the familiar spirit conjured up by John Cans four hundred years ago.

But where was 'Old Grograms' ? From the recesses of James Balls' memory there rose up straightway clear and distinct the scenes and incidents of his childhood and boyhood, and then he told us in picturesque language, not without a certain lively dramatic power, how when he was a boy there stood on the edge of what were then the unenclosed, open fields, in a somewhat conspicuous position, and where four ways met, a slight artificial mound of earth where the lads were wont to assemble and practise horseplay. They used

to slide down the sides of *Old Groggrams* when the time was favourable, and our informant had taken part in such *glissades* now and then, though he was only a little un. Then came the enclosure of the parish; this was in 1809. (I wonder if in the Act of Parliament there is any mention of *Old Groggrams*?) James Balls was then a lad of sixteen, and he remembers 'the piece of work there was.' Old Groggrams appears to have been a source of disagreement, and it was finally determined that the mound of earth should be levelled and carted away for the benefit of the parish. Balls' father had some patches of land 'near by,' and he actually employed his horse and cart to carry off sundry loads of the mound and spread it on his own little field.

Earth to earth! This was the end of Old Groggrams.

But was this mound one of the many sepulchral *tumuli* of which we have already heard? And did John Cans really find a treasure there, value five pounds and more in coined money? I think not. For the buried money, which appears to have been made up of silver pennies for the most part [*centum solidos et ultra in denariis numeratis*], I can hardly doubt but that it was deposited there by Mr. Cans himself, or his confederate, in preparation for the great unearthing that came in due course; but that anything else was ever hidden away in Nonmete Hill, even a hero's skeleton, I should find it very hard to believe.

What, then, was the artificial eminence, which undoubtedly did exist from very ancient times, and was only removed in the memory of a man still living? I believe it was the place of assembly for the old open-air hundred court of the Hundred of Depwade, for which the parishes of Fornsett St. Peter and Fornsett St. Mary constitute a geographical area most convenient because most central, and of these parishes this very spot where the old mound stood when our friend James Balls was a boy is almost exactly the centre or *omphalos*. On the subject of these open-air courts I will not presume to speak. One man in England has made that subject his own,³ and at the feet of such a teacher I sit humbly as an inquirer and learner. But I am strongly inclined to believe that a few years of research will discover for us the site and the remains of many another ancient meeting-place of those assemblies. I believe that if Mr. Gomme, or some expert whose eye he may have trained to see what others are blind to, would pay a visit to the little parish of Runton, in the neighbourhood of Cromer, he would pronounce that curious circular protuberance on the hillside, which is called in the ordnance map 'The Moat,' to be another instance; nor should I be surprised if even the *tumulus* contiguous to the churchyard of Hunstanton should turn out to be not a burial-place at all, but the site of another ancient

³ See *Primitive Folk-Moots or Open-Air Assemblies in Britain*, by George Lawrence Gomme, F.S.A. London: Sampson Low. 1880.

open-air assembly. In such 'hills' all the diggers that ever dealt with familiar spirits since the world began would never find more than they themselves thought fit to conceal. Furthermore, if other experts—experts in linguistics—should further suggest that the very name *None-mete-hill* may indicate, even by the help of etymology, comparative philology, *umlaut*, vowel scales, dynamic change and all the rest of it, that there was once a time when Old Groggrams was actually called the *Moot Hill*, I can have no possible objection, but, as we say here in the east, 'That I must lave!'

But what has all this chatter about open-air courts and the like got to do with magic and magicians? To that only too severe question I can but answer that I never did, never do, and never will promise in handling a subject in the *Nineteenth Century* not to *di-gress*. If, however, my readers are not satisfied, I must refer them again to the experts of the Psychological Society and other inquirers into the regions of Transcendentalism. I commend to them a study of 'Mr. Sludge, the Medium,' and of another large literature which may be purchased without much difficulty—a literature which will make it clear and plain and evident that John Cans and Thomas Stapleton and their fellows have not passed away without leaving competent successors behind them, and that Oberion and Inchubus and Anthony Fulcar, being spirits, are not dead, but are as ready as ever they were to come at call, if only you can find the *crystal*, or it may be even the *planchette*.

Only one caution would I venture to offer to all who are inclined to practise the black art in our days: Let them remember that a malignant spirit is not likely to be outwitted twice on the same lines, and that if, having been duly summoned, and duly put in an appearance, he should once again make his bargain for a Christian corpse, the adept in necromancy must beware how he tries to circumvent him a second time, even by the help of the baptismal font and holy water, with so poor a substitute as 'a certain fowl called a cock.' Terrible, I ween, might be the raging wrath of Old Groggrams. Who shall imagine what he might do in an outburst of malignant vengeance and pent-up rage? He might turn again and rend you!

AUGUSTUS JESSOP.

PHYSIOLOGICAL SELECTION.

SEVERAL months ago I read a paper before the Linnean Society which was intended to convey 'an additional suggestion on the origin of species.' The hypothesis which was there sketched in outline I called Physiological Selection, and stated that my object in publishing it was merely that of inducing other naturalists to co-operate with me in what could not but prove a highly arduous work of verification. The effect of this paper, however, has been to arouse a storm of criticism, in which the critics appear to have overlooked the fact that my idea was put forward only as a 'suggestion,' or 'provisional hypothesis;' and, therefore, that in treating it as a fully elaborated theory they were investing it with a dignity which it did not deserve. Nevertheless, as the result of reading these criticisms has been to make me think more highly than ever of the probability of the suggestion, and as they appear to be now exhausted, the time has come when it seems desirable that I should furnish a general answer. For if the criticisms are allowed to pass without notice from me, the impression may go abroad that the suggestion has been tried and found wanting: naturalists, therefore, may not care to undertake the labour of testing an hypothesis which they understand to have been shown antecedently improbable; and thus the only purpose which I had in publishing the hypothesis at this juncture may be frustrated. But by now furnishing a general answer to all the criticisms, I hope to show that, whether or not the hypothesis is true, at any rate it certainly has been in no way weakened by the sundry assaults to which it has been exposed.

The hypothesis of Physiological Selection¹ sets out with an attempted proof of the inadequacy of the theory of natural selection, considered as a theory of the origin of species. This proof is drawn from three distinct heads of evidence:—(1) the inutility to species of a large proportional number of their specific characters; (2) the general fact of sterility between allied species, which admittedly cannot be explained by natural selection, and therefore has hitherto

¹ Since the publication of my paper my attention has been drawn to a passage in Mr. Belt's *Nicaragua*, p. 207, where the hypothesis is foreshadowed; and also to a letter in *Nature*, vol. xxxi. p. 4, by Mr. Catchpool, where its leading principles are clearly stated.

never been explained; (3) the swamping influence, upon even useful variations, of free intercrossing with the parent form. On account of these three cardinal difficulties against the theory of natural selection, considered as a theory of the origin of species, I have ventured to affirm, that this theory has been misnamed. It is not in strictness a theory of the origin of *species*: it is a theory of the cumulative development of *adaptations*. These two things are plainly very far from being the same. On the one hand, a *large proportional number* of specific characters—including the most general characteristic of mutual sterility—present no utility that can be assigned; while, on the other hand, the *immense majority* of characters which are of evident utility are the common property of numerous species. My statement, therefore, is that natural selection can only be properly regarded as a theory of the origin of species in so far as species differ from one another in regard to utilitarian structures, while at the same time failing to do so in respect of their reproductive functions. Moreover, even in such cases natural selection is only a theory of the origin of species as it were incidentally. The office of natural selection, as a principle in Nature, is in all cases that of evolving *adaptations*, whether these happen to be distinctive of species, or of genera, families, orders, &c.; and if in some cases the result of performing this office is that of raising a variety into a species, such a result is merely collateral, or in a sense accidental. Lastly, my statement goes on to show that by thus placing the theory of natural selection on its true logical footing, we are establishing it in a position of greater security than it ever occupied before; seeing that we thus release it from the three great difficulties above named—difficulties with which it has been hitherto illegitimately entangled, on account of its having been so generally regarded as exclusively a theory of the origin of species.

All this, however, is only by way of preamble to the hypothesis of physiological selection; and my object in the preamble was to show that there is a real need for some such theory of the origin of *species* as that which is afterwards rendered. The following is an outline sketch of this theory.

According to the Darwinian theory, it is for the most part only those variations which happen to have been useful that have been preserved: yet, even as thus limited, the principle of variability is held able to furnish sufficient material out of which to construct the whole adaptive morphology of nature. How immense, therefore, must be the number of unuseful variations! Yet these are all, for the most part, still-born, or allowed to die out immediately by intercrossing. Should such intercrossing be prevented, however, there is no reason why unuseful variations should not be perpetuated by heredity quite as well as useful ones when under the nursing influence of natural selection—as, indeed, we see to be the case in our

domesticated productions. Consequently, if from any reason a section of a species is prevented from intercrossing with the rest of its species, new varieties of a trivial or unuseful kind might be expected to arise within that section. And this is just what we find. Oceanic islands, for example, are well known to be extraordinarily rich in peculiar species; and this can best be explained by considering that a complete separation of the fauna and flora on such an island permits them to develop varietal histories of their own, without interference by intercrossing with their originally parent forms. We see the same principle exemplified by the influence of geographical barriers of any kind, and also by the consequences of migration. Therefore, given an absence of overwhelming intercrossing, and the principle of what I term *independent variability* may be trusted to evoke new species, without the aid of natural selection.

Were it not for the very general occurrence of some degree of sterility between even closely allied species, and were it not also for the fact that closely allied species are not always—or even generally—separated from one another by geographical barriers, we might reasonably attribute all cases of species-formation by independent variability to the prevention of intercrossing by geographical barriers or by migration. But it is evident that these two facts can no more be explained by the influence of geographical barriers, or by migration, than they can be by the influence of natural selection.

Now, of all parts of those variable objects which we call organisms, the most variable is the reproductive system; and the variations may be either in the direction of increased or of diminished fertility. Consequently, variations in the way of greater or less sterility frequently take place both in plants and animals; and probably, if we had adequate means of observing this point, we should find that there is no one variation more common. But, of course, whenever it arises—whether as a result of changed conditions of life, or, as we say, spontaneously—it immediately becomes extinguished, seeing that the individuals which it affects are less able (if able at all) to propagate the variation. If, however, the variation should be such that, while showing some degree of sterility with the parent form, it continues to be as fertile as before within the limits of the varietal form, it would neither be swamped by intercrossing nor die out on account of sterility.

For example, suppose the variation in the reproductive system is such that the season of flowering or of pairing becomes either advanced or retarded. Whether this variation be ‘spontaneous,’ or due to change of food, climate, habitat, &c., does not signify. The only point we need attend to is that some individuals, living on the same geographical area as the rest of their species, have demonstrably varied in their reproductive systems, so that they are perfectly fertile *inter se*, while absolutely sterile with the rest of their species. By

inheritance there would thus arise a variety living on the same geographical area as its parent form, and yet prevented from intercrossing with that form by a barrier quite as effectual as a thousand miles of ocean; the only difference would be that the barrier, instead of being geographical, is physiological. And now, of course, the two sections of the physiologically divided species would be able to develop independent histories of their own without intercrossing; even though they are living together on the same geographical area, their physiological isolation would lead to their taking on distinct specific characters by independent variation, just as is the case with sections of a species when separated from each other by geographical isolation.

To state this suggestion in another form, it enables us to regard many, if not most, species as the records of variations in the reproductive systems of ancestors. When variations of a non-useful kind occur in any of the other systems or parts of organisms, they are, as a rule, immediately extinguished by intercrossing. But whenever they happen to arise in the reproductive system in the way here suggested, they must tend to be preserved as new natural varieties, or incipient species. At first the difference would only be in respect of the reproductive systems; but eventually, on account of independent variation, other differences would supervene, and the new variety would take rank as a true species.

The principle thus briefly sketched in some respects resembles, and in other respects differs from, the principle of natural selection, or survival of the fittest. For the sake of convenience, therefore, and in order to preserve analogies with already existing terms, I have called this principle Physiological Selection, or Segregation of the Fit.

Let it be noted that we are not concerned either with the causes or the degrees of the particular kind of variation on which this principle depends. Not with the causes, because in this respect the theory of physiological selection is in just the same position as that of natural selection; it is enough for both that the needful variations are provided, without its being incumbent on either to explain the causes which in all cases underlie them. Neither are we concerned with the degrees of sterility which the variation in question may in any particular case supply. For whether the degree of sterility with the parent form be originally great or small, the result of it will be in the long run the same; the only difference will be that in the latter case a greater number of generations would be required in order to separate the varietal from the parent form.

The object of this paper being that of furnishing a general answer to criticisms on the hypothesis of physiological selection, I will not occupy space by detailing evidence of that hypothesis, further than

is needful for the object just mentioned.² This evidence abundantly proves that the particular kind of variation which the theory of physiological selection requires does take place, (a) in individuals, (b) in races, and (c) in species. Next, the evidence goes on to show that the facts of organic nature are such as they ought to be, supposing it true that this variation has played any considerable part in the differentiation of specific types. In particular, it is shown that the general *association* between the one primary, or relatively constant, specific distinction (mutual sterility) and the innumerable secondary, or relatively variable, distinctions (slight morphological changes which may affect *any* parts of *any* organisms) of itself indicates that the former has been the original condition to the occurrence of the latter in all cases where free intercrossing has not been otherwise prevented. For even in cases where the secondary distinctions may be supposed to have induced the primary—or where morphological changes taking place in other parts of an organic type have exercised a reflex influence on the reproductive system, such that the changed organism is no longer fertile with its unchanged parent form—even in such cases the theory of physiological selection is available to explain the association in question. For even in these cases, notwithstanding that the secondary changes are historically the prior changes, they still depend for their preservation on the principles of physiological selection. In other words, these principles have, in all such cases, *selected* the particular kinds of secondary distinction which have proved themselves capable of so reacting on the reproductive system as to bring about the primary distinction, and thus to protect themselves against the destructive power of free intercrossing.

I have now said enough to convey a fairly adequate idea of what the theory of physiological selection is, or enough, at all events, to render intelligible the following criticisms, which it is now my object to dispose of.

First, as to the name which I have given the theory, several critics have complained that it ought to have been called ‘physiological isolation.’ This is a point of no real importance, and I readily concede that in some respects physiological isolation would be a better name than physiological selection. The reasons which inclined me to adopt the latter in preference to the former will be gathered from what has just been said. If the theory is sound at all, a process of true survival takes place, in some cases of the primary, in other cases of those secondary specific characters which are capable of inducing the primary; and in either event it is only certain

² The evidence, so far as yet published, may be read by anyone who cares to purchase the original paper, which can be obtained from the Linnean Society in a separate form.

changes of character, or particular variations, which are *selected* to survive as new species. Moreover, the term physiological selection does not exclude the term physiological isolation, any more than the term natural selection excludes the term survival of the fittest.

Coming now to criticism of a substantial kind, for the sake of brevity I will not recapitulate answers already given in *Nature*, and in cases where different critics have urged the same objections I will consider the latter as they are presented most fully. Moreover, I will not occupy space by considering criticisms of a puerile character—such as one that appeared in the *Athenæum*. By means of these limitations I can afford to avoid mentioning any of my critics save two, and yet not avoid meeting any of the criticisms which have hitherto remained unanswered.

Inutility of Specific Characters.—Mr. A. R. Wallace is highly indignant with the portion of my paper which deals with this subject. Both in the *Fortnightly Review* and in *Nature* he represents my views upon it as those of a heretic; and a single passage will serve to show the vigour of his scourging.

Mr. Romanes makes a great deal of the alleged inutility of specific characters, and founds upon it his extraordinary statement that, during his whole life, Darwin was mistaken in supposing his theory to be a theory of the origin of species, and that all Darwinians who have believed it to be so have blindly fallen into the same error. I allege, on the contrary, that there is no proof worthy of the name that specific characters are usually useless, and I adduce a considerable series of facts tending to prove their general utility.

Here we have a question of very much wider importance than that as to the truth of my theory. Indeed, this question only touches that theory in the same way as it touches the doctrine of the differentiation of species under geographical isolation. Moreover, the theory might be equally true whether or not specific characters are likewise universally adaptive characters; for it would still be available to explain the general fact of specific sterility, which the theory of natural selection is confessedly unable to explain. But, on account of the wider interest attaching to the question thus raised, I will consider at some length what appears to me an astonishing expression of opinion on the part of Mr. Wallace.

It has already been observed that, according to my argument, the theory of natural selection is a theory of the accumulative development of *adaptations* (whether these happen to be distinctive of species, genera, families, or higher taxonomic divisions), and therefore that it is only a theory of the origin of *species* as it were incidentally, or so far as species differ from one another in regard to adaptive structures, and fail to do so in respect of reproductive functions. (For the sake of argument—but for this sake alone—I will here neglect the latter point.) This is what my critic calls an ‘extraordinary statement,’ and one which represents Mr. Darwin as having

been 'during his whole life mistaken in supposing his theory to be a theory of the origin of *spécies*.' Mr. Wallace, then, does not recognise this distinction; he regards the origin of species as indistinguishable from the origin of adaptations, or in other words, that species always and only differ from one another in respect of structures that are of adaptive meaning. For the sake of brevity I will call this the doctrine of utility as universal—a doctrine which is thus set forth at the end of his long disquisition on the subject in the *Fortnightly Review*.

I believe, therefore, that the alleged inutility of specific characters claimed by Mr. Romanes as one of the foundations of his new theory, has no other foundation than our extreme ignorance, in the great majority of cases, of the habits and life-histories of the several allied species, the use of whose minute but often numerous differential characters we are therefore unable to comprehend.

Well, in the first place, this doctrine of utility as universal was certainly not countenanced by Mr. Darwin, as a single quotation will be sufficient to show:—

I now admit, after reading the essay by Nägeli on plants, and the remarks recently made by various authors with respect to animals, more especially those recently made by Professor Broca, that in the earlier editions of my 'Origin of Species' I perhaps attributed too much to the action of natural selection, or the survival of the fittest. I have altered the fifth edition of the 'Origin' *so as to confine my remarks to adaptive changes of structure*; but I am convinced, from the light gained during even the last few years, that very many structures which now appear to us useless, will hereafter be proved to be useful, and will, therefore, come under the range of natural selection. Nevertheless, I did not formerly consider sufficiently the existence of structures, which, so far as we can at present judge, are neither beneficial nor injurious; and this I believe to be one of the greatest oversights as yet detected in my work.³

The words which I have printed in italics serve to show that the matured judgment of Mr. Darwin clearly recognised the distinction between the origin of *species* and the origin of *adaptations*—a distinction, indeed, which necessarily follows from his repudiation of the doctrine of utility as universal. Therefore in this matter I claim to be on the side of Mr. Darwin, and certainly have nowhere made the 'extraordinary statement' that he was all his life mistaken as to the bearings of his own theory. With him I believe that an incalculable number of specific characters are of an adaptive kind, and that many more which now appear to us useless will hereafter be proved to be useful. But with him also I believe that a large proportional number

³ *Descent of Man*, p. 61. The passage goes on to explain how he was led to the 'tacit assumption that every detail of structure, excepting rudiments, was of some special, though unrecognised service,' and concludes by remarking that 'anyone with this assumption in his mind would naturally extend too far the action of natural selection.' For other passages to the same effect, see *Origin of Species*, 6th edit. pp. 171, 176, 421. He is careful to affirm and to re-affirm that in the earlier editions he had 'underrated the frequency and importance of modifications due to spontaneous variability,' by which he means useless characters.

of such characters actually are destitute of utility, having been due, as he says, to 'fluctuating variations,' which sooner or later became constant through the nature of the organism and of surrounding conditions, as well as through the intercrossing of distinct individuals; but not through natural selection.'

And not only have I on my side the assuredly competent—not to say magnificently candid—judgment of Mr. Darwin: I have on my side the judgment of the whole body of evolutionists without any exception, so far as I know, save that of Mr. Wallace himself. But, to give only one example, another of my critics, whose opinion upon this point must be regarded as one of the best that can be taken, remarks:—

Another difficulty is stated to be 'that the features which serve to distinguish allied species are frequently, if not usually, of a kind with which, natural selection can have had nothing whatever to do.' I fully admit the truth of the statement; and I presume that few naturalists would be prepared to deny that 'distinctions of specific value frequently have reference to structures which are without any utilitarian significance.'

So that 'the alleged inutility of [many] specific characters claimed by Mr. Romanes as one of the foundations of his new theory,' is an inutility which I am not alone either in alleging or in claiming. Nevertheless, seeing that, quite apart from the theory of physiological selection, there is here a difference of no small interest between the views of Mr. Wallace and those of evolutionists in general, I will briefly consider the arguments which he sets forth in favour of his own opinion.

Observe, in the first place, he himself affirms in the passage above quoted, that, as regards structures of only specific value, it is '*in the great majority of cases*' that no utility can be suggested; but he argues that this is so only because of 'our extreme ignorance' of the life-histories and habits of the species presenting them. 'Now this, as shown in my paper, is the true 'argument from ignorance.' Yet Mr. Wallace borrows the phrase, and says it is *I* who have employed the argument from ignorance when I point to all the multitude of apparently useless structures and ask, What are their uses? Well, let your readers judge between us.

If it has been previously assumed that all changes of specific type have probably been due to natural selection, then, indeed, my critic might properly affirm that my 'argument from ignorance is a very bad one;' for I should then be arguing from ignorance of utility presumably present. But seeing that the very question in dispute is as to the truth of this assumption, I must deny having employed any argument from ignorance at all. My contention is that 'in a large proportional number of cases' (I do not go so far as to say 'in the great majority of cases') there is no utility of which to be

* *Physiological Selection*, by Henry Seebohm. (R. H. Porter, 6 Tottenham Street.)

ignorant. Clearly, therefore, it is Mr. Wallace who employs the argument from ignorance when, as a deduction from his theory of natural selection applied in all cases, he affirms that any character apparently useless *must* nevertheless be useful, and that the only reason why it appears useless is because of 'our extreme ignorance' of its utility.

Furthermore, this kind of argument amounts to nothing better than reasoning in a circle. For the evidence that we have of natural selection as an active principle in Nature is furnished by the observed utility of innumerable structures; therefore, unless we reason in a circle, it is not competent to argue that all apparently useless structures are due to natural selection acting through some kind of utility which we are unable to perceive. The case, no doubt, would be different if the great majority of specific distinctions were of any assignable use. But it is too large a demand upon our faith in natural selection to appeal to the argument from ignorance, when the facts require that this appeal should be made over so large a proportional number of instances.

To this Mr. Wallace rejoins with a long enumeration of instances *per contra*—particularly such as serve to illustrate the now familiar principles of protective colouring, adaptations of flowers to fertilisation by insects, &c. But in all these pages he is merely beating the air, without in any way touching me. I have never disputed the truth of any one of these principles, and no one can entertain a greater appreciation of the success with which they have been so largely established by the celebrated labours of my critic. He appears, however, to have forgotten that the only question between us is concerning the justification of his assumption of utility as *universal*. The burden of proof lies with him to justify his assumption; and this he cannot do by a mere appeal to the argument from ignorance, or by saying—I have shown you the use of some specific characters, therefore you must believe in a use for all specific characters, no matter how far you may have to stretch your powers of credence. As a matter of logic we might as well argue that because a great many deaths can be proved to be caused by railway accidents, therefore death cannot take place in any other way; and hence that, in all cases of death from unknown causes, the agency of railway accidents must be invoked, because to question this would be to make a bad use of the argument from ignorance. Doubtless other causes of death besides railway accidents are *known*; but so likewise are known other causes of specific change besides natural selection, such as sexual selection, use and disuse, correlated variation, &c. And if it be true that we know *more* about the causes of death than we do about the causes of specific change, this only tells against the attribution of all those changes whose causes we do not know to one of the causes which we do know.

Again, there is positive evidence to show that the slight changes of form and colour which chiefly serve to distinguish allied species are often due to what Mr. Darwin calls 'the direct action of external conditions,' such as changes of food, climate, &c., as well as to mere independent variation on isolated areas, and in some of our domesticated productions, &c.; and in none of these cases do the specific changes which result present a meaning of any kind.⁵

On the whole, then, I submit that Mr. Wallace's criticism thus far is a failure. It is not to be expected that evolutionists will follow the circular reasoning from utility to natural selection in some cases, and back again from natural selection to utility in all other cases. Be it observed, this great assumption of natural selection as the sole cause of specific differentiation—and, therefore, of utility as universal—is in no way necessary to the theory of natural selection; it is merely a gratuitous dogma attached to that theory, serving but to encumber its evidence, and so to cast discredit on the whole. For it is everywhere refuted by facts, was expressly rejected by the matured judgment of Mr. Darwin, and as now reconstructed by Mr. Wallace stands like the feet of clay in a figure of iron.

Sterility between Species.—Under this head Mr. Wallace's criticism amounts to nothing more than a vague suggestion to the effect that all other naturalists may have hitherto exaggerated the generality of some degree of sterility between species. But as he allows that it is 'a

⁵ For instance, Mr. Wallace lays special stress on colour, arguing that no matter how small the difference of colour may be between two allied species, the difference must be attributed to natural selection, even though we may be quite unable to suggest in what way so small a difference can be of any conceivable use. But we know for a fact that even in a single generation very great changes of colour may be produced by the direct action of changed conditions of life. For example, Mr. Seeborn tells us, in his paper on Physiological Selection, that 'if a canary be fed exclusively on cayenne pepper it becomes scarlet; if a bullfinch be fed exclusively on hemp seed it becomes black.' And that any such meaningless changes of colour—induced by changes in the conditions of life—are often cumulative in successive generations, a single quotation from Darwin will be enough to show. 'Dr. Buchanan states that he has seen turkeys raised from the eggs of wild species lose their metallic tints and become spotted in the third generation. Mr. Yarrell many years ago informed me that the wild ducks bred in St. James's Park lost their true plumage after a few generations. An excellent observer (Mr. Hewitt) . . . found that he could not breed wild ducks true for more than five or six generations, as they proved so much less beautiful. The white collar round the neck of the mallard became broader and more irregular, and white feathers appeared in the ducklings' wings, &c.' Mr. Darwin also remarks, 'each of the endless variations which we see in the plumage of our fowls must have had some efficient cause; and if the same cause were to act uniformly during a long series of generations on many individuals, all probably would be modified in the same manner.' The obvious truth of this remark serves to dispose of Mr. Wallace's argument in the *Fortnightly*, that 'the general constancy of colouration we observe in each wild species' of itself furnishes sufficient proof that the colouration must be 'a useful character.' Moreover, when using this argument Mr. Wallace forgets that uniformity of colouration (whether useful or unuseful) is preserved in wild species by free intercrossing. Where this is prevented—as by isolation or migration—variations of colour very frequently do take place, just as in the then analogous case of our domesticated strains.

widespread phenomenon,' and gives no reasons for differing from Mr. Darwin's careful estimate of its frequency, he does not really furnish me with any material to discuss. In seeking to establish by *à priori* considerations what the facts ought to be in order to suit his own philosophy of natural selection as ubiquitous, Mr. Wallace is as singular in his opinion on the subject of sterility as we have already seen that he is—and for the same reason—on the subject of utility.

Swamping Effects of Intercrossing.—Concerning this part of my argument, Mr. Seebohm writes:—

This is unquestionably a very grave difficulty, to my mind an absolutely fatal one to the theory of accidental variation. . . . So far as is known, no species has ever been differentiated without the aid of geographical isolation, though evolution may have gone on to an unknown extent.

By this he means that, apart from geographical isolation, there can be no *multiplication* of species, but only a transmutation of species in linear series—such transmutation being due to some general cause acting on all the individuals of a species simultaneously. In other words, so overpowering does Mr. Seebohm regard the swamping effects of intercrossing with parent forms, that he does not deem it possible for natural selection to differentiate a specific type without the aid of isolation.

This, of course, is going much further than I have gone; and therefore, as far as my theory is concerned, I have no reason to dispute an opinion which concedes so much more than I require. Nevertheless, for the sake of the wider philosophy of evolution in general, I may remark that this extreme view touching the swamping influence of intercrossing is, in my opinion, a mistake. It is nearly the same view as was put forward with much elaboration by Moritz Wagner, in 1868.⁶ By means of a large accumulation of facts—which are certainly of value as showing the importance of isolation in the differentiation of species—Wagner thought he had proved the impossibility of natural selection producing a transmutation of species without the assistance of isolation. Subsequently, however, Weismann completely exploded this theory by bringing it to the test of another class of facts.⁷ Hilgendorf had published a remarkable essay on a series of fossil snails which occur in an ancient lake-basin of Steinheim.⁸ This lake-basin is of small size, but extraordinarily rich in peculiar species of one genus of snail; and as these species occur one above another in successive strata, they conclusively prove the occurrence of transmutation without isolation.

And here I may remark that when we look closely into this

⁶ *Die Darwin'sche Theorie, und das Migrationsgesetz der Organismus.* (Leipzig.)

⁷ *Ueber den Einfluss der Isolirung auf die Artbildung.* (Leipzig, 1872.)

⁸ *Ueber Planorbis multiformis im Steinheimer Süßwasserkalk.* ('Monatsbericht der Berliner Akademie,' 1866.)

the most definite and beautiful record of species-formation hitherto brought to light, it appears to furnish the strongest testimony to the theory of physiological selection. The facts are these. The snail population of this lake remained for a long time uniform or unchanged. Then a small percentage of individuals suddenly began to vary as regards the form of their shells, and this in two or three directions at the same time—each affected individual, however, only presenting one of the variations. But after all these variations had begun to affect a proportionally larger number of individuals, some individuals began to occur in which two or more of the variations were blended together—evidently, as Weismann says, by intercrossing of the varieties so blended. Later still, both the separate variations and their blended progeny became more and more numerous, and eventually a single blended type, comprising in itself all the initial varieties, supplanted the parent form. Then another long period of stability ensued, until another eruption of new variations took place, and these variations, after having affected a greater and greater number of individuals, eventually blended together by intercrossing, and supplanted their parent form. So the process went on—comparatively short periods of variation alternating with comparatively long periods of stability—the variations, moreover, always occurring suddenly in crops, then multiplying, blending together, and in their finally blended type eventually supplanting their parent form.

Now, the remarkable fact here is that each time when the variations arose, they only intercrossed between themselves; they did not intercross with their parent form; for, if they had, not only could they never have survived (having been at first so few in number, and there having been no geographical barriers in the small lake), but we should have found evidence of the fact in the half-bred progeny. Moreover, natural selection can have had nothing to do with the process, because not only are the variations in the form of the shells of no imaginable use in themselves; but it would be simply preposterous to suppose that at each of these ‘variation-periods’ several *different* variations should *always* have occurred *simultaneously*, all of which were of some *hidden use*, although no one of them ever occurred during any of the prolonged periods of stability. How, then, are we to explain the fact that the individuals composing each crop of varieties, while able to breed amongst themselves, never crossed with their parent form? These varieties, each time that they arose, are found closely commingled with their parent form, and would certainly have been reabsorbed into it had intercrossing in that direction been possible. I conclude, therefore, that there is only one *conceivable* answer to my question. Each crop of varieties must have been *sexually protected* from intercrossing with their parent form. They must have been the result of a sexual variation occur-

ring at first in a few individuals, rendering these individuals sterile with their parent form, whilst leaving them fertile amongst themselves. The progeny of these individuals would then have dispersed through the lake, physiologically isolated from the parent population, and especially prone to develop secondary variations as a direct result of the primary or sexual variation.⁹ Thus, as we might expect, two or three varieties arose simultaneously (as expressions of so many different lines of family descent from the original or sexual variety): these were everywhere prevented from intercrossing with their parent form, yet capable of blending whenever they, or their ever-increasing progeny, happen to meet. Thus, without going into further details, we are able by the theory of physiological selection to give an explanation of all these facts, which otherwise remain inexplicable.

But to return to my critics. I will next consider Mr. Wallace's objection to my views upon the swamping effects of intercrossing. Here he summarises his whole criticism thus:—

In support of his view as to the swamping effects of intercrossing, Mr. Romanes objects to the assumption of Darwin, 'that the same variation occurs simultaneously in a number of individuals,' adding: 'Of course, if this assumption were granted, there would be an end of the present difficulty;' and his whole argument on this branch of the question rests on the assumption being false. I adduce evidence—copious evidence—that the supposed assumption represents a fact, which is now one of the best established facts in natural history.

Now, first of all, if this alleged fact is 'one of the best established facts in natural history,' my readers must have been somewhat surprised to find so accomplished a naturalist as Mr. Seebohm displaying so sublime an ignorance of its establishment. For we have just seen that he goes very much further than I have gone in his appreciation of this difficulty from intercrossing. Therefore in this matter I occupy an intermediate position between my two critics. On the one hand it is represented that I am unaware of one of the most 'general' and 'best established' facts in natural history. On the other hand, it appears that 'Mr. Romanes has done great service in calling attention to the swamping effects of free intercrossing;' that, especially on this account, 'the paper by Mr. Romanes is a very valuable contribution to the literature of evolution,' seeing 'it is seldom that the difficulties of natural selection from fortuitous variations have been so clearly, so impartially, but so candidly, set forth. In a word, upon this matter of intercrossing, just as in the previous matter of inutility, my two most authoritative critics take precisely opposite views. This perhaps may serve to show my readers, better than anything that I can say, the nett value of their criticisms. But,

⁹ See p. 399 of my Linnæan Society paper, where it is shown that any variation in the reproductive system is apt to entail morphological changes in the progeny.

all the same, I will briefly answer the somewhat oracular utterance of Mr. Wallace.

According to this utterance it would appear that 'one of the best established facts in natural history' is standing, like an inverted pyramid, upon the basis supplied by the observations of an American naturalist, Mr. Allen. At all events, this is the only work which Mr. Wallace quotes to show how securely the fact in question is established. Now, this work is well known to all evolutionists, and while there is no doubt about its valuable character, I should be surprised if Mr. Wallace could quote any evolutionist who would agree with him in maintaining that it is in itself sufficient to close so very large and complex a question as that concerning the resultant between the opposing forces of natural selection and free intercrossing. Mr. Allen's results, which are somewhat needlessly quoted in the *Fortnightly Review*, 'establish' the following proposition as regards certain species of birds, namely, 'that a variation of from fifteen to twenty per cent. in general size, and an equal degree of variation in the relative size of different parts, may be ordinarily expected among specimens of the same species and sex, taken at the same locality.' These are the 'facts' upon which Mr. Wallace relies as final and conclusive proof that natural selection is in no way incommoded by free intercrossing, and therefore can work out all specific changes without the need of any aid from the principle of isolation. Although in the opinion of so learned an ornithologist as Mr. Seebohm no one species is known to have been differentiated by natural selection without such aid, Mr. Wallace triumphantly points to this certainly not obscure work of Mr. Allen as a kind of short and easy way with the sceptics: 'we have no longer any occasion to reason as to what kind or amount of variation is probable, since we have accurate knowledge of what it is.' Possibly this knowledge may turn out to be a little too accurate for the large and general doctrine which Mr. Wallace rears upon it. Let us see.

Variations of the kind with which Mr. Allen's measurements are concerned have nothing to do with the difficulty against natural selection which arises from the swamping effects of free intercrossing. For this objection applies only to the cases of so-called 'accidental' variations, and even here only to cases where such variations are necessarily rare. In all cases where similar variations are numerous and simultaneous, the difficulty, of course, does not apply; for if they also happen to be useful, natural selection may then have sufficient material wherewith to overcome the adverse influence of free intercrossing. Variations may be similar, numerous, and simultaneous, either on account of some common cause acting on a number of individuals simultaneously, or on account of the structures in question being more or less variable in all directions round a specific mean.

Now, the variations which were studied by Mr. Allen are all of this latter class, and so resemble the variations on which the 'unconscious selection' of man is able to operate when progressively improving, say, a breed of racehorses. In neither case are the variations of a kind out of which it could be possible for selection to evolve a *new structure*. The only features which here admit of any alteration at the hands of selection are features which already exhibit a considerable amount of variation round an average mean. Of such features are size, strength, fleetness, colour, relative proportion of different parts, and so on, all of which—as we well know without going beyond the limits of our own species—are so highly variable as never all to be precisely the same in any two individuals. Hence I should deem it mere folly in any one to question that it is an easy thing for unconscious selection under domestication, or for natural selection under Nature, gradually to 'improve' such features, should either an exaggeration or a diminution of any one of them happen to become desirable. But were it required, for instance, to produce a breed of racehorses with horns upon the frontal bone, no amount of unconscious selection could ever do it. And similarly with Mr. Allen's birds. It is easy to see how natural selection could alter the general size of the body, the relative sizes of parts, degrees of colouration, &c., without encountering any great difficulty from intercrossing. But if it were required to produce, say, a fighting spur on a duck, clearly it could not be done by natural selection alone, or when depending only on 'accidental variations.' In all such cases (*i.e.* where the features to be modified are not already variable round the specific mean), selection of either kind can only begin to act when it ceases to depend on chance variations—that is, when variations of the particular kind required are supplied by some determining cause acting upon a number of individuals simultaneously. Yet Mr. Wallace maintains that *whatever* modification may be required, 'we *always* find a considerable number—say from ten to twenty per cent. of the whole—varying simultaneously, and to a considerable amount, on either side of the mean value'!

The Theory of Physiological Selection.—So much, then, for Mr. Wallace's counter-criticisms on my criticism of the theory of natural selection, considered as *in itself* a sufficient theory of the origin of *species*. It remains to consider the exceptions which have been taken more especially to the theory of physiological selection. And here, for the first time, we find Mr. Wallace in agreement—or rather not in flat contradiction—with Mr. Seebohm. But before considering their common criticism, I should like to call attention to the following concessions on the part of Mr. Wallace.

He 'fully admits that variations in fertility are highly probable; ' that individual variations occur which, while infertile with some

members of the same species, are fertile with others;’ and, therefore, ‘that varieties which exhibit no other distinctive character than sterility with the bulk of their species may arise.’ He only ‘claims to have shown that these varieties are at an immense disadvantage, and could hardly by any possibility be preserved and increased till they were required to form the nucleus of a new species.’

Thus much, then, is conceded even by this the most hostile of my critics. My ‘statement, with the results deduced from it, sounds feasible,’ he says; but ‘when closely examined,’ is seen to ‘slur over insuperable difficulties.’

Well, what other difficulties there may be I know not; but it is certain that Mr. Wallace has thought fit to adduce only one. This one difficulty is that the chances must be greatly against the ‘physiological complements’ (or the two suitably varied individuals of opposite sexes) happening to mate. Moreover, even if the lucky chance were to occur, it would require to occur again between some of the progeny resulting from the union, before a sufficient number of suitably varied individuals could be born to start a permanent variety. This, as I have said, is the one consideration upon which Mr. Wallace—and also Mr. Seebohm—stakes his whole opinion. • • •

First of all, then, and for the sake of argument, I will adopt my critic’s assumption, namely that in all cases physiological selection must depend on the chance unions of ‘physiological complements,’ relatively very few in number, and scattered over the area occupied by a large species. I will not wait to dwell upon the fact that his remarks apply only to species which are *unisexual*, or that even as regards these the force of his objection is diminished if applied to unisexual species which are also *polygamous*. These minor points may be neglected, and I agree that, under the circumstances supposed, the variation in question, ‘whenever it occurs, is almost certain to die out immediately.’

Having reached this conclusion—inevitable from his premisses—Mr. Wallace imagines that he has disposed of the whole business. ‘I have shown,’ he says, ‘by considering carefully the results of the variations suggested by Mr. Romanes, that they could not possibly produce the effects which he attributes to them.’ Now, on my side I will show that his consideration has not been sufficiently careful to take cognisance of two important facts, either of which alone is enough to shatter a criticism that amounts to little more than the announcement of a truism.

Granting it is shown that the union of these physiological varieties of opposite sexes is a matter of enormously rare occurrence, is it not also true that *the origin of a new species is an enormously rare event?* • Not a few existing species have remained unchanged from remote geological time; the life of all species is incalculably long as

compared with that of their constituent individuals; and in every generation of individuals there are, in the case of most species, millions, of fertile unions. Therefore, so far as we can form any estimate on a subject where all proportion seems to fail, we may safely conclude that the ratio between the number of species which have appeared upon this earth, and the number of fertile unions between their constituent individuals, can only be represented by unity to *billions*.

In view of this fact I am not afraid of any calculation that can be made, in order to show how many chances there are against the confluence of those conditions on the occurrence of which my theory supposes the origin of a species to depend. According to Mr. Wallace's estimate, the chances against the suitable mating of these physiological varieties 'may be any number of *thousands* to one;' so that, in view of the considerations above given, and the large number of species existing at any one time, we might conclude that Mr. Wallace supposes the birth of a new species to be an event of almost daily occurrence. Therefore, looking to what we all know are the real facts of the case, even if it were true that whenever one of these physiological varieties occurs, 'it is almost certain to die out,' this *almost* may be here quite sufficient for all that is required. Thus upon the whole, and under my temporary acceptance of Mr. Wallace's assumptions, I confess it appears to me a somewhat feeble criticism to represent that the conditions which my theory requires for the origin of a new species are probably about as rare in their occurrence as is the result which they are supposed to produce.

So much, then, for my first answer. My second answer simply is that from its beginning to its end this criticism is wholly in the air. Hitherto I have been considering his assumptions merely for the sake of argument. But they are not *my* assumptions; they form no part of *my* theory; and, therefore, I repudiate them *in toto*. The paper which Mr. Wallace is criticising clearly and repeatedly sets forth that I do *not* suppose the mating of physiological varieties to be wholly a matter of chance.¹⁰ Whether or not it is a matter of chance will depend on the causes which determine the variation. When these

¹⁰ For example, after rendering evidence of 'individual incompatibility,' or of the sporadic occurrence of sexual variations in two individuals only, the paper proceeds as follows, excepting, of course, the italics.

'But of even *more* importance to us is the direct evidence of such a state of matters in the case of *varieties, breeds, or strains*. Incompatibility between individuals is, indeed, of very great importance to my theory, because it constitutes the first link in a chain of direct evidence as to the actual occurrence of the particular kind of variation on which the theory depends; here we have, as it were, the first beginning in an individual organism of a change which, *under suitable conditions*, may give rise to a new *strain*, and so eventually to a new species. But, *seeing that the individual is so small a constituent part of his species*, unless his peculiar incompatibility has reference to the *majority* of other individuals, so that it becomes only the *minority* of

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causes are of a kind which act simultaneously on many, on most, or even on all individuals occupying the same area, the element of chance is proportionally excluded. One very obvious and probably frequent instance of what may be termed collective variation in the reproductive system—or a variation due to a common cause acting on many individuals simultaneously—is actually quoted from my paper by Mr. Wallace himself, namely, changes in the season of flowering or of pairing, which insure that any section of a species so affected shall be fertile only within itself. Collective variation of this kind may be directly due to the incidence of some common cause, such as changed conditions of life with respect to food, climate, station, &c.; or, as in the case of bud-variation, it may be due to a single ‘sport’ affecting all the blossoms growing *upon the same branch*. But besides such *direct* action of a common cause, it is easy to see that natural selection, use and disuse, &c., by operating in the production of organic changes elsewhere, may not unfrequently react on the sexual system *indirectly*, and so induce the sexual change required in a number of individuals simultaneously. All the parts of an organism are so intimately tied together, and the reproductive system in particular is known to be so extraordinarily sensitive to slight changes in the conditions of life, or to slight disturbances of the organic system generally, that in their work of adapting organisms to changes of their environment all causes of an ‘equilibrating’ kind must be calculated more or less frequently to affect the reproductive system in the way required.¹¹

the opposite sex with whom he can pair, the *probability* is that the peculiar condition of his reproductive system would *not* be perpetuated by heredity, but would become extinguished by intercrossing. As I have already said, it is, physiologically considered, even more remarkable that such incompatibility should ever be *exclusively individual* than that it should be *racial*; and, therefore, as likewise remarked, I regard these cases of individual incompatibility as of value to my theory *chiefly* because they prove the actual occurrence of the variation which the theory requires, and this as *suddenly* or *spontaneously* arising in the highest degree of efficiency. But I will now adduce evidence to show that a state of matters more or less similar may be proved to obtain throughout a whole *breed* or *strain*, so that we then have, not merely *individual* incompatibility, but what may be termed *racial* incompatibility; and, therefore, that we are on the high road to the branching-place of a new species.’

I can only suppose that this passage, as well as others to the same effect, must have entirely escaped the notice both of Mr. Wallace and Mr. Seebohm.

¹¹ Perhaps it is not wholly needless to point out that I am guilty of no inconsistency when thus arguing for a ‘collective variation’ on the part of the reproductive system, after having urged the difficulty against natural selection which arises from free intercrossing—i.e. the difficulty of supposing that a sufficient number of variations of the same kind should be always forthcoming simultaneously to enable natural selection to overcome the influence of free intercrossing. For, as previously explained, this objection is only valid in the case of ‘accidental,’ ‘sporadic,’ or ‘spontaneous’ variations, which, *ex hypothesi*, are relatively very few in number. The objection does not apply to ‘collective variations,’ which, being due either to a common cause or to general variability of size, &c., about a mean, affect a number of individuals simultaneously. But, in whatever measure collective variations are

And here, curiously enough, Mr. Wallace comes forward with an additional suggestion under this head, which, however, he regards as an 'alternative hypothesis.' This additional suggestion is that there may be a connection between sexual compatibility and external colouring, such that any variation in the latter may be accompanied by a correlated variation in the former, leading to sterility with the unmodified, or differently modified, type of colour. So that when colour is changed, for protective or other purposes, by natural selection, an indirect or incidental change may be wrought in the reproductive system, such that the modified individuals are fertile only amongst themselves. Now, for reasons mentioned below, this hypothesis does not recommend itself to my mind as at all likely to be 'the true solution of the problem of the sterility of hybrids.'¹² It may possibly be a true explanation of some cases; but to regard it as probably the true explanation of all appears to me absurd. However, the point with which I am concerned is not as to the validity of this suggestion in itself, but merely with the astonishing misapprehension of my theory which leads Mr. Wallace to regard the suggestion as an 'alternative hypothesis.' Far from being in any way opposed to my theory, his suggestion runs directly on its lines; he merely seeks to add another to the many causes of the indirect class on which I myself rely. As clearly explained in my paper, it makes no difference

induced by any cause acting directly on a specific type, in that measure is the indirect action of natural selection superseded by the independent principles of what Mr. Spencer calls 'direct equilibration.' Of course these principles may *co-operate* with that of natural selection; but none the less they are quite *distinct*. In short, my objection to natural selection on the score of free intercrossing only applies to cases of 'accidental variations,' relatively few in number; where 'collective variations' are supplied to natural selection by other causes the objection, of course, is satisfied.

¹² 1. Many species which are mutually sterile differ very little in colour.

2. Most species which are mutually fertile differ considerably in colour.

3. Our domestic varieties, both of plants and animals, are largely reared more or less expressly for the purpose of obtaining extreme differences of colour; yet nearly all the resulting varieties are notoriously fertile.

4. In the case of natural species, it often happens that a great difference in respect of fertility occurs according to which has acted as the male and which as the female; yet in both these crosses the colour of each species is, of course, the same.

5. Similar remarks apply to the case of dimorphic and trimorphic plants.

6. In the case of fertile hybrids, it may be regarded as a general rule that the more nearly they resemble either parent form in colour, the greater is their sterility.

7. Even apart from all these opposing facts, on merely antecedent grounds it is highly improbable that, to use Mr. Wallace's own words, 'so widespread a phenomenon as that of some degree of sterility between species' should be due to any merely accidental correlation between external colour and reproductive function, extending throughout the whole range of organic nature.

8. The suggestion supposes natural selection to be the cause of the colour-change. If so, in most cases the unchanged individuals must die out. How, then, does it come to pass that there continues to be an unchanged type of colour with which the changed type is now found to be infertile?

to the theory of physiological selection what the particular causes may be which induce the sexual change in any particular case; and I expressly insist that natural selection may well be regarded as one among the sundry other causes of the indirect class which do induce this variation. These causes, both direct and indirect, I believe to be numerous, varied, sometimes complex, generally subtle, and therefore often obscure. But to take on the present occasion a merely bird's-eye view of the matter, when we consider the extraordinary sensitiveness of the reproductive system to slight changes in the conditions of life, we cannot fail to conclude that in the long life-histories of species—furnishing great vicissitudes to large populations spread over wide areas—many and diverse causes must often be encountered, leading to collective variations on the part of this system, and that these variations must sometimes be of the kind which my theory requires.

And here it may be remarked that it was such cases as these of collective variability (or where the physiological variation required by my theory affects a number of individuals simultaneously) which I had in view while writing that such a variation 'must always be preserved whenever it occurs,' and this 'with even more certainty than are the useful variations which furnish material to the working of natural selection.' Mr. Wallace calls this a 'most extraordinary statement,' and no doubt it must have appeared so to him, seeing that he only waited to consider the case of physiological variations arising fortuitously—where, as he needlessly argues a self-evident fact, there must be many chances against even the first mating of the physiological complements. But of course the 'extraordinary' nature of my statement altogether disappears when its meaning is understood; for it is surely sufficiently evident that if the variation does not merely occur sporadically in an individual here and there, but affects simultaneously a large number of the inhabitants of a district, it is more certain to be perpetuated than any 'accidental' (even though useful) variation could be; seeing, on the one hand, that it cannot be obliterated by intercrossing, and, on the other hand, that the 'fitness' of the individuals affected is guaranteed by the fact of their having reached the breeding age. This latter point is important, because Mr. Wallace accuses me of having lost sight of the consideration that my physiological variations must conform to the law of natural selection. He says, 'Mr. Romanes' argument almost everywhere tacitly assumes that his physiological variations *are* the fittest, and that *they* always survive! With such an assumption it would not be difficult to prove *any* theory of the origin of species.' Now, I hold that this tacit assumption is justified by the consideration that if these physiological varieties ever occur at all, *ex hypothesi* they must have so far passed muster with respect

to general fitness as to be allowed to propagate their kind. It was for the sake of emphasising this feature of my theory that I gave to the latter the alternative title of 'Segregation of the Fit.'

If I have succeeded in making myself intelligible, it will have been seen that Mr. Wallace's objection to my theory admits of a twofold answer. In the first place, it is impossible for him to 'show' that the origin of a species is any more frequent than it ought to be, even upon the assumption which he has imputed to me—namely, that such origin is always due to the chance mating of more or less extremely rare varieties. And, in the next place, this assumption on his part is wholly gratuitous—or rather, I should say, directly opposed both to my own statements and to all the probabilities of the case.

From which it is easy to perceive the inevitable inference, or, if not, by stating it I will furnish a cue to future critics. *The real difficulty against my theory is precisely the opposite of that which Mr. Wallace has advanced.* This real difficulty is that the differentiation of specific types has not been of nearly so frequent occurrence as upon the theory of physiological selection we should have antecedently expected. Looking to the great sensitiveness of the reproductive system, to the many and the varied causes which affect it, to the frequency with which these causes must have been encountered under Nature, to the fact that whenever a collective variation occurs of the kind which induces physiological selection it must almost certainly leave a new species to record the fact—looking to all these things, the only real difficulty is to explain why, if physiological selection has ever acted at all, it should only have done so at such comparatively rare intervals, and therefore have produced such a comparatively small measure of result. If my critics had adopted this line of argument, I should have experienced more difficulty in meeting them. But, as the case now stands, it seems enough to remark that I do not know of any way in which an adverse criticism admits of being more thoroughly exploded, than by showing that the difficulty which it undertakes to present is the precise opposite of the one with which an author is in his own mind, and at that very time, contending.

Seeing how remarkable has been the misunderstanding displayed by such competent readers as Mr. Wallace and Mr. Seebohm—a misunderstanding on which they both found their only objection to my theory—I should have been compelled to suppose that my paper failed in clearness of expression, were it not that (as above shown) they have disregarded the literal construction of my sentences. Nevertheless, it is probable enough that I may not have sufficiently guarded against a misunderstanding which it never occurred to me that any one was likely to make. For I supposed that all readers would have perceived at least that the main feature of the theory is

what my paper states it to be—namely, that sterility with parent forms is one of the *conditions*, and not always one of the *results*, of specific differentiation. But, if so, is it not evident that all causes which induce sterility with parent forms are comprised by the theory, whether these causes happen to affect a few individuals sporadically, a number of individuals simultaneously, or even the majority of an entire species?

GEORGE J. ROMANES.

THOMAS DEKKER.

Of all English poets, if not of all poets on record, Dekker is perhaps the most difficult to classify. The grace and delicacy, the sweetness and spontaneity of his genius are not more obvious and undeniable than the many defects which impair and the crowning deficiency which degrades it. As long, but so long only, as a man retains some due degree of self-respect and respect for the art he serves or the business he follows, it matters less for his fame in the future than for his prosperity in the present whether he retains or discards any vestige of respect for any other obligation in the world. François Villon, compared with whom all other reckless and disreputable men of genius seem patterns of austere decency and elevated regularity of life, was as conscientious and self-respectful an artist as a Virgil or a Tennyson: he is not a great poet only, but one of the most blameless, the most perfect, the most faultless among his fellows in the first class of writers for all time. If not in that class, yet high in the class immediately beneath it, the world would long since have agreed to enrol the name of Thomas Dekker, had he not wanted that one gift which next to genius is the most indispensable for all aspirants to a station among the masters of creative literature. For he was by nature at once a singer and a maker: he had the gift of native music and the birthright of inborn invention. His song was often sweet as honey; his fancy sometimes as rich and subtle, his imagination as delicate and strong, as that of the very greatest among dramatists or poets. For gentle grace of inspiration and vivid force of realism he is eclipsed at his very best by Shakespeare's self alone. No such combination or alternation of such admirable powers is discernible in any of his otherwise more splendid or sublime compeers. And in one gift, the divine gift of tenderness, he comes nearer to Shakespeare and stands higher above others than in any other quality of kindred genius.

And with all these gifts, if the vulgar verdict of his own day and of later days be not less valid than vulgar, he was a failure. There is a pathetic undertone of patience and resignation not unqualified by manly though submissive regret, which recurs now and then, or seems to recur, in the personal accent of his subdued and dignified appeal to the casual reader, suggestive of a sense that the higher triumphs of art, the brighter prosperities of achievement, were not

reserved for him ; and yet not unsuggestive of a consciousness that, if this be so, it is not so through want of the primal and essential qualities of a poet. For, as Lamb says, 'Dekker had poetry enough for anything ;' at all events, for anything which can be accomplished by a poet endowed in the highest degree with the gifts of graceful and melodious fancy, tender and cordial humour, vivid and pathetic realism, a spontaneous refinement and an exquisite simplicity of expression. With the one great gift of seriousness, of noble ambition, of self-confidence rooted in self-respect, he must have won an indisputable instead of a questionable place among the immortal writers of his age. But this gift had been so absolutely withheld from him by nature or withdrawn from him by circumstance, that he has left us not one single work altogether worthy of the powers now revealed and now eclipsed, now suddenly radiant and now utterly extinct, in the various and voluminous array of his writings. Although his earlier plays are in every way superior to his later, there is evidence even in the best of them of the author's infirmity of hand. From the first he shows himself idly or perversely or impotently prone to loosen his hold on character and story alike before his plot can be duly carried out or his conceptions adequately developed. His 'pleasant Comedie of The Gentle Craft,' first printed three years before the death of Queen Elizabeth, is one of his brightest and most coherent pieces of work, graceful and lively throughout, if rather thin-spun and slight of structure : but the more serious and romantic part of the action is more slightly handled than the broad light comedy of the mad and merry Lord Mayor Simon Eyre, a figure in the main original and humorous enough, but somewhat over persistent in ostentation and repetition of jocose catchwords after the fashion of mine host of the Garter ; a type which Shakespeare knew better than to repeat, but of which his inferiors seem to have been enamoured beyond all reason. In this fresh and pleasant little play there are few or no signs of the author's higher poetic abilities : the style is pure and sweet, simple and spontaneous, without any hint of a quality not required by the subject : but in the other play of Dekker's which bears the same date as this one his finest and rarest gifts of imagination and emotion, feeling and fancy, colour and melody, are as apparent as his ingrained faults of levity and laziness. The famous passage in which Webster couples together the names of 'Mr. Shakespeare, Mr. Dekker, and Mr. Heywood,' seems explicable when we compare the style of *Old Fortunatus* with the style of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Dekker had as much of the peculiar sweetness, the gentle fancy, the simple melody of Shakespeare in his woodland dress, as Heywood of the homely and noble realism, the heartiness and humour, the sturdy sympathy and the joyful pride of Shakespeare in his most English mood of patriotic and historic loyalty. Not that these

qualities are wanting in the work of Dekker: he was an ardent and a combative patriot, ever ready to take up the cudgels in prose or rhyme for England and her yeomen against Popery and the world: but it is rather the man than the poet who speaks on these occasions: his singing faculty does not apply itself so naturally to such work as to the wild wood-notes of passion and fancy and pathos which in his happiest moments, even when they remind us of Shakespeare's, provoke no sense of unworthiness or inequality in comparison with these. It is not with the most popular and famous names of his age that the sovereign name of Shakespeare is most properly or most profitably to be compared. His genius has really far less in common with that of Jonson or of Fletcher than with that of Webster or of Dekker. To the last-named poet even Lamb was for once less than just when he said of the 'frantic Lover' in *Old Fortunatus* that 'he talks pure Biron and Romeo; he is almost as poetical as they.' The word 'almost' should be supplanted by the word 'fully'; and the criticism would then be no less adequate than apt. Sidney himself might have applauded the verses which clothe with living music a passion as fervent and as fiery a fancy as his own.* Not even in the rapturous melodies of that matchless series of songs and sonnets which glorify the inseparable names of Astrophel and Stella will the fascinated student find a passage more enchanting than this.

Thou art a traitor to that white and red
 Which sitting on her cheeks (being Cupid's throne)
 Is my heart's sovereign: O, when she is dead,
 This wonder, Beauty, shall be found in none.
 Now Agripyne's not mine, I vow to be
 In love with nothing but deformity.
 O fair Deformity, I muse all eyes
 Are not enamoured of thee: thou didst never
 Murder men's hearts, or let them pine like wax,
 Melting against the sun of thy disdain;¹
 Thou art a faithful nurse to Chastity;
 Thy beauty is not like to Agripyne's,
 For cares, and age, and sickness, hers deface,
 But thine's eternal: O Deformity,
 Thy fairness is not like to Agripyne's,
 For, dead, her beauty will no beauty have,
 But thy face looks most lovely in the grave.

Shakespeare has nothing more exquisite in expression of passionate fancy, more earnest in emotion, more spontaneous in simplicity, more perfect in romantic inspiration. But the poet's besetting sin of laxity, his want of seriousness and steadiness, his idle, shambling, shift way of writing, had power even then, in the very prime of his

¹ As even Lamb allowed the meaningless and immetrical word 'desuiny' to stand at the end of this line in place of the obviously right reading, it is not wonderful that all later editors of this passage should hitherto have done so.

promise, to impede his progress and impair his chance of winning the race, which he had set himself—and yet which he had hardly set himself—to run. And if these things were done in the green tree, it was only too obvious what would be done in the dry; it must have been clear that this golden-tongued and gentle-hearted poet had not strength of spirit or fervour of ambition enough to put conscience into his work and resolution into his fancies. But even from such headlong recklessness as he had already displayed no reader could have anticipated so singular a defiance of all form and order, all coherence and proportion, as is exhibited in his *Satiromastix*. The controversial part of the play is so utterly alien from the romantic part that it is impossible to regard them as component factors of the same original plot. It seems to me unquestionable that Dekker must have conceived the design, and probable that he must have begun the composition, of a serious play on the subject of William Rufus and Sir Walter Tyrrel, before the appearance of Ben Jonson's *Poetaster* impelled or instigated him to some immediate attempt at rejoinder; and that being in a feverish hurry to retort the blow inflicted on him by a heavier hand than his own he devised—perhaps between jest and earnest—the preposterously incoherent plan of piecing out his farcical and satirical design by patching and stitching it into his unfinished scheme of tragedy. It may be assumed, and it is much to be hoped, that there never existed another poet capable of imagining—much less of perpetrating—an incongruity so monstrous and so perverse. The explanation so happily suggested by a modern critic that William Rufus is meant for Shakespeare, and that 'Lyly is Sir Vaughan ap Rees,' wants only a little further development, on the principle of analogy, to commend itself to every scholar. It is equally obvious that the low-bred and foul-mouthed ruffian Captain Tucce must be meant for Sir Philip Sidney; the vulgar idiot Asinius Bubo for Lord Bacon; the half-witted undefling Peter Flash for Sir Walter Raleigh; and the immaculate Celestina, who escapes by stratagem and force of virtue from the villainous designs of Shakespeare, for the lady long since indicated by the perspicacity of a Chalmers as the object of that lawless and desperate passion which found utterance in the sonnets of her unprincipled admirer—Queen Elizabeth. As a previous suggestion of my own, to the effect that George Peele was probably the real author of *Romeo and Juliet*, has had the singular good fortune to be not merely adopted but appropriated—in serious earnest—by a contemporary student, without—as far as I am aware—a syllable of acknowledgment, I cannot but anticipate a similar acceptance in similar quarters for the modest effort at interpretation now submitted to the judgment of the ingenuous reader.

Gifford is not too severe on the palpable incongruities of Dekker's preposterous medley: but his impeachment of Dekker as

a more virulent and intemperate controversialist than Jonson is not less preposterous than the structure of this play. The nobly gentle and manly verses in which the less fortunate and distinguished poet disclaims and refutes the imputation of envy or malevolence excited by the favour enjoyed by his rival in high quarters should have sufficed, in common justice, to protect him from such a charge. There is not a word in Jonson's satire expressive of anything but savage and unqualified scorn for his humbler antagonist: and the tribute paid by that antagonist to his genius, the appeal to his better nature which concludes the torrent of recrimination, would have won some word of honourable recognition from any but the most unscrupulous and ungenerous of partisans. That Dekker was unable to hold his own against Jonson when it came to sheer hard hitting—that on the ground or platform of personal satire he was as a light weight pitted against a heavy weight—is of course too plain, from the very first round, to require any further demonstration. But it is not less plain that in delicacy and simplicity and sweetness of inspiration the poet who could write the scene in which the bride takes poison (as she believes) from the hand of her father, in presence of her bridegroom, as a refuge from the passion of the king, was as far above Jonson as Jonson was above him in the robuster qualities of intellect or genius. This most lovely scene, for pathos tempered with fancy and for passion distilled in melody, is comparable only with higher work, of rarer composition and poetry more pure, than Jonson's: it is a very treasure-house of verses like jewels, bright as tears and sweet as flowers. When Dekker writes like this, then truly we seem to see his right hand in the left hand of Shakespeare.

To find the names of Ben Jonson and Thomas Dekker amicably associated in the composition of a joint poem or pageant within the space of a year from the publication of so violent a retort by the latter to so vehement an attack by the former must amuse if it does not astonish the reader least capable of surprise at the boyish readiness to quarrel and the boyish readiness to shake hands which would seem to be implied in so startling a change of relations. In all the huge, costly, wearisome, barbaric and pedantic ceremonial which welcomed into London the Solomon of Scotland, the exhausted student who attempts to follow the ponderous elaboration of report drawn up by these reconciled enemies will remark the solid and sedate merit of Jonson's best couplets with less pleasure than he will receive from the quaint sweetness of Dekker's lyric notes. Admirable as are many of Ben Jonson's songs for their finish of style and fullness of matter, it is impossible for those who know what is or should be the special aim or the distinctive quality of lyric verse to place him in the first class—much less, in the front rank—of lyric poets. He is at his best a good way ahead of such song-writers as Byron :

but Dekker at his best belongs to the order of such song-writers as Blake or Shelley. Perhaps the very finest example of his flawless and delicate simplicity of excellence in this field of work may be the well-known song in honour of honest poverty and in praise of honest labour which so gracefully introduces the heroine of a play published in this same year of the accession of James—*Patient Grissel*; a romantic tragicomedy so attractive for its sweetness and lightness of tone and touch that no reader will question the judgment or condemn the daring of the poets who ventured upon ground where Chaucer had gone before them with such gentle stateliness of step and such winning tenderness of gesture. His deepest note of pathos they have not even attempted to reproduce: but in freshness and straightforwardness, in frankness and simplicity of treatment, the dramatic version is not generally unworthy to be compared with the narrative which it follows afar off.² Chettle and Haughton, the associates of Dekker in this enterprise, had each of them something of their colleague's finer qualities; but the best scenes in the play remind me rather of Dekker's best early work than of *Robert Earl of Huntington* or of *Englishmen for my Money*. So much has been said of the evil influence of Italian example upon English character in the age of Elizabeth, and so much has been made of such confessions or imputations as distinguish the clamorous and malevolent penitence of Robert Greene, that it is more than agreeable to find at least one dramatic poet of the time who has the manliness to enter a frank and contemptuous protest against this habit of malignant self-excuse.

'Italy,' says an honest gentleman in this comedy to a lying and impudent gull, 'Italy infects you not, but your own diseased spirits. Italy? Out, you froth, you scum! because your soul is mud, and that you have breathed in Italy, you'll say Italy has defiled you: away, you boar: thou wilt wallow in mire in the sweetest country in the world.'

There are many traces of moral or spiritual weakness and infirmity in the writings of Dekker and the scattered records or indications of his unprosperous though not unlaborious career: but there are manifest and manifold signs of an honest and earnest regard for justice and fair dealing, as well as of an inexhaustible compassion for suffering, an indestructible persistency of pity, which found characteristic expression in the most celebrated of his plays. There is a great gulf between it and the first of Victor Hugo's

² I may here suggest a slight emendation in the text of the spirited and graceful scene with which this play opens. The original reads:

So fares it with coy dames, who, great with scorn,

Shew the care-pined hearts that sue to them.

The word *Shew* is an obvious misprint—but more probably, I venture to think, for the word *Shun* than for the word *Fly*, which is substituted by Mr. Collier and accepted by Dr. Grosart.

tragedies: yet the instinct of either poet is the same, as surely as their common motive is the redemption of a fallen woman by the influence of twin-born love and shame. Of all Dekker's works, *The Honest Whore* comes nearest to some reasonable degree of unity and harmony in conception and construction: his besetting vice of reckless and sluttish incoherence has here done less than usual to deform the proportions and deface the impression of his design. Indeed, the connection of the two serious plots in the first part is a rare example of dexterous and happy simplicity in composition: the comic underplot of the patient man and shrewish wife is more loosely attached by a slighter thread of relation to these two main stories, but is so amusing in its light and facile play of inventive merriment and harmless mischief as to need no further excuse. Such an excuse, however, might otherwise be found in the plea that it gives occasion for the most beautiful, the most serious, and the most famous passage in all the writings of its author. The first scene of this first part has always appeared to me one of the most effective and impressive on our stage: the interruption of the mock funeral by the one true mourner whose passion it was intended to deceive into despair is so striking as a mere incident or theatrical device that the noble and simple style in which the graver part of the dialogue is written can be no more than worthy of the subject: whereas in other plays of Dekker's the style is too often beneath the merit of the subject, and the subject as often below the value of the style. The subsequent revival of Infelice from her trance is represented with such vivid and delicate power that the scene, short and simple as it is, is one of the most fascinating in any play of the period. In none of these higher and finer parts of the poem can I trace the touch of any other hand than the principal author's: but the shop-keeping scenes of the underplot have at least as much of Middleton's usual quality as of Dekker's; homely and rough-cast as they are, there is a certain finish or thoroughness about them which is more like the careful realism of the former than the slovenly naturalism of the latter. The coarse commonplaces of the sermon on prostitution by which Bellafront is so readily and surprisingly reclaimed into respectability give sufficient and superfluous proof that Dekker had nothing of the severe and fiery inspiration which makes a great satirist or a great preacher: but when we pass again into a sweeter air than that of the boudoir or the pulpit, it is the unmistakable note of Dekker's most fervent and tender mood of melody which enchants us in such verses as these, spoken by a lover musing on the portrait of a mistress whose coffin has been borne before him to the semblance of a grave.

Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the music set upon her tongue,

Of all that was past woman's excellence
 In her white bosom, look, a painted board
 Circumscribes all !

Is there any other literature, we are tempted to ask ourselves, in which the writer of these lines, and of many as sweet and perfect in their inspired simplicity as these, would be rated no higher among his countrymen than Thomas Dekker?

From the indisputable fact of Middleton's partnership in this play Mr. Dyce was induced to assume the very questionable inference of his partnership in the sequel which was licensed for acting five years later. To me this second part seems so thoroughly of one piece and one pattern, so apparently the result of one man's invention and composition, that without more positive evidence I should hesitate to assign a share in it to any colleague of the poet under whose name it first appeared. There are far fewer scenes or passages in this than in the preceding play which suggest or present themselves for quotation or selection : the tender and splendid and pensive touches of pathetic or imaginative poetry which we find in the first part, we shall be disappointed if we seek in the second : its incomparable claim on our attention is the fact that it contains the single character in all the voluminous and miscellaneous works of Dekker which gives its creator an indisputable right to a place of perpetual honour among the imaginative humourists of England—and therefore among the memorable artists and creative workmen of the world. Apart from their claim to remembrance as poets and dramatists of more or less artistic and executive capacity, Dekker and Middleton are each of them worthy to be remembered as the inventor or discoverer of a wholly original, interesting, and natural type of character, as essentially inimitable as it is undeniably unimitated : the savage humour and cynic passion of De Flores, the genial passion and tender humour of Orlando Friscobaldo, are equally lifelike in the truthfulness and completeness of their distinct and vivid presentation. The merit of the play in which the character last named is a leading figure consists mainly or almost wholly in the presentation of the three principal persons : the reclaimed harlot, now the faithful and patient wife of her first seducer ; the broken-down, ruffianly, light-hearted and light-headed libertine who has married her ; and the devoted old father who watches in the disguise of a servant over the changes of her fortune, the sufferings, risks, and temptations which try the purity of her penitence and confirm the fortitude of her constancy. Of these three characters I cannot but think that any dramatist who ever lived might have felt that he had reason to be proud. It is strange that Charles Lamb, to whom of all critics and all men the pathetic and humorous charm of the old man's personality might most confidently have been expected most cordially to appeal, should have left to Haz'itt and Leigh Hunt

the honour of doing justice to so beautiful a creation—the crowning evidence to the greatness of Dekker's gifts, his power of moral imagination and his delicacy of dramatic execution. From the first to the last word of his part the quaint sweet humour of the character is sustained with an instinctive skill which would do honour to a far more careful and a far more famous artist than Dekker. The words with which he receives the false news of his fallen daughter's death; 'Dead? my last and best peace go with her!'—those which he murmurs to himself on seeing her again after seventeen years of estrangement; 'The mother's own face, I ha' not forgot that'—prepare the way for the admirable final scene in which his mask of anger drops off, and his ostentation of obduracy relaxes into tenderness and tears. 'Dost thou beg for him, thou precious man's meat, thou? has he not beaten thee, kicked thee, trod on thee? and dost thou fawn on him like his spaniel? has he not pawned thee to thy petticoat, sold thee to thy smock, made ye leap at a crust? yet wouldst have me save him?—What, dost thou hold him? let go his hand: if thou dost not forsake him, a father's everlasting blessing fall upon both your heads!' The fusion of humour with pathos into perfection of exquisite accuracy in expression which must be recognized at once and remembered for ever by any competent reader of this scene is the highest quality of Dekker as a writer of prose, and is here displayed at its highest: the more poetic or romantic quality of his genius had already begun to fade out when this second part of his finest poem was written. Hazlitt has praised the originality, dexterity, and vivacity of the effect produced by the stratagem which Infelice employs for the humiliation of her husband, when by accusing herself of imaginary infidelity under the most incredibly degrading conditions she entraps him into gratuitous fury and turns the tables on him by the production of evidence against himself; and the scene is no doubt theatrically effective: but the grace and delicacy of the character are sacrificed to this comparatively unworthy consideration: the pure, high-minded, noble-hearted lady, whose loyal and passionate affection was so simply and so attractively displayed in the first part of her story, is so lamentably humiliated by the cunning and daring immodesty of such a device that we hardly feel it so revolting an incongruity as it should have been to see this princess enjoying, in common with her father and her husband, the spectacle of imprisoned harlots on penitential parade in the Bridewell of Milan; a thoroughly Hogarthian scene in the grim and vivid realism of its tragicomic humour.

But if the poetic and realistic merits of these two plays make us understand why Webster should have coupled its author with the author of *Twelfth Night* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, the demerits of the two plays next published under his single name are so grave, so gross, so manifold, that the writer seems

unworthy to be coupled as a dramatist with a journeyman poet so far superior to him in honest thoroughness and smoothness of workmanship as, even at his very hastiest and crudest, was Thomas Heywood. In style and versification the patriotic and anti-Catholic drama which bears the Protestant and apocalyptic title of *The Whore of Babylon* is still, upon the whole, very tolerably spirited and fluent, with gleams of fugitive poetry and glimpses of animated action : but the construction is ponderous and puerile, the declamation vacuous and vehement. An Æschylus alone could have given us, in a tragedy on the subject of the Salamis of England, a fit companion to the *Persæ* ; which, as Shakespeare let the chance pass by him, remains alone for ever in the incomparable glory of its triumphant and sublime perfection. Marlowe perhaps might have made something of it, though the task would have taxed his energies to the utmost, and overtaken the utmost of his skill ; Dekker could make nothing. The empress of Babylon is but a poor slipshod ragged prostitute in the hands of this poetic beadle : ‘ non ragioniam di lei, ma guarda e passa.’

Of the three plays in which Dekker took part with Webster, the two plays in which he took part with Ford, and the second play in which he took part with Middleton, I have spoken respectively in my several essays on those other three poets. The next play which bears his name alone was published five years later than the political or historical sketch or study which we have just dismissed ; and which, compared with it, is a tolerable if not a creditable piece of work. It is difficult to abstain from intemperate language in speaking of such a dramatic abortion as that which bears the grotesque and puerile inscription, *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*. A worse has seldom discredited the name of any man with a spark of genius in him. Dryden’s delectable tragedy of *Amboyna*, Lee’s remarkable tragicomedy of *Gloriana*, Pope’s elegant comedy of *Three Hours after Marriage*, are scarcely more unworthy of their authors, more futile or more flaccid or more audacious in their headlong and unabashed incompetence. Charity would suggest that it must have been written against time in a debtor’s prison, under the influence of such liquor as Catherina Bountinall or Doll Tearsheet would have flung at the tapster’s head with an accompaniment of such language as those eloquent and high-spirited ladies, under less offensive provocation, were wont to lavish on the officials of an oppressive law. I have read a good deal of bad verse, but anything like the metre of this play I have never come across in all the range of that excruciating experience. The rare and faint indications that the writer was or had been an humourist and a poet serve only to bring into fuller relief the reckless and shameless incompetence of the general workmanship.³

* As I have given elsewhere a sample of Dekker at his best, I give here a sample taken at random from the opening of this unhappy play.

This supernatural and 'superlunatical' attempt at serious farce or farcical morality marks the nadir of Dekker's ability as a dramatist. The diabolic part of the tragicomic business is distinctly inferior to the parallel or similar scenes in the much older play of *Grim the Collier of Croydon*, which is perhaps more likely to have been the writer's immediate model than the original story by Machiavelli. The two remaining plays now extant which bear the single name of Dekker give no sign of his highest powers, but are tolerable examples of journeyman's work in the field of romantic or fanciful comedy. *Match me in London* is the better play of the two, very fairly constructed after its simple fashion, and reasonably well written in a smooth and unambitious style: *The Wonder of a Kingdom* is a light, slight, rough piece of work, in its contrasts of character as crude and boyish as any of the old moralities, and in its action as mere a dance of puppets: but it shows at least that Dekker had regained the faculty of writing decent verse on occasion. The fine passage quoted by Scott in *The Antiquary*, and taken by his editors to be a forgery of his own, will be familiar to many myriads of readers who are never likely to look it up in the original context. Of two masques called *Britannia's Honour* and *London's Tempe* it must suffice to say that the former contains a notable specimen of cockney or canine French which may serve to relieve the conscientious reader's weariness, and the latter a comic song of blacksmiths at work which may pass muster at a pinch as a tolerably quaint and lively piece of rough and ready fancy. But Jonson for the court and Middleton for the city were far better craftsmen in this line than ever was Dekker at his best.

Two plays remain for notice in which the part taken by Dekker would be, I venture to think, unmistakable, even if no external evidence were extant of his partnership in either. As it is, we know

Hie thee to Naples, Rufman; thou shalt find
A prince there newly crowned, aptly inclined
To any bendings: lest his youthful brows
Reach at stars only, weigh down his loftiest boughs
With leaden plummetts, poison his best thoughts with taste
Of things most sensual: if the heart once waste,
The body feels consumption: good or bad kings
Breed subjects like them: clear streams flow from clear springs.
Turn therefore Naples to a puddle: with a civil
Much promising face, and well oiled, play the court devil.

The vigorous melody of these 'masculine numbers' is not more remarkable for its virile force and honied fluency than is the lighter dialogue of the play for such brilliant wit or lambent humour as flashes out in pleasantries like this.

King. What are you, and whence come you?

Rufman.

From Helvetia

Spendola. What hell says he?

Jorinelli. Peace; you shall know hot hell (*sic*) time enough.

'I hope here be proofs' that my strictures on the worst work of a poet whose best work I treasure so heartily, and whose best qualities I rate so highly, are rather too sparing than too severe.

that in the winter which saw the close of the sixteenth century he was engaged with the author of *The Parliament of Bees* and the author of *Englishmen for my Money* in the production of a play called *The Spanish Moor's Tragedy*. More than half a century afterwards, a tragedy in which a Spanish Moor is the principal and indeed the only considerable agent was published, and attributed—of all poets in the world—to Christopher Marlowe, by a knavish and ignorant bookseller of the period. That *Lust's Dominion, or the Lascivious Queen*, was partly founded on a pamphlet published after Marlowe's death was not a consideration sufficient to offer any impediment to this imposture. That the hand which in the year of this play's appearance on the stage gave *Old Fortunatus* to the world of readers was the hand to which we owe the finer scenes or passages of *Lust's Dominion*, the whole of the opening scene bears such apparent witness as requires no evidence to support and would require very conclusive evidence to confute it. The sweet spontaneous luxury of the lines in which the queen strives to seduce her paramour out of sullenness has the very ring of Dekker's melody: the rough and reckless rattle of the abrupt hymes intended to express a sudden vehemence of change and energy; the constant repetition of reiteration of interjections and ejaculations which are evidently supposed to give an air of passionate realism and tragic nature to the jingling and jerky dialogue; many little mannerisms too trivial to specify and too obvious to mistake; the occasional spirit and beauty, the frequent crudity and harshness, of the impetuous and uncertain style; the faults no less than the merits, the merits as plainly as the faults, attest the presence of his fitful and wilful genius with all the defects of its qualities and all the weakness of its strength. The chaotic extravagance of collapse which serves by way of catastrophe to bring the action headlong to a close is not more puerile in the violence of its debility than the conclusions of other plays by Dekker; conclusions which might plausibly appear, to a malcontent or rather to a lenient reader, the improvisations of inebriety. There is but one character which stands out in anything of lifelike relief; for the queen and her paramour are but the usual diabolic puppets of the contemporary tragic stage: but there is something of life-blood in the part of the honest and hot-headed young prince. This too is very like Dekker, whose idle and impatient energy could seldom if ever sustain a diffused or divided interest, but except when working hopelessly and heartlessly against time was likely to fix on some special point, and give life at least to some single figure.

There is nothing incongruous in his appearance as a playwright in partnership with Middleton or with Chettle, with Haughton or with Day; but a stranger association than that of Massinger's name with Dekker's it would not be easy to conceive. Could either poet have lent the other something of his own best quality; could

Massinger have caught from Dekker the freshness and spontaneity of his poetic inspiration, and Dekker have learnt of Massinger the conscientious excellence and studious self-respect of his dramatic workmanship; the result must have been one of the noblest and completest masterpieces of the English stage. As it is, the famous and beautiful play which we owe to the alliance of their powers is a proverbial example of incongruous contrasts and combinations. The opening and the closing scenes were very properly and very fortunately consigned to the charge of the younger and sedater poet: so that, whatever discrepancy may disturb the intervening acts, the grave and sober harmonies of a temperate and serious artist begin and end the concert in perfect correspondence of consummate execution. 'The first act of the *Virgin Martyr*,' said Coleridge, 'is as fine an act as I remember in any play.' And certainly it would be impossible to find one in which the business of the scene is more skilfully and smoothly opened, with more happiness of arrangement, more dignity and dexterity of touch. But most lovers of poetry would give it all, and a dozen such triumphs of scenical and rhetorical composition, for the brief dialogue in the second act between the heroine and her attendant angel. Its simplicity is so childlike, its inspiration so pure in instinct and its expression so perfect in taste, its utterance and its abstinence, its effusion and its reserve, are so far beyond praise or question or any comment but thanksgiving, that these forty-two lines, homely and humble in manner as they are if compared with the refined rhetoric and the scrupulous culture of Massinger, would suffice to keep the name of Dekker sweet and safe for ever among the most memorable if not among the most pre-eminent of his kindred and his age. The four scenes of rough and rank buffoonery which deface this act and the two following have given very reasonable offence to critics from whom they have provoked very unreasonable reflections. That they represent the coarser side of the genius whose finer aspect is shown in the sweetest passages of the poem has never been disputed by any one capable of learning the rudiments or the accident of literary criticism. An admirable novelist and poet who had the misfortune to mistake himself for a theologian and a critic was unlucky enough to assert that he knew not on what ground these brutal buffooneries had been assigned to their unmistakable author: in other words, to acknowledge his ignorance of the first elements of the subject on which it pleased him to write in a tone of critical and spiritual authority. Not even when his unwary and unscrupulous audacity of self-confidence impelled Charles Kingsley to challenge John Henry Newman to the duel of which the upshot left him gasping so piteously on the ground selected for their tournament—not even then did the author of *Hypatia* display such a daring and immedicable capacity of misrepresentation based on misconception as when this most ingenuously disingenuous of all controversialists avowed him-

self 'aware of no canons of internal criticism which would enable us to decide as boldly as Mr. Gifford does that all the indecency is Dekker's and all the poetry Massinger's.' Now the words of Gifford's note on the dialogue of which I have already spoken, between the saint and the angel, are these. 'What follows is exquisitely beautiful. . . . I am persuaded that this also was written by Dekker.' And seeing that no mortal critic but Kingsley ever dreamed of such absurdity as Kingsley rushes forward to refute, his controversial capacity will probably be regarded by all serious students of poetry or criticism as measurable by the level of his capacity for accurate report of fact or accurate citation of evidence.

There are times when we are tempted to denounce the Muse of Dekker as the most shiftless and shameless of slovens or of sluts; but when we consider the quantity of work which she managed to struggle or shuffle through with such occasionally admirable and memorable results, we are once more inclined to reclaim for her a place of honour among her more generally respectable or reputable sisters. I am loth to believe what I see no reason to suppose, that she was responsible for the dismal drivel of a poem on the fall of Jerusalem, which is assigned, on the surely dangerous ground of initials subscribed under the dedication, to a writer who had the misfortune to share these initials with Thomas Deloney. The ballad-writing hack may have been capable of sinking so far below the level of a penny ballad as to perpetrate this monstrous outrage on human patience and on English verse; but the most conclusive evidence would be necessary to persuade a jury of competent readers that a poet must be found guilty of its authorship. And we know that a pamphlet or novelette of Deloney's called *Thomas of Reading, or the Six Worthy Yeomen of the West*, was ascribed to Dekker until the actual author was discovered. Dr. Grosart, to whom we owe the first collected edition of Dekker's pamphlets, says in the introduction to the fifth of his beautiful volumes that he should have doubted the responsibility of Dekker for this poem had he not been detected as the author of another religious book. But this latter is a book of the finest and rarest quality—one of its author's most unquestionable claims to immortality in the affection and admiration of all but the most unworthy readers; and *Canaan's Calamity* is one of the worst metrical samples extant of religious rubbish. As far as such inferential evidence can be allowed to attest anything, the fact of Dekker's having written one of the most beautiful and simple of religious books in prose tends surely rather to disprove than to prove his authorship of one of the feeblest and most pretentious of semi-sacred rhapsodies in verse.

Among his numerous pamphlets, satirical or declamatory, on the manners of his time and the observations of his experience, one alone stands out as distinct from the rest by right of such astonish-

ing superiority in merit of style and interest of matter that I prefer to reserve it for separate and final consideration. But it would require more time and labour than I can afford to give an adequate account of so many effusions or improvisations as served for fuel to boil the scanty and precarious pot of his uncertain and uncomfortable sustenance. 'The Wonderful Year' of the death of Elizabeth, the accession of James, and the devastation of London by pestilence, supplied him with matter enough for one of his quaintest and liveliest tracts: in which the historical part has no quality so valuable or remarkable as the grotesque mixture of horror and humour in the anecdotes appended 'like a merry epilogue to a dull play, of purpose to shorten the lives of long winter's nights that lie watching in the dark for us,' with touches of rude and vivid pleasantry not unworthy to remind us, I dare not say of the Decameron, but at least of the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. In *The Seven Deadly Sins of London*—one of the milder but less brilliant 'Latterday Pamphlets' of a gentler if no less excitable Carlyle—there are touches of earnest eloquence as well as many quaint and fitful illustrations of social history; but there is less of humorous vigour and straightforward realism than in the preceding tract. And yet there are good things to be gathered out of this effusive and vehement lay sermon: this sentence for example is worth recollection:—'He is not slothful that is only lazy, that only wastes his good hours and his silver in luxury and licentious ease:—no, he is the true slothful man, that does no good.' And there is genuine insight as well as honesty and courage in his remonstrance with the self-love and appeal against the self-deceit of his countrymen, so prone to cry out on the cruelty of others, on the bloodthirstiness of Frenchmen and Spaniards, and to overlook the heavy-headed brutality of their own habitual indifference and neglect. Although the cruelty of penal laws be now abrogated, yet the condition of the poorest among us is assuredly not such that we can read without a sense of their present veracity the last words of this sentence:—'Thou set'st up posts to whip them when they are alive: set up an hospital to comfort them being sick, or purchase ground for them to dwell in when they be well; and that is, when they be dead.' The next of Dekker's tracts is more of a mere imitation than any of his others: the influence of a more famous pamphleteer and satirist, Tom Nash, is here not only manifest as that of a model, but has taken such possession of his disciple that he is hardly more than a somewhat servile copyist; not without a touch of his master's more serious eloquence, but with less than little of his peculiar energy and humour. That rushing wind of satire, that storm of resonant invective, that inexhaustible volubility of contempt, which rages through the controversial writings of the lesser poet, has sunk to a comparative whisper; the roar of his Homeric or Rabelaisian laughter to a somewhat forced and artificial chuckle.

This *News from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier*, and containing *The Devil's Answer to Pierce Penniless*, might have miscarried by the way without much more loss than that of such an additional proof as we could have been content to spare of Dekker's incompetence to deal with a subject which he was curiously fond of handling in earnest and in jest. He seems indeed to have fancied himself, if not something of a Dante, something at least of a Quevedo; but his terrors are merely tedious, and his painted devils would not terrify a babe. In this tract, however, there are now and then some fugitive felicities of expression; and this is more than can be said for either the play or the poem in which he has gone, with feebleness if not more uneasy steps than Milton's Satan, over the same ground of burning marl. There is some spirit in the prodigal's denunciation of his miserly father: but the best thing in the pamphlet is the description of the soul of a hero bound for paradise, whose name is given only in the revised and enlarged edition which appeared a year later under the title of *A Knight's Conjuring; done in earnest; discovered in jest*. The narrative of 'William Eps his death' is a fine example of that fiery sympathy with soldiers which glows in so many pages of Dekker's verse, and flashes out by fits through the murky confusion of his worst and most formless plays; but the introduction of this hero is as fine a passage of prose as he has left us.

The foremost of them was a personage of so composed a presence, that Nature and Fortune had done him wrong, if they had not made him a soldier. *In his countenance there was a kind of indignation, fighting with a kind of exalted joy*, which by his very gesture were apparently decipherable; for he was jocund, that his soul went out of him in so glorious a triumph; but disdainfully angry, that she wrought her enlargement through no more dangers: yet were there bleeding witnesses enow on his breast, which testified, he did not yield till he was conquered, and was not conquered, till there was left nothing of a man in him to be overcome.

That the poet's loyalty and devotion were at least as ardent when offered by his gratitude to sailors as to soldiers we may see by this description of 'The Seaman' in his next work:—

A progress doth he take from realm to realm,
With goodly water-pageants borne before him;
The safety of the land sits at his helm,
No danger here can touch, but what runs o'er him:
But being in heaven's eye still, it doth restore him
To livelier spirits; to meet death with ease,
*If thou wouldst know thy maker, search the seas.**

These homely but hearty lines occur in a small and mainly metrical tract bearing a title so quaint that I am tempted to transcribe it at length:—'The Double PP. A Papist in Arms. Bearing Ten several Shields. Encountered by the Protestant. At Ten several Weapons. A Jesuit Marching before them. Cominùs and Eminùs.'

* The italics are here the author's.

There are a few other vigorous and pointed verses in this little patriotic impromptu, but the greater part of it is merely curious and eccentric doggrel.

The next of Dekker's tracts or pamphlets was the comparatively well-known *Gull's Horn-book*. This brilliant and vivid little satire is so rich in simple humour, and in life-like photography taken by the sunlight of an honest and kindly nature, that it stands second only to the author's masterpiece in prose—*The Bachelor's Banquet*, which has waited so much longer for even the limited recognition implied by a private reprint. There are so many witty or sensible or humorous or grotesque excerpts to be selected from this pamphlet—and not from the parts borrowed or copied from a foreign satire on the habits of slovenly Hollanders—that I take the first which comes under my notice on reopening the book; a study which sets before us in fascinating relief the professional poeticule of a period in which as yet clubs, coteries, and newspapers were not—or at the worst were nothing to speak of.

If you be a Poet, and come into the Ordinary, (though it can be no great glory to be an ordinary Poet) order yourself thus. Observe no man, doff not cap to that Gentleman today at dinner, to whom, not two nights since, you were beholden for a supper; but, after a turn or two in the room, take occasion (pulling out your gloves) to have some Epigram, or Satire, or Sonnet fastened in one of them, that may (as it were unwittingly to you) offer itself to the Gentlemen: they will presently desire it: but, without much conjuration from them, and a pretty kind of counterfeit lothness in yourself, do not read it; and, though it be none of your own, swear you made it.

This coupling of injunction and prohibition is worthy of Shakespeare or of Sterne.

Marry, if you chance to get into your hands any witty thing of another man's, that is somewhat better, I would counsel you then, if demand be made who composed it, you may say: 'Faith, a learned Gentleman, a very worthy friend.' And this seeming to lay it on another man will be counted either modesty in you, or a sign that you are not ambitious of praise, or else that you dare not take it upon you, for fear of the sharpness it carries with it.

The modern poetaster by profession knows a trick worth any two of these: but it is curious to observe the community of baseness, and the comparative innocence of awkwardness and inexperience, which at once connote the species and denote the specimens of the later and the earlier animalcule.

The 'Jests to make you merry,' which in Dr. Grosart's edition are placed after *The Gull's Horn-Book*, though dated two years earlier, will hardly give so much entertainment to any probable reader in our own time as 'The Misery of a Prison, and a Prisoner,' will give him pain to read of in the closing pages of the same pamphlet, when he remembers how long—at the lowest computation—its author had endured the loathsome and hideous misery which he has described with such bitter and pathetic intensity and per-

* The text before me (Dr. Grosart's) reads 'admittingly.' The emendation is obvious.

sistency in detail. Well may Dr. Grosart say that 'it shocks us to-day, though so far off, to think of 1598 to 1616 onwards covering so sorrowful and humiliating trials for so finely touched a spirit as was Dekker's'; but I think as well as hope that there is no sort of evidence to that surely rather improbable as well as deplorable effect. It may be 'possible,' but it is barely possible, that some 'seven years' continuous imprisonment' is the explanation of an ambiguous phrase which is now incapable of any certain solution, and capable of many an interpretation far less deplorable than this. But in this professedly comic pamphlet there are passages as tragic, if not as powerful, as any in the immortal pages of *Pickwick* and *Little Dorrit* which deal with a later but a too similar phase of prison discipline and tradition.

The thing that complained was a man:—'Thy days have gone over thee like the dreams of a fool, thy nights like the watchings of a madman.—Oh sacred liberty! with how little devotion do men come into thy temples, when they cannot bestow upon thee too much honour! Thy embracements are more delicate than those of a young bride with her lover, and to be divorced from thee is half to be damned! For what else is a prison but the very next door to hell? It is a man's grave, wherein he walks alive: it is a sea wherein he is always shipwreckt: it is a lodging built out of the world: it is a wilderness where all that wander up and down grow wild, and all that come into it are devoured.'

In Dekker's next pamphlet, his 'Dream,' there are perhaps half-a-dozen tolerably smooth and vigorous couplets immersed among many more vacuous and vehement in the intensity of their impotence than any reader and admirer of his more happily inspired verse could be expected to believe without evidence adduced. Of imagination, faith, or fancy, the ugly futility of this infernal vision has not—unless I have sought more than once for it in vain—a single saving trace or compensating shadow.

Two years after he had tried his hand at an imitation of Nash, Dekker issued the first of the pamphlets in which he attempted to take up the succession of Robert Greene as a picaresque writer, or purveyor of guidebooks through the realms of rascaldom. *The Bellman of London*, or *Rogue's Hornbook*, begins with a very graceful and fanciful description of the quiet beauty and seclusion of a country retreat in which the author had sought refuge from the turmoil and forgetfulness of the vices of the city; and whence he was driven back upon London by disgust at the discovery of villainy as elaborate and roguery as abject in the beggars and thieves of the country as the most squalid recesses of metropolitan vice or crime could supply. The narrative of this accidental discovery is very lively and spirited in its straightforward simplicity: and the subsequent revelations of rascality are sometimes humorous as well curious: but the demand for such literature must have been singularly persistent to evoke a sequel to this book next year—*Lantern and Candle-light*, or *the Bellman's Second Night-walk*;

in which Dekker continues his account of vagrant and villainous society, its lawless laws and its unmannerly manners; and gives the reader some vivid studies, interspersed with facile rhetoric and interlarded with indignant declamation, of the tricks of horsedealers and the shifts of gipsies—or ‘moon-men’ as he calls them; a race which he regarded with a mixture of angry perplexity and passionate disgust. *A Strange Horse-race* between various virtues and vices gives occasion for the display of some allegoric ingenuity and much indefatigable but fatiguing pertinacity in the exposure of the more exalted swindlers of the age—the crafty bankrupts who anticipated the era of the Merdles described by Dickens, but who can hardly have done much immediate injury to a capitalist of the rank of Dekker. Here too there are glimpses of inventive spirit and humorous ingenuity; but the insufferable iteration of jocose demonology and infernal burlesque might tempt the most patient and the most curious of readers to devote the author, with imprecations or invocations as elaborate as his own, to the spiritual potentate whose ‘last will and testament’ is transcribed into the text of this pamphlet.

In *The Dead Term* such a reader will find himself more or less relieved by the return of his author to a more terrene and realistic sort of allegory. This recriminatory dialogue between the London and the Westminster of 1608 is now and then rather flatulent in its reciprocity of rhetoric, but is enlivened by an occasional breath of genuine eloquence, and redeemed by touches of historic or social interest. The title and motto of the next year’s pamphlet—*Work for Armourers, or The Peace is Broken.—God help the Poor, the rich can shift*—were presumably designed to attract the casual reader, by what would now be called a sensational device, to consideration of the social question between rich and poor—or, as he puts it, between the rival queens, Poverty and Money. The forces on either side are drawn out and arrayed with pathetic ingenuity, and the result is indicated with a quaint and grim effect of humorous if indignant resignation. *The Raven’s Almanack* of the same year, though portentous in its menace of plague, famine, and civil war, is less noticeable for its moral and religious declamation than for its rather amusing than edifying anecdotes; which, it must be admitted, in their mixture of jocular sensuality with somewhat ferocious humour, rather remind us of King Louis the Eleventh than of that royal novelist’s Italian models or precursors. *A Rod for Runaways* is the title of a tract which must have somewhat perplexed the readers who came to it for practical counsel or suggestion, seeing that the very title-page calls their attention to the fact that, ‘if they look back, they may behold many fearful judgments of God, sundry ways pronounced upon this city, and on several persons, both flying from it, and staying in it.’ What the medical gentleman to whom this tract

was dedicated may have thought of the author's logic and theology, we can only conjecture. But even in this little pamphlet there are anecdotes and details which would repay the notice of a social historian as curious in his research and as studious in his condescension as Macaulay.

A prayerbook written or compiled by a poet of Dekker's rank in Dekker's age would have some interest for the reader of a later generation even if it had not the literary charm which distinguishes the little volume of devotions now reprinted from a single and an imperfect copy. We cannot be too grateful for the good fortune and the generous care to which we are indebted for this revelation of a work of genius so curious and so delightful that the most fanatical of atheists or agnostics, the hardest and the driest of philosophers, might be moved and fascinated by the exquisite simplicity of its beauty. Hardly even in those almost incomparable collects which Macaulay so aptly compared with the sonnets of Milton shall we find sentences or passages more perfect in their union of literary grace with ardent sincerity than here. Quaint as are several of the prayers in the professional particulars of their respective appeals, this quaintness has nothing of irreverence or incongruity: and the subtle simplicity of cadence in the rhythmic movement of the style is so nearly impeccable that we are perplexed to understand how so exquisite an ear as Dekker's at its best can have been tolerant of such discord or capable of such collapse as so often disappoints or shocks us in the hastier and cruder passages of his faltering and fluctuating verse. The prayer for a soldier going to battle and his thanksgiving after victory are as noble in the dignity of their devotion as the prayers for a woman in travail and 'for them that visit the sick' are delicate and earnest in their tenderness. The prayer for a prisoner is too beautiful to stand in need of the additional and pathetic interest which it derives from the fact of its author's repeated experience of the misery it expresses with such piteous yet such manful resignation. The style of these faultlessly simple devotions is almost grotesquely set off by the relief of a comparison with the bloated bombast and flatulent pedantry of a prayer by the late Queen Elizabeth which Dekker has transcribed into his text—it is hardly possible to suppose, without perception of the contrast between its hideous jargon and the refined purity of his own melodious English. The prayer for the Council is singularly noble in the eloquence of its patriotism: the prayer for the country is simply magnificent in the austere music of its fervent cadences: the prayer in time of civil war is so passionate in its cry for deliverance from all danger of the miseries then or lately afflicting the continent that it might well have been put up by a loyal patriot in the very heat of the great war which Dekker might have lived to see break out in his own country. The prayer for the evening is so beautiful as to double our regret for the deplorable mutilation which has

deprived us of all but the opening of the morning prayer.⁶ The feathers fallen from the wings of these 'Four Birds of Noah's Ark' would be worth more to the literary ornithologist than whole flocks of such 'tame villatic fowl' as people the ordinary coops and hen-roosts of devotional literature.

One work only of Dekker's too often overtasked and heavy-laden genius remains to be noticed; it is one which gives him a high place for ever among English humourists. No sooner has the reader run his eye over the first three or four pages than he feels himself, with delight and astonishment, in the company of a writer whose genius is akin at once to Goldsmith's and to Thackeray's; a writer whose style is so pure and vigorous, so lucid and straightforward, that we seem to have already entered upon the best age of English prose. Had Mr. Matthew Arnold, instead of digging in Chapman for preposterous barbarisms and eccentricities of pedantry, chanced to light upon this little treatise; or had he condescended to glance over Daniel's compact and admirable *Defence of Rhyme*; he would have found in writers of the despised Shakespearian epoch much more than a foretaste of those excellent qualities which he imagines to have been first imported into our literature by writers of the age of Dryden. The dialogue of the very first couple introduced with such skilful simplicity of presentation at the opening of Dekker's pamphlet is worthy of Sterne: the visit of the gossip or kinswoman in the second chapter is worthy of Molière; and the humours of the monthly nurse in the third are worthy of Dickens. The lamentations of the lady for the decay of her health and beauty in consequence of her obsequious husband's alleged neglect—'no more like the woman I was than an apple is like an oyster;' the description of the poor man making her broth with his own hands, jeered at by the maids and trampled underfoot by Mrs. Gamp; the preparations for the christening supper and the preliminary feast of scandal; are full of such bright and rich humour as to recall even the creator of Dogberry and Mrs. Quickly. It is of Shakespeare again that we are reminded in the next chapter, by the description of the equipage to which the husband of 'a woman that hath a charge of children' is reduced when he has to ride to the assizes in sorrier plight than Petruchio rode in to his wedding; the details remind us also of Balzac in the minute and grotesque intensity of their industrious realism: but the scene on his return reminds us rather of Thackeray at the best of his bitterest mood—the terrible painter of Mrs. Mackenzie and Mrs. General Baynes. 'The humour of a woman that marries her inferior by birth' deals with more serious matters in a style not

⁶ A noticeable instance of the use of a common word in the original and obsolete sense of its derivation may be cited from the unfortunately truncated and scanty fragment of a prayer for the court:—'O Lord, be thou a husband' (house-band) 'to that great household of our King.'

unworthy of Boccaccio; and no comedy of the time—Shakespeare's always excepted—has a scene in it of richer and more original humour than brightens the narrative which relates the woes of the husband who invites his friends to dinner and finds everything under lock and key. Hardly in any of Dekker's plays is the comic dialogue so masterly as here—so vivid and so vigorous in its lifelike ease and spontaneity. But there is not one of the fifteen chapters, devoted each to the description of some fresh 'humour,' which would not deserve, did space and time allow of it, a separate note of commentary. The book is simply one of the very finest examples of humorous literature, touched now and then with serious and even tragic effect, that can be found in any language; it is generally and comparatively remarkable for its freedom from all real coarseness or brutality, though the inevitable change of manners between Shakespeare's time and our own may make some passages or episodes seem now and then somewhat over particular in plain-speaking or detail. But a healthier, manlier, more thoroughly goodnatured and good-humoured book was never written; nor one in which the author's real and respectful regard for womanhood was more perceptible through the veil of a satire more pure from bitterness and more honest in design.

The list of works over which we have now glanced is surely not inconsiderable: and yet the surviving productions of Dekker's genius or necessity are but part of the labours of his life. If he wanted—as undoubtedly he would seem to have wanted—that 'infinite capacity for taking pains' which Carlyle professed to regard as the synonym of genius, he was at least not deficient in that rough and ready diligence which is habitually in harness, and cheerfully or resignedly prepared for the day's work. The names of his lost plays—all generally suggestive of some true dramatic interest, now graver and now lighter—are too numerous to transcribe: but one at least of them must excite unspeakable amazement as well as indiscreet curiosity in every reader of Ariosto or La Fontaine who comes in the course of the catalogue upon such a title as *Jocondo and Astolfo*. How on earth the famous story of Giocondo could possibly be adapted for representation on the public stage of Shakespearean London is a mystery which the execrable cook of the execrable Warburton has left for ever insoluble and inconceivable: for to that female fiend, the object of Sir Walter Scott's antiquarian imprecations, we owe, unless my memory misguides me, the loss of this among other irredeemable treasures.

To do justice upon the faults of this poet is easy for any sciolist: to do justice to his merits is less easy for the most competent scholar and the most appreciative critic. In despite of his rare occasional spurts or outbreaks of self-assertion or of satire, he seems to stand before us as a man of gentle, modest, shiftless and careless nature,

irritable and placable, eager and unsteady, full of excitable kindness and deficient in strenuous principle; loving the art which he professionally followed, and enjoying the work which he occasionally neglected. There is no unpoetic note in his best poetry such as there is too often—nay, too constantly—in the severer work and the stronger genius of Ben Jonson. What he might have done under happier auspices, or with a tougher fibre of resolution and perseverance in his character, it is waste of time and thought for his most sympathetic and compassionate admirers to assume or to conjecture: what he has done, with all its shortcomings and infirmities, is enough to secure for him a distinct and honourable place among the humourists and the poets of his country.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

BISHOPS AND SISTERS-IN-LAW.

I WROTE a paper, published in the September number of this Review, on marriage with a deceased wife's sister, in which I endeavored to show the evils of the law which makes such marriages invalid, and also that there was no reason, religious, theological, or social, which called for it. The Bishop of Oxford has written a paper, which appears in the November number, and which I should suppose was meant as an answer to mine, save that positively there is no answer nor attempt at an answer contained in it.

Now a way of seeing whether one thing contains another is to look into the supposed container, and see if the supposed contained is there. And I invite those interested in the matter to do so with the Bishop's paper. But that is not enough. For it may be that some will not take the trouble, and that others will give only the 'open verdict' that they do not see it. I propose, therefore, to prove the negative, viz. that the answer is not there. Four misrepresentations of what I said, are.

The evils I pointed out were two :

1. That it was a hardship and cruelty when two persons having that affection for each other which made them desirous of marrying and which promised a happy union, whose age, position in life, and other circumstances were suitable, and who particularly desired the marriage that the woman might take care of her deceased sister's children, were not allowed by law to marry—I say, I pointed out that pain and grief were caused, which required a justification.

Does the Bishop of Oxford in his paper deny it? Certainly not. He begins by saying that I describe *all* pairs of attached brothers and sisters in law as 'two thoroughly well conducted persons.' With all respect to the Right Reverend Prelate this is not—well, not correct. I cannot see why he should have said it, as no one would believe I did. I did not say 'all;' I do not suppose persons who desire to marry their deceased wife's sisters are better or worse than the average of mankind. But for those who are well conducted I claimed, and do claim, concern. How does the Bishop show his? He says that 'the same engaging portrait may be painted with a variety of kinsfolk for the sisters.' And he gives a case where a man went through the form of marriage with a half-brother's

daughter. Does the Bishop really mean to say that a marriage of a man with his deceased wife's sister is in any way like marriage with a sister in blood, or the child of that sister, or her brother? Is not such a marriage loathsome and abhorrent—is it not certain that no such feeling is entertained towards a marriage with a deceased wife's sister? Is it an argument to say that because *some* marriages of kin ought not to take place, therefore *others* ought not? The Right Reverend Prelate proceeds: 'The course of true love never did run smooth, and infinitely various are the obstacles to marriage which youthful affection must be content to incur.' Parental sternness, which may have a justification *or not*. 'The Court of Chancery has more wanton cruelty to repent of than all the defenders of the Christian law of marriage.' Why, what an argument is this! There are some obstacles to marriage between persons desirous of contracting it which give pain; therefore let us have another, though it does the same! If those obstacles ought not to exist, then they afford no justification. If they ought, it is for a reason. Are they wanton? To justify the law, a reason should be shown. Does the Bishop think that because we suffer from aches and pains from our natures and make, that we ought not to complain when beaten? 'You complain he has broken your leg and hurt you; but infinitely various are the other sufferings you must be content to endure, therefore why complain of this? The course of life never does run smooth.' Two people who are 'madly in love,' or even without the 'madly,' are comical objects, much laughed at; but I suppose that a sincere affection between a man and his wife is a desirable and respectable thing, worth the Right Reverend Prelate's consideration. I say, then, that no answer is given, or attempted, to the argument that the law causes pain and suffering, and needs a justification.

2. I said that where families occupied a single room, it was certain that when a woman was called in to take care of children who had lost their mother, there was a danger of illicit intercourse if the father and the woman could not marry; that the deceased wife's sister was constantly so called in, and then the danger arose; and that there were thousands of cases where there was but one room for all the family, so this mischief and evil did exist, and largely. Does the Bishop deny it? Not at all. He admits it, but attempts to extenuate it. He says the person who looks after the children of the deceased wife is 'not always, nor indeed often, her sister.' Well, but then she is sometimes. As to 'often,' let us see what he says. 'The natural person is her mother; she takes the little ones to her own home, or stays at their home till some plan can be devised for their care.' Sometimes it is the man's own sister, sometimes sister-in-law. But in a large proportion of these cases they are out at service, &c.; neighbours help, and so forth. 'The notion that a working man's family has its store of sisters living unemployed at home in readiness

to help a brother-in-law, is a fancy picture.' I agree, except that a notion is not a picture. But it is one of the Bishop's painting; as is also the fancy picture of the mother neglecting her own husband's family to help her son. I repeat, the natural person to apply to is the deceased wife's unmarried sister—there are such sisters, if not a store of them. Marriage is their probable lot or destiny, and they and the man not only see no objection to it between them, but desire it. The Bishop, then, does not deny that the evil I have pointed out exists, more or less. He admits it. The very arrangements of the poor to avoid it show its existence.

Against this opinion of the Bishop I will put that of Mr. Edwin Chadwick, who has been so kind as to write me the following letter. There is no one more competent than he, if so much so, to speak on this subject.

There are in the different classes of society large conditions of widowers, of the wages classes, that are overlooked, which appear to me to make this question of marriage with a deceased wife's sister a poor woman's question as well as a poor man's question. In the course of inquiries into the conditions of juvenile delinquency it frequently occurred that, besides the hereditary mendicants, there were lads or girls from another class of whom the accounts given were that their mother had died, that their father had abandoned them, and that they had been turned out of home, and had become castaways upon the street. In cholera visitations, by which the mothers were killed, this was conspicuously the result. It very frequently appeared that such abandonments had been the work of the stepmother occupying the single-roomed mud cottage, or the single living rooms which make up frequently the conditions of from fifty to sixty per cent. of the urban population. I was assured that it was generally the case for the mother of a family to make her dying request to her husband that he would get her sister to come and take charge of their children, feeling very certain that if he married a stranger to their family the stepmother would not put up with their children, and would drive them away. It frequently occurs that the only person whom the widower of the wage class *can* get immediately to take care of the children of the deceased wife is her sister; and when she does undertake the charge in the only living room, what must generally follow from the prohibition of his marriage with her? With stepmothers of the well-to-do or the higher classes the position is widely different. The children have their separate rooms, and will be committed to the charge of nurses and governesses. Stepmothers of the higher classes are subjected to high social influences, and step-children of their class have rarely any ground of complaint. But the prohibition of marriage with the deceased wife's sister, from all that I heard of it, imposes upon the wage classes (especially those who have only one living room, often the majority of the most heavily death-rated districts) conditions of cruelty, of moral disorder, and often of crime.

3. I said there was no prohibition of these marriages in the New or Old Testament. Does the Bishop make out that there is? He begins by saying:

For my present purpose it is not necessary to enter into the theological argument. Lord Bramwell devotes half his article to the theology of which he speaks so lightly. It would be foreign to my immediate purpose to follow on this track. . . . It is sufficient to reassert the facts that marriage between persons near of kin is prohibited in the Scripture, and that no distinction between relationship by affinity or consanguinity is there to be found.

Facts! The Bishop might as well say, 'It is sufficient to reassert the facts that I am right and you are wrong.' What does he mean? That these are accepted facts which no one disputes? He must know that the Jews interpret those books differently, that every jurist out of England interprets those books differently, that a Reverend Canon of the Church of England has done, and many others, I believe, do so. He must know that there is an order in the Old Testament to a brother to raise up issue from his deceased brother's widow, showing a difference between relationship by blood and affinity. He must know that men of the highest ability find in the Old Testament a permission by implication for these marriages. Facts! Really, with all respect for the Right Reverend Prelate, it is idle to call his opinions 'facts.' Oddly enough, the Bishop, though he thinks it unnecessary to go into the theological argument, and having stated his 'facts,' proceeds to say, 'It is on this last point that the whole subject at present really turns.' But taking the facts to be as he says, it is still a question what nearness of kin is within the prohibition.

I urged that it was impossible that a benevolent Lawgiver would convey a command by a metaphor instead of by plain words, when the command was to prohibit a thing opposed neither by reason nor instinct. There is no answer to that. The Bishop does indeed say that there was an unprovoked attack on the 'moral character of metaphor.' I do not know what the 'moral character of metaphor' means; but it is, again I must say it, not true that I in any way attacked the metaphor relied on. On the contrary, I spoke of it most respectfully as a strong and forcible expression, only denying that it could be true, not as a metaphor, but a statement of fact. I never said that 'metaphor and fiction were synonymous terms,' or anything like it. The Bishop says, 'We are told that it is our duty to follow the colonies in their legislation on this subject.' Again I am compelled to repeat, I did not say so. I said it was desirable if we could have the same laws on the subject as they had. I expressly said that that argument could not affect those who thought there was a religious prohibition of these marriages. I say, then, that no answer has been given to the arguments to show that no religious consideration exists to justify this mischievous law.

4. I urged that though, where a man admitted a Divine command existed, it might be reasonable to compel him to obey it, yet it was not reasonable, when he denied the command, that he should be bound because others thought it existed—I instanced the doctrine of the Trinity, transubstantiation, and other matters, as to which people, in days when theologians ruled, were tortured and burned by those with whom they did not agree—that liberty of conscience and conduct were now allowed, and I asked what justification was there for forbidding those who thought these marriages lawful from

contracting them? The Jews say these marriages are lawful. They were burned formerly for their religious opinions, which included this. They are not now. They are allowed their opinions. Why not on this as far as theological opinions are concerned? And if the Jews, why not Christians who think as they do? There is no answer to this. The Bishop may say, none was deserved. Perhaps. But that may be *said* of a good argument when you cannot answer it as well as of a bad one.

5. I said there was no reason of a social character against these marriages. The only thing in the nature of an argument to the contrary in the Bishop's paper is this:

The question is often asked, May I not marry my sister-in-law? 'The real question is whether I may have a 'sister-in-law' at all. If the law which forbids us to marry is abolished, in what does the relation of sister between us consist? 'Thenceforward she is no more to her sister's husband than any other female friend, but an acquaintance to him,' two sets of kindred in one home.

Oh, dear, all the people in the colonies have lost their sisters-in-law, and cannot have any fresh ones. Two sets of kindred in one home! Why there might be three or more if he had had a second or third wife. What an argument! The husband is supposed to say or think, 'If my wife dies I can marry her sister, therefore she is not my sister, therefore I do not care for her.' How is one to deal with this—reasoning shall I call it? If the wife had a female cousin, she, I suppose, would be a cousin-in-law. If the husband were prohibited marrying her after his wife's death, would he love her more? The Right Reverend Prelate is very fond of these 'sisters-in-law.' He heads his paper 'Sisters-in-law.' It has perhaps not occurred to him that they are sisters in *law*, not in *fact*. And let it not be said that is to make law and fact inconsistent. They are not; they are different, not contradictory. Again, in French this fine argument would fail him. Would not a *belle-sœur* continue a *belle-sœur* if the man might marry her? The *cognata* in Italian? In German *meines Weibes Schwester*?

The Bishop says that if this alteration in the law is made, all impediments from affinity logically must be given up. I say no; whether theologically that consequence logically follows, I know not. But I say social considerations forbid all marriages of affinity in the ascending and descending line, e.g. marriage with a stepdaughter or stepmother. Nor, if the present practical evil were got rid of, can I see how others could complain, as the Bishop says they reasonably would, of 'intolerable wrong' and being 'a victim of senseless tyranny' because an intolerable wrong and senseless tyranny had been removed as to some. The Bishop says the argument has more of policy than honesty in it. It is politic certainly, when you have to deal with objectors some of whom are wholly unreasonable, to excite their unreasonableness as little as possible, and

it is perfectly honest, for there is no concealment and no untruth in it. The Bishop very clearly understands it.

The Bishop says :

The Church of England would be sorely aggrieved if her clergy were even allowed to celebrate in her churches unions which for centuries her courts, her canons, and her prayer books have declared unlawful.

Has her Prayer Book so declared? I thought not. Her canons have never with their *ipso facto* excommunications been received by the laity.

One word of a personal character. The Bishop speaks of 'Lord Bramwell's sneer at priests.' I never sneered at them, I should think it unbecoming to do so. I said that, like the rest of mankind, they loved power neither more nor less. Is that a sneer? Is it untrue? The Bishop says he should not look for illustration of the use of metaphor in any case to writing from Lord Bramwell's pen. Why he should make this personal remark I know not. It does not advance his argument nor meet mine. But he is right. He would not find it. I am flattered by his knowledge of my style.

The Bishop has twice spoken of a quiet life. 'It (the proposed change in the law) will be but the beginning of troubles to those whose chief anxiety is to lead a quiet life.' 'I am very anxious that the lovers of a quiet life, for whose happiness I am much concerned, should open their eyes to the prospect before them.' Is quiet the great object of life? The Bishop is a successor of the Apostles. Does he think they have set him the example of leading a quiet life, or does he think they held something more precious? Let me advise the Bishop if he wishes for a quiet life to keep silent and quiet on the subject of this cruel, mischievous, and unjustifiable law which he has tried to defend.

BRAMWELL.

SCHOOLS AS PRISONS AND PRISONS AS SCHOOLS.

A ROYAL COMMISSION was issued in 1882 for inquiry into the operation, management, control, inspection, financial arrangements, and condition generally, of reformatory and industrial schools; and to report what amendments are expedient in order to render such institutions more efficient.

The inquiry was an elaborate one, extending over two years, and the Commissioners made a circuit of the three kingdoms in its pursuit.

A very full report, and summary of recommendations, were presented to Parliament in 1883, signed by all the fourteen colleagues, with a few additional memoranda from some of them; all of them being men who had taken a large part in legislation or administration connected with the subject. In the mass of evidence may be found the opinions of every kind of authority.

Unfortunately the deadlock in Parliament has hitherto prevented any benefit from all this labour accruing to the nation.

We may hope this incubus on legislative action will be soon cleared away by the force of general impatience, and it may be of public service, therefore, before Parliament meets again, to call attention to this very important subject, and put its consideration forward amongst the agenda for the approaching session.

The idea in which the legislature, more than thirty years ago, undertook to carry out on a national scale what had been already begun by private philanthropy for the education of children rescued from neglect and crime, was that both moral obligation and public interest demand that a mass of the youth of this country should not be allowed to grow up without any decent home-care or guardianship, or training for honest employment.

Children convicted of crime are under the general criminal law; but a distinction is recognised, both as to responsibility and punishment, of the several degrees of age and of discretion; and even where infancy has arrived at full liability, guilt is measured by the individual character, capacity, or apparent malice and wilfulness of the young culprit.

But the homelessness of many children convicted of crime, and the exposure to inevitable crime by total neglect of many others, led to special legislation for such cases. Whatever punishment any crime required for deterrence from its repetition, and for public example, at all events a home was needed for children, and education due to childhood. Private charity led the way, and by success and beneficence, roused public opinion to compel the State to assume nationally the wanting parental care, and supply completely the necessary tutelage of home and school.

The first private institution for this purpose in this country was set on foot in the last century as a group of cottage homes in the then village of Hackney, 'for boys and girls who by neglect, or by bad company, had fallen into crime.' In 1849 this institution was moved to Redhill in Surrey, and it there took the character and name of a 'Farm School,' in imitation of the 'Colonie Agricole' which was founded by De Metz at Mettrai in Normandy. (Other like institutions were set up by private benevolence, both in this country and abroad, before our legislature made its first essay in so great a national enterprise; and the first essay in legislation showed how little the work was generally understood.

A 'juvenile prison' was established at Parkhurst in the Isle of Wight, where boy-criminals, who between the ages of eight and eighteen had been sentenced to transportation, might be dealt with apart, though not very differently, from adult criminals. They were kept in separate confinement for five or six months, and then transported to Western Australia. Mr. Rogers, inspector of reformatories, gave evidence before the Commissioners of the total failure of this attempt at penal education, which was speedily abandoned, as it deserved.

In 1851 a large and influential conference was held in Birmingham to consider how the State might undertake a fitter treatment of what they most truly called the dangerous class of youthful criminals. Their recommendation was coldly met by the Home Secretary, who thought public opinion was not ripe for effectual legislation on the subject, but he referred the question to a select committee.

In 1853 I drafted a Bill, and it is with the deepest interest I can now refer to correspondence about it, which I have preserved, with such men as Lord Brougham, Mr. Davenport Hill, Mr. Cobden, Joseph Sturge, and others. Lord Palmerston, then Home Secretary, warmly took in hand my draft, and had it recast as a Government measure. It passed, with little debate in either House, as 'The Youthful Offenders Act of 1854.' It is significant of the slow development of ideas on the subject that the Lord Chancellor, Cranworth, in introducing this Bill to the Lords, warned them that the objection might be taken to it, 'that if they gave a person a

good education because he had committed an offence, they might be placing their criminals in a better position than those who had been guilty of no crime at all.' A like objection has been made by doctrinaires to giving food to persons found starving, lest it might perchance give idleness an advantage over diligent self-support. But both humanity and law forbid the letting any starve, and alike demand that outcast children should have a home, and be rescued from crime. Fortunately the Home Secretary was not deterred by his learned colleague's objection, but pressed the measure through, as one of first-rate national importance, against which only inveterate habit and misconception of the subject could find any argument whatever. That Lord Palmerston took an entirely educational view of the proposed institutions is clear from his saying that 'it was essential that young persons sent to them should, as far as possible, be divested of any criminal character which would be detrimental to their future prospects.' Lord John Russell, who was in the Cabinet then without portfolio, advocated the Bill with his wonted interest in all national education, treating the institution of reformatories as an essential and primary part of it. He had opposed, at the beginning of the session, the Manchester and Salford Education Bill, of which I had the charge, through a very long debate, on the ground that it was part of a larger subject, national education, which ought not to be dealt with in a private Bill, as that Bill was. For the same reason he got his colleagues to postpone till the end of the session, when he helped them to pass both, Lord Palmerston's Youthful Offenders Bill, and the Lord Advocate's Scotch Industrial Schools Bill, hoping to have made all three part of 'a comprehensive scheme of national rating for the gratuitous instruction of all those whose parents could not afford to pay.' Reformatories, thus, were instituted as part of our national education system.

The first English Industrial Schools Bill followed, and I had to conduct it through Parliament in 1857, taking it out of the hands of Sir Stafford Northcote, who had got it through a second reading in the previous session, but had lost his seat in the intervening general election. He had described the Bill as an adaptation of the Scotch Industrial Schools Act to English requirements, and as a supplement to the Youthful Offenders Act, providing education for children exposed almost inevitably to ways of crime, as the Reformatory Act provided for children convicted of crime. He had argued against my objection, in the first debate, to this apparently needless multiplication of similar institutions, that though the Reformatory Act might, no doubt, be made to cover the purpose of both institutions, time pressed for instant action without waiting for comprehensive legislation. Numbers of children thronged our streets, from which reformatories were being daily recruited. National schools refused admission to the ragged class, and the ragged schools,

set on foot by Lord Shaftesbury, had neither power to compel attendance nor means to provide for all. Industrial schools, adequately charged on public support, were immediately necessary. The veteran Henley defended this Bill from some opponents who still took the old view that such children were better handed over to the police. He considered it the necessary complement of the Reformatory Act. He frankly acknowledged the temptation it might hold out to heartless parents to throw their obligations on the State; but he set off against this drawback the counteraction it would afford against an evident tendency in our system of national education to overlook the ragged class in aims of higher ambition.

Subsequent Acts, which I need not enumerate, have amalgamated the English and Scotch legislation, and much enlarged its general scope.

That the country has derived much benefit from this still imperfect experiment I can myself bear ample testimony, and that it promises far greater success when its principle is more fully recognised and adopted. The police of Birmingham, where I established a reformatory immediately on the passing of the Act of 1854, assure me that former nests of criminal children in that town have been broken up: and that such practised young gang-leaders as I first had to deal with no longer exist.

The Commissioners all agreed that 'the work already done' may be credited with putting an end to the training of boys as professional thieves, and with rescuing children fallen into crime from becoming habitual, hardened offenders, while it has undoubtedly had the effect of preventing large numbers of children from entering on a career of crime.' The opinion is expressed, in evidence of the highest authority, that a few institutions might now suffice for the older and more hardened young criminals; all other subjects of reformatory education being educated in one description of schools. Magistrates are already treating the two descriptions indiscriminately, according to the accidental circumstances and character of the case. In Mr. Lushington's words, 'they either convict, and send to a reformatory; or, without conviction, send to an industrial school.'

The experiment now needs revision, in order to escape from mischievous confusion, and to derive the full benefit which would come from its being carried out more thoroughly in its true intention.

The idea which the legislature first only half conceived has developed itself in the working, and confusion has very naturally arisen in the process of that development.

Simple as was the principle that a child must be supplied with public education who had fallen into dependence upon public care, either with no home to go to after punishment, for crime, or outcast in actual counter-education for crime, it is hardly yet rightly appre-

ciated. The education of a criminal child is still mistakenly considered as a criminal process.

Slow was the development of ideas in amending the criminal law. Romilly's life was engaged in rescuing a child who robbed a shop of five shillings, from the gallows, or a juvenile rioter from the cells of a common gaol.

Slower still seems to be the gradual discernment between punishment and education. One of the earliest and most energetic founders of English reformatories stated as his view to the Commissioners, 'that boys in such schools should have it kept in their minds that they are criminals till some time after they have been set free' (Ans. 6394).

This view fully acted up to would frustrate the chief object of these institutions, which is the obliteration from a child's mind of all past criminal associations, and the opening of industrial employment freed from the bar of tainted character. The acquisition of self-respect and the confidence of employers are the main results to be derived from the work proposed. It took long to discover that keeping children in a poor-house brought them up as paupers for life. We are only now learning gradually that educating children as criminals degrades their self-consciousness, bars the honest industry in which they are educated, or, what is worse, connects ideas of a claim on patronage and charity with criminal character. The State would, indeed, stultify its assumption of the *locus parentis* by supplying such education.

This confusion of ideas between punishment and education besets equally, though oppositely, our prisons and reformatories. Long imprisonments of adult criminals, following the transportation terms, have been adopted in the idea of having time enough to educate the prisoners in durance. A five years' consignment to a reformatory school is, on the other hand, adopted for a young criminal's education in the way of prolonged correction.

But prisons as schools, and schools as prisons, are reciprocal blunders. There cannot be a worse place for education than a prison, nor for penal treatment than a school.

Even prison commissioners are now denouncing the long public custody of criminals for education whom deterrent punishment might promptly restore to industry, and to the care of their families; and I make an equal protest against education of children in long-continued police connection, who want ordinary preparation for decent employment.

Official witnesses were the chief exhibitors before the commissioners of the confused idea of penal education. They are misled by the terms of the Acts they have to administer. The phraseology of 'committing' children by magisterial sentence to 'detention' at a school stamps the school as a prison in their view. If the Reformatory Acts had been passed in full conception of their purpose,

other phraseology would have been used, and even officials would then as soon have thought an apprentice bound for a term of years to a master for instruction in a trade, a prisoner, as a boy sent for education to an industrial school. Sir Francis Sandford gave the Commissioners his opinion, as an Education Minister of long and eminent public service, that 'there was nothing but the accidents of admission to separate these schools from his department.'

We are at last discovering that elementary education is the same thing, certainly for all children of the working classes, and to a great extent for children of all classes.

Children taken in hand after punishment for a crime, or from exposure to criminal associations, may require separate and special places for their education, but the process of education itself is the same for all who want a preparation for common industrial employment.

Long-continued neglect till a later period of youth, or exceptionally vicious nature, or the commission of crimes requiring exemplary, though suitable, punishment, may demand an educational treatment distinctly accompanied with stricter discipline, and removed from all possible contamination of other children. But the great mass of mankind want the same elements of education. The *pabulum vitæ* is common to human nature; specific medicines are for disease. It must be a mistake to constitute an entire dietary medicinally. Such violence might indeed stamp out any disease, but it could only be followed by a morbid condition of life.

It is remarkable that while some are so misled by accidental features as to look on industrial instruction, because it is specially given in reformatories, as a characteristic of penal education,¹ the public are demanding that industrial instruction should be given in national schools as an advantage which the criminal class of children have no right to monopolise, and which should not be withheld from the children of honest working men. The Birmingham School Board have already, on their own responsibility, anticipated the law's further enlightenment, and set up a technical school charged on the education rate. They think any public provision for national education should prepare children not only with the rudiments of science, but, by actual handling of the tools of manufactures, to become efficient workmen, for the successful competition of this country in the markets of the world.

If, then, reformatory and industrial schools are places of education, it would seem to follow that they should be put under the Education Department instead of the Home Office, and the Acts relating to them require modification accordingly. The Commission

¹ Evidence, Ans. 78. 'If notions of mental instruction are allowed to supersede the industrial training which is supposed to be the main characteristic of both reformatory and industrial schools, they might be less efficient, as less penal.'

came half-way to this conclusion, saying it had much to recommend it, 'but while proposing to transfer the elementary teaching and educational inspection to the Education Department, they would not remove the function of seeing to the reformatory treatment from the Home Office, which is closely connected with the judicial and police system of the country, and with the administration of prisons.' This distinction between education and reformation, which they prefer as 'a middle course,' exactly represents the confusion of ideas just described. The education of the children in question is in their view half-penal. Like all 'middle courses' it combines the mischief of one side with the loss of the advantages on the other. It would retain the mischief of police association to the children who are being trained to take a place in the industrial world, and lose, as is fairly admitted, to the teachers and the schools great advantages from recognition in the School Department. It is even admitted that *day industrial schools* cannot rationally be separated from the Education Department; the point in dispute is, therefore, limited to how far *boarding schools* are essentially connected with 'the administration of prisons.' It is no doubt a serious question how far boarding, lodging, clothing, and educating children, parentally deserted, can be safely undertaken by the State *in loco parentis*, and charged on public support. Only the necessity of common humanity and public interest, in extreme cases, can justify exceptions to the rule of freedom and independent self-reliance which is the condition of our national spirit. But such exceptional cases we have to deal with, and a moral as well as physical pauperism has to be provided for. The homelessness of many children, and the exposure to inevitable lawlessness of many others, constitute the necessity and justification of public parentage.

But even when institutions for the purpose have been rightly adjusted, the law relating to them must be further modified in order to check abuse. Philanthropic and exceptional legislation is especially liable to abuse. The benevolence which inspires it infects also its execution. To quote the Commissioners' Report, 'There is ample testimony that the power of sending children to these schools has been largely abused, often from benevolent motives, sometimes because of the facilities afforded to parents to get rid of the burden of their children's support and education.' The humane rescue of outcasts from crime and neglect may actually aggravate the evil intended to be remedied—may supersede natural duties and relations, destroy a spirit of independence, and discourage hard-working people providing for their own children, by taxing them for the provision of negligent neighbours with better equipment than their own. The Acts have also to be guarded against misapplication by the magistrates themselves. They have been used in Scotland so as to shift the burden of pauper children from local rates to the Treasury. The

keen perception of the Irish of any avenue to the Exchequer has led to total disregard of the descriptions of children specified in the Acts. But the check most needed is one on worthless parents even seeking to qualify their children by neglect and crime to obtain a public maintenance. The right check is the enforcement on parents of at least such contribution to the expense as would equal the child's cost to them at home. Parents who are capable should be made to pay the whole cost. Cases of orphanage and complete destitution the Poor Law meets. If any parents of older children in reformatories complain that they lose such children's wages, that is only a proper fine upon their negligence, while the public are being taxed to train their children to honest self-support. There is no more important recommendation of the Commissioners than that of an occasional alternative process to public support of criminal children, by imposing a fine on the parents; or taking security from them for the better behaviour of their children.

They suggest a simplification of the present roundabout mode, which recent changes in the law have caused, of collecting parents' contributions. The like simpler process is all that is required for recovering fees on attendance at national schools, the difficulty of which has raised the senseless cry for 'free education.'

The proposed modifications of the law would greatly reduce the number of children improperly sent to the schools in question, and relieve both local rates and the Treasury from gross and mischievous imposition, while at the same time adding much to the intended result of genuine rescue of children from crime and neglect.

Modification is also proposed in the mode of public subsidy, local and imperial, enlisting strongly the force of self-interest in check of extravagance. There is some advantage in a twofold source of subsidy—that of mutual competition for economy, and there are different advantages attaching to both modes of subsidy. But I do not agree with the Commissioners' suggestion to extend the system of educational grants to reformatory schools. The fixed subsidy now given to reformatories, adequately making up the requisite means for the education of each child, is infinitely preferable to the lottery of prizes won by national schools on passes of examination. The one mode secures sufficient support, and freedom to the teacher for his various work; the other mode of subsidy falls off in proportion to the proved need of greater efficiency. A farm agency paid by prizes on particular crops, whatever the circumstances, would fail of general good farming. A full result must depend on certain means, and means must not be made to depend on uncertain results.

On the whole the reformatory system may benefit our national schools by the experiment of industrial training; while the department of national education should give the reformatory system its due by admission to the province and service which it nationally

undertakes. The Commissioners rather betray a common weakness of special theorists in proposing a multiplication of institutions to meet every possible variety of case. The climax of ingenuity is reached in their suggestion of a distinct set of schools for truants from the other schools. The index to the evidence enumerates other varieties. Mr. Lushington sums them up under five different heads, on a rising scale of severity of treatment from that of ordinary schools to undisguised imprisonment.

It should be borne in mind that young offenders are still, except so far as they are affected by this special legislation, subject to the general criminal law, and may be dealt with as adults.

There are cases in which child-criminals must be punished as adults. But in the great majority of cases they should be punished as children. In all cases punishment for any crime should be a distinct thing from the subsequent course of education.

I hope I have shown how reformatory legislation may and should be simplified, the institutions reduced to one category of schools, extravagant abuses checked, and the Education Department adapted to give the benefit of its machinery to this branch of its proper business. A Bill will soon be introduced embodying the amendments suggested.

NORTON.

THE TRUE REFORM OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

ABOLISH the House of Lords! Reform the House of Lords! are cries which from time to time may be heard above the din of political warfare, and the conflicting shouts of the excited combatants. Sometimes these shouts are so loud, and apparently uttered in so earnest a tone, that a man may readily persuade himself, the Gauls have at length arrived, and are about to pluck by the beard the Senators of England, like those of Rome, as they sit in their seats of office. But hardly has he arrived at this conclusion when the rush of battle bears the excited crowds to other fields, and their cries wax weaker and weaker until lost in the distance. From time to time the same scene is re-enacted, but the House of Lords, though often threatened, continues to exist in spite of the attacks of its enemies.

The truth of the matter is that, although the constitution of the House of Lords may not be logically defensible, Englishmen are aware that, to say the least, it has proved as good a working machine as any foreign Senate, with the exception, perhaps, of the American, the constitution of which it would be impossible to copy in this country. They are aware that, with all its faults, the House of Lords, taken as a whole, represents a sum total of ability, public spirit, honesty, and high purpose, which it would be difficult to match in any Assembly in the world, and they are not blind to the fact that if it were not for the revision it exercises on legislation the statute-book would contain even more unworkable, overlapping, and contradictory Acts than it does at present. They also know that the very constitution of the House is a guarantee that it will never permanently oppose the popular will when once that will has been distinctly and unmistakably pronounced; and satisfied in the possession of a machine ready to hand which is not practically inferior in working power to those possessed by their neighbours, they do not care to inquire too closely whether its construction is theoretically consistent with modern ideas.

If the British people, conscious of the merits of the House of Lords, are content to overlook its faults, that is all the more reason

why the members of that Assembly should exert themselves to render their House as little open to adverse criticism as possible. The peculiar character of its composition should, indeed, make the peers more jealous of its honour than senators of a more representative House. When the people choose to elect a man who is devoid of principle to represent them, they have none but themselves to blame if they should suffer through his villainy, but as the House of Lords is unrepresentative they have a right to expect that the peers shall see that there be no abuse of the confidence which a generous nation has reposed in its nobility. Practically there is little danger of the ne'er-do-well peer influencing legislation, but it would be well if it were impossible for such to enter the portals of the House.

The Lords have wisely declared that bankrupt peers shall forfeit their legislative privileges; they would do well to exclude from their deliberations members of the House who had proved themselves unworthy of their position, by such breach of criminal or moral law as would entail ostracism from the society of gentlemen.

Justly or unjustly, the aristocracy of the country, especially when endowed with such high privileges as that of England, is expected by the nation to be in deed, as well as in name, *ἀριστοι*, the best. Let the peers but show themselves conscious of their duties and responsibilities, and desirous of fulfilling them, and many shortcomings will be overlooked; but the people are justly severe on the man of high birth, who insolently uses his wealth, privileges, and position for the furtherance of his own selfish gratifications, regardless of laws, divine or human. The possible presence of a few notoriously bad men in the House of Lords (though they may probably never attend) is a source of greater danger to its existence than many a prolonged opposition to the will of the Lower House. It is part of the price which an aristocracy pays for the elevated position it occupies that it cannot sin in a corner. Its evil deeds are known, exaggerated, and blazoned forth to the country. The wrong or foolish step, which in the case of a man of humble birth is unknown to any but the nearest relatives, becomes the gossip of the world if taken by a peer of high position. In this there lies, on the part of the latter, no just ground for complaint against society. It is part of the contract by which he occupies his position. Society expects more of the peer than of the commoner, and is inclined to be severe in its judgment, if the former should fall short of the standard of its expectations, though in justice it should be remembered that rank and riches have their special temptations as much as poverty and social obscurity. An aristocracy cannot afford to forget the meaning of the words *noblesse oblige*. Lord Derby once advised the peers to look after their duties, and told them that their privileges

would look after themselves. This advice constitutes to my mind the lines upon which the real reform of the House of Lords should run. Such moral reformation need not hinder any concurrent constitutional reforms which might be thought advisable, though in all probability it would render some of them unnecessary. If each member of the House of Lords were genuinely anxious to make himself useful in his generation, and to devote his position, energies, and ability to the service of his fellow-men, we should hear much less of the necessity for reform in the Upper House, and might congratulate ourselves on the possession of a legislature which, under those circumstances, would be the superior of any in the world. The House of Lords exists indeed, because of the large proportion of its members which is associated with the true spirit of *noblesse oblige*. The men who form this proportion constitute the salt which has kept the mass pure and healthy.

I do not suppose that the strictly political work of legislation in the Upper House would be better performed than it is at present, even if every peer should always attend and be a Bayard in freedom from reproach. The political result of the session might possibly be even less satisfactory than it is at present. A multitude of counsellors does not necessarily increase wisdom, nor do numbers favour despatch or accuracy in business; but if more peers were to interest themselves in the social questions of the day, were to discuss them in Parliament, and use their great influence and position as levers for the moral and material elevation of the people, the country would be the happier, and the House of Lords would soon come to be regarded with very different eyes by the mass of the population; its position would be strengthened, its usefulness would be acknowledged, and its power would be quadrupled. The mass of the people know little of the way in which the work of either House is carried on; but they notice that divisions which are not of the first political importance are won or lost in the House of Lords by very small numbers, they remark the shortness of the debates and the lack of apparent interest in the proceedings of the House displayed by many peers, and more particularly they read and comment on the scandalous, extravagant, or foolish exploits of individual members of the peerage, and some are apt to inquire whether it is right that such men should be permitted to make laws by which they, the people, must be bound. Such criticism is most natural, though in great measure it misses its mark, for the number of such peers is few and their influence would be *nil* even if they attended the sittings of the House, which, as a matter of fact, such men rarely do.

Englishmen, however, as a rule, far from entertaining hostile feelings against the nobility, recognise their past services and are proud of their traditions, and if a commoner and noble display equal powers of leadership they usually prefer to place themselves

under the guidance of the man of aristocratic birth. The possession of a title is in some countries a positive disadvantage to a man desirous of taking a leading and useful part in the work of the world. This is not so in England, unless perhaps in the case of the few men who, having acquired an influence in the House of Commons, are reluctant to leave it for the more severe atmosphere of the Upper Chamber. There is no excuse, therefore, for the young noble who deliberately throws away the grand opportunities of usefulness open to him in this country. Let him but show an interest in some particular line of work or subject of thought, and if he be of passable ability his assistance and co-operation will be gladly welcomed. The days are past when an aristocracy can expect to maintain its position simply by force of prestige, birth, and wealth. It must possess some more solid claim to the respect of its fellow-men.

There has lately passed away from among us one whose life should be made a text-book for the study of our well-born youth. The Earl of Shaftesbury has shown what it is possible for an earnest English nobleman to accomplish in a lifetime. What one has done others may do. Self-sacrifice, self-restraint, energy, untiring pursuit of duty—with such coin alone can similar results be purchased. The path of duty is never one of roses, but there are many more delights to be met with on that road than the young man usually imagines. It may safely be said that if the roses be not thickly strewn there are fewer genuine thorns in the path of duty than that of pleasure. Would that a larger number of our youth of birth and fortune could be persuaded to use their position and influence for the benefit of their fellow-creatures, rather than make these social advantages instruments for the gratification of selfish desires, and the handmaids of a material luxury enervating to both mind and body.

There are many social and philanthropic problems of the deepest interest to the masses of the people, waiting for solution at the hands of the legislature, which owing to the pressure of purely political business, are annually elbowed out of the House of Commons, or have never obtained even so much as a hearing in that overworked House. Some of these subjects, such as those connected with pauperism, Poor Law reform, compulsory physical, technical, and industrial education, public health, the prevention of the adulteration of food, air, and water, peasant proprietorship, State-directed colonisation, the restriction of excessive hours of labour, the preservation of open spaces in cities and of commons in the country, the reclamation of waste lands for the public benefit, the utilisation of convict labour, national thrift, the housing of the working classes, the reform of the licensing laws, the prevention of accidents in mines and factories, and a host of others, are of infinitely more importance to the masses than many of those which are accustomed to engross the attention of politicians and to occupy the nights and days of the

overworked members of the House of Commons. It is a very frequent complaint of the peers that the Government of the day introduces so few Bills into their House, and that whilst during the latter portion of the session they are overwhelmed with work, during the earlier months they have little or nothing to do. The House of Lords is peculiarly fitted for the calm, dispassionate, and thoughtful discussion of such social subjects as those I have mentioned. During the early months of each session the peers have the leisure which the House of Commons does not possess; they are exempt from the pressure of interested sections of voters, and can handle such subjects in a more independent manner than men who live in perpetual fear of a constituency. Some of these social problems require a great deal more discussion before they can be considered ripe for legislation. It would be difficult to find a better platform for such critical discussion than the floor of the House of Lords, in the presence of eminent judges, ministers, and statesmen. Here is a field of labour worthy of the highest intellect and ambition. If only a few members of the Upper House should be inspired by the noble example of the late Earl of Shaftesbury to devote their lives to the benefit of their fellow-men, the nation would not be slow to appreciate their labours, and the House of Lords would have commenced a reform which, if continued (and it should be borne in mind that noble example is contagious), would probably do more to strengthen its influence and increase its authority, than many an ambitious project which had taxed the brains of statesmen and reformers.

BRABAZON.

PURE BEER.

THE year of grace 1886, for whatever else it may be memorable, will not be noteworthy for the multiplicity or the character of its Parliamentary enactments. At one time it seemed possible that the year might mark an important epoch in the history of our drink legislation, for in the first of its two short sessions no less than three pure beer Bills were introduced, and one of these, to which I had the honour to stand sponsor, commanded a sufficient amount of support to insure its second reading; but the hope in which I indulged that the pure beer controversy might, once and for all, receive a satisfactory settlement, was nipped in the bud on the unexpected change of complexion which public affairs assumed, and which resulted in the dissolution of *Parliament*.

The legislation which has taken place with regard to our national drink dates back as far as the fourteenth century;¹ but I propose to allude only to the legislation of the present century. As some knowledge of it is essential to a right understanding of my subject, I must trouble my readers to follow me whilst I state, as shortly as possible, the enactments which have taken place with regard to it.

The first of these was passed in the forty-second year of George the Third, 1802. This is the preamble:—

Whereas many persons, under pretence of recovering stale beer, or making or preparing beer-finings, or colouring for beer, or under other pretences, have compounded, fabricated or prepared from divers materials and ingredients *noxious and unwholesome, and injurious to the health of his Majesty's subjects*, liquor to imitate or resemble beer or ale, *brewed entirely from malt and hops*, or to be mixed with beer or ale so brewed, *to the injury of his Majesty's subjects*, and of the fair trader [good Free Traders please do not be alarmed, these words only refer to that most excellent person the honest tradesman] AND OF HIS MAJESTY'S REVENUE.

Now the preamble of an Act of Parliament is always very important, because it sets out the particular grievance which the Act proposes to remedy; therefore, in this preamble of the Act passed in 1802, you have a concise history of the state of things which had existed for some time previous to that year; and, as we know from experience that it always takes a considerable time for a grievance to

¹ See chap. v. of Mr. Bickerdyke's recently published *Book of Beer*.

make itself felt, and to draw from Parliament the necessary remedy, we may take it that this particular grievance had been experienced for a considerable time previous to 1802. What, then, was this grievance? Bad and adulterated beer. And why did it call for a remedy? Because the health of His Majesty's subjects was injured by it. If this had been the sole reason, the work of the reformers of 1802 would have been comparatively simple. But there is a second reason given. His Majesty's revenue was also injured. Thus it was that these two causes produced the Act of 1802, and initiated what may be called the 'malt and hops' period, a penalty being imposed on all persons who mixed or prepared from beer-grounds, stale beer, sugar-water, distillers' spent wash, sugar, molasses, vitriol, quassia, cocculus Indicus, grains of Paradise, Guinea pepper, opium, or *any other material or ingredient whatever (except malt and hops)*, any liquor to imitate or resemble, or to be mixed with or used as *beer or ale brewed or made from malt and hops*.

We have, therefore, a clear enactment that beer was to be made of malt and hops, and of nothing else.

The next step was taken in 1811.

A hardship was felt in the very stringency of the Act of 1802 because it excluded porter; so an Act was passed in 1811 to allow 'the manufacture and use of a liquor prepared from sugar for colouring porter;' but it was specially provided that burnt sugar and water alone were to be used.

Things did not get on very smoothly, for five years later, in 1816, another Act was passed repealing the Act of 1811, and by this Act we revert once more to the pure malt and hops period.

The preamble of this Act of 1816 again talks of the injury to the public and the frauds on the revenue caused by people using other things under pretence of using such colouring; but curiously enough the revenue comes first this time, and the public health second; and in fact, after having been cared for over four hundred years, this is the last time any reference is made to the health of his Majesty's subjects; henceforward they are left to look after themselves, and the revenue becomes the sole care of successive Chancellors of the Exchequer. Nothing under this Act was allowed to be used even for porter 'for, or as a substitute for malt or hops,' and for darkening the colour nothing but 'brown malt.'

With the exception of the years 1811 to 1816, the malt and hops period continued from 1802 to 1847. Then, in the eleventh year of Queen Victoria, an Act was passed 'to allow the use of sugar in the brewing of beer': but brewers were only allowed to use sugar in the state in which it had been imported: the old provisions of 1811 as to the manufacture of beer-colouring were re-enacted. This we may call the sugar period: it lasted till 1862. In the Inland Revenue Act of that year, all Acts (especially that of 1847, prohibiting the

sale to brewers of any article *for or as a substitute for hops*) were repealed. I ought to have said that in all the previous Acts prohibiting the use of certain articles in the brewing of beer, there was also a provision prohibiting the sale of these articles to brewers by chemists and others. The Act of 1862 also contained this prohibition; but it added: 'Provided that this repeal is not to extend to any article which may be used as a substitute for malt, notwithstanding that it may be also a substitute for hops.' The meaning of this somewhat badly worded section is clearly that anything might be used for hops so long as malt was always used.

The next period we may call the malt period. It lasted from 1862 until 1880, the Inland Revenue Act of which year dealt comprehensively with beer, and the duties on malt. I need not weary my readers with all the details. But the definition of 'sugar' contained in the last-named Act is important: it is defined to mean 'any saccharine substance, extract, or syrup; and includes any material capable of being used in brewing except malt or corn.' Twenty-eight pounds of sugar is then declared to be the equivalent of a bushel of malt: in other words, twenty-eight pounds of *anything*.

The only possible construction of this Act is that beer, for the purposes of excise, and consequently for any other purpose, may now be made of anything. Only within the last few months the magistrates of Northampton have so construed it, and have held 'botanic beer' to be liable to pay excise.

Under this enactment, which initiated what we may call the 'anything' period, but which other people call the period of the 'free mash tun,' the beer we now drink is made; the last vestige of malt and hops as compulsory ingredients have vanished, and ginger beer is as much entitled to be called beer as the sparkling amber liquid we have so long been used to call by that name.

Temperance advocates may contest my first point, that the drinking of beer has largely contributed to the vigour of the English nation: that it conduces more to the stamina of the race than the drinking of wine: and that 'pure beer' is as healthy a drink as can be found. But outside the army of the Blue Ribbon and kindred associations, for the convictions of whose members I have the profoundest respect, I do not think these elements of the controversy will be disputed. Nor is it worth while discussing them, for only one fact is sufficient for my purpose, namely, that beer is consumed by the people of all classes in these islands to an enormous extent.

A second important fact, which I now state, is also, I think, indisputable. The beer which is consumed may be divided into three categories: first, that which is made of barley malt, hops, and water; secondly, that which is made of innocuous substitutes; thirdly, that which is made of noxious substitutes, and which is fitly described in the Eastern counties by the somewhat vigorous word 'muck.'

Now the object of the legislation which I and those who act with me propose, has been much misunderstood. We have a clear case against the third category; we think we have a good case against the second. We therefore propose to drive the third from the field absolutely; we do not propose to exterminate the second, but we hope to enable the consumer to discriminate between the first and the second. Both these objects will be obtained by 'a Bill for better securing the purity of beer,' which provides that 'every person who sells or exposes for sale, by wholesale or retail, any beer brewed from or containing any ingredients other than hops, or malt from barley, shall keep conspicuously posted at the bar or other place where such beer is sold or exposed for sale, and on every cask or other vessel in which the same is sold, a legible notice stating what other ingredients are contained in such beer.' It must be perfectly obvious that the sale of 'muck' would be 'scotched,' once and for all, by such a requirement. But the outcry which the Bill has raised has not come from its intended victims, those who have thriven by the production and sale of 'muck,' but from the producers and sellers of the second class of beer—that in which innocuous substitutes are introduced. The opposition proceeds solely from a fear that when people come to know what their beer is made of, it may very possibly be relegated on its merits by the public to the third class. Our opponents have formulated their grievances in a printed paper freely circulated among members of Parliament and others. It is a portentous document headed 'The True Aspects of the Beer Bill,' and beginning 'We, the undersigned.' The type is large, the paper is folio, but the signatures are only two; 'We, the undersigned,' being J. W. Ellis and W. Guyer Hunter, and they insist on the following points:—

I. That the posting of such a notice as proposed means the abandonment of the use of all materials long legalised, other than those specified. That the intelligence of the bar-drinking population is not sufficiently developed to appreciate the reasons which dictate the use of other materials. That the capital embarked in the preparation of these malt adjuncts (rice, maize, saccharum, &c.), amounts to several millions sterling, and that several thousand workmen are entirely dependent upon the industry as a means of livelihood.

II. That the use of sugar within certain limits is a necessity, chiefly because English malts contain too much nitrogenous matter, whilst foreign barleys contain most sugar when malted, and therefore the Bill 'will necessitate a larger employment of foreign than of British barleys.'

III. That the Pilsener and other lager beers are noted for their purity, and are largely brewed from rice and other grain products.

IV. That the use of minute quantities of antiseptics is necessary in order to destroy the minute organisms which prey on the yeast.

V. That the printed reports issued by the Inland Revenue autho-

rities show that the statements that have been made as to the sophistication of beers are absolutely devoid of foundation. That Mr. Gladstone's *free mash tun* has tended to stimulate scientific research in connection with brewing, and has raised the general standard of beer throughout the country, and that the Bill is absolutely inconsistent (reforms very frequently are inconsistent with the laws to be reformed) with the declared object of the Inland Revenue Act, 1850.

Now some of these things I freely admit, but many of them I absolutely deny.

At the outset, I must disclaim the slightest desire to protect the British farmer or anyone else at the expense of the consumer: it is impossible to legislate without inflicting direct injury on some one, whilst producing direct benefit to the many.

Taking my opponent's objections *seriatim*, I confess to have been much impressed by the sugar, or saccharum, arguments; so much so, that at one time I felt strongly disposed to add saccharum to the materials which it should not be necessary to declare. Such a Bill as the one I have introduced, although in the early stages of its passage through Parliament it does not excite much public controversy, cannot fail to produce a large amount of private correspondence. Among my numerous correspondents, the supporters and opponents of saccharum are about equal in number; this being so, I have determined to adhere to my original intention of excluding it. If, ultimately, the arguments in favour of its use as an ingredient of pure beer should prevail upon the House of Commons, it will be absolutely necessary to define its meaning in the most rigorous manner possible, because the 'free mash tun' was obtained by merely inserting in the Inland Revenue Act of 1880 such a definition of 'sugar' as to render it practically the equivalent for 'anything.' To this point I shall presently revert.

As I have already said, the proposed legislation seeks merely, in the interests of the consumer, to compel the brewer to declare the ingredients contained in what he makes.

If good wholesome liquor is produced from rice, for example, the fact that it is stated to be so produced cannot possibly interfere with its manufacture or its sale. If people think beer made from rice good, they will ask for it when they want it, and will be able to get it. But it is no reason, because rice-beer is good, that people should be compelled to drink it whether they like it or not; more especially if they expect to get a malt and hops beer. The Pilsener and lager beer argument tells in favour of the Bill, and not against it. It is perfectly well known by its consumers that this beer is not made from malt and hops; when they want it, they ask for it and get it, and it is already distinguished from other beer by its name. This power to distinguish one beer from another is in effect what the Bill aims at.

It might be accomplished by insisting on a new name being given to all beers not brewed from malt and hops—*e.g.* rice beer, maize beer, &c.; but it seems a simpler plan to require a statement of ingredients to be prominently affixed in the tap room, *and on each cask*.

Suppose, for example, I have drunk Whitbread's ale in my family for a number of years, it is not to be imagined that I shall discontinue it, and dislike it in future, because I find that it contains sugar and maize. The Bill cannot injure brewers of good wholesome beer. But suppose, when the Bill is passed, I find my cask to be branded with a statement that it contains some substance deleterious to health, or which my doctor advises me I ought not to take, then I shall as certainly discontinue drinking it. And, in enabling me to do this, the Bill will have rendered me signal service.

These remarks apply with equal force to the use of saccharum.

It cannot be too much insisted on that the aim of the Bill is to promote *purity* of beer; it is true that the standard of good beer which it has taken is one made of malt and hops. If, as it is alleged, other ingredients are essential 'in order to give beer the *necessary properties and characteristics* it could not otherwise possess,' the mere fact that these ingredients are declared will not make people prefer a beer which does not possess these properties and characteristics. If a 'malt and hops' beer is not so good as a 'malt, hops and saccharum' beer, then the Act will protect the use of saccharum, because people then will know that saccharum is an essential to good beer, and will only buy beer which is labelled to contain 'malt, hops and saccharum.'

Good beers, whatever their ingredients, will not be driven from the market, but only those liquids whose composition their manufacturers are afraid to declare.

Again, it seems to me perfectly preposterous to say that the reports of the Inland Revenue authorities are conclusive against what 'we, the undersigned' are pleased to term the 'sophistication of beer,' and that they are to override the common, every-day experience of any one who has not only had samples of beer analysed, but tasted the compounds offered as beer at the hotels, bars, and public-houses in the country. It is a matter of great regret that the brewers of what I have called the second class of beer should thus deliberately 'take under their wing' the brewers of the third class. If any one doubts the existence of this 'muck,' let me advise him to try a 'pint o' fo'penny' from the nearest beer-house; if he drinks it, and will voluntarily ask for a second, I shall be greatly surprised.

But the eagerness with which the use of all legalised materials is defended strengthens not a little the case which we have already against the brewers of the second class, those who use what are generally considered 'innocuous' substitutes for malt and hops.

As regards the effect upon the health of the nation of so-called beer of the various kinds, I cannot do better than give the following statements of Mr. W. C. Young, public analyst for the districts of Poplar, Whitechapel, and St. George's-in-the-East; and of Dr. Bernays, the eminent chemist of St. Thomas's Hospital.

Mr. Young says :—

1. Barley Malt contains important nitrogenous and mineral constituents, possessing valuable nutritive, digestive, and strengthening properties.

2. Maize Malt, saccharine, and other malt substitutes do not contain these matters, or only in very small quantities.

3. Beer brewed from barley malt differs from that brewed from any of its substitutes in containing the above-mentioned important constituents.

4. Beer brewed from malt substitutes is practically only a solution of alcohol, so that of all the properties a beer should possess, it has only the worst—that of intoxication.

5. The alcohol produced from barley malt is purer than that from maize, rice, &c., the latter containing appreciable quantities of fusil oil.

6. Beer brewed from these substitutes will not keep sound for more than a few days.

7. After a long study of the subject, I have been assured by a gentleman who was for many years a Medical Officer of Health for one of the poorest quarters of the East End of London, that in the majority of cases which had come under his notice of the worst form of confirmed drunkenness, he could trace the effects to the continual drinking of such beer, or what is commonly known as 'fourpenny ale.' He attributes much of the squalor, dirtiness, and wretchedness of the poor in his parish to the use of this 'fourpenny ale.'

The same excellent authority has furnished me with the following criticism on the remarks circulated by Sir J. Ellis and Sir Guyer Hunter :—

I have carefully perused and attentively considered the inclosed circular, and beg to offer the following remarks concerning it :—

The use of brewing sugar in place of barley malt is quite unnecessary in brewing; its only effect is to produce alcohol and diminish the proportion of malt extractive and phosphates in the beer.

It is untrue, as recently published analyses will show, that English barley malts contain more nitrogenous matter than foreign. It is not proved that more than a certain proportion of nitrogenous matter is most detrimental to the success of brewing operations; on the contrary, authorities say that 'the results of experiments show that on no account should malt be condemned for English brewing purposes, because it contains a high amount of soluble nitrogenous matter,' and further, that 'the best malts are amongst those containing the highest percentage of soluble nitrogen, and that the worst of all contains the least.'

Lager beer, as is well known, rapidly decomposes, unless it is surrounded with ice, which may be due to the use of malt substitutes in brewing it.

The statement that 'beers, brewed with a requisite proportion of brewing sugars, will stand the variation of temperature, and *although containing a smaller proportion of alcohol*, will keep longer than those brewed from malt and hops only,' is disproved by the preceding statement that lager beer is brewed from malt substitutes, and by an earlier statement that Burton brewers use but little brewing sugar, as 'Burton beers differ from lager beers in nothing so much as in their keeping properties.'

* Dr. Bernays says :—

The value of beer made from barley malt and hops has been so well understood in the past, that at the present day, owing to the uncertain character of beer, various substitutes, under the name of 'malt extracts,' &c. &c., are much recommended by the medical profession.

So little has the public health been considered in modern enactments, that one would think that the value of beer consisted in its alcoholic contents, as these are practically the outcome of the various substitutes allowed.

There is an absence in many beers of the digestive quality which pertains to a well-made malt liquor, which is to a great extent, though not altogether, independent of its alcoholic contents.

The alcohol from the fermented 'saccharum' always contains traces of other alcohols, far more injurious to the constitution than the so-called ethylic alcohol. In the making of ardent spirits, these to a great extent remain in the still; so that in the beers made from anything except malt and hops, everything is wanting that makes beer an acceptable drink. Substituted saccharum, too, often contains so great a percentage of the chlorides of potassium and sodium as to render the beer so manufactured distinctly medicinal.

A beer made from malt and hops has a slight nutritive value; but, as a rule, a drink is not for nutrition. The faculty of promoting digestion gives to such beer a unique character.

But as regards beer made from nearly all so-called substitutes, the effect upon the general health of the beer-drinking community is distinctly bad, and encourages, to my knowledge, the additions of gin and other mere alcoholics.

But the most serious opposition to the proposed legislation must undoubtedly be based on revenue consideration. The fact is that the question of pure beer, although it has exercised the wisdom of Parliament during the whole of the present century, has always been inextricably mixed up with questions of revenue, so that what we have most to fear is the struggle which must be made to get the two questions once more apart. It is true that the Pure Beer Bill is absolutely inconsistent with the declared object of the Inland Revenue Act 1880, but that Act was absolutely inconsistent with every Act on the subject which preceded it. It was the last of a series, every one of which had failed in its object, because the beer question was only looked at through revenue spectacles. The history of beer legislation is most interesting, and although it shows, as I have said, how the two questions have got mixed up, yet it also shows that in the 'good old times,' in the jolly 'hard-drinking times of our ancestors,' Parliament at least made a show of concerning itself about the best means of obtaining pure beer, and did specifically declare of what ingredients it should be composed; whereas now it concerns itself solely with the Excise, or the revenue derivable from beer; and in its anxiety to increase to the utmost this revenue, it has included within the definition of excisable beer almost every beverage, drinkable and undrinkable, palatable and unpalatable, which has sugar, or its equivalent 'anything,' for one of its ingredients.

This mixture of the questions of pure beer and Excise renders our task an exceedingly heavy one; but the advocates of pure and

unadulterated beer have, I hope, too much good sense to run full-tilt at the gigantic windmill of the national revenue which grinds the heart out of everything that comes within its reach. We want to enlist, if we possibly can, the sympathies of the officials who control the Exchequer, and not to arouse their hostility. And with this object in view we have proposed a Bill to Parliament which would separate, by defining it with precision, beer from other fermented drinks; but which would not prevent the manufacture of other sugared waters, and so would not interfere appreciably with the revenue now derived from them. What the Bill proposes is to define exactly what the liquid sold as beer actually consists of, and to declare that if any other liquid is sold which does not correspond with that definition, the seller shall be bound to tell the buyer what its ingredients are.

Should the foregoing remarks attract the attention of any, especially of those charged with the duties of legislation, who believe the health of the nation to be a matter of paramount importance, the object of the writer will be fully attained. A state of affairs admittedly exists which is acting prejudicially on the health, morals, and conduct of the working classes. Is it too much to hope that the desire for the augmentation of the revenue, and the fear, unfounded I believe, of interference with the development of a particular trade, should not stand in the way of the public good? To the great brewing interest and the important trades connected therewith, I submit that the profit derived from the increased consumption of the pure beverage will more than counterbalance the diminution, if any, in the sale of that manufactured from substitutes: whilst to those who with me believe that a moderate use of alcohol is in some cases beneficial, I commend the proposed legislation as likely to promote the cause of true temperance among the great masses of our fellow-countrymen.

W. CUTHBERT QUILTER.

RURAL LIFE IN RUSSIA.

THE system of land tenure in Russia at present combines in a singular manner the results of the scheme of a benevolent despot for supplying each peasant with sufficient land to live upon, and the remains still unbroken of the rigid rule of the old village communities to which he continues subject. These, as Mr. Seeböhm shows, at one time occupied the whole of Europe, but are now only to be found surviving in the Russian 'Mir.'

The amount of territory given up to the serfs by the Emancipation Act of 1861 was about one-half of the arable land of the whole empire, so that the experiment of cutting up the large properties of a country, and the formation instead of a landed peasantry, has now been tried on a sufficiently large scale for a quarter of a century to enable the world to judge of its success or failure. There is no doubt of the philanthropic intentions of Alexander the First, but he seems to have also aimed (like Richelieu) at diminishing the power of the nobles, which formed some bulwark between the absolute sway of the Crown and the enormous dead level of peasants.

The serfs belonged soul and body to the landowner: even when they were allowed to take service or exercise a trade in distant towns, they were obliged to pay a due, 'obrok,' to their owner, and to return home if required; while the instances of oppression were sometimes frightful, husbands and wives were separated, girls were sold away from their parents, young men were not allowed to marry.¹ On the other hand, when the proprietor was kind, and rich enough not to make money of his serfs, the patriarchal form of life was not unhappy. 'See now,' said an old peasant, 'what have I gained by the emancipation? I have nobody to go to to build my house, or to help in the ploughing time; the seigneur, he knew what I wanted, and he did it for me without any bother. Now if I want a wife, I have got to go and court her myself: he used to choose for me, and he knew what was best. It is a great deal of trouble, and no good at all!' Under the old arrangement three generations were often found living in one house, and the grandfather, who was called 'the Big One,' bore a very despotic sway. The plan allowed several

¹ 'I sold two capital girls last year as laundresses for two hundred roubles each,' says an old lady in Gogol's story.

of the males of the family to seek work at a distance, leaving some at home to perform the 'corvée' (forced labour) three days a week; but the families quarrelled among themselves, and the effect of the emancipation has everywhere been to split them up into different households. A considerable portion of the serfs were not really serfs at all. They were coachmen, grooms, gardeners, gamekeepers, &c., while their wives and daughters were nurses, ladies-maids, and domestic servants. Their number was out of all proportion to their work, which was always carelessly done, but there was often great attachment to the family they served. The serfs proper lived in villages, had houses and plots of land of their own, and were nominally never sold except with the estate. The land, however, was under the dominion of the 'Mir;' they could neither use it nor cultivate it except according to the communal obligations.

The outward aspect of a Russian village is not attractive, and there is little choice in the surrounding country between a wide grey plain with a distance of scrubby pine forest, or the scrubby pine forest with distant grey plains. The peasants' houses are scattered up and down without any order or arrangement, and with no roads between, built of trunks of trees, unsquared, and mortised into each other at the corners, the interstices filled with moss and mud, a mode of building warmer than it sounds. In the interior there is always an enormous brick stove, five or six feet high, on which and on the floor the whole family sleep in their rags. The heat and the stench are frightful. No one undresses, washing is unknown, and sheepskin pelisses with the wool inside are not conducive to cleanliness. Wood, however, is becoming very scarce, the forests are used up in fuel for railway engines, for wooden constructions of all kinds, and are set fire to wastefully—in many places the peasants are forced to burn dung, weeds, or anything they can pick up—fifty years, it is said, will exhaust the present forests, and fresh trees are never planted.

The women are more diligent than the men, and the hardest work is often turned over to them, as is generally the case in countries where peasant properties prevail. 'They are only the females of the male,' and have few womanly qualities. They toil at the same tasks in the field as the men, ride astride like them, often without saddles, and the mortality is excessive among the neglected children, who are carried out into the fields, where the babies lie the whole day with a bough over them and covered with flies, while the poor mother is at work. Eight out of ten children are said to die before ten years old in rural Russia.

In the little church (generally built of wood) there are no seats, the worshippers prostrate themselves and knock their heads two or three times on the ground, and must stand or kneel through the whole service. The roof consists of a number of bulbous-shaped

cupolas; four, round the central dome, in the form of a cross is the completed ideal, with a separate minaret for the Virgin. These are covered with tiles of the brightest blue, green, and red, and gilt metal. The priest is a picturesque figure, with his long unclipped hair, tall felt hat largest at the top, and a flowing robe. He must be married when appointed to a cure, but is not allowed a second venture if his wife dies. Until lately they formed an hereditary caste, and it was unlawful for the son of a pope to be other than a pope. They are taken from the lowest class, and are generally quite as uneducated, and are looked down upon by their flocks. 'One loves the Pope, and one the Popess,' is an uncomplimentary proverb given by Gogol. 'To have priests' eyes,' meaning to be covetous or extortionate, is another. The drunkenness in all classes strikes Russian statesmen with dismay, and the priests, the popes, are among the worst delinquents. They are fast losing the authority which they once had over the serfs, when they formed part of the great political system of which the Czar was the religious and political head. A Russian official report says that 'the churches are now mostly attended by women and children, while the men are spending their last kopeck, or getting deeper into debt, at the village dram shop.'

Church festivals, marriages, christenings, burials, and fairs, leave only two hundred days in the year for the Russian labourer. The climate is so severe as to prevent out-of-door work for months, and the enforced idleness increases the natural disposition to do nothing. 'We are a lethargic people,' says Gogol, 'and require a stimulus from without, either that of an officer, a master, a driver, the rod, or vodki (a white spirit distilled from corn); and this,' he adds in another place, 'whether the man be peasant, soldier, clerk, sailor, priest, merchant, seigneur, or prince.' At the time of the Crimean War it was always believed that the Russian soldier could only be driven up to an attack, such as that of Inkerman, under the influence of intoxication. The Russian peasant is indeed a barbarian at a very low stage of civilisation. In the Crimean hospitals every nationality was to be found among the patients, and the Russian soldier was considered far the lowest of all. Stolid, stupid, hard, he never showed any gratitude for any amount of care and attention, or seemed, indeed, to understand them; and there was no doubt that during the war he continually put the wounded to death in order to possess himself of their clothes.

The Greek Church is a very dead form of faith, and the worship of saints of every degree of power 'amounts to a fetishism almost as bad as any to be found in Africa.' I myself am the happy possessor of a little rude wooden bas-relief, framed and glazed, of two saints whose names I have ungratefully forgotten, to whom if you pray as you go out to commit a crime, however heinous, you take your pardon with you—a refinement upon the whipping of the saints

in Calabria, and Spanish hagiolatry. The icons, the sacred images, are hung in the chief corner, called 'The Beautiful,' of a Russian 'Isba.' A lamp is always lit before them, and some food spread 'for the ghosts to come and eat.' The well-to-do peasant is still 'strict about his fasts and festivals, and never neglects to prepare for Lent. During the whole year his forethought never wearies; the children pick up a number of fungi, which the English kick away as toadstools, these are dried in the sun or the oven, and packed in casks with a mixture of hot water and dry meal in which they ferment. The staple diet of the peasant consists of buckwheat, rye meal, sauerkraut, and coarse cured fish' (little, however, but black bread, often mouldy, and sauerkraut, nearly putrid, is found in the generality of Russian peasant-homes). No milk, butter, cheese, or eggs are allowed in Lent, all of which are permitted to the Roman Catholic, and the oil the peasant uses for his cooking is linseed instead of olive oil, which last he religiously sets aside for the lamps burning before the holy images. 'To neglect fasting would cause a man to be shunned as a traitor, not only to his religion, but to his class and country.'

In a bettermost household, the samovar, the tea-urn, is always going. If a couple of men have a bargain to strike, the charcoal is lighted inside the urn, which has a pipe carried into the stone chimney, and the noise of the heated air is like a roaring furnace. They will go on drinking boiling hot weak tea, in glasses, for hours, with a liberal allowance of vodki. The samovar, however, is a completely new institution, and the old peasants will tell you, 'Ah, Holy Russia has never been the same since we drank so much tea.'

The only bit of art or pastime to be found among the peasants seems to consist in the 'circling dances' with songs, at harvest, Christmas, and all other important festivals, as described by Mr. Ralston. And even here 'the settled gloom, the monotonous sadness,' are most remarkable. Wife-beating, husbands' infidelities, horrible stories of witches and vampires, are the general subjects of the songs. The lament of the young bride who is treated almost like a slave by her father and mother in law, has a chorus: 'Thumping, scolding, never lets his daughter sleep,' 'Up, you slattern! up, you sloven, sluggish slut!' A wife entreats: 'Oh, my husband, only for good cause beat thou thy wife, not for little things. Far away is my father dear, and farther still my mother.' The husband who is tired of his wife, sings: 'Thanks, thanks to the blue pitcher (*i.e.* poison), it has rid me of my cares; Not that cares afflicted me, my real affliction was my wife,' ending, 'Love will I make to the girls across the stream.' Next comes a wife who poisons her husband. 'I dried the evil root and pounded it small;' but in this case the husband was hated because he had killed her brother. The most unpleasant of all, however, are the invocations to vodki. A circle of girls imitate drunken women, and

sing as they dance, 'Vodki delicious I drank, I drank; not in a cup or a glass, but a bucketful I drank. . . . I cling to the posts of the door. Oh, doorpost, hold me up, the drunken woman, the tipsy rogue.'

The account of the Baba Zaga, a hideous old witch, is enough to drive children into convulsions.

She has a nose and teeth made of strong sharp iron. As she lies in her hut she stretches from one corner to the other, and her nose goes through the roof. The fence is made of the bones of the people she has eaten, and tipped with their skulls. The uprights of the gate are human legs. She has a broom to sweep away the traces of her passage over the snow in her seven-leagued boots. She steals children to eat them.

Remains of paganism are to be found in some of the sayings. A curse still existing says, 'May Perun (*i.e.* the lightning) strike thee.' The god Perun, the Thunderer, resembles Thor, and like him carries a hammer. He has been transformed into Elijah, the prophet Ilya, the rumbling of whose chariot as he rolls through heaven, especially on the week in summer when his festival falls, may be heard in thunder. There is a dismal custom by which the children are made to eat the mouldy bread, 'because the Rusalkas (the fairies) do not choose bread to be wasted.' Inhuman stories about burying a child alive in the foundation of a new town to propitiate the earth spirit; that a drowning man must not be saved, lest the water spirit be offended; that if groans or cries are heard in the forest, a traveller must go straight on without paying any attention, 'for it is only the wood demon, the lyeshey,' seem only to be invented as excuses for selfish inaction. Wolves bear a great part in the stories. A peasant driving in a sledge with three children is pursued by a pack of wolves: he throws out a child, which they stop to devour; then the howls come near him again, and he throws out a second; again they return, when the last is sacrificed; and one is grieved to hear that he saves his own wretched cowardly life at last.

The account of a rural Russian life given in a book called 'Dead Souls,' by Gogol, which is considered a Russian classic, is dismal in the extreme. Land in Russia has hardly any value in itself, and the property of the landowners was estimated by the number of serfs, called 'souls,' whose labour alone has rendered the land valuable. It is a more human way of speaking of the peasants than our own counting of 'hands' (the women, however, were not considered 'souls'!). The possessor of 200 or 300 was a small man; 2,000 seem to have placed the owner among the large proprietors. The hero Tchitchikof (it has been said, that to give a good sneeze and put 'off' at the end makes a very tolerable Russian name) is a small functionary on the usual meagre salary, which is in all cases eked out by an unblushing receipt of bribes. As everybody, however, is bribed, he finds his share too small to get the luxuries for which he pants. Money, however, he knows, is lent by Government on the serfs and land

possessed by an owner. The serfs are only numbered in the census every ten years, while a tax is paid for them dead or alive; and it suddenly strikes him that he may buy the 'dead souls,' undertaking to pay the tax and then borrow on the security. 'If it is objected that he has no estate to take them to, he says that he is going to colonise in the Taurus or the Chersonese, which is a very praiseworthy enterprise.' He goes to a small country town, with his two serfs, one of them a coachman, three horses and a britska, which appears to be almost indispensable for even so poor a man, and he gradually makes his way among the officials, getting introductions among the country owners. 'The nobles possessed land, but did not live upon it; there was nothing like the life of an English country gentleman on his estate.' He then goes from house to house, and the result is a description of every variety of village and estate, in a great part, at least, of Russia, which read like sketches from nature, and have all the exactness of photographs. They are melancholy indeed. An opening picture of the scenery is very vivid:—

As soon as he left the town the savage condition in which all the communications were left became apparent. On each side the road, ankle deep in dust in summer, knee deep in mud in bad weather, lay lines of mole hills, fir woods, with tufts of shabby trees, stumps of old trunks which had been burnt by fire, wild heaths, bogs, &c. The villages here were in two perfectly parallel lines, looking like stacks of wood, with roofs of grey planks, the edges cut out as if in paper. The peasants as usual lounged about on planks raised on two blocks, yawning under their sheepskin pelisses. Women, their waists under their armpits, looked out of the upper unglazed windows, while a calf or a pig might be seen gazing from the stable below. He comes to an owner's establishment. The Maniloff's house was perched on a bare hill, or rather slope, with scarcely a bush; an arbour, however, painted green, and called 'Temple of Solitary Meditation,' stood on the bank. A little farther off was a pond, or rather a mass of mud, green with weeds, in which two women, having turned up their clothes, were standing up to their knees, dragging out a net containing two crabs and a perch. More than two hundred little black hovels, without trees or bushes or green of any kind above them, with nothing but broken wood lying about darkened by the weather, lay beyond. Outside the house Tchitchikof finds the husband, lounging about in a dirty silk dressing gown, smoking a long pipe touching the ground, and doing nothing from morning till night. Within reigned the greatest disorder; the cooking was abominable, the provisions always ran short, the household servants were dirty, and generally half tipsy, those in the courtyard slept twelve hours in the day, and committed all sorts of fooleries during the other twelve. And why? because Mme. Maniloff was *bien élevée*; and good education is given (as everybody knows) in young ladies' schools, and in young ladies' schools (as everybody knows) three things are taught, which constitute the basis of all human virtue: French, which is indispensable to the happiness of family life; the piano, to charm the leisure hours of the husband (when he shall come); and, finally, household management, properly so called, which consists in knitting purses and preparing pretty little surprises for birthdays &c. There are different programmes and different schools: sometimes the first thing considered is the science of housekeeping, the cigar cases and bead work, and French and music only come afterwards, or music may be the first necessity. There are programmes and programmes, methods and methods, but nothing beyond these three.

At this house Tchitchikof gets his dead souls for nothing. He then visits a score of other properties, in most of which he makes himself 'useful and lives at free quarters while he negotiates his purchases.

One belongs to a miser, a man of large property and a thousand souls. The windows of the house are all shut up, excepting the two rooms which he inhabits. His peasants are so miserable that between seventy and eighty have run away. It was difficult, however, for a serf in such circumstances to keep clear of the police; they could not find work, and were often starved into returning to their misery. The master lived on sour cabbage and gruel, like his barefoot servants, who stand in rags about the courtyard. Tchitchikof offers to buy the fugitives at thirty-two kopecks (about tenpence) a head, and gets them for fifty, after a great deal of bargaining.

Another picture of the country is striking.

The britska drove on. The country was flat and bare. What is seen on such occasions is that there is nothing to be seen. Milestones which show the kilometres of the past and announce the kilometres of the future, lines of carts, villages, grey masses varied with samovars, decrepit old men and women lounging in the roads, men shod with the bark of the lime or the birch, their legs swathed in rags. Little towns built with unhewn trunks, without planks—then open country with patches of ground green with meadows, yellow with gold, marked with furrows in the open desert. Then a peasant song heard in the farthest distance, peals of church bells, and further still clouds of flies, multitudes of grasshoppers, flights of crows, the tops of fir trees, oceans of fog darkening a score of different points on a horizon which seems to have no other limits.

'Boundless as the sea' is not a comparison which occurs to a Russian.

Everywhere the lists of dead serfs which Tchitchikof obtains are made out for him with the utmost elaboration, their trades, their qualities, their height, the colour of their eyes, and their nicknames, such as 'Lazy Peter, the trough is near,' 'Ivan not in a hurry,' 'Slippery Nicholas,' 'Andreas the smith few words,' &c.

The saddest story of all is of a proprietor who determined to go home from St. Petersburg, where he had spent all his life since childhood, and try to do his duty by his people.

He sees before him, at the end of his journey, a fine forest, and asks who is the owner, and the reply is his own name; and further on he inquires, 'Whose are those fields and little hills?' The reply is again that they are his own. At length he sees the red roofs and gilded cupolas of his home. The peasants crowd round the carriage; square beards of every hue, red, black, cinder-coloured, and white, welcome him with loud hurrahs. 'Our father is come at last.' The women in high red headdresses scream, 'Oh, our little heart, our gold, our dear treasure.' He is much moved at the sight of such excellent natures, and prepares to be their father indeed; he began by diminishing the number of days of forced service, abolished all the dues in linen, apples, mushrooms, nuts, and walnuts, and halves the other work which had been rigorously exacted from the women. He thought that they would become more careful of their houses, their husbands, and their children; instead of which, gossip, quarrels, and free fights between persons of the fair sex got to such a pitch, that the husbands, after months of woe, came up one

after another and said, 'O Barine, deliver me from my wife, she is worse than an imp of hell, I can't live with her any longer.' As for the land which he kept in his own hands, the hay dried up, the barley failed, the oats shed, while on that held by the peasants everything went on well. 'Why are my crops worse than yours?' inquired he. 'God knows, perhaps it is the fly,' or 'Surely there has been no rain at all;' but the fly had not eaten the peasants' crops, and the capricious rain had certainly singularly favoured them. He tried to found a school, but the outcry was so great that he was obliged to give it up, and all his efforts after law and order, arbitrations, and regulation of property, failed one after the other, and at length he gave up society, sank into a torpid lethargic state, spent his time in solitary smoking, and soon sank to the level of his neighbours.

Here Tchitchikof made himself generally useful, and got ninety dead souls given him for nothing.

The mixture of luxury and barbarism in every account is remarkable. The ladies are described as dressed in the last Parisian fashion, smoking cigarettes, sitting in filthy rooms with broken furniture, and surrounded by drunken maids. 'There were six laundresses in the house, and they were drunk four days in the week.' The men with endless carriages and horses, drinking champagne like water over their cards (more champagne is consumed in Russia alone than is grown in the whole French province), but eating enormously like savages. One man consumes a sucking pig for his dinner, another a whole shoulder of mutton stewed in gruel, another slips into a supper before the guests arrive, and eats up a monstrous sturgeon, 'leaving only the tail and the bones.' Superstitions, such as 'spitting three times on each side when death or any other unpleasant subject is spoken of, to ward off the devils,' are mentioned casually. (There are four kinds of these—house devils, wood devils, stable devils, field devils—and a counter charm for each.) In a great house, with a magnificent array of servants, the ladies-maids and footmen sleep on the ground in passages, on a mat or the bare floor, and in large towns often in the street.² Tchitchikof on some grand occasion 'passes a wet sponge all over him, which generally he did only on Sundays; but if he did not wash, he always used a great deal of eau de Cologne.' The condition of society reminds one of a medlar, rotten before it is ripe.

At the end, Tchitchikof, who has obtained 200,000 roubles from the State Bank, is obliged to refund them, but he has borrowed sufficient money from his different acquaintances to enable him to purchase a large and rich estate in a distant part of the country. He marries the daughter of a neighbouring mayor, a very decent man, and sets up himself for good. The author is so angry with his own creation, that he is barely able to finish the fortunes of his hero. After years of happiness, and having six children, he grows sick of so much repose, health, well-being, and calm. He finds respect-

² The clerk of a Jew broker in one story is described as being forced to sleep on the threshold in winter in a sheepskin.

ability extremely tiresome, and proposes to his old coachman to start once more on their travels, as in his beloved Bohemian days. The man has grown old and fat, and resists to the uttermost; but Tchitchikof will listen to nothing, and they set out at daybreak in his celebrated britska. About twenty miles from home, however, the wheels break down, and the village blacksmith takes two days to mend them; he starts again the following evening, but while he was asleep the coachman and the horses drive back again quietly to the house. His wife wisely holds her tongue, and he has not the courage to go forth again once more. 'He then reconciled himself to fate, was elected marshal of the nobles, went in for agriculture, subscribed to seven Russian papers, two French, and one German, although he did not know a word of French, and barely a hundred of German. 'This good and great man,' as the author perpetually calls him, 'adored everything existing in Russia, and considered any reform as iniquitous, anti-social, and unchristian. As a man of order, and marshal, he enjoyed general esteem and consideration. He may truly be said to be one of the most perfect heroes of the past generation. Indeed, we believe that he is not dead, that such men must live for ever, immortal as they are in their qualities.' He was a good-natured rogue, and had always intended to treat his serfs well; 'but this last point of his wishes was like the plates of dessert for ever left untouched at the grand dinners laid out in railway stations.'

The accounts in Ivan Tourgueneff's stories are still more sad. The note struck has a deeper sound of tragedy, and one painful scene after another shows the misery, vice, and barbarism of all classes alike. In one of the lighter sketches, the great musical capacity of the people mentioned by Haxthausen appears. Notwithstanding his extraordinarily backward state of civilisation, the peasant is a born musician, and the Russian bass is said to have two more low notes in his voice than the rest of Europe. A young peasant, Ivan, excels so greatly in the trills and shakes and variations, of which the race is very fond, that he is called 'the nightingale.' He hears of a rival in a distant village who trills and shakes to an even higher degree, and sets off for the place, to dare him to a trial of singing in the village dram-shop. The hut is full of bearded amateurs, who listen with all their might. Ivan begins the contest, and the beards wag approval. Next comes the rival's turn, and his performances are still finer, and so prolonged and delightful that he evidently is winning, and the beards wag faster than before. Poor Ivan asks for another trial, and this time he surpasses himself. He sings higher and higher, and deeper and deeper, and above all louder and louder, till at last he falls down in a fainting fit, and is carried out, he knows not whether triumphant or not, but half-dying.

The Emancipation was doubtless a great work. 20,000,000 serfs belonging to private owners, and 30,000,000 more, the serfs of the

Crown, were set free. They had always, however, considered the communal land as in one sense their own. 'We are yours, but the land is ours,' was the phrase. The Act was received with mistrust and suspicion, and the owners were supposed to have tampered with the good intentions of the Czar. Land had been allotted to each peasant family sufficient, as supposed, for its support, besides paying a fixed yearly sum to Government. Much of it, however, is so bad that it cannot be made to afford a living and pay the tax, in fact a poll tax, not dependent on the size of the strip, but on the number of the souls. The population in Russia has always had a great tendency to migrate, and serfdom in past ages is said to have been instituted to enable the lord of the soil to be responsible for the taxes. 'It would have been impossible to collect these from peasants free to roam from Archangel to the Caucasus, from Petersburg to Siberia.' It was therefore necessary to enforce the payments from the village community, the Mir, which is a much less merciful landlord than the nobles of former days, and constantly sells up the defaulting peasants.

The rule of the Mir is strangely democratic in so despotic an empire. The Government never interferes with the communes if they pay their taxes, and the ignorant peasants of the rural courts may pass sentences of imprisonment for seven days, inflict twenty strokes with a rod, impose fines, and cause a man who is pronounced 'vicious or pernicious' to be banished to Siberia. The authority of the Mir, of the Starosta, the Whiteheads, the chief elders, seems never to be resisted, and there are a number of proverbs declaring 'what the Mir decides must come to pass,' 'The neck and shoulders of the Mir are broad,' 'The tear of the Mir is cold but sharp.' Each peasant is bound hand and foot by minute regulations; he must plough, sow, and reap only when his neighbours do, and the interference with his liberty of action is most vexatious and very injurious.

The agriculture enforced is of the most barbarous kind. Jansen, Professor of Political Economy at Moscow, says: 'The three-field system—corn, green crops, and fallow—which was abandoned in Europe two centuries ago, has most disastrous consequences here. The lots are changed every year, and no man has any interest in improving property which will not be his in so short a time. Hardly any manure is used, and in many places the corn is threshed out by driving horses and wagons over it. The exhaustion of the soil by this most barbarous culture has reached a fearful pitch.'

The size of the allotments varies extremely in the different climates and soils, and the country is so enormous that the provinces were divided into zones to carry out the details of the Emancipation Act—the zone without black soil; the zone with black soil; and, third, the great steppe zone. In the first two the allotments range from $2\frac{3}{4}$ to 20 acres, in the steppes from $8\frac{1}{2}$ to $34\frac{1}{2}$. 'Whether, however,' says Jansen, 'the peasants cultivate their land as proprietors at

1s. 9d. or hire it at 18s. 6d. the result is the same—the soil is scourged and exhausted, and semi-starvation has become the general feature of peasant life.’

By the Act and its consequences 52,000,000 human beings, or 77 per cent. of the population, were converted into owners or perpetual tenants. In the Baltic provinces private owners still possess rather more than the peasants, but in three of the most northern and two of the most southern provinces peasant ownership prevails exclusively. The landed proprietors were nominally indemnified by the State for the land taken from them, but they were often greatly in debt, their mortgages were deducted, and of the remainder only part was paid in cash, the rest in stock which was charged for the cost of administration. When the labour of the serfs was taken away from the owners who still held on, free labour was impossible to obtain, from peasants working their own land at seed-time and harvest. The nobles were therefore obliged to sell as much land as possible. They were allowed, if the peasants wanted a homestead, to oblige them to buy an allotment with it, and the State undertook to advance four-fifths of the purchase money. At the beginning of 1881 nearly 100,000,000l. had been thus advanced by the Government to the ex-serfs. Only 34 per cent., however, applied for money to be helped to buy; the remaining 66 per cent. have done it by compulsion.

The result as given in all the reports from Russian authorities and English consuls agree that the Emancipation Act has been an utter failure. They repeat the same facts again and again. ‘The peasant proprietors of the zone without black soil are in a condition of bankruptcy, hopelessly in arrears with their poll-tax, capitation rents, redemption dues.’ ‘The Russian peasants are now in reality with few exceptions mere paupers, as the land they cultivate does not yield enough to feed them. From one end of the country to the other, they are in a state of semi-starvation. In several of the Volga provinces there has been a widespread famine.’ The *Moscow Gazette* acknowledges that ‘nearly one-half of Russia is afflicted with famine to an extent hitherto unknown.’ Another report says, ‘The harvest has been failing in the south of Russia, not from drought, but from the ravages of beetles and worms produced by slovenly cultivation and shallow ploughing. In twenty-five years the experiment has reduced the Russian peasant to a lower level than when he was a serf, and exhausted the once rich soil of the country.’ The English consul at Taganrog repeats the same story. A quarter of a century has sufficed to ruin the once great and powerful nobles of Russia. One-fourth of their estates, indeed, of the whole agricultural soil of the country, is mortgaged to the land banks, who often step in and take possession. Another fourth has been sold outright.

In the black earth zone, with a produce of 281 kopecks per *desiatine*, the interest takes 228, the taxes 15, leaving the proprietor only 38 kopecks. It being impossible to get labour at the most important seasons, the landlords sometimes let land to the mir, receiving every third or fourth shock of corn as rent; the cost of ploughing, seed, and harvesting being borne by the peasants. The land considered enough in 1861 to support the peasants is now quite insufficient; village and communal taxes have increased as well as the Government imposts. The price of corn has gone down, the seasons have been bad, the agriculture is wretched, the produce is only $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ to the quantity of corn sown, whereas in England it is about 15 for winter and 20 for spring cereals. Although rent is only 2s. per acre for large holdings, and 11s. to 15s. for vegetable gardens, the peasants cannot at the present time live and pay their taxes, and their cattle and goods are often seized, which means ruin. No manure is used, corn is sown consecutively for years, after which the land is used for grazing.

A great part of the country has fallen into the hands of rapacious middle-men and speculators, the upper and middle classes are nearly ruined, and that without benefiting the masses.

Usury is the great nightmare of rural Russia at present, an evil which seems to dog the peasant proprietor in all countries alike. The 'Gombeen Man' is fast getting possession of the little Irish owners. A man who hires land cannot borrow on it; the little owner is tempted always to mortgage it at a pinch. In Russia he borrows to the outside of its value, to pay the taxes and get in his crop. 'The bondage labourers, i.e. men bound to work on their creditor's land as interest for money lent, receive no wages and are in fact a sort of slaves. They repay their extortioners by working as badly as they can—a 'level worst,' far inferior to that of the serfs of old, they harvest three and a half or four stacks of corn where the other peasants get five. The Koulaks and Mir-eaters, and other usurers, often of peasant origin, exhaust the peasant in every way; they then foreclose the mortgages, unite the small pieces of land once more, and reconstitute large estates. A koulak is not to be trifled with; he finds a thousand occasions for revenge; the peasant cannot cheat the Jew as he does the landlord, and is being starved out—the mortality is enormous. In the rural districts of England, the death rate is 18 per 1,000. In the whole of Central Russia it reached 62 per 1,000 at the last revision in 1882. 'The famine now so frightfully common is not owing to barrenness of the soil, for the mortality is greatest where the land is best. The birth rate in these provinces is 45.'

'The usurers are able to oppress the peasants by the help of the tax gatherer, e.g. they are obliged to sell their corn in September, when it is cheap, in order to pay the tax, and buy it again in winter, when it is dear, to live.' The tax-gatherer knows that if he sells up the peasant he becomes a beggar and can pay no more; flogging therefore is resorted to, and insolvent peasants are flogged in a body. Last winter an inspector of Novgorod reported that in one district 1,500 peasants had been condemned to be flogged for non-payment

of taxes. 550 had already suffered, and the Ministry was interceded with to procure a respite for the rest.' 'One-third of our peasants have become homeless, downtrodden, beggarly batraks.' 'The area of cultivated land has diminished by one-fifth and in some places by a quarter of its former amount.' 'Land yields nothing,' is the general outcry. 'It is abandoned to the wasteful cultivation of the cottiers,' says Stepniak—no prejudiced witness against them. The Nihilist remedy is to give the peasants more land, *i.e.* to enable them to mortgage further, and to divide still more as population increases. The other remedy proposed is to reconstitute large estates, which is being done already, but in the worst manner and by the worst men in the country; 'a wage-receiving class would then be possible,' it is said.

The artificial creation of a system of peasant proprietors in order to increase their well-being, it is allowed now on all hands, has failed entirely in Russia.

The two panaceas prescribed for Ireland have been the possession of land by the peasants, and local self-government, both of which have been enjoyed by the Russian peasant for centuries, although the particular form of it was changed. The proposals for Ireland by the late Government are strangely like those employed in Russia to carry out emancipation—*i.e.* the buying out of the landlords, the enormous advances of money to the peasants to purchase their land, the encouragement to the *morcellement* of property generally, and the extensive rights of self-government to be given to local communities. Moreover 'the character of the Russian Slav is like that of the pure Irish Celt, with no steady habit of industry or tenacity of purpose, the chief object of life being to drink and be merry. The consequence of the measure has been that the upper and middle classes have been ruined, agriculture in a good sense has almost ceased to exist, and the peasant is at the last degree of misery and starvation, ground down by the usurers, who alone make it possible to pay the taxes.'

The financial condition of Russia is thus described: 'The Government loses 5,000,000*l.* yearly by its administration of the railroads, about 3,500,000*l.* on the decline in value of the paper rouble.³ She borrows enormous sums each year at high interest. An overwhelming economic crisis in Russia is expected, which will bring financial ruin more disastrous than the most sanguinary and costly war.' It is a vicious circle: the Empire cannot reduce its expenditure, the taxes cannot be remitted, and they can only be paid by help of the

* England is now accused by Russia of every possible crime, 'the fall in the paper rouble,' the union of Roumelia which was hatched at Princess Beatrice's marriage, the refusal of the Mingrelian Prince, &c. She takes the place of the Bonaparte of the past generation in England. See Canning's poem in the *Anti-Jacobin*.

'Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?

Who makes the Luddites and the bread to rise?

Why he, who, forging for this land a yoke,

Reminds me of a line I lately spoke,' &c.

usurers. The knowledge of this will probably account for the hesitation lately shown at St. Petersburg. The malversations and speculations of the War Department are such, also, that the number of troops on paper is no real guide. It is told on the best authority that it was necessary to call out 700,000 men in the last war with Turkey in order to place 200,000 in the field; the rest had either not obeyed the summons, had fallen sick on the way, been starved, or had deserted.

The motive of emancipation cannot be considered as quite disinterested. It was not the first time that the Russian Government had posed as the protector of 'the masses against the classes.' Bulgaria is only the last instance of a policy which has long been the mainspring of Russian government. 'Profiting by the difference of race between the peasants and the German landowners and merchants in Lithuania and the Baltic provinces, it has aggravated the discord between them. The attempt to crush the German element has indeed created great ill-feeling in Germany. The same policy has been followed in Finland, where the Finns have been set against the Swedes,' while in Poland the ruin of the nobles, ousted in great part by the peasant proprietors (who are now mostly in the hands of the Jews), is a melancholy story. In Bulgaria the ill-will between the Mahomedan conquerors and landowners, and the Christian peasants, was such that Russia appeared as a deliverer; but as soon as she demands the price of her efforts, in a semi-protectorate, Bulgaria seems to feel as much dislike towards her would-be lord as to the old Turk himself.

One result of emancipation has come about, probably foreseen by the benevolent despot. The peasant class comprises five-sixths of the whole population—a stolid, ignorant, utterly unprogressive mass of human beings. They have received in gift nearly half the empire for their own use, and cling to the soil as their only chance of existence. They consequently dread all change, fearing that it should endanger this valued possession. A dense solid stratum of unreasoning conservatism thus constitutes the whole basis of Russian society, backed by the most corrupt set of officials to be found in the whole world. The middle and upper classes are often full of ardent wishes for the advancement of society and projects for the reform of the State. These are generally of the wildest and most terrible description, but their objects are anything but unreasonable. They desire to share in political power and the government of their country, as is the privilege of every other nation in Europe, and they hope to do something for the seething mass of ignorance and misery around them. The Nihilists have an ideal at least of good, and the open air of practical politics would probably get rid of the unhealthy absurdities and wickedness of their creeds. But the Russian peasant cares neither for liberty nor politics, neither for education, or cleanliness, or civilisation of any kind. His only interest is to squeeze just

enough out of his plot of ground to live upon, and to get drunk⁴ as many days in the year as possible. With such a base to the pyramid as is constituted by the peasant proprietors of Russia, aided by the enormous army, recruited almost to any extent from among their ranks, whose chief religion is a superstitious reverence for the 'great father,'⁵ the Czar is safe in refusing all concessions, all improvements; and the hopeless nature of Russian reform hitherto, mainly hangs upon the conviction of the Government that nothing external can possibly act upon this inert mass. 'Great is stupidity, and shall prevail.' But surely not for ever!

F. P. VERNEY.

⁴ 'When God created the world He made different nations, and gave them all sorts of good things—land, corn, fruit. Then He asked them if they were satisfied, and they all said "Yes," except the Russian, who had got as much as the rest, but simpered, "Please, Lord, some vodka."—*Russian Popular Tale*.

⁵ 'The same word *Batushka* is used for Father, the head of the *Mir*, the serf-owner, and the Czar,' says Haxthausen; the sun and moon appear under the same word in the songs.

THE ZENITH OF CONSERVATISM.

THERE was a favourite saying of Ptolemy the astronomer, which Lord Bacon quotes in its Latin version thus: *Quum fini appropinquas, bonum cum augmento operare*—‘As you draw near to your latter end, redouble your efforts to do good.’ From time to time I have ventured to criticise the action of our great political parties. The professional politicians are always apt to be impatient of the intervention in politics of a candid outsider, and he must expect to provoke contempt and resentment in a good many of them. Still the action of the regular politicians continues to be, for the most part, so very far from successful, that the outsider is perpetually tempted to brave their anger and to offer his observations, with the hope of possibly doing some little good by saying what many quiet people are thinking and wishing outside of the strife, phrases, and routine of professional politics. Declining years supply a motive, Ptolemy tells us, to an aged outsider for more than ever trying to do this, and so, at the present moment of crisis, I find myself drawn back to politics. Before the defeat of the Liberals I criticised the performance and situation of the Liberal party under Mr. Gladstone, and said that this great party seemed to have at that moment pretty well reached its *nadir*, or lowest. The other great political party, the party of the Conservatives, might on the contrary before the recent sudden surprise of Lord Randolph Churchill’s resignation have been said to stand at its zenith, or highest. Before Parliament meets, and it is decided whether the fortunes of Conservatism shall remain prosperous or shall take a turn to decline and fall, I want to inquire how things look to plain people outside of the rivalry of parties, and on what the standing or falling of the Conservative fortunes seems to depend.

When one thinks of the weakness of the Conservatives in the last Parliament, of the confidence of Mr. Gladstone and his followers that in the elections for the present Parliament they would sweep the Conservatives from the field, and how this confidence proved false and the Conservatives from very weak in Parliament became very strong; when one thinks, next, of the prophesying of the Liberals that the alliance between the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists would instantly dissolve, and how false, too, this prophesying proved; when one considers, finally, how the Conservatives in their resistance

to Mr. Gladstone had and have the mind of the country with them, or at least the mind of England, of the far greatest, most civilised, and most influential part of the country, the part, too, where the mere trade or game of politics least absorbs men, where there is to be found the largest number of people who think coolly and independently—when one considers all this, one must surely own that the Conservatives might until just now have been said to be at their zenith.

Certainly there have been appearances of danger. We heard at one time that Mr. Chamberlain was consenting to an attack on the Home Secretary's seat at Birmingham, at another that Sir George Trevelyan was going himself to contest a Conservative seat at Brighton. Then, too, there was Mr. Gladstone's friendly proposal that the Liberal Unionists should join with him to force the hand of the Conservative leaders at the beginning of this coming session, and to make them at once produce their plans for dealing with Ireland. But these former appearances of danger passed off. Mr. Chamberlain was staunch, Sir George Trevelyan was staunch. Mr. Gladstone's friendly call to co-operation was received by Lord Hartington with a coldness which reminds one irresistibly of the attitude of the prince in *Rasselas*: 'His old instructor officiously sought opportunities of conference, which the prince, having long considered him as one whose intellects were exhausted, was not very willing to afford.'

Now, however, has come the startling surprise of Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation. Of course, that resignation is a grave event, throwing a very serious responsibility upon Lord Randolph Churchill, a very serious responsibility upon Lord Salisbury. So long, however, as the Liberal Unionists continue staunch, and the majority remains unimpaired, the gravity of the event is ministerial and parliamentary, rather than national. But the attitude of Mr. Chamberlain, agitated by Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation, has become equivocal. More than ever is it important that the mind of the country, the great power of quiet reasonable opinion in England, should make its force felt. Parliaments, parties, and politicians, are more or less discredited; that force is at bottom sound, and affords our best guarantee of national strength and safety. It placed the Conservatives in office, and, if not alienated, it will for the present keep them there. Questions of persons sink into insignificance beside the paramount question, whether Ministers will, by their policy on two or three matters, now of main concern, carry the mind of the country with them. It is favourable to them at present, in spite of Lord Randolph Churchill's defection and of Mr. Chamberlain's signalings to the enemy. It is favourable to them at present, and shows no signs of withdrawing from them its goodwill. But how are they to keep it favourable? How are they to retain the goodwill of that great body of quiet reasonable people, who thought the course attempted by Mr.

Gladstone and his Liberals a false and dangerous one, and rejoiced at the success of the Conservatives in stopping it?

Well, what the Conservatives, having been themselves successful, have now above all to do, is to make their country too, in its turn, *succeed*. There can be no doubt that for this good while past our country has not been, in the judgment of any cool-headed person, succeeding; that it has seemed somehow, as has been said, to flounder and to beat the air; to be finding itself stopped on this line and on that, and to be threatened with a sort of standstill. People carried away by party spirit will say anything; they will say that Mr. Gladstone succeeded in Egypt, that he was successful with his Land Act, successful with procedure. But that great body of plain reasonable people, whose goodwill at present makes, I say, the strength of the Conservative Government, know better. Perhaps party writers on the Tory side will say that Lord Salisbury's Government, since it has been in power, has already been succeeding; but dispassionate observers will hardly agree to that either. The Conservatives have done little or nothing hitherto, since they came into power, to make their country *succeed*, to make things go happily for us, any more than the Liberals did. I do not say that the Conservatives are to be blamed for this; perhaps they have not had time, perhaps they have been reserving themselves for the meeting of Parliament. But the fact remains; they have not yet made their country visibly recover itself and succeed, and to make it do this is what is wanted of them. If they are to remain at the zenith, they must do it; and both for their own sake and for the sake of the country it is most important for them, and now since Lord Randolph Churchill's defection more important than ever, to consider by what sort of proceedings when Parliament meets, since they seem to be waiting for the meeting of Parliament, they are likely to do it.

Soon enough will the occasions come to the Conservative Government, the occasions for standing or falling; and in what fashion soever they may meet them they will have plenty of party foes sure to tell them that they do ill, and plenty of party friends to tell them that they do well. But the verdict which will decide whether they and the great Conservative party led by them shall really stand or fall is, I repeat, the great force of fair and reasonable English opinion independent of party. This force is what they must keep in view and seek to satisfy. It will go with them in not permitting questions to be raised which ought to be postponed to matters more urgently pressing now. But with three matters of urgent present importance the Government will, as every one knows, have to deal: procedure, the state of Ireland, local government. It is probable also, that some branch or other of the question of Church disestablishment will force itself under the notice of Parliament and compel discussion. On

perhaps four matters, therefore, the Government will, we may expect, have to declare itself: procedure, the state of Ireland, local government, Church disestablishment. On these it will have to carry with it, if it is to stand and not to fall, the great body of independent reasonable opinion in England.

Let us take procedure first. Probably no member of Parliament quite knows how scandalous and intolerable the present state of the House of Commons appears to the great body of quiet reasonable people throughout the country. Party men may find their account, one way or another, in that state of things; the excitement of it, and self-importance, may make many members of Parliament blind to the actual truth. • But the actual truth is that plain reasonable people outside the House of Commons regard the confusion into which it has fallen, and its apparent helplessness to extricate itself, with ever deepening disgust and shame; it is a relief to them when Parliament is not sitting; they are uneasy and apprehensive as soon as it meets again, for they know that the time for humiliation has returned. A Minister said solemnly, after a scandalous scene: ‘The country will judge;’ the *Times* sounded its eternal warning: ‘If this sort of thing continues, it will become necessary to apply some very stringent remedy.’ The country *has* judged, judged and condemned. It has judged that the stringent remedy ought to have been long before now applied, and has condemned the House of Commons of impotence for not applying it. Factionous men in the House of Commons may from party interest oppose a stringent reform of procedure, vain men may oppose it in the interest of their own importance; pedants, both inside and outside the House of Commons, may oppose it on the strength of stock phrases which perhaps had force and truth once but which have them no longer. But the body of quiet reasonable opinion throughout the country is in favour of a most stringent reform; and this opinion will heartily approve the Government if it undertakes such a reform and carries it through, will be displeased and alienated if it does not. Plain people will not be impracticable and insist on having closure by a bare majority, if the Government finds that time and labour are saved through accepting closure by a majority of three-fifths, or of two-thirds; but the more stringent a closure the Government can carry, the better will plain people be pleased. I presume it will hardly now be Lord Randolph Churchill who will propose closure; but to imagine that we should have been so stiff as not to accept closure from Lord Randolph Churchill because he of old intemperately inveighed against it, is to think us foolish indeed. The *Saturday Review* objects to my quoting Bishop Wilson, but really I have a maxim of his which fits Lord Randolph Churchill’s duty in this matter exactly: ‘Let us not afflict ourselves with our failings; our perfection consists in opposing them.’

The subject of Ireland I will leave to the last, because it requires

to be treated at most length. We come next, therefore, to the question of local government. It cannot be said that the opinion which the Conservative Ministry is so concerned to satisfy, the opinion of quiet reasonable people throughout the country, has as yet much addressed itself to this question of local government, or feels a keen interest in it. Such people are indeed bent, as I believe, on giving to the Irish the due control of their own local affairs, just as the Scotch have it, or the English themselves. Through the Parliament at Westminster Scotchmen and Englishmen do in the main get this control, though by an imperfect and inconvenient method; Irishmen, however, fail to get it, and a plan of local government is necessary in order to give it to them. The necessity is recognised; it is known, moreover, that other nations have reformed their system of local government to meet modern needs, whilst ours remains chaotic and inefficient. And the more the advantage of the reforms effected elsewhere comes to be understood, the greater will be the impatience at our unreformed chaos. Difficulties are raised, it is objected that a thorough system of local government, such as we see, for instance, in the United States, implies a federal organisation of the people concerned. But the kingdom of Prussia is not organised federally any more than the kingdom of Great Britain; and in Prussia the Liberals have reformed almost the whole system of the local governments, and established a system new and thorough; it is the one success of the Prussian Liberals. Prussia has thirteen Provinces and four hundred and sixty-nine Circles or Districts, each with its assembly elected by a very simple and wide suffrage; after these come all the municipalities, urban and rural, each of them with its own elective assembly too. The system works well. I have most examined it in connection with the elementary schools. These have far more to do with the district and provincial governments than with the central government. They are gainers thereby, they are managed with less of what we call *red tape*, with much more understanding of local needs. Furthermore, in monarchical Prussia just as in republican and federal America, the district and provincial assemblies afford a wholesome training in public affairs to their members, a training which both informs and raises them, and of which the middle class in our country is destitute. The more that all this comes to be known and considered, the more will the force of quiet reasonable opinion here be engaged in favour of creating a thorough system of local government. At present our people do, as I have already admitted, chiefly think of it as a remedy for the Irish difficulty. Whether as a system for Ireland only, or for the entire kingdom, it is important that it should be built on sufficiently large lines, not too complicated, not fantastic, not hesitating and suspicious, not taking back with one hand what it gives with the other. Why? Because a measure of that kind cannot possibly win general and cordial acceptance, cannot, therefore, really

succeed ; and *success*, clear and broad success, is what the general sentiment demands from measures produced by the Government. People are become very impatient of seeing their country fumble and fail, the efforts of government turn awry, our affairs go amiss. If Ministers do not see their way to producing a full and frank measure of local government at the present moment, they would surely do well to put off the production of their measure rather than produce a lame one ; most especially if, as is rumoured, Ireland is thought to be not in a proper state for the immediate introduction there of any such measure at all.

Next we have the question of Church disestablishment, which is likely to come under discussion in connection with Wales. Here it is above all important that Ministers should not only think of defeating their party opponents and of gratifying their party supporters, but also of carrying with them the mind of the country, the force of quiet reasonable opinion in the nation. Admit reforms they must ; but Conservatives are always saying that it is their principle to make needful reforms, only without destroying. I will add that they can afford to disregard entirely their adversaries' reproach of stealing the Liberal reforms. The important reforms which the Liberal party, the party of movement and change, has brought about, are almost entirely reforms demanded—legitimately, I will add, demanded—by the instinct of expansion in our community, reforms among which the extension of the suffrage, with the ballot, may stand as chief. But these are reforms of machinery, requiring not much insight or thought to make them ; comparatively easy, and tempting in proportion to their ease. For the more vital and constructive kinds of reform the Liberal party has shown, except in the single and doubtful case of Free Trade, little disposition and no faculty. What is the Liberal policy in Ireland ? Throwing up the game there, the virtual abandonment of the Union. What is the Liberal policy with regard to the Church ? Mere destruction of a great and old national agency. What with regard to the House of Lords ? Very much the same thing. Sir George Trevelyan seems inclined, Unionist though he is, to make the Liberal party his religion, just as the religion of Gambetta, Mr. Frederic Harrison tells us, was France ; and I must say that neither the one nor the other object for religion seems to me adequate. When the Liberal party proposes to reform without destroying, its proposals are commonly childish. Take the well-known Liberal proposition to expel the bishops from the House of Lords. One can hardly imagine sensible men planning a Second Chamber which should not include the Archbishop of Canterbury for the time being, or which should include the young gentlemen who now flock to the House of Lords when pigeon-shooting is in question. But our precious Liberal reformers are for retaining the pigeon-shooters and for expelling the Archbishop of Canterbury.

No: if the Conservatives can produce vital and constructive reforms, there is no fear of our finding them to be plagiarisms from the Liberals. But vital and constructive reforms, such as may so properly come from the party of stability and prominence—reforms which possess, as Burke finely says, ‘all the benefits which may be in change without any of the inconveniences of mutation,’ these the Conservatives must produce, or must at least show themselves capable of producing; and nowhere more than in Church matters.

Twenty years and more have now gone by, since in a lecture at Oxford I quoted the declaration of a member of Parliament, a friend of mine, that a thing’s being an anomaly was in his opinion no objection to it whatever, and I remarked that at any rate, perhaps, the labours of the friends of light might be trusted to prevail so far as this: that in twenty years’ time it should be thought, even in England, an objection to a thing that it is absurd. And this is what has really come about. The epoch of concentration has ended for us, the ice has broken up, things are no longer looked upon as a part of the order of creation merely because we find them existing. If they are absurd, this is now a positive objection to them; they become impossible as well, and have to be got rid of. Apply this to Church matters. The American newspapers have all been saying with wonder lately, and our newspapers have repeated it after them, that the present Earl of Lonsdale has forty Church livings in his gift, and nominates their incumbents. Perhaps he has not really so many as forty, but certainly he has a good number. Well, twenty years ago, if a like thing had been mentioned, the stale old hacks in politics and religion, whose business it was to talk plausibly on these topics but to prevent all innovation, would have uttered their decorous platitudes, would have said that the thing was unfortunate, but that it could not possibly be helped, and our society at large would have gravely acquiesced. But now the mention of a thing of this kind startles people, raises their impatience. They feel that Lord Lonsdale’s having the presentation to these livings is an absurdity. The body of quiet reasonable people throughout the country, whose goodwill is so essential to the Government, have come, I say, to perceive, when a thing of this kind is brought to their notice, that it is absurd; it is felt to be absurd, and its long continuance henceforth, therefore, becomes impossible. The Government must in questions of Church patronage be in concert with this force of reasonable opinion, not lagging behind it or in conflict with it.

The same as to the maintenance of the Church establishment on its actual footing, under circumstances such as those which we see presenting themselves in Wales. To maintain the establishment in Wales for the sole benefit of a small minority of the population is an absurdity there, just as it was in Ireland. When it comes before the mind of reasonable people, it is felt by them to be an absurdity.

The thing being felt to be an absurdity, its long continuance becomes impossible. Does that necessitate disestablishment, secularisation of Church revenues, giving to roads and bridges what was meant for religion? Not by any means. The sterile programme of our actual party Liberalism has no better solution than this to offer, but a better solution may be found, and it is the business of a truly Conservative government to find it. The mind of the country will be heartily with them if they can produce and apply it.

And now I come, lastly, to that which is, after all, both the great opportunity and the great danger for the Conservatives at present—Ireland. If they succeed here, they will be at the zenith beyond all doubt of question, and whatever Lord Randolph Churchill or Mr. Chamberlain may do or say; if they fumble and fail, if their efforts go awry and affairs in Ireland go amiss, then inevitably must come the turn of Cleon and his democracy, who will resume in triumph the game which the country cut short once, but will then reluctantly leave them free to pursue. All that will be left for the Conservatives will be to cry out, like the Abbé Sieyès: *Ruit irrevocabile vulgus*.

Now, however, Ministers have the mind of the country thoroughly with them in resisting Home Rule—Home Rule as Mr. Gladstone and his followers understand it. There prevails, apparently, in the ideas of many people who think and talk about Home Rule, the most astonishing laxity and confusion. Home Rule, for many people, means just the same thing as local government. Whoever is for local government, for giving the Irish people the control of their own local affairs, is for Home Rule, only his opposition to Mr. Gladstone makes him choose a different form of expression! I have seen Sir Redvers Buller called a Home Ruler because he is, or is supposed to be, for putting pressure on harsh and impracticable landlords. But Home Rule has for Mr. Gladstone and his followers a certain definite, fixed meaning, which they have again and again declared to us, and it is this: *A separate Parliament for Ireland, with an Irish executive responsible to that Parliament*. I know they reserve Imperial affairs, and withhold them from the control of the Irish Parliament and Irish executive. But the point is, that by Home Rule they mean one separate Parliament for the Irish, with a separate executive responsible to it. Local government may mean many things, but Home Rule has now come to mean this particular, definite thing, which Mr. Gladstone and his followers declare themselves to understand by it. And the question is, is the thing expedient, or is it dangerous and to be resisted? There can be no doubt that the Conservatives think it dangerous and to be resisted, that the mind of the country has gone with them in their resistance to it hitherto, and still goes with them in resistance to it now.

Treatises might be written—treatises are written, treatises very

as, very elaborate, and very long—on the dangers of Home Rule as Mr. Gladstone and his followers understand it. But I have in view the opinion and disposition of the great body of plain reasonable people throughout the country, whose favour has brought the Conservatives to their zenith, and must be retained if they are to stay there. For general use by plain reasonable people the apparatus of argument employed against Home Rule is excessive; it is much too full and too vast. And it is not required; a single apposite and clear illustration brings the state of the case home to their minds better than scores of long speeches and treatises, with all their elaborate apparatus of argument. This is why I have so much insisted on an illustration afforded by the United States of America. Lord Spencer, having apparently, in his strange courses of late, got hold of a formula of Jacobinism by mistake for a formula of Whiggery, asks with earnestness: ‘Is there not a mandate from the Irish people to the British Parliament to give Home Rule?’—and seems to think that this settles the matter. Ireland could address no stronger mandate to Parliament to give Home Rule than the Southern States addressed to the North to give them a separate Congress and a separate executive. If that mandate ought to have settled the matter for the Americans, then the Irish mandate ought to settle the matter for us. If it would have been the same thing for the United States to grant to the South a separate Southern Congress and executive at Richmond as to grant them provincial governments at Montgomery, Atlanta, and all the rest of the Southern chief towns, then to grant Gladstonian Home Rule to Ireland is the same thing as granting local government to it. If it would have been dangerous to grant a Southern Congress and a Southern executive, then it would be dangerous to grant an Irish Parliament, and an executive responsible to it. If a Southern Congress, with whatever restrictions you might have surrounded it, would have been sure to pose sooner or later as an independent Parliament and to threaten and embarrass the North, so would an Irish Parliament—take what securities now you please, devise and apply every safeguard you can—inevitably act towards Great Britain. It is in the nature of things that it should be so, and in the case of Ireland even more than in the case of the Southern States of America. If these States were left confronting the North, after their bitter conflict, with feelings of irritation and estrangement, what were those feelings compared with the rage, hatred, and scorn with which the Irish, as they themselves are every day telling us, regard Great Britain? To be a thorn in Great Britain’s side, to make alliance with its rivals, to turn against it in a crisis of danger, would be more tempting to the Irish by far (I judge them, again, simply from what they themselves say) than a similar conduct towards the Northern States would have been to the South. The

abundance of political talent and energy in the South, however would have of itself been enough, without fierce hatred to help it, to impel a Southern Parliament to make itself independent and formidable. The love for the game of politics, and the talent for it, are as strong in the Irish as in the men of the South; Bishop Berkeley long ago remarked the 'general parturieney in Ireland with respect to politics and public counsel.' And to make Irishmen extend the scope, importance, and power for mischief of their Parliament, they have all the stimulus of fierce hatred as well.

What has been here said touches only, an Irishman may urge, the interest of Great Britain in the matter. A separate Parliament may still, he will say, be for the advantage of Ireland, and an Irishman may desire it, though it might prove embarrassing to Great Britain. Burke, we now continually hear it alleged, was for retaining the Irish Parliament, and against such a union with Great Britain as was afterwards established. It is most important to have Burke's very words on this matter. Thus he writes in 1792:

I have heard a discussion concerning such a union amongst all sorts of men ever since I remember anything. For my own part I have never been able to bring my mind to anything clear and decisive upon the subject. There cannot be a more arduous question. As far as I can form an opinion, it would not be for the mutual advantage of the two kingdoms. Persons, however, more able than I am, think otherwise.

Was ever disapprobation more cautious, more candidly doubtful of itself? I have so much respect for Burke's judgment that I am willing to share his doubt whether in 1792 the projected Union may have been advisable. But I am quite sure that to go back upon it in 1886, after it has been established for nearly a hundred years, and to return to a separate Parliament for Ireland, is a retrograde step inexpedient and dangerous, and for Ireland not less than for England; and I am sure that Burke would have thought so too. For in our present circumstances, and with tempers as they are now, a separate Parliament for Ireland would assuredly, as we have seen, of itself supply fresh occasions for conflict between Ireland and Great Britain, and increase the alienation and distrust already too prevalent. And 'the closest connection between Great Britain and Ireland is essential,' Burke thought, 'to the wellbeing, almost to the very being, of the two kingdoms.' He thought that 'by the separation of Ireland Great Britain, indeed, would be ruined; but as there are degrees even in ruin, it would fall the most heavily on Ireland. By such a separation Ireland would be the most completely undone country in the world, the most wretched, the most distracted, and, in the end, the most desolate part of the habitable globe.'

The Irish mandate for Home Rule, therefore, on which Lord Spencer relies, is really a mandate for increased alienation; and

A alienation means increased misery, for Ireland above all. Irish have set their affections on this, it is surely a case for /g them, with Shakespeare, that

. . . your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil;—

for telling them, in the words of the Frenchwoman who observed the troubles of the Fronde, that *ce qu'ils demandent n'est pas ce qu'il faut pour les apaiser*, 'what they ask for is not what is wanted to bring them peace.' Mr. Gladstone may fail to perceive this, because, with all his wonderful gifts, he yet lacks so signally the crowning gift of wisdom and insight. Mr. Morley may fail to acknowledge it, because he despairs of the English people and Parliament. But the mind of the country at once instinctively perceived it, instinctively felt that the separate Irish Parliament and Irish executive means a lull for an instant, to be followed by increased contention and misery in the near future. Lord Hartington's sound judgment is shown by his having from the first signalised this proposal of Mr. Gladstone as the specially dangerous one, and never wavered in doing so. The Conservative party, as a whole, has staunchly taken and held the same view. The mind of the country is with them in it, the great body of quiet reasonable opinion in England wishes them continued success in their resistance to Gladstonian Home Rule.

But what, now, shall we say of the set and disposition of this great force of opinion, in the questions which arise as to acts of firm government in Ireland? It is entirely favourable to such acts. The language of certain eager and impassioned Liberal newspapers on this topic is such as to show a sheer absence of all instinct of government, and finds no response at all in the mind of plain reasonable Englishmen generally. 'What might be a fair rent to pay?' Mr. Sheehy asks an Irish crowd. 'A voice responded, "*Nothing!*" followed by a burst of laughter and applause. "I like your music," says Mr. Sheehy, "and I hope that many will learn it." 'We will march on from victory to victory,' says Mr. O'Brien, 'until we shall have liberated this land from the two curses of landlordism and English rule.' 'In the day of our power we will remember the police,' says Mr. Dillon. O'Connell was prosecuted in 1824 for saying: 'If Parliament will not attend to the Catholic claims, I hope that some Bolivar will arise to vindicate their rights.' That was excess on the side of government. But now we have changed all that, and if Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien are prosecuted when they use language such as that which I have just quoted, the *Pall Mall Gazette* exclaims that this is 'arbitrary interference with the ordinary liberties of the subject.' Surely this is excess on the side of anarchy. It finds, I say, no response in the minds of quiet reasonable Englishmen generally. Rather they are indisposed

by what looks like weakness, hesitation and pedantry enfeebling the mind and hand of the executive government, suffering disorder to grow to a height, and the public authority to be scorned and set at naught. Far from thinking that the interference of Government with Irish liberty of speech and action has been excessive, the majority of fair-minded and peaceable Englishmen think that it has been insufficient. It is fatal for the Irish themselves to acquire the habit of setting government and law at defiance. Merely to break down this habit of defiance is not all that we have now to do in Ireland; that is quite true, and most important it is to insist upon it. But the habit of defiance must not be allowed to establish itself, must be quelled when it seeks to establish itself. Whatever fanatics or party politicians may say, the mind of the country is clear and firm on this matter, and will uphold Government in quelling anarchy.

But there must be *success* in quelling it. The executive must not give to the world, and to the Irish themselves, in trying to quell it, the spectacle of fumbling and failure, of efforts going awry, of justice defeated, of authority made ridiculous. Days spent by a sheriff and his men in vainly trying to get possession of a barricaded house, the sheriff's men maltreated and blinded, the crowd jeering and yelling, with a force of police and soldiers looking on and doing nothing—this is not quelling anarchy. Bringing offenders before juries who are delighted to show their enmity to Government by acquitting them, is not quelling anarchy. In general, administrative action is what is now required against anarchy in Ireland, not recourse to proceedings at law. 'Trial by jury in Ireland,' said Sir James Graham as long ago as 1844, 'is the weak place which renders the civil government of that country all but impossible.' Changing the venue to England would be at least as odious to the Irish as firm administrative action. Administration may do a great deal; 'he who administers, governs,' says Burke; but then the administration must not be punctilious, dilatory, and vacillating. There are surely some kinds of speeches, some kinds of meetings, some kinds of newspaper-writing, which in the present circumstances of Ireland should not be permitted there and should be stopped. Political adversaries will of course reproach the administration with being, in Mr. Morley's phrase, 'so ready to go before the law instead of waiting to see what the law is!' But there is no doubt what the law is. The judges have just pronounced the Plan of Campaign to be 'an absolutely illegal organisation.' It was perfectly well known to be so, Mr. Morley himself knew it to be so, before this last pronouncement of the judges. It was perfectly well known, Mr. Morley himself knew it, that such language as that used by Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Brien, and Mr. Sheehy is, as the judges now again tell us, language 'liable to lead to crime and outrage.' The thing is, for the administration to act with firmness, intelligence, and consistency, on this very clear knowledge. I

remember saying to Mr. Forster that it was utterly useless to be shutting up 'village ruffians,' or even Mr. Parnell himself, while *United Ireland* was inflaming and infuriating the Irish people all day long with impunity. Of course only the administration can deal with such an incitement to crime and outrage as *United Ireland*; an Irish jury at present will not. But administrative action, steady and resolute, in repressing this and other undoubted incitements to crime and outrage in Ireland, the great body of plain reasonable opinion in England would see with hearty approval.

What, however, as to Mr. Dillon's contention that he is 'endeavouring to bring pressure to bear upon bad landlords to get rack-rents reduced, and to save the tenants, who cannot possibly pay them, from destitution and misery'? The answer, for whoever is not infected with the Jacobinical temper and passions, is clear. Grant that there are bad landlords in Ireland, and rents which ought to be reduced; grant also that concessions have often been wrung from government only by the fear of disturbance, crime, and outrage. Never, for all that, let us forget or deny for a moment that unswerving firmness in repressing disturbance, crime, and outrage, or whatever plainly leads to them, is always a government's duty. If there is wrong to be redressed, and the government, after repressing disorder, does not redress it, the government leaves a part, a great part, of its duty undone. Let us diligently train ourselves, and train public opinion, to make government do this part of its duty also; but do not let us ever approve of its leaving the other part of its duty, the quelling of anarchy, undone. The temper of the English people is not Jacobinical; more than most communities, the body of quiet people here are capable of grasping and holding firm the indispensable truth that under no circumstances may a government be irresolute in repressing disorder.

Still the redressing of wrong is assuredly part of a government's duty as well as the repressing of disorder. And there are very bad landlords in Ireland. So there are, it may be said, everywhere. But, in Ireland, they represent, as I have often urged, a system; they represent to the Irish a system which has made peace and prosperity impossible, and which strikes at the root of order. The Duke of Wellington, with his deep practical good sense, warned the Irish landlords, warned them earnestly; Croker says, in his valuable *Sketch of the State of Ireland*, that it was 'concocted with Sir Arthur Wellesley,' then Irish Secretary. And let us hear Croker, that most unsuspected witness, on the cause of 'the constant warfare between the landlords and their tenants by which for fifty years past Ireland has been disturbed and disgraced.' Here is the cause:—

A landlord is not mere land-merchant; he has duties to perform as well as rents to receive; and from his neglect of the former springs his difficulty in the latter, and the general misery and distraction. The combinations of the peasantry

against this short-sighted monopoly are natural and fatal. Whoever assembles the Irish, disturbs them; disturbance soon coalesces with treason.

But we were then, and for long afterwards, living in an epoch of concentration. Nothing could be done. The Duke of Wellington himself seems to say mournfully under his breath: *Non possumus!* The stale old hacks, plausible and proper as usual, protested that it was unfortunate, but that nothing could by any possibility be done. Ministers left the sufferers to 'general sympathy.' But general sympathy was then timid and hide-bound, at any rate where the land was concerned, and the land, moreover, with Papists to occupy it. But now there has come a change. We are living in an epoch of expansion; with the loss of some salutary restraints, there has been gain in an enlarged and heightened power of sympathy; with the fading of the theological and distant view of Christianity, the practical and direct view of it has certainly strengthened, and has quickened our sense of sympathy. The nature, rights, and duties of property are freely canvassed; those of property in land above all. Well, the change has gone so far that at this moment, not to the populace only, not to Jacobins, not to socialists, not to newspaper declaimers, not to Radical demagogues, not to these only, but to the great body of quiet reasonable people throughout the country, Lord Clanricarde with his fifty thousand acres in Galway is, like Lord Lonsdale with his forty livings in the Church, an absurdity. Lord Clanricarde, 'mere land-merchant,' living, we are told, in the Albany, contemptuous and neglectful, never going near his tenants, never hearing what they have to ask or say, doing nothing at all for them, is an absurdity, and therefore cannot now long be maintained. Being felt to be absurd, he is become, or is fast becoming, impossible. That same great force of reasonable opinion in this country which is now favourable to Ministers, and makes their chief force, will not suffer this sort of landlord to be long maintained. True, if his tenants are evicted, they are to be evicted without the spectacle of a siege in which the sheriff's people are maltreated and scalded all day amid the yells of a mob, while the police and soldiers are kept looking on, doing nothing. But that he should be long maintained is impossible.

Ministers should consider that the general opinion is not without sympathy for Mr. Dillon personally, and for much which he thinks and says, although it wishes his defiance of law to be firmly stopped. If Lord Clanricarde's tenants are evicted, it wishes them evicted without rioting; but it has its own thoughts about Lord Clanricarde. Lord Salisbury's figure of the highwayman, Mr. Goschen's of the garrotter, are smart rhetoric rather than sound statesmanship, if the tenants in conflict with Lord Clanricarde do not really at all present themselves to the mind of the country as highwaymen and garroters, and cannot be made so to present themselves. Samson's pulling

down of the court-house at Gaza upon himself and the Philistine lords was a violent, irregular, and unlawful proceeding. But we do not in the least think of Samson as a garrotter and highwayman, nor will quiet people in general think of Lord Clanricarde's tenants under this figure. Garrotters and highwaymen have only to be brought under the strong hand of the law; Lord Clanricarde's tenants have to be firmly stopped, indeed, from rioting, but then something further has to be done for them, some relief afforded. The land question has indeed to be dealt with, and there can be no peace in Ireland until it has been dealt with successfully; that is most true.

The Land Act of 1881 unsettled everything; it introduced or confirmed a divided ownership full of inconvenience, full of elements of dispute. But its chief fault was that whereas the Irish tenant had two grievances, a material grievance and a moral grievance, the Land Act, which dealt after a fashion with the material grievance, left the moral grievance, the grievance of bad landlordism carried to lengths hardly exemplified elsewhere and striking at the root of order, wholly untouched. How very great a force moral grievance has in human affairs we all know. But the Land Act recognised no difference whatever between good landlords and bad, between landlords who had always done their duty and landlords who had never done it at all. I insisted, at the time when the Land Act was passing, upon this its capital defect; I urged that the great and passionately felt moral grievance of the Irish peasantry could be met and wiped out best, could be met and wiped out only, by a direct moral satisfaction, by some measure distinguishing between good landlords and bad, and telling on the bad with severity. I said that if we liked to suppose one of our chief judges and one of our chief philanthropists authorised to establish, on due inquiry, the distinction demanded, and then a measure of expropriation founded on the distinction so reached, that would give us the sort of equity, the sort of moral satisfaction, which the case needed. By Mr. Gladstone's recent Purchase Bill the landlords were to be bought out; but again no distinction was recognised between good and bad landlords, all were to get the same terms. The Purchase Bill is said to have reconciled Lord Spencer to the Home Rule Bill; the majority of Mr. Gladstone's followers would probably have rejected it after they had carried Home Rule. But the Purchase Bill, like the Land Act before it, left the moral grievance of the Irish tenantry wholly untouched; and it may be confidently affirmed that no bill for buying out the Irish landlords will really *succeed* which does not touch this grievance, does not distinguish between good landlords and bad, does not give better terms to the good landlords, worse to the bad.

The mind and conscience of the country, not only Irish malcontents and their Liberal allies, will demand this, and would be alienated, I most sincerely believe, by the Government's declaring against it. Meanwhile

Ministers have promised to put what pressure they can upon bad landlords in order to make them reasonable. Administrative action is here again of extreme value and importance. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Sir Redvers Buller have been sharply attacked on the supposition that they were putting pressure on bad landlords. Under present circumstances they perform a high public duty in applying it; and they are, moreover, the very best persons by whom it can be applied. Their own interests are known to be naturally with the landlords; what they do to press them will therefore be done simply for the public safety. It is asked, why may Sir Michael Hicks-Beach put pressure on bad landlords, when Mr. Morley might not? I have often expressed my high esteem for Mr. Morley, and wherever his course may lead him I shall always feel for him regard and affection. But in despair of the good sense and justice of England he has surrendered to Mr. Parnell and his party; and to complain of its being thought unsafe to let Mr. Morley put pressure on the landlords, is like complaining of its being thought unsafe, in the War of Secession, to let Mr. Jefferson Davis put pressure on the abolitionists. The same as to Mr. Dillon and Mr. Parnell. Why not let Mr. Dillon put pressure on bad landlords, since pressure on them is needed? why not have accepted Mr. Parnell's bill for putting it? Why? Because Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon are Separatists and Home Rulers, and it is not consistent with public safety to let them usurp the functions of government in Ireland, in the midst of a struggle whether Home Rule and separation are or are not to be conceded. But functionaries who are the strong opponents of Home Rule and separation, and whose interests, too, are naturally with the landlords, are just the people whom we may well trust, if they put pressure upon landlords, to put it so far as the public good imperatively requires, and no further.

May they to that extent put it freely, and may Government uphold them in putting it, as the general opinion of the country most certainly will! May Government also, when it comes to deal by legislation with the land question in Ireland, make good the Land Act's great omission, and regard equity! May the Conservative leaders also produce a good measure of local government, and rescue procedure from chaos; may they likewise be reasonable on Church questions; then the opinion and favour of the country will remain with them, as that opinion is with them now. Let them therefore be strong and of a good courage. A government not brilliant, but with an open mind, and quite honest and quite firm, may serve our present needs much better than a government far more brilliant, but which is not perfectly honest or not perfectly firm. But on no account must Ministers give cause for saying, as Mr. Chamberlain has hastened to say already, that Lord Randolph Churchill's retirement marks the victory, in the Conservative Government, of the stupid and noxious Toryism opposed to all serious improvement.

They must 'be up and doing, and doing to good purpose;' they must keep friends with the mind of the country. And in the present unripe state of the Liberals of the nadir, we Liberals of the future, who happen to be grown, alas, rather old, shall then probably have to look forward to the Conservative Ministry, whether with or without Lord Randolph Churchill, lasting at least our time, and shall be able to look forward to this without much repining or dissatisfaction.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake
to return unaccepted MSS.*

THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY.

No. CXX.—FEBRUARY 1857.

*NOTES AND QUERIES ON THE
IRISH DEMAND.*

I AM impressed with the belief, that this may be a favourable moment for approaching the Irish question on what may perhaps be termed its reflective, as opposed to its impassioned side. We who are attached, I believe immovably, to the policy of establishing a Statutory Parliament in Ireland with its necessary consequence, a Ministry responsible in the colonial fashion, and under proper conditions to secure the just interest of Ireland in Imperial concerns, have nevertheless to recognise the fact that there is for the moment a solid wall built up across our path, in the shape of a majority of 110 against us. We have to look this hard fact in the face, as the Free-traders had to look in the face a fact even a very little harder, when, in 1842, the Sliding Scale for a Corn Law defeated the fixed duty by a majority of 123;¹ and another fact, a good deal harder still, when the motion of Mr. Villiers for a free trade in corn was rejected by a majority of 303. If, as a high official authority declares, this be an irrevocable verdict against us, or if, as we think, the balance of voting power cast by the election of 1886 is simply a respite for our opponents, either way the time is a time calmly to inquire

What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not, what resolution from despair.

Nor will I lengthen my preface by allowing myself to dwell either on the early signs of a crumbling process among our opponents,

¹ Molesworth, *Abridged Hist. of England*, p. 232.

or on the invaluable admissions of Professor Dicey, who figures as our opponent; since these subjects would lead me nearer to the ground, which I desire at present to avoid.

I. My first question is, whether it would be wise for Ireland, taking her lesson from old experience, to rely upon obtaining what she desires from the fears of England?

And my reply is, that it would be an error on our part to appeal to the fears of England as supplying the ground on which she ought (we think) to comply with the desire of Ireland, of Scotland, and of Wales, that the policy of Home Rule for Ireland, which I have defined above, should be adopted.

It is sometimes said that when Ireland has obtained anything that she deemed good from England it has been through fear. I admit this to be true in most cases; but it is not in all. In 1845, for example, Ireland desired or appeared to desire, and she obtained, three boons from Parliament from the wise forethought of Sir Robert Peel. They were, the better endowment of Maynooth; the foundation of the Queen's, yeleft by Sir Robert Inglis the godless, Colleges; and the Charitable Bequests Act. No one would assert that these measures were passed through fear; unless indeed it were that 'early and provident fear' which, says Burke, 'is the mother of security,' and which may attend upon, but does not disparage, any good act of any person for any purpose. If it be said that the instance is *de minimis*, then I quote three other measures, two given and one offered by Great Britain, to which this objection will not apply. They are: (1) the Disestablishment of the Irish Church; (2) the Land Act of 1870; (3) the Education Bill of 1879, approved on the second reading by a majority of British, but rejected by the votes of Irish members. It still appears to me little short of ludicrous to assert that these measures were the product of slavish fear, or that a couple of local outrages are to be compared with the case of the Emancipation Act, of which the Duke of Wellington said that he adopted the policy as being preferable to civil war. In a somewhat sluggish state of the public mind, those two outrages, at Manchester and Clerkenwell, just made it possible, by exciting general attention, for a powerful political party to give the Irish question precedence over other pending questions; and they did no more. I remember a case of a small timid spaniel frightened by a hare: Great Britain is not to be frightened even by a couple of hares.

It is, however, undeniable that not only the Act of 1829, but the great measures of 1778 and 1793 in Ireland, and of 1782 and 1783 in England, were in the main due to the fears of England. So the question may again be put from the Irish side, Why should we refrain from appealing to the fears of England, as well as to her reason and her justice? I should be far from advising Ireland to rely upon the resuscitation of such fears.

Taking first the great series of measures, which made the years between 1778 and 1795 almost a golden age of Irish history, I note at once four broad and fundamental distinctions between the relative position of the two countries then, and their relative position now. First the pressure of the American War, next the Continental combination against Great Britain, and thirdly the outbreak of the conflict with revolutionary France, opened from other quarters not only demands on the strength of Great Britain, but even at one time a menace of coming exhaustion, to which there has since been no parallel. Secondly, the relative population of the islands was then little more than two to one, with a predominance decreasing; it is now six to one, with a ratio steadily increasing. Thirdly, Great Britain then had to encounter an United Ireland, without distinction of class or creed. Moreover the Protestants, and the upper class generally, who, whatever else they were, were then almost to a man true Irishmen, fought in the front rank of the nation. Fourthly, Ireland had an army and auxiliary forces, her people having at all times been eminently and splendidly martial; so that her volunteers, between what they were and what they might be, were almost to be regarded as a nation in arms. This remarkable aggregate of circumstances has been duly considered by every prudent Irishman in drawing his comparisons between the present and the past; nor is it for them that under this head I am writing, but rather for that great portion of the British population, which seeks by every legitimate means to bring about a compliance with their desires.

In 1829, with the exception of the numerical ratio, which remained nearly the same, all was vitally changed. No foreign foe pressed upon us. All Irish force was under control from the Horse Guards. Above all, we had no longer to deal with an United Ireland. Religious animosities in Ireland have never encountered there any but one irreconcilable foe; it has been the spirit of nationality. When the critical year of 1795 opened, religious animosities were at their nadir, because the spirit of nationality was at its zenith. The Protestant and Landlord Parliament of Ireland spoke out boldly and nobly for the Roman Catholics of the nation, on the dark day when Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled. After that fatal act, it became necessary for the Executive, in its headlong career, to dissolve the Holy Alliance, for such it was, formed between Irishmen of different Churches. It was something like the ruin of the Table Round after the sin of Guinevere, nobly described by Tennyson. For then came, in Ireland, the deplorable foundation of the Orange Lodges; the gradual conversion of the United Irishmen into a society of Separatists; the disarmament of the people with all its cruelties; the reign of lawlessness under the seal of law; the rebellion of 1798, with some samples of bloody retaliation; and the nameless horrors recorded by the manly shame of Lord Cornwallis. Thus was laid the train of

causes which, followed up by the Act of Union, has made Ireland for ninety years a sharply divided country.

Thus divided, Ireland had still indeed a third of the entire population when she extorted from the Wellington Government the Emancipation Act. But, even setting apart the fact that her proportion has now sunk to a seventh and is sinking still, she only obtained this partial boon at the price of what was nearly the extinction of popular suffrage, after a generation of internal and external strife, and with the effect, not of allaying religious contentions, but of stirring them to a more violent exasperation. Granted, then, that after a generation spent in controversy England, in the person of the great soldier, was afraid; but who is there among the most downcast of all the sufferers by the late defeat that is willing to compound for success by putting it off for a generation, or for the half, or for half the half, of one?

In truth, one of the conclusions that with the progress of a lengthened life most ripens and deepens in my mind, is my conclusion as to the vast and solid strength of Great Britain. She has a strength such as that she may almost war with heaven; may prolong wrongdoing through years and years, if not with impunity, yet with a reserve of unexhausted strength, fetched up from every fibre of a colossal organism, which seems as if, like the peasant's river, it would flow for ever, never drain away.

She is in the field like another Capaneus:—

Θεοῦ τε γὰρ θέλοντος ἐκπίρσειν πόλιν
Καὶ μὴ θέλοντός φησιν.²

Little indeed need she fear to lack the possession of the giant's strength; but much, lest she should be tempted to use it like a giant. The defects of British character, and I do not underestimate them, lie in my opinion on the surface; the root and heart of it are not only great but good. I believe my countrymen will arrive, and that not slowly, at the consciousness that the one deep and terrible stain upon their history, a history in most respects so noble, is to be found in their treatment of Ireland. It is not a little noteworthy, first, that this is an English, not a British question; for the people of Scotland cannot be said to have been in political relations with Ireland before 1833; and secondly, that it is that same great and dominant part of Britain which has been responsible for the prior management of Ireland, and which now withholds from her the autonomy which the members for Scotland (as well as Wales), did it lie with them, would grant to her to-morrow. In these circumstances I would make my appeal, not to superficial qualities or superficial distinctions, but to the innate ineradicable nobleness of English character.³ I would beseech Englishmen to consider how they would

² *Seven against Thebes*, v. 427.

behave to Ireland, if instead of having five millions of people, she had twenty-five; or if instead of being placed between us and the Ocean, she were placed between us and the Continent. In any case let us make the appeal to her heart, her reason, and her conscience: not to her fears.

II. In the controversy waged on the Bills of the late Administration, has Ireland, the weaker party, had the full benefit of equal treatment?

I conclude it will be admitted as belonging to the rules of fair play, that those rules should be the same for both sides; that interpretations and prognostications of the opponent's conduct, if illegitimate for one side, cannot be legitimate for the other; nay, that even when the two parties are enormously unequal in strength, a little more of caution, jealousy, even suspicion, is in equity to be allowed, on the ground of weakness, to the weaker side. Every generous man would feel this in the relations of private life, whether as master with a servant, as employer with a labourer, or as landlord with a cottager; or again, as men in a mass, dealing with women in a mass.

Such considerations, so far as they are applicable to an argument between nations, apply strongly to the present case, where, I suppose, it is not too much to say that, taking jointly into view population, possession, wealth, internal union, and resource, the strength of Great Britain is to the strength of Ireland not less, probably it is more, than as ten to one.

Let us now see in what manner any considerations of this kind have been applied in the controversies of 1886 on the Irish Government Bill and on the Sale and Purchase of Land Bill. My present observations deal with those Bills simply as facts, and are consistent with the assumption not only that they were not the best possible, but that they were the worst possible measures on their respective subjects. Let us introduce two persons on the stage, one weak and the other strong, and call them one Ireland, accepting (in the main) the Bills, the other England, refusing them.

The Land Bill, it will be remembered, would have cost England heavily, had Ireland not met her obligations under it; but, if those obligations were duly met, would not have cost her a sixpence. Ireland thought the obligations onerous, but nevertheless, without a murmur, by the mouths of her representatives undertook them. It was not, however, a case to be disposed of by mere promises to pay: and consequently every pound, which might be raised by public authority in Ireland, was made payable only into the pocket of a British officer, to remain there until the last farthing of the current British claims had been liquidated. This officer was supported by a British Court: and this court by the British Army. These conditions of debtorship might appear to a dispassionate observer I will not

say onerous, but at any rate somewhat stringent. But how have they been treated and regarded? Ireland, the obligee, might have said, 'What security have I for receiving the balance due to me after you are paid? I have no control over your British officer, your British Court, your British Army: if you pass an Act appropriating my money to the improvement of London, they will obey you, not me, and I in my weakness shall have no power to punish or prevent them.' She said nothing of the kind. The weak was ready to rely upon the honour of the strong. But what said England? 'I have first your acceptance of the debt: secondly the full legality of my claim: thirdly my judicial, civil and military power to enforce it. I am much in the habit of accepting promises, in matters of money, from Colonies, and from Foreign States. Your promise I hold as naught: and on my own possession of unquestioned right and unbounded power I refuse to rely. I shall act the strong and the weak at once. As being strong, I reject your suit: but also, as if I were weak, I refuse to accept the security of a right which none can deny, joined with a power which there is nothing to resist.'

I turn now to the Irish Government Bill, and test it on a single but very important point. It gave to the Crown the *veto* on all Bills passed by the Statutory Parliament of Ireland. It did not contain any provision that this *veto* should be exercised under the advice of the Irish Executive. It was, we have to remember, a *veto* upon Bills within the Statutory powers, Bills exclusively Irish. On this exclusively Irish subject-matter, a Sovereign sitting in London, and advised habitually by a Ministry subject to the control of Parliament, that is to say liable at any moment to dismissal at the pleasure of the British House of Commons, was to give or withhold those mystic words, '*La Reine le veut*' or '*La Reine s'avisera*', on which respectively depends the passing of a Bill into law, or into nothingness. The reception of this provision by the two *dramatis personæ* whom we will still detain on the stage, seems to me, I frankly own, such as is likely to hand down to our posterity a veritable caricature of history. For 'England,' the exercise of this *veto* was the central point of his alarms. One contrivance after another was suggested in order to neutralise the mischief. A favourite device was that the Royal Prerogative should be transferred to Parliament or to the House of Commons, or a *veto* at least reserved to it. This mighty 'England' is content with a control over treaties and alliances, over issues of Peace and War that involve lives in hundreds of thousands, and treasures in hundreds of millions, no other than such as is expressed by a command over the existence of the Ministry. But this control was deemed wholly insufficient to secure for Englishmen a sufficient power of taking Irish affairs out of the hands of Irishmen. Such an alarm can be understood as arising from green-eyed jealousy, or from the cruelty of panic. Is it

easily referable to any other source? The answer of Ireland surely is obvious and sufficient: 'The power remains in your hands: the authority of the Imperial Parliament continues to be absolute: none can deny either its ultimate jurisdiction over every other assembly throughout the Empire, or the sufficiency of those means for giving effect to its will, on which the daily working of your system of Government depends.' But now suppose for a moment that Ireland had claimed her better title, as the weaker vessel, to be jealous and to take alarm. Supposing Ireland to address to us this question: 'What security have I against constant arbitrary interference of Parliament by Resolutions, and Addresses, and Votes of direction to, or of censure on, the Ministry, to arrest measures purely Irish, desired by those whom they concern, but disapproved by those whom they do not concern? We have no power over your Executive, and we are absolutely without defence.' And what would be our reply? That Parliament would surely respect an honourable understanding, and would act in the spirit of reason and of justice. No other answer seems to be possible; and this answer is no more than a plea for a generous confidence to be reposed in us. Nay, more, it is a just plea. But it is a plea demanding some reciprocity of tone; and utterly irreconcilable with suspicion, refusing at every turn to be appeased, and with mistrust, both of our right and of our might, carried into the farthest regions of extravagance. It is weakness, not strength, that gives a quasi title to be unreasonable; and that might naturally prompt such a temper most of all, when associated with the recollection of ancient wrong. But here it seems to be wild and untutored Ireland that is considerate in word and act: it is sedate and stable England, trained in the 'sweet reasonableness' of constitutional tradition, which appears to prefer in controversy unequal, and not equal, ways.

III. Whether the apparent disposition of Ireland to undervalue her proper share in Imperial concerns, as compared with self-government at home, may not be accounted for by her peculiar history?

It is not I think without special reflection that we come to understand how it is, and why it is, that the mass of Irishmen are so intensely Irish. Yet we must surely have been struck with the manner in which the Nationalists, during the last Session, treated the question of continuous representation in the Imperial Parliament. That Parliament was to remain supreme, was to commit them in peace and war, was to legislate for them on Customs and Excise, and would at any time have the power, though not under the Bill the moral right, to legislate for them on subjects properly and exclusively Irish. Most of these topics were incessantly forced upon their notice in the speeches of their opponents. Yet the whole subject of their admission to, or exclusion from, deliberations on Foreign and Colonial Policy seemed to be for them matter of secondary

consideration. Their one great absorbing anxiety, as it appeared, was not that this subject should be treated in any particular fashion, but simply that it should be so treated as might best promote, or least hinder, the attainment of their one object, Irish self-government in properly Irish affairs. In Englishmen, this would have been an inexplicable phenomenon; in Irishmen it was at least noteworthy, and suggested reflection on the cause. For one I have been similarly struck by observing how little the Irish Parliament was used to employ itself upon other than domestic matters. Again, it is most remarkable to note the opinion of Mr. Burke upon this subject. In 1799 it was stated by his bosom-friend Dr. Lawrence in the debates on the Union. And, as Dr. Lawrence's experience embraced the whole closing period of his life, this evidence conveys Burke's deliberate and final judgment, which had long been in a degree reserved, against the Legislative Union. Mr. Burke, he said, desired a positive compact between the two countries, under which Ireland should have 'the entire and absolute power of local legislation,' but 'should be bound on questions of peace or war to stand or fall with Great Britain.' So that the greatest Irishman of the eighteenth century seems, in this self-denying ordinance, to have gone even further than the Irish Nationalists of the nineteenth. Mr. Burke knew very well that, even in renouncing direct authority as to peace or war, Ireland would not divest herself of influence, and that through the power of the purse she would exercise a control not the less real for being indirect. This superlative concentration of Irish interest and feeling on Irish affairs has I think a cause, and a cause profoundly rooted in the constitution of our nature. As in the human body the blood is drawn to the part where vital energy is wanted, as the weaker demand is overlooked in order to meet the stronger, so the sorrows of Ireland have wanted, and have absorbed, so to speak, all the energies of her children whether to relieve or to sustain them. Like the case of an organ exhausted by disuse, even so, to those who are refused communion from without, such communion ceases to be a necessary of life. By a compensatory dispensation of Providence, the disconsolate, be they individuals or be they nations, are driven back upon themselves.

Some time back, Mr. Goldwin Smith I think made against the Jews what may be called a charge of incivism, and called forth an effective defence. It is certain that that people, as known among us, have marked virtues; and I am not aware that they have corresponding faults. One thing I think may be said, which is no matter of reproach: they do not so entirely amalgamate with other Englishmen, as to lose all notes of difference. The Jew remains a Jew, and carries a peculiar stamp, which cannot with any presumption of truth be referred either to intellectual or moral inferiority. Is it

* *Parliamentary Debates for 1799*, p. 311.

not probable that that stamp is monumental? That it is the surviving record of the persistent mediæval persecution, which went far below the surface, and cut deep lines in character? Such experiences sharpen self-consciousness, and give fresh tension to whatever in the human being is distinctive. There seems here to be a wise provision of Nature, which in some measure redresses inequality of strength as between more powerful and less powerful nations. If an influence has been at work, drawing closer and closer the ties that bind one Jew to another, and thus making one Jew become more to another, giving to each Jew a larger share in the being of every other Jew, has it not recorded a significant though silent protest against cruel and inveterate injury? For thus it is that the being of one human creature can be imparted to his brothers and theirs to him. It is no wonder if after seven sad centuries the Irishman says of Ireland, in the words of a beautiful and simple Scotch song of my own time,

And she's a' the world to me.

Our nature would forswear itself, and the laws of our being, if it could cast away in a moment the results of a long experience. Nor is it selfish for a nation, whose life has been a life of sorrow, to be concentrated in thought and feeling on itself. I might illustrate my argument from Hungary, and from other cases, but it is needless. In the claim for the benefit of these considerations, Ireland can have no rival. Gradually, as the call from within is less intense, she will open outwards. But it may be that those singular and splendid virtues, which are in general and daily exercise among the Irish people towards those whom they deem and feel to be Irish like themselves, are not a pure gift of their original composition, but are also in part the fruit, and if so the reward, of a discipline of suffering sharp beyond all known example.

IV. Is there ground to believe that by means of what is termed firm government, or by some improved action of the Executive in Ireland, the political question as to Irish Government can be disposed of?

We have no cause to wonder if at any time situations of extreme difficulty throw up, like mushrooms, at a moment's notice, strange suggestions under the notion and name of remedies. And it is a situation of extreme difficulty in which men are placed when, being laudably disinclined to repressive legislation for Ireland, or impressed with the difficulty of obtaining it, they are also shut out from granting the Irish demand by the belief that it endangers the security of the Empire. Hence probably a retreat upon the idea of 'firm government' as a new specific, hitherto undreamt of for the cure of the Irish malady.

The conduct pursued by those, who propound this *recipe*, seems

to resemble that of a man who, needing fresh supplies to meet his expenditure, suddenly discovers that he has a large balance at his bankers, or some other reserve fund, of which he had never dreamed. Or as if this case were to be dealt with by taking out a patent for some new invention, which surmounts a difficulty hitherto insuperable. If, in any other department of the administration, or division of the Empire, such a promise of metamorphosis were held out, we should at once set it down as quackery. We know what during the present century our government, taken generally, has been; human, fallible, chargeable with many faults; taxing its higher organs in ever increasing measure and mostly up to the limit of their strength; passable upon the whole after due allowance, and with a marked tendency to improve as time has gone on. Now during all this time has Ireland been neglected? Have we sent her only our worst men? Or have our best men, who have done their best elsewhere, ceased to be themselves on crossing the Channel, and in Ireland alone have suffered their right hands to forget their cunning?

Let us look at some of the best known names of those who since have held the office of Viceroy or of Chief Secretary. Lord Cornwallis, Lord Castlereagh, the Duke of Wellington, Sir R. Peel, Lord Wellesley, Lord Melbourne, Lord Anglesey, Lord Ellesmere, Lord Hardinge, Lord Derby, Lord Carlisle, Lord St. Germans, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Clarendon, Lord Mayo, Lord Kimberley, Lord Cardwell, Lord Carlingford, Lord Spencer, and Lord Hartington. I exclude from the list names only belonging to the last fifteen years, to keep it more clear of controversy. It is not very unequally divided between the two parties. Were the administrators, whose names it contains, at least a fair average of our public men? Did they upon the whole, like their compeers in other departments, endeavour to make the best of the materials that lay to hand? Can any other Department of the State exhibit a more brilliant list of names? Have we of this day suddenly grown into such vast dimension, are we such sons of Anak, that with the same materials we can produce a result perfectly different? Their failure is an admitted fact. They had a great underlying evil to work against, which no administrative ability could cure; but that evil is, by the terms of the question before us, to remain untouched. We can understand how the labour of a handloom weaver, when he gave himself over to the mechanism of the modern factory, might deserve to be credited with a tenfold result. But what would be our judgment of the handloom weaver who should have argued against the new machinery by promising that, if he were only let alone, he would get the tenfold work out of the old machine?

There is indeed one sense, in which this idea of firm government is real and intelligible. I will illustrate it by a very short recital. Early in the year 1845, when Sir Robert Peel propounded his policy

as to Maynooth, a politician, well known and highly respected, called on me to urge that I should join in an active opposition to the measure. Naturally enough, our conversation touched on the course of Irish policy generally, and the question of 'firm government.' 'Ah,' said he, 'the root of the evil all lay in the cowardice of the Duke of Wellington at the time of Roman Catholic Emancipation. My recommendation was to make the Duke of Cumberland Lord Lieutenant, and send with him thirty thousand men.' Firm government such as this I admit to be no phantom, but a thing of flesh and blood, of bone and sinew. And if at any time it be contemplated as the basis of a policy, I only ask that it may be put forward manfully, and without disguise.

The fact is that a charge of neglect, of never having tried, of having missed a path that lay straight and open before our eyes, and a duty the most elementary of all in the eyes of every statesman, is the last charge that can be even decently advanced against the British administrators of the century. Into what shape have we not twisted the Irish problem? In what variety of attitude have we not bidden the uneasy sleeper lie? Relief with coercion, and without it: relief sometimes great, sometimes small, sometimes none at all. Sometimes a government of resistance, sometimes of concession, sometimes mixed; a Viceroy one way, and a Secretary the other. Such were among the older expedients. In 1829 we withdrew political franchises, in 1832 we began again to grant them, and we have persevered. And all this has been done deliberately, with the best counsels of our best statesmen. Sir Robert Peel took office with the great British controversy of protection staring him in the face; yet he said, 'I know it well, Ireland is my difficulty.' Lord Beaconsfield pointed out that but for us Ireland would have a revolution, and that it was the duty of Parliament to give her by law what she would, if left to herself, make a revolution to obtain. To neither of these most remarkable men did any *nostrum* of 'firm government' occur. For what lies deep in the soil, it is surely idle to scratch the surface.

V. Whether the establishment of a Statutory Parliament in Dublin will, according to the common phrase, make over the government of Ireland to Mr. Parnell and his friends?

Is this assertion supported or not by rational presumption: or is the charge more applicable, in part at least, to our present method?

In countries, where the representative system has been established, it is almost a matter of course that the Executive Government should be in harmony with it. From 1722 to 1795, we endeavoured to govern Ireland by an Executive which held its title from an exotic authority. It stood side by side with a Parliament, of which little more than one-third was really representative, nearly two-thirds being controlled either by the Government, or by the owners

of boroughs. Even under these circumstances it was found that the system must undergo a change, and in 1795 Lord Fitzwilliam was sent to put the Executive into harmony with the representative portion of the Parliament. On being put to the proof, the Parliament as a whole was found to accept this policy. It was abandoned, in defiance of the Parliament, under orders from England, which orders were issued under the inspiration of an Irish faction. The determination was taken to work the Government against the representative portion of the Parliament. But this experiment, in the view of its authors, failed so egregiously as to require the suppression of the Parliament itself.

We have now an Irish representation which, with the exception of two seats, is real and popular throughout, and which gives to Nationalism an overwhelming majority. The Irish policy approved by the majority of English voters in the Election of 1886 was, that we should have the representation of the country one way, and its administration the other way. Inasmuch as this is a professedly Conservative policy, I may fairly request the promoters of it to take the future into view. And I ask these two questions. First, is there the smallest chance of rescuing the representation of the country from the Nationalists? Secondly, if there is not, is there a chance of our continuing—I do not say for a year or two, but say for a generation or two—with the representation of the country one way, and its administration the other way?

This experiment was tried, and was abandoned, in the Colonies; but they were difficult to coerce. It was tried, and was abandoned, in the Ionian Islands, which were perfectly easy to coerce. It was found impracticable in Ireland itself, although the party opposed to the Government, and called the patriots, formed only an insignificant proportion of the Parliament, and did not command even that part of the Parliament in the manner and proportion now exhibited by the Nationalists.

If, then, so far as experience teaches us, these Nationalists are to prevail in the land, and if they have in them the spirit of vengeance which is imparted to them, can anything be more unwise than to foster and exasperate that spirit by an ineffectual resistance?

But, resuming the argument nearer the source, is it certain, at any rate, that we have now given over Ireland to Mr. Parnell and his friends as far as representation is concerned? No one, I believe, is so bold as to deny it. Would they then retain, do they themselves believe or assert that they would retain, that possession, when a Statutory Parliament had been established in Dublin?

It is quite plain, in the first place, that their basis as a party would disappear; just as the basis of the Anti-Corn Law League disappeared with the Repeal of the Corn Law. In Canada, until self-government

was conceded by the 'Separatists' of that day, there was always a small 'British' party contending against the mass of the colonial population. But, when the concession had been made, this party was lost in the general community, and all were British. So Nationalism, the political creed which has defined itself by the demand for a statutory Parliament, cannot, under the new conditions, form a bond of party union. Anti-Nationalists will melt, as the 'British' party melted, into the new system; and Irishmen, instead of choosing men to fight England, will choose those whom they may deem the best men to conduct their Irish affairs.

The mass of mankind are, under an iron law, bound by the necessity of subsistence to absorbing labours. The natural condition of a healthy society is, that governing functions should be discharged in the main by the leisured class. In matters where the narrow interests of that class seem to be concerned, it has besetting sins and dangers. But, for the general business of government, it has peculiar capacities: and whatever control a good system may impose by popular suffrage, by gathering representation from all classes, by tradition, or opinion, or the press, or otherwise, yet, when the leisured class is deposed, as it is now to a very large extent deposed in Ireland, that fact indicates that a rot has found its way into the structure of society. Nationalism now seeks and finds very efficient representatives, who to a considerable extent are not of the leisured class, because the leisured class, departing from the traditions of Irish history, has abandoned and excommunicated Nationalism.

Formerly the upper class of Irishmen, whatever their faults, were Irishmen as much as the mass, and fought and won many battles for Nationalism, both before and after 1782. It was a Nationalism combined with loyalty, as Nationalism always has been combined with loyalty, until driven to desperation. Since 1795, and especially since the Union, there has been a great change in this respect, on which I will not now dilate. It is admitted that the Union stimulated Absenteeism. It is obvious that it shifted the centre of all Ireland's special interests, and placed it out of Ireland. From the moment when a statutory Parliament shall have been established in Dublin, the position held by the leisured and landed class of Ireland, as towards the people, will be entirely changed. As one at least of their number, to his great honour, has said since this controversy began, 'We shall reside, and shall form friendly relations with all other classes, and shall become the natural leaders of the people.'

And, once the present deep and radical cause of conflict is removed, why not? The religion, the character, and the old traditions of the Irish are all in favour of their leaning upon the leisured classes, and desiring to be represented by them. Are Irish voters feared because they are Roman Catholics? But in Ireland Roman Catholics always voted except between the Act of George II. and

the year 1793. They never showed a disposition to prefer men of lower station to those of higher. If the allegation is that, being Roman Catholics, they will not choose Protestants, the answer is they have almost invariably chosen Protestants. Before the Union, when Protestants had a monopoly in Parliament, the popular leaders out of Parliament were almost always Protestant. Besides Grattan, they have had two leaders who rank far beyond the rest, O'Connell and Parnell: of these two one was Roman Catholic, the other I believe represented his Diocese in the Synod of the Disestablished Church. And it is no unreasonable belief, if he owes his position, and singular sway over his followers, to his remarkable powers, yet that these are fortified by the fact that birth and education have appropriated him to the landed and leisured class.

VI. Whether we can allow British legislation to be governed by a movement either dependent on, or largely assisted by, foreign contributions from America?

If the proposed legislation be bad, then, should it be conceded to foreign effort, it will be a shade the worse on that account. If it be good, then foreign effort only helps to remind us of our duty, and though it may be humbling that we should need to be so reminded, it is plain that such a circumstance cannot be treated as justifying a refusal to perform it. The question, therefore, lies within narrow bounds. It is whether foreign subscriptions in aid of the Irish cause constitute a just ground of offence. And on this question I shall ask, first, whether we, the British people, can take a high ground in objecting to such efforts from abroad. And secondly, whether we have sufficiently considered when and how these efforts began.

And first, if we condemn them, we condemn, as is obvious, our own traditional practice. *De te fabula narratur*. In Spain, in Italy, in Greece, perhaps in Poland, England has, within my memory, set largely the example of such subscriptions. They involve, undoubtedly, much responsibility, but Englishmen, especially liberal Englishmen, have not felt generally ashamed of them; and it is pretty certain that, if like circumstances were to recur, they would be renewed. The responsibility rises very high, where the funds are supplied to support subjects actually in armed insurrection. But, in almost all these cases, this was the very object with which the money was given. Nay, in Italy, which constitutes, probably, an exception, a well-known member of the Tory party, and I believe of the Carlton Club, freely and honourably exposed his own life in military service under Garibaldi. It seems, therefore, very difficult for Englishmen to object on broad grounds of principle to pecuniary subscriptions in one country for the promotion of public purposes, apart from the merits of those purposes, in another.

Let us see, then, whether, if the objection 'comes to grief' on broad grounds, it will fare better if advanced more modestly on nar-

rower grounds; that is to say, if our objection be because the fund is American, and because it is for Ireland. When we lodge with the American our protest against *his* interference, his mind will naturally revert to the blockade-runners in the great struggle with the South. And he may urge that that was an intervention with the direct purpose of maintaining a sanguinary conflict in his country; but that he subscribes only to carry on a public, legal, parliamentary struggle in ours.

It will not, I presume, be urged against America that from within her bosom came the machinations for the use of dynamite. They were no more hers than the plots against the life of Louis Napoleon, which so stirred the hotter spirits of France, were English.

Neither need we inquire particularly whether, in a country swarming with evicted Irish emigrants, of the years following the Famine, such persons, or those connected with them, may have contributed to the expenses of the movement against rents, which in the years 1881-85 was encountered and put down.

The present American contributions have the countenance of American opinion, and the aid of Americans of high station and character, free even from the bias of Irish extraction. Can we object justly to their action? Why should they be ashamed of it, or why should we resent it? If ever one country may subscribe for the purposes, the peaceful purposes, of another, it is when a rich country and a kindred country subscribes for a poor country, and for the poorest though far the largest portion of its people. It is when America has enjoyed means of judgment in some respects even superior to ours, for she has known and seen better than we do the fruit of our treatment of the Irish nation on this side the Atlantic, in the views and feelings of the Irish nation on the other side the Atlantic.

*May there not seem to be, in the outcry against present American subscriptions, even some taint of ingratitude? When and how did they begin? They began, I believe, certainly they began to attract notice, in and after the Famine of 1847. They were directed to three ends; and what ends? First towards saving the people from death by starvation. Secondly towards saving the people from eviction, and paying the rents of the landlords, at a time when England reprobated indeed the evictions, but did not amend, nay, as we have seen, aggravated the law. And, thirdly, they went to carrying forward a gigantic work of emigration; a mournful remedy indeed for a people who intensely love their soil, but yet a real remedy, so far that it has powerfully served to obviate the recurrence of famine, to slacken the intolerable pressure of the demand for the occupation of land, and to raise the wages of labour and the standard of living above starvation point; above that point at which, according to the report of the Devon Commission, as interpreted by the Conservative

Government of the day, three millions of Irishmen habitually dragged on their equivocal existence in this vale of tears. Surely it is not for us either to exaggerate the evil of subscriptions abroad for the cure of mischiefs at home, or to provoke a hostile review of the causes, which first induced America to direct a stream of wealth fed from her own resources upon Ireland.

VII. Can the Imperial Parliament claim the credit of habitual good intention towards Ireland? Has its intention when good been well informed as well as good? Presuming the intention of Parliament to be always good, and always well informed, does the Imperial Parliament, under the established conditions of its working, offer a satisfactory provision for dealing with the internal affairs of Ireland?

The authoress of *Hurriah*, a recently published novel, has, I think, been more successful in one matter of great importance than any writer of her class, or perhaps of any class. She has made present to her readers, not as an abstract proposition, but as a living reality, the estrangement of the people of Ireland from the law; *how* they are estranged from it in the mass, and in what varied shapes, rather than degrees, this estrangement exhibits itself under the many varieties of character and circumstances. As to the *why* of this alienation, also, she has her answer.* ‘The old long-repented sin of the stronger country was the culprit.’ She thinks there was a sin, a deep sin, and (so I construe her) an inveterate sin; but a sin now purged by repentance. In other words, that the British nations, which on every Irish question had six or seven votes in Parliament where Ireland has one, have now settled into a habit of good and well-informed intention towards Ireland, and that they also possess a power, the adequacy of which has been proved, to give it effect. This is the question that I desire to test in its several branches: first, the goodness of intention; secondly, the degree of light and knowledge, with which the good intention has been armed; thirdly, the conditions of action, under which the very best intention, accompanied with the most perfect information, has been, or can be, brought to a practical issue in this case.

For what period, then, and under what limitations, can we firmly predicate a good intention of England, and latterly of the Imperial Parliament, towards Ireland? Not in the first four of the seven centuries through which the connection has lasted; for in those centuries of cruelty or neglect Mr. O’Connell has demonstrated, not by assertion but by citations from authority, that the policy, so far as there was a policy, was in the main a policy by no means of mere subjugation, but actually of extirpation, for the Irish race inhabiting the island. Not for the fifth of the seven centuries: it was the century of confiscations. Not for the sixth down to 1782: it was the century

* *Hurriah*, p. 309. Blackwoods, 1886.

of the penal laws. All these decency forbids us to defend; and we consign them to condemnation, and wash our hands of such proceedings.

Ἡμεῖς τοὶ πατέρες μὲν ἀμείνων εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι.⁵

There is no question now about the years following 1782; for they are the years which the Irish bless. But who will dare to assert that the intention of England and of the Parliament was good, even from the Legislative Union onwards? At that period, we cast aside the virtual pledges given to the Roman Catholics as ruthlessly, as the English of William the Third's time broke the Treaty of Limerick; and, when the Union had fatally weakened the personal ties between landlord and tenant by drawing the peers and gentry of Ireland to London, we broke up by the Act of 1815 the old traditions of the country, transformed the old law in the interest of the landlords, and, to succeed the centuries of extirpation, of confiscation, and of penalty, we ushered in the century of evictions. To the mass of the Irish people, it would have been a less terrible and smaller grievance to re-enact the penal laws.

From the time when our representative system was remodelled by the Reform Act, a new spirit, an improved intention, became visible and operative in Irish government. The time of Drummond and the Viceroys over him has still a place in the affectionate recollections of the country. But it is sad to remember not only that during all those years the party, which those Viceroys represented, was from various causes steadily losing ground in the public opinion of England, but that a main cause of its declining strength lay in its endeavours to do legislative and administrative justice to Ireland. In those years it was easy to turn anti-Irish as well as anti-popish feeling to account upon an English hustings.

In support of the contention that, since the first Reform Act, good intention has in some form prevailed, it may be pointed out that a large party at least in this country have for the most part been ready to extend equal laws and franchises to Ireland: that at times, and especially in the legislation of 1845 and in the Devon Commission, a kindly spirit guided the action of a Conservative Government: and that at a later time great exceptional changes were introduced into Irish laws for Church and Land with a real desire to show to Ireland that she could obtain from British justice and intelligence all the good which she could have from a Parliament of her own.

Supposing, however, that this good intention be admitted, how far does the admission go? Surely, as a general rule, no governments, not always even the very worst, are without it. It is quite possible that with a kind of good intention the Treaty of Limerick was broken, and Lord Fitzwilliam recalled: and that the King of Naples meant well when he trampled under foot the Constitution

⁵ *Il. iv. 403.*

which he had sworn irrevocably to observe, and broke up the basis of all law in his country. Good intention of the same and no better kind may be set down to the credit of the series of Parliaments which stifled or threw out the scores of bills intended to qualify the Irish Land Laws; including even the House of Lords, which resisted effectually the effort of a Conservative Government in 1845 to mitigate the frightful evils disclosed by the Devon Commission.

It is more material to ask whether this good intention was well informed. Now we cannot affirm that the Parliaments before 1829 were well informed, which suffered the question of Roman Catholic disabilities to fester, until the only choice remaining was between concession and civil war. But after 1829? The Parliament of 1847, which passed the Encumbered Estates Act, had an undoubtedly good intention, the intention of introducing capital into Ireland. But its want of information and care was so gross, that we now look back with astonishment upon a measure which, in a country where the improvements had almost universally been made by the tenants, sold those improvements over their heads to the incoming purchasers, and paid the price to men who had not the smallest moral title to receive it. I go farther and I touch what concerns myself. Was the Parliament, or was the Government, of 1880 well informed, when, guided by local officialism, it deemed the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act to be the proper cure for the agrarian disorders of Ireland?

But in truth the difficulty lies much deeper. We are treating, be it remembered, of the local concerns of Ireland, which, as distinct from Imperial concerns, hold a position quite different from any that belongs to those of Scotland or of Wales. On this side the Channel, public authority administers the law in sympathy with the people. On the other side it does not: law wears in Irish eyes a foreign garb; and restraints upon liberty had so late as in 1885 become almost habitual. In these circumstances it is proposed to provide the Irish people with a constitutional machinery for the despatch of concerns properly their own. The opposite contention is that they ought to remain under the immediate care of Parliament, together with all other concerns Imperial and local. Now I am far from sure whether as regards the infinitely simpler cases of Scotland and Wales this system will work for another ten years. But these are not burning questions. Let us consider the case of Ireland, in its relation to the manner in which, under the primary necessities of one system, affairs of State are carried on.

The vast business of this Empire is not worked as are the affairs of a shop, factory, or farm. There, and in human life generally, the day suffices for the work of the day, and the agents for the acts to be done. But in the case before us, no effort has availed to transact the business within the time, or to make the agency equal to the work. And all this congestion is further complicated by the primary

conditions of party government, which incessantly mix with the merits of each case a cross discussion, as to the effect it may have in bringing administration to a standstill by overthrowing the Government of the day. Under these circumstances the best government never can do its duty, but only a small part of its duty. Among the particulars of State affairs, the struggle for life is incessant, and ends in the survival of the strongest. Not the strongest in fitness or in merit, but the strongest in the sum of heterogeneous considerations, gathered out of the world-wide relations of the Empire, and the intricate working of Parliamentary forces, which, when taken together, best compound and represent the public interest in dealing with what must be dealt with, and in postponing what only may. In questions organic and constitutional, Ireland has had more than her share. But in that regular provision for the wants of the people which is the business of civilised government, she has had, and can have, little part. Her weakness is aggravated by the fact that the representatives of her people are, and while the present methods last must be, almost entirely excluded from that enhanced influence on affairs, which is conferred by official life. I will not now stop to show that in popular education, in the administration of justice through the magistracy, in local government, England, Scotland, and Wales have methods which, whether perfect or not, have in the main been deemed by the nation either good or tolerable, while in Ireland the case is reversed. What I wish particularly to put into clear view is the hardship Ireland suffers from having her local affairs, which to her are so vital, brought into competition with other demands which must usually prevail. The first necessity of government is to have the law in harmony with the people. When this necessity is satisfied, the inconveniences of legislative arrear may be borne. But where as in Ireland it is not, those arrears will not only be far heavier, but they will bear a character wholly different. In political affairs, when the demand exceeds the supply of power to meet it, 'the weakest goes to the wall.' Ireland will always be the weakest; and not only the weakest, but the sorest. I speak in this matter as one who has seen what he describes. I affirm that it does and must happen that a Cabinet has to compromise the good of Ireland, in matters strictly her own, for considerations essentially non-Irish. Practical and primary interests of Ireland are set aside or postponed, from special as well as general difficulties: sometimes the necessity of party, sometimes the crotchet of a *clique*, whether Liberal or Conservative, sometimes the want of the needful contact between the official corps and those who represent the Irish people, sometimes the unpalatable fact that a large proportion of the available time of Parliament has already been consumed in her name: consumed, that is, in a vain attempt to govern her without taking heed of that one Irish want, wish, thought, and aspiration, which lies at the root of every other.

I submit, then, that the good intention of Parliament towards Ireland, even if undeniable, has often been equivocal, has in essential matters been fatally ill informed; and that the machinery of our Imperial Legislature has been shown by our present experience to be ill adapted for the despatch of purely Irish concerns.

VIII. Whether the present State relations, tested by results, are so far safe and satisfactory, that the people of Great Britain ought to be prepared to make efforts, and undergo sacrifices, in order to maintain them?

It will have been observed by the journal-reading public, that, through a wide circle and outside the Liberal party, it has become fashionable to express a warm desire for a large Irish Land Purchase Bill. From the Liberal point of view it is natural enough on hearing such utterances to rejoin, 'What think you of the reception given by the Electorate at large to the Land Purchase Bill of the late Government? and does that reception offer you much inducement to try again?' From the other point of view, it is as natural, and is rather usual, to reply that risks of collision and of loss, intolerable in connection with the separation of the countries, may be bearable and prudent when the object is still to keep Ireland in the present sisterly embrace, and even to hug her closer than before.

The question I wish to consider is simply this: Whether our present relations to Ireland exhibit a state of things so desirable that it is worth our while to run a risk in money or any other risk in order to maintain them: in other words, whether it is so valuable that the British nation ought to pay a price for it?

In the first place, I observe that it is a commodity for which we pay a heavy price in money already. The question, how great is this price, has never yet been sounded to the bottom. But the soundings have gone pretty far. We know upon indisputable evidence that the optional civil expenditure of the State for each person of the thirty millions (I speak all along in round numbers) inhabiting Great Britain is about eight shillings, and for each person of the five millions inhabiting Ireland about sixteen shillings. The items of disputable apportionment in this computation are so few that their bearing on the general result may be overlooked. Our present relations with Ireland involve therefore the payment of an annual price amounting to eight times five millions in shillings, or two millions of pounds *per annum*. Is this because money does not go so far in Ireland as in England or Scotland? On the contrary, it goes farther. Because Ireland is a poorer country, it ought to yield us more for our money. If we take this difference at one-eighth, the population of Ireland ought to cost not eight shillings, but seven; and the price we pay for our privilege in upholding the present state of things rises to two millions and a quarter. Is this

then a charge the excess of which is due to circumstances operative only for the moment? On the contrary, it is an excess which has continually grown, and is sure to grow. A new chapter of excess, indeed, was opened in August last, when the Administration propounded their policy of public works, at the charge wholly or partially of the State, for Ireland. Nor is that proposal one for which they can be blamed. It is part, in reality, of the mandate which they have received from the English Electorate. Just as in the Colonies, before they obtained Home Rule, we had to bear many charges from which we are now exempt, so in Ireland each refusal of self-government will have to be gilded with a new coating of public money. We have thus in civil expenditure alone an annual charge of say two and a quarter millions, which as it is permanent represents a capital, like $2\frac{1}{4}$ millions in the Funds, exceeding seventy millions sterling; and, as it is steadily increasing, represents in reality much more.

But there is also to be considered the important head of military expenditure. We have not under this head the same means of accurate comparison; because the average amount of force maintained in the two islands would not perhaps be accepted as an exact criterion. Great Britain is so to speak the military bank, from which must be drawn whatever supplies Ireland may need. It was proposed under the lately rejected Government of Ireland Bill to charge Ireland with $1\frac{3}{4}$ millions annually for Army and Navy, or say 1,100,000*l.* for Army alone. At 100*l.* per head, this sum would maintain a force of 11,000 in Ireland. If we take the average amount of the standing army in Ireland at 25,000, the saving with 11,000 would be 1,400,000*l. per annum.* The demands of Scotland and Wales in military force are small, and there are many who believe that Ireland would not require a force nearly so large as 11,000 men. Others may say she would require more. But it may be remembered that, when Ireland in the last century had a government and army of her own, she entailed in peace no military charge upon this country. And if it were desired on this side the Channel to revive that system, I have never heard that she would object. No one can deny that the military charge of the present system is enormous, and if the saving on permanent charge were placed so low as one million, when this is added to the civil expenditure, it appears that our excess charge for Ireland is, and under the existing system will probably continue to be, annually a sum of three and a quarter millions; so that, to make a permanent provision for this charge, we should require to lay out a hundred millions. It would seem then that the proposal to make a bad or doubtful investment in Irish Land Purchase for the sake of the great advantage of perpetuating or prolonging our relations with Ireland on their present footing, is one

which can hardly be recommended on pecuniary grounds. It must draw its attractions from some other source.

We may indeed at once concede that a debtor and creditor account is not decisive of the whole case. If it could be so in any case it would be in this. For while it is (in my judgment) sufficiently evident that the present relations with Ireland impose upon Great Britain a very heavy charge, there comes from Ireland a complaint, long, loud, and persistent, that she is unduly charged. What is worse, it is difficult to deny that there is much truth in her complaint also. Now it is not difficult to imagine an arrangement which is dear but worth all the money. It is less easy to conceive of an arrangement, where two only are concerned, which each of them finds extremely burdensome, and yet which one persistently forces upon the other. Yet such a thing is possible provided the scheme, however faulty as matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, supplies an equivalent in the general content and satisfaction it produces. Shall it then be on this ground that the English Electorate may be invited to persist in refusing to Ireland a domestic Legislature?

Full soon, however, we make the discovery that, in opening a new chapter of the inquiry, we have not got into smoother water. The Englishman, asked whether he finds satisfaction in his existing relations with Ireland, sees in the question either a bad joke or a wanton mockery. To the Irishman, that is to three-fourths of the Irish nation, no one would put the question at all. They have answered it already by sending to Westminster eighty-five out of their total of one hundred and one representatives of *the people* to implore a great change in those relations, as being for the Irish people intolerable. So far therefore as the present is concerned, the matter does not admit of doubt. But then there is always the future to fall back upon. Now regard to the future, as against a slavish adhesion to the present, is a note of the highest statesmanship. But it must be a reasonable regard, a regard which accepts every light which argument and experience can supply. For otherwise he whose plea is not sustained by a principle, a fact, or a presumption, may always seek safety, if not triumph, in the exercise of the gift of prophecy.

To which category does the argument from the future in this case belong?

The allegations cognisable by reasoning seem to be these. One, that the Scottish Union having been obtained like the Irish by bribery, and having, at its inception, also been hateful to Scotland, came generally into favour there. The other is that the Irish, comparatively few and weak, having learned the judgment of the English, who are many and strong, will desist from the prosecution of a hopeless cause.

There was an Union in Scotland, and an Union in Ireland, just as there was a river in Monmouth and a river in Macedon.

Scotland, through a long course of centuries, had upon the whole maintained her independence. Ireland had been under the mailed heel of England. Scotland had her own Legislative and Executive powers. Our English Executive ruled in Ireland, and directly commanded more than two-fifths of the Parliament by place and pension. In Scotland, Mr. Burton, her latest and most authoritative historian, denies that bribery has been proved. The payments adduced to support the charge scarcely reach a thousand pounds for every hundred thousand spent in Ireland, where there was a vast further mass of bribery through Secret Service money, honours, offices, and commissions. In Scotland, a large independent national party favoured the Union: in Ireland there was no such party. In Scotland the English Government had not the means either to cajole or to intimidate. In Ireland, what was for this purpose a foreign authority arrested independent voting by dismissals from office; foreign hints of favour to Roman Catholics were employed to neutralise the higher opposition, while (witness Lord Cornwallis) plunder, murder, rape, and military violence in every form were used to intimidate the people, and the armed force of the island was raised to a number truly enormous. Scotland, taken at the worst, was like a man who had had a fall in wrestling, but whose general strength was unimpaired: Ireland like one who in his fall had received a mortal shock. For the peers and landlords of the country, who down to the Union had acted in the face of England as the natural leaders of the people, were partly bought over, and partly by the revival of religious bigotry and the attraction of the Imperial centre estranged, even as now we see them estranged, with rare exceptions, from the national sentiment of their countrymen. Scotland retained all the means she had had before of vindicating her national independence. Ireland, united in 1795, was now paralysed by the war of class with class, and of religion with religion. For Ireland, the question all along was a question between her and a foreign country: for Scotland, the controversy was domestic and national throughout. In Scotland the Union was at first the object of a factitious, as well as of a genuine hostility. The Jacobites, representatives of the very men who under the later Stuarts had sought to govern the country by foreign influence, availed themselves of the unpopularity of the Union to swell the chorus against it. Sooner or later, undue depreciation is commonly followed by excess of praise. Gradually it came to be felt in Scotland that enormous benefits had unquestionably followed the Union in the shape of common citizenship and freedom of trade. The Union has now for a century or more had the credit of these benefits, which might perhaps have been conferred without it: and other circumstances, among them the vast influence exercised by 'the Magician of the North,' and the vast extension of popular franchises, have tended to obviate all jealous criticism. Two facts are

beyond dispute. The immeasurable advantage of a ^{total} Union between the two nations has been obtained. And as regards the legislative measure there has been a gradual process of reconciliation visibly at work. It is not necessary to dive further into the future. But turning to the second allegation we are bidden to found our hopes on the expectation that the mind of Ireland will submit to the voice of England given at the General Election of 1886. It is expected that in a matter where Ireland has (so to speak) an integral, and England a partial concern, the people of Ireland will consent to substitute the English conviction for their own, and this although they have the support of Scotland, of Wales, and of a large minority (to say the least) in England itself; even a majority in that part of England where English energy is commonly supposed most to abound. Will this be so? I trust the matter will be seriously examined: for the case will be very serious, if we should build upon this expectation, and then find ourselves disappointed.

Analogy may here afford us a guidance, real if not complete or precise. Does it commonly happen that a smaller country accepts an incorporation, legislation, and administration, which it dislikes, at the wish of a larger country? Belgium did not accept it from Holland; and she succeeded (happily for all) in breaking the law of Europe to sustain her refusal. Holstein did not accept the will of Denmark, nor Lombardy nor Venetia the will of Austria, nor the Ionian Islands the will of England. In all these cases the minor people has heard the voice, has known and felt the pressure of the major; and yet in every instance the *No* of the weak has prevailed against the *Aye* of the strong. We are told that the negative in the case of Ireland is to disappear. Can so much as a single instance be quoted where it has been withdrawn?

After 1707, each generation of men, as it rose and lived and passed away, saw the Scottish Union rise in the estimation of the Scottish people. In Ireland the case has been exactly reversed. There is no period, nor any fraction of a period, at which Ireland has ceased to lament the lost charter of her nationality. Down to 1829 she had absolutely no voice in Parliament except a voice that spoke to contradict her heart's desire. She has now acquired one, but it was by slow degrees. The spasmodic effort at a rising in 1803, the ignored Dublin meeting in 1810, the lawful county demonstration in 1820 put down by military force, just served, as we now see, to keep alive her remonstrance. The first sign of national life appeared in the Clare Election of 1828. A fresh access followed the Reform Act of 1832. The short career of Lucas, and the leadership of Butt, produced further developments. Gradually, and most of all under Parnell, she acquired the firmest form of Parliamentary organisation. The sole remaining bar was removed when the narrow franchise opened out into the fulness of national expression under the Act of

1884. Between 1874 and 1885 the small phalanx gradually, as one seat after another was opened and refilled, acquired solidity and strength. At every stage, as the obstructions to national utterance have been removed, the voice has become more and more clear and loud. As the popular representation has become a reality, it has been more and more decisively shown that the removal of such grievances, as to our eye were impalpable and salient, was not enough. That a people is the best judge of its own internal wants; that the Irish for this purpose are a people; that whatever power is added to the national stock by improved education, by extended franchises, or by even the humbler forms of local government, will all run into the one channel of steady, undying demand for the restoration of the national life by reviving, in Ireland's ancient capital, the management of Irish affairs. Some may even hold it to be most happy that the demand, as it has become sonorous, has also become by careful definition, in their view, both determinate and safe.

It seems then that the expectation which we are told to entertain is an expectation in defiance of all analogy elsewhere, and of a course of indications on the spot regularly progressive and entirely consistent through three generations of men. While as regards the comparison with Scotland, it stands thus: The one Union steadily rose in the estimation of the people; the other has witnessed a continual rise of the forces arrayed against it.

The sum then of the matter, so far as the scope of the present paper is concerned, appears to be this. As a general rule of politics, when public attention has been effectually directed to some measure or system, and the question arises whether it shall be continued or abrogated, those who defend it very commonly do it on some or all of the following pleas. That it is economical, a matter of no insignificant concern. That it conduces to the honour of the country, and advances its reputation in the judgment of the world. That it gives solid and general satisfaction to the people. That the removal of it would be a measure of disturbing and revolutionary tendency; or that it promotes the efficient working of our governing institutions. Now, when we test the present methods for governing Ireland by these criteria, the result is as follows. First, that it is governed at a cost civil and military which, if applied to the empire generally, not even the wealth of Great Britain could sustain. Next, that we have banished the sons of Ireland wholesale, in this and in preceding generations, to other lands kindlier to them than their own, and the seed thus sown broadcast has grown up into so many centres of adverse foreign opinion; while more generally I believe that from the whole compass of foreign literature it is impossible to cull a single witness in our favour. Next that, instead of giving satisfaction to the populations of the two islands, every man on this side the water is discontented with the present relations, while

Ireland regards them with a sentiment for which simple discontent is too weak a word. Further, that under the name of a conservative resistance we are defending innovation, while the whole object of the Irish is to restore the tradition of their fathers; and that by promoting absenteeism, we estrange in sympathy, and too often in person also, from Ireland the most responsible of its citizens, the natural leaders of society, and the proper checks upon all violent and disorganising tendencies. And lastly, that by blocking the way with Irish business we have effectually hindered the progress of British legislation, and have now, while saddling our Parliament with intolerable labours, fallen into arrears which are also felt to be intolerable. These are propositions which in their essence turn upon fact rather than opinion, and which are severed by a pretty clear line from the more hotly debateable portions of the subject. And the question I ask is, What are the compensations which we either have received, or can rationally hope to receive, for these grave and serious mischiefs? Are discontent and discredit, penalty in treasure and in the stoppage of good laws, commodities so precious, that the people of England will make further efforts and sacrifices in order to their perpetuation? Is there not a real problem before us? and will not the political genius of this nation, which in every other quarter has, by the removal of discontent, strengthened and not relaxed the bonds of Empire, show the world, in the only case that still remains unprovided for, that, by carefully acting on the same principles in appropriate form, we may be enabled to bring about the same beneficent results?

W. E. GLADSTONE.

SCIENTIFIC AND PSEUDO-SCIENTIFIC REALISM.

NEXT to undue precipitation in anticipating the results of pending investigations, the intellectual sin which is commonest and most hurtful to those who devote themselves to the increase of knowledge is the omission to profit by the experience of their predecessors recorded in the history of science and philosophy. It is true that, at the present day, there is more excuse than at any former time for such neglect. No small labour is needed to raise oneself to the level of the acquisitions already made; and able men who have achieved thus much know that, if they devote themselves body and soul to the increase of their store, and avoid looking back with as much care as if the injunction laid on Lot and his family were binding upon them, such devotion is sure to be richly repaid by the joys of the discoverer and the solace of fame, if not by rewards of a less elevated character.

So, following the advice of Francis Bacon, we refuse *inter mortuos quærere vivum*; we leave the past to bury its dead, and ignore our intellectual ancestry. Nor are we content with that. We follow the evil example set us, not only by Bacon but by almost all the men of the Renaissance, in pouring scorn upon the work of our immediate spiritual forefathers, the schoolmen of the middle ages. It is accepted as a truth which is indisputable, that, for seven or eight centuries, a long succession of able men—some of them of transcendent acuteness and encyclopædic knowledge—devoted laborious lives to the grave discussion of mere frivolities and the arduous pursuit of intellectual will-o'-the-wisps. To say nothing of a little modesty, a little impartial pondering over personal experience might suggest a doubt as to the adequacy of this short and easy method of dealing with a large chapter of the history of the human mind. Even an acquaintance with popular literature which had extended so far as to include that part of the contributions of Sam Slick which contains his weighty aphorism that 'there is a great deal of human nature in all mankind,' might raise a doubt whether, after all, the men of that epoch, who, take them all round, were endowed with wisdom and folly in much the same proportion as ourselves,

were likely to display nothing better than the qualities of energetic idiots, when they devoted their faculties to the elucidation of problems which were to them, and indeed are to us, the most serious which life has to offer. Speaking for myself, the longer I live the more I am disposed to think that there is much less either of pure folly or of pure wickedness in the world than is commonly supposed. It may be doubted if any sane man ever said to himself 'evil be thou my good,' and I have never yet had the good fortune to meet with a perfect fool. When I have brought to the inquiry the patience and long-suffering which become a scientific investigator, the most promising specimens have turned out to have a good deal to say for themselves from their own point of view. And, sometimes, calm reflection has taught the humiliating lesson, that their point of view was not so different from my own as I had fondly imagined. Comprehension is more than half-way to sympathy, here as elsewhere.

If we turn our attention to scholastic philosophy in the frame of mind suggested by these prefatory remarks, it assumes a very different character from that which it bears in general estimation. No doubt it is surrounded by a dense thicket of thorny logomachies and obscured by the dust-clouds of a barbarous and perplexing terminology. But suppose that, undeterred by much grime and by many scratches, the explorer has toiled through this jungle, he comes to an open country which is amazingly like his dear native land. The hills which he has to climb, the ravines he has to avoid, look very much the same; there is the same infinite space above, and the same abyss of the unknown below; the means of travelling are the same, and the goal is the same.

That goal for the schoolmen, as for us, is the settlement of the question how far the universe is the manifestation of a rational order; in other words, how far logical deduction from indisputable premisses will account for that which has happened and does happen. That was the object of scholasticism, and, so far as I am aware, the object of modern science may be expressed in the same terms. In pursuit of this end, modern science takes into account all the phenomena of the universe which are brought to our knowledge by observation or by experiment. It admits that there are two worlds to be considered, the one physical and the other psychical, and that though there is a most intimate relation and interconnexion between the two, the bridge from one to the other has yet to be found; that their phenomena run, not in one series, but along two parallel lines.

To the schoolmen the duality of the universe appeared under a different aspect. How this came about will not be intelligible unless we clearly apprehend the fact that they did really believe in dogmatic Christianity, as it was formulated by the Roman Church. They did not give a mere dull assent to anything the Church told them on Sundays, and ignore her teachings for the rest of the week;

but they lived and moved and had their being in that supersensible theological world which was created, or rather grew up, during the first four centuries of our reckoning, and which occupied their thoughts far more than the sensible world in which their earthly lot was cast.

For the most part, we learn history from the colourless compendiums or partisan briefs of mere scholars, who have too little acquaintance with practical life, and too little insight into speculative problems, to understand that about which they write. In historical science, as in all sciences which have to do with concrete phenomena, laboratory practice is indispensable, and the laboratory practice of historical science is afforded, on the one hand, by active social and political life, and, on the other, by the study of those tendencies and operations of the mind which embody themselves in philosophical and theological systems. Thucydides and Tacitus, and, to come nearer our own time, Hume and Grote, were men of affairs, and had acquired, by direct contact with social and political history in the making, the secret of understanding how such history is made. Our notions of the intellectual history of the middle ages are, unfortunately, too often derived from writers who have never seriously grappled with philosophical and theological problems: and hence that strange myth of a millennium of moonshine to which I have adverted.

However, no very profound study of the works of contemporary writers who, without devoting themselves specially to theology or philosophy, were learned and enlightened—such men, for example, as Eginhard or Dante—is necessary to convince oneself that, for them, the world of the theologian was an ever-present and awful reality. From the centre of that world, the Divine Trinity, surrounded by a hierarchy of angels and saints, contemplated and governed the insignificant sensible world in which the inferior spirits of men, burdened with the debasement of their material embodiment and continually solicited to their perdition by a no less numerous and almost as powerful hierarchy of devils, were constantly struggling on the edge of the pit of everlasting damnation.¹

¹ 'There is no exaggeration in this brief and summary view of the Catholic cosmos. But it would be unfair to leave it be supposed that the Reformation made any essential alteration, except perhaps for the worse, in that cosmology which called itself 'Christian.' The protagonist of the Reformation, from whom the whole of the Evangelical sects are lineally descended, states the case with that plainness of speech, not to say brutality, which characterised him. Luther says that man is a beast of burden who only moves as his rider orders; sometimes God rides him, and sometimes Satan. 'Sic voluntas humana in medio posita est, ceu jumentum; si insederit Deus, vult et vadit, quo vult Deus. . . . Si insederit Satan, vult et vadit, quo vult Satan; nec est in ejus arbitrio ad utrum sessorem currere, aut eum querere, sed ipsi sessores certant ob ipsum obtinendum et possidendum' (*De Seruo Arbitrio*, M. Lutheri Opera, ed. 1546, t. ii. p. 468). One may hear substantially the same doctrine preached in the parks and at street-corners by zealous volunteer missionaries of Evangelicism any Sunday in modern London. Why these doctrines, which are conspicuous by their absence in the four Gospels, should arrogate to themselves the title of Evangelical, in contradistinction to Catholic Christianity, may well perplex

The men of the middle ages believed that through the Scriptures, the traditions of the Fathers, and the authority of the Church, they were in possession of far more, and more trustworthy, information with respect to the nature and order of things in the theological world than they had in regard to the nature and order of things in the sensible world. And, if the two sources of information came into conflict, so much the worse for the sensible world, which, after all, was more or less under the dominion of Satan. Let us suppose that a telescope powerful enough to show us what is going on in the nebula of the sword of Orion, should reveal a world in which stones fell upwards, parallel lines met, and the fourth dimension of space was quite obvious. Men of science would have only two alternatives before them. Either the terrestrial and the nebular facts must be brought into harmony by such feats of subtle sophistry as the human mind is always capable of performing when driven into a corner; or science must throw down its arms in despair, and commit suicide either by the admission that the universe is, after all, irrational, inasmuch as that which is truth in one corner of it is absurdity in another, or by a declaration of incompetency.

In the middle ages, the labours of those great men who endeavoured to reconcile the system of thought which started from the data of pure reason with that which started from the data of Roman theology produced the system of thought which is known as scholastic philosophy; the alternative of surrender and suicide is exemplified by Avicenna and his followers when they declared that that which is true in theology may be false in philosophy, and *vice versa*; and by Sanchez in his famous defence of the thesis '*Quod nil scitur.*'

To those who deny the validity of one of the primary assumptions of the disputants—who decline, on the ground of the utter insufficiency of the evidence, to put faith in the reality of that other world, the geography and the inhabitants of which are so confidently described in the so-called² Christianity of Catholicism—the long and bitter contest which engaged the best intellects for so many centuries may seem a terrible illustration of the wasteful way in which the struggle for existence is carried on in the world of thought, no less than in that of matter. But there is a more cheerful mode of looking at the history of scholasticism. It ground and sharpened the dialectic implements of our race as perhaps nothing but discussions, in the result of which men thought their eternal no less than their temporal interests were at stake, could have done. When a logical blunder may ensure combustion, not only in the next world but in this, the construction of syllogisms acquires a peculiar interest. Moreover, the impartial inquirer, who, if he were obliged to choose between the two, might naturally prefer that which leaves the poor beast of burden a little freedom of choice.

* I say 'so-called' not by way of offence, but as a protest against the monstrous assumption that Catholic Christianity is explicitly or implicitly contained in any trustworthy record of the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth.

the schools kept the thinking faculty alive and active, when the disturbed state of civil life, the mephitic atmosphere engendered by the dominant ecclesiasticism, and the almost total neglect of natural knowledge, might well have stifled it. And, finally, it should be remembered that scholasticism really did thresh out pretty effectually certain problems which have presented themselves to mankind ever since they began to think, and which, I suppose, will present themselves so long as they continue to think. Consider, for example, the controversy of the Realists and the Nominalists, which was carried on with varying fortunes, and under various names, from the time of Scotus Erigena to the end of the scholastic period. Has it now a merely antiquarian interest? Has Nominalism, in any of its modifications, so completely won the day that Realism may be regarded as dead and buried without hope of resurrection? Many people seem to think so, but it appears to me that, without taking Catholic philosophy into consideration, one has not to look about far to find evidence that Realism is still to the fore, and indeed extremely lively.³

- The other day I happened to meet with a report of a sermon recently preached in St. Paul's Cathedral. From internal evidence I am inclined to think that the report is substantially correct. But as I have not the slightest intention of finding fault with the eminent theologian and eloquent preacher to whom the discourse is attributed, for employment of scientific language in a manner for which he could find only too many scientific precedents, the accuracy of the report in detail is not to the purpose. I may safely take it as the embodiment of views which are thought to be quite in accordance with science by many excellent, instructed, and intelligent people.

The preacher further contended that it was yet more difficult to realise that our earthly home would become the scene of a vast physical catastrophe. Imagination recoils from the idea that the course of nature—the phrase helps to disguise the truth—so unvarying and regular, the ordered sequence of movement and life, should suddenly cease. Imagination looks more reasonable when it assumes the air of scientific reason. Physical law, it says, will prevent the occurrence of catastrophes only anticipated by an apostle in an unscientific age. Might not there, however, be a suspension of a lower law by the intervention of a higher? Thus every time we lifted our arms we defied the laws of gravitation, and in

³ It may be desirable to observe that, in modern times, the term 'Realism' has acquired a signification wholly different from that which attached to it in the middle ages. We commonly use it as the contrary of Idealism. The Idealist holds that the phenomenal world has only a subjective existence, the Realist that it has an objective existence. I am not aware that any mediæval philosopher was an Idealist in the sense in which we apply the term to Berkeley. In fact, the cardinal defect of their speculations lies in their oversight of the considerations which lead to Idealism. If many of them regarded the material world as a negation, it was an active negation; not zero, but a minus quantity.

railways and steamboats powerful laws were held in check by others. The Flood and the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah were brought about by the operations of existing laws, and may it not be that in His illimitable universe there are more important laws than those which surround our puny life—moral and not merely physical forces? Is it inconceivable that the day will come when these royal and ultimate laws shall wreck the natural order of things which seems so stable and so fair? Earthquakes were not things of remote antiquity, as an island off Italy, the Eastern Archipelago, Greece, and Chicago bore witness. . . . In presence of a great earthquake men feel how powerless they are, and their very knowledge adds to their weakness. The end of human probation, the final dissolution of organised society, and the destruction of man's home on the surface of the globe, were none of them violently contrary to our present experience, but only the extension of present facts. The presentiment of death was common; there were felt to be many things which threatened the existence of society; and as our globe was a ball of fire, at any moment the pent-up forces which surge and boil beneath, our feet might be poured out.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, December 6, 1886.

The preacher appears to entertain the notion that the occurrence of a 'catastrophe' involves a breach of the present order of nature—that it is an event incompatible with the physical laws which at present obtain. He seems to be of opinion that 'scientific reason' lends its authority to the imaginative supposition that physical law will prevent the occurrence of the 'catastrophes' anticipated by an unscientific apostle.

Scientific reason, like Homer, sometimes nods; but I am not aware that it has ever dreamed dreams of this sort. The fundamental axiom of scientific thought is that there is not, never has been, and never will be, any disorder in nature. The admission of the occurrence of any event which was not the logical consequence of the immediately antecedent events, according to these definite ascertained, or unascertained, rules which we call the 'laws of nature' would be an act of self-destruction on the part of science.

'Catastrophe' is a relative conception. For ourselves it means an event which brings about very terrible consequences to man, or impresses his mind by its magnitude relatively to him. But events which are quite in the natural order of things to us, may be frightful catastrophes to other sentient beings. Surely no interruption of the order of nature is involved if, in the course of descending through an Alpine pine-wood, I jump upon an anthill and in a moment wreck a whole city and destroy a hundred thousand of its inhabitants. To the ants, the catastrophe is worse than the earthquake of Lisbon. To me, it is the natural and necessary consequence of the laws of matter in motion. A redistribution of energy has taken place, which is perfectly in accordance with natural order, however unpleasant its effects may be to the ants.

Imagination, inspired by scientific reason, and not merely assum-

'At any rate a catastrophe greater than the Flood, which, as I observe with interest, is ~~casually~~ ^{calmly} assumed by the preacher to be an historical event as if science had never had a word to say on that subject!

ing the airs thereof, as it unfortunately too often does in the pulpit, so far from having any right to repudiate catastrophes and deny the possibility of the cessation of motion and life, easily finds justification for the exactly contrary course. Kant in his famous 'Theory of the Heavens' declares the end of the world and its reduction to a formless condition to be a necessary consequence of the causes to which it owes its origin and continuance. And as to catastrophes of prodigious magnitude and frequent occurrence, they were the favourite *asylum ignorantiae* of geologists not a quarter of a century ago. If modern geology is becoming more and more disinclined to call in catastrophes to its aid, it is not because of any *à priori* difficulty in reconciling the occurrence of such events with the universality of order, but because the *à posteriori* evidence of the occurrence of events of this character in past times has more or less completely broken down.

It is, to say the least, highly probable that this earth is a mass of extremely hot matter, invested by a cooled crust, through which the hot interior still continues to cool, though with extreme slowness. It is no less probable that the faults and dislocations, the foldings and fractures, everywhere visible in the stratified crust, its large and slow movements through miles of elevation and depression, and its small and rapid movements which give rise to the innumerable perceived and unperceived earthquakes which are constantly occurring, are due to the shrinkage of the crust on its cooling and contracting nucleus.

Without going beyond the range of fair scientific analogy, conditions are easily conceivable which should render the loss of heat far more rapid than it is at present; and such an occurrence would be just as much in accordance with ascertained laws of nature as the more rapid cooling of a red-hot bar, when it is thrust into cold water, than when it remains in the air. But much more rapid cooling might entail a shifting and rearrangement of the parts of the crust of the earth on a scale of unprecedented magnitude, and bring about 'catastrophes' to which the earthquake of Lisbon is but a trifle. It is conceivable that man and his works and all the higher forms of animal life should be utterly destroyed; that mountain regions should be converted into ocean depths and the floor of oceans raised into mountains; and the earth become a scene of horror which even the lurid fancy of the writer of the Apocalypse would fail to portray. And yet, to the eye of science, there would be no more disorder here than in the sabbatical peace of a summer sea. Not a link in the chain of natural causes and effects would be broken, nowhere would there be the slightest indication of the 'suspension of a lower law by a higher.' If a sober scientific thinker is inclined to put little faith in the wild vaticinations of universal ruin which, in a less saintly person than the seer of Patmos, might seem to be dictated by the fury of a revengeful

fanatic, rather than by the spirit of him who bid men love their enemies, it is not on the ground that they contradict scientific principles; but because the evidence of their scientific value does not fulfil the conditions on which weight is attached to evidence. The imagination which supposes that it does, simply does not 'assume the air of scientific reason.'

I repeat that, if imagination is used within the limits laid down by science, disorder is unimaginable. If a being endowed with perfect intellectual and æsthetic faculties, but devoid of the capacity for suffering pain, either physical or moral, were to devote his utmost powers to the investigation of nature, the universe would seem to him to be a sort of kaleidoscope, in which, at every successive moment of time, a new arrangement of parts of exquisite beauty and symmetry would present itself; and each of them would show itself to be the logical consequence of the preceding arrangement, under the conditions which we call the laws of nature. Such a spectator might well be filled with that *Amor intellectualis Dei*, the beatific vision of the *vita contemplativa*, which some of the greatest thinkers of all ages, Aristotle, Aquinas, Spinoza, have regarded as the only conceivable eternal felicity; and the vision of illimitable suffering, as if sensitive beings were unregarded animalcules which had got between the bits of glass of the kaleidoscope, which mars the prospect to us poor mortals, in no wise alters the fact that order is lord of all, and disorder only a name for that part of the order which gives us pain.

The other fallacious employment of the names of scientific conceptions which pervades the preacher's utterance, brings me back to the proper topic of the present paper. It is the use of the word 'law' as if it denoted a thing—as if a 'law of nature,' as science understands it, were a being endowed with certain powers, in virtue of which the phenomena expressed by that law are brought about. The preacher asks, 'Might not there be a suspension of a lower law by the intervention of a higher?' He tells us that every time we lift our arms we defy the law of gravitation. He asks whether some day certain 'royal and ultimate laws' may not come and 'wreck' those laws which are at present, it would appear, acting as nature's police. It is evident, from these expressions, that 'laws,' in the mind of the preacher, are entities having an objective existence in a graduated hierarchy. And it would appear that the 'royal laws' are by no means to be regarded as constitutional royalties: at any moment, they may, like Eastern despots, descend in wrath among the middle-class and plebeian laws, which have hitherto done the drudgery of the world's work, and—to use phraseology not unknown in our seats of learning—'make hay' of their belongings. Or perhaps a still more familiar analogy has suggested this singular theory; and it is thought that high laws may 'suspend' low laws, as a bishop may suspend a curate.

Far be it from me to controvert these views, if anyone likes to

hold them. All I wish to remark is that such a conception of the nature of 'laws' has nothing to do with modern science. It is scholastic realism—realism as intense and unmitigated as that of Scotus Erigena a thousand years ago. The essence of such realism is that it maintains the objective existence of universals, or, as we call them nowadays, general propositions. It affirms, for example, that 'man' is a real thing, apart from individual men, having its existence, not in the sensible, but in the intelligible world, and clothing itself with the accidents of sense to make the Jack and Tom and Harry whom we know. Strange as such a notion may appear to modern scientific thought, it really pervades ordinary language. There are few people who would, at once, hesitate to admit that colour, for example, exists apart from the mind which conceives the idea of colour. They hold it to be something which resides in the coloured object; and so far they are as much realists as if they had sat at Plato's feet. Reflection on the facts of the case must, I imagine, convince everyone that 'colour' is—not a mere name, which was the extreme Nominalist position—but a name for that group of states of feeling which we call blue, red, yellow, and so on, and which we believe to be caused by luminiferous vibrations which have not the slightest resemblance to colour; while these, again, are set afoot by states of the body to which we ascribe colour, but which are equally devoid of likeness to colour.

In the same way, a law of nature, in the scientific sense, is the product of a mental operation upon the facts of nature which come under our observation, and has no more existence outside the mind than colour has. The law of gravitation is a statement of the manner in which experience shows that bodies, which are free to move, do, in fact, move towards another. But the other facts of observation, that bodies are not always moving in this fashion, and sometimes move in a contrary direction, are implied in the words 'free to move.' If it is a law of nature that bodies tend to move towards one another in a certain way; it is another and no less true law of nature that, if bodies are not free to move as they tend to do, either in consequence of an obstacle or of a contrary impulse from some other source of energy, than that to which we give the name of gravitation, they either stop still or go another way.

Scientifically speaking, it is the acme of absurdity to talk of a man defying the law of gravitation when he lifts his arm. The general store of energy in the universe working through terrestrial matter is doubtless tending to bring the man's arm down; but the particular fraction of that energy which is working through certain of his nervous and muscular organs is tending to drive it up, and more energy being expended on the arm in the upward than in the downward direction, the arm goes up accordingly. But the law of gravitation is no more defied in this case than when a grocer

throws so much sugar into the empty pan of his scales that the weighted one kicks the beam.

The tenacity of the wonderful fallacy that the laws of nature are agents instead of being, as they really are, a mere record of experience, upon which we base our interpretations of that which does happen, and our anticipation of that which will happen, is an interesting psychological fact, and would be unintelligible if the tendency of the human mind towards realism were less strong.

Even at the present day, and in the writings of men who would at once repudiate scholastic realism in any form, 'law' is often inadvertently employed in the sense of cause, just as, in common life, a man will say that he is compelled by the law to do so and so, when, in point of fact, all he means is that the law orders him to do it, and tells him what will happen if he does not do it. We commonly hear of bodies falling to the ground by reason of the law of gravitation, whereas that law is simply the record of the fact that, according to all experience, they have so fallen (when free to move), and of the grounds of a reasonable expectation that they will so fall. If it should be worth anybody's while to seek for examples of such misuse of language on my own part, I am not at all sure he might not succeed, though I have usually been on my guard against such looseness of expression. If I am guilty, I do penance beforehand, and only hope that I may thereby deter others from committing the like fault. And I venture on this personal observation by way of showing that I have no wish to bear hardly on the preacher for falling into an error for which he might find good precedents. But it is one of those errors which, in the case of a person engaged in scientific pursuits, does little harm, because it is corrected as soon as its consequences become obvious; while those who know physical science only by name are, as has been seen, easily led to build a mighty fabric of unrealities on this fundamental fallacy. In fact, the habitual use of the word 'law,' in the sense of an active thing, is almost a mark of pseudo-science; it characterises the writings of those who have appropriated the forms of science without knowing anything of its substance.

There are two classes of these people: those who are ready to believe in any miracle so long as it is guaranteed by ecclesiastical authority, and those who are ready to believe in any miracle so long as it has some different guarantee. The believers in what are ordinarily called miracles—those who accept the miraculous narratives which they are taught to think are essential elements of religious doctrine—are in the one category; the spirit-rappers, table-turners, and all the other devotees of the occult sciences of our day are in the other: and, if they disagree in most things they agree in this, namely, that they ascribe to science a dictum that is not scientific; and that they endeavour to upset the dictum thus foisted on science by a realistic argument which is equally unscientific.

It is asserted, for example, that, on a particular occasion, water was turned into wine; and, on the other hand, it is asserted that a man or a woman 'levitated' to the ceiling, floated about there, and finally sailed out by the window. And it is assumed that the pardonable scepticism, with which most scientific men receive these statements, is due to the fact that they feel themselves justified in denying the possibility of any such metamorphosis of water or of any such levitation, because such events are contrary to the laws of nature. So the question of the preacher is triumphantly put: How do you know that there are not 'higher' laws of nature than your chemical and physical laws, and that these higher laws may not intervene and 'wreck' the latter?

The plain answer to this question is, Why should anybody be called upon to say how he knows that which he does not know? You are assuming that laws are agents—efficient causes of that which happens—and that one law can interfere with another. To us that assumption is as nonsensical as if you were to talk of a proposition of Euclid being the cause of the diagram which illustrates it, or of the integral calculus interfering with the rule of three. Your question really implies that we pretend to complete knowledge not only of all past and present phenomena, but of all that are possible in the future, and we leave all that sort of thing to the adepts of esoteric Buddhism. Our pretensions are infinitely more modest. We have succeeded in finding out the rules of action of a little bit of the universe; we call these rules 'laws of nature,' not because anybody knows whether they bind nature or not, but because we find it is obligatory on us to take them into account, both as actors under nature, and as interpreters of nature. We have any quantity of genuine miracles of our own, and if you will furnish us with as good evidence of your miracles as we have of ours, we shall be quite happy to accept them and to amend our expression of the laws of nature in accordance with the new facts.

As to the particular cases adduced, we are so perfectly fair-minded as to be willing to help your case as far as we can. You are quite mistaken in supposing that anybody who is acquainted with the possibilities of physical science will undertake categorically to deny that water may be turned into wine. Many very competent judges are already inclined to think that the bodies, which we have hitherto called elementary, are really composite arrangements of the particles of a uniform primitive matter. Supposing that view to be correct, there would be no more theoretical difficulty about turning water into alcohol, ethereal and colouring matters, than there is at this present moment any practical difficulty in working other such miracles; as when we turn sugar into alcohol, carbonic acid, glycerine, and succinic acid; or transmute gas-refuse into perfumes rarer than musk, and dyes richer than Tyrian purple.

If the so-called 'elements,' oxygen and hydrogen, which compose water, are aggregates of the same ultimate particles or physical units, as those which enter into the structure of the so-called element 'carbon,' it is obvious that alcohol and other substances, composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen—may be produced by a re-arrangement of some of the units of oxygen and hydrogen into the 'element' carbon, and their synthesis with the rest of the oxygen and hydrogen.

Theoretically, therefore, we can have no sort of objection to your miracle. And our reply to the levitators is just the same. Why should not your friend 'levitate'? Fish are said to rise and sink in the water by altering the volume of an internal air-receptacle, and there may be many ways science, as yet, knows nothing of, by which we who live at the bottom of an ocean of air may do the same thing. Dialectic gas and wind appear to be by no means wanting among you, and why should not long practice in pneumatic philosophy have resulted in the internal generation of something a thousand times rarer than hydrogen, by which, in accordance with the most ordinary natural laws, you would not only rise to the ceiling and float there in quasi-angelic posture, but perhaps, as one of your feminine adepts is said to have done, flit swifter than train or telegram to 'still-*vex'd* Bermoothes,' and twit Ariel, if he happens to be there, for a sluggard? We have not the presumption to deny the possibility of anything you affirm—only, as our brethren are particular about evidence, do give us as much to go upon as may save us from being roared down by their inextinguishable laughter.

Enough of the realism which clings about 'laws.' There are plenty of other exemplifications of its vitality in modern science, but I will cite only one of them.

This is the conception of 'vital force' which comes straight from the philosophy of Aristotle. It is a fundamental proposition of that philosophy that a natural object is composed of two constituents—the one its matter, conceived as inert or even, to a certain extent, opposed to orderly and purposive motion; the other its form, conceived as a quasi-spiritual something, containing or conditioning the actual activities of the body and the potentiality of its possible activities.

I am disposed to think that the prominence of this conception in Aristotle's theory of things arose from the circumstance that he was, to begin with and throughout his life, devoted to biological studies. In fact it is a notion which must force itself upon the mind of any one who studies biological phenomena, without reference to general physics as they now stand. Everybody who observes the obvious phenomena of the development of a seed into a tree, or of an egg into an animal, will note that a relatively formless mass of matter gradually grows, takes a definite shape and structure, and finally begins to perform actions which contribute towards a certain end, namely, the maintenance of the individual in the first place, and of

the species in the second. Starting from the axiom that every event has a cause, we have here the *causa finalis* manifested in the last set of phenomena, the *causa materialis* and *formalis* in the first, while the existence of a *causa efficiens* within the seed or egg and its product, is a corollary from the phenomena of growth and metamorphosis, which proceed in unbroken succession and make up the life of the animal or plant.

Thus, at starting, the egg or seed is matter having a 'form' like all other material bodies. But this form has the peculiarity, in contradistinction to lower substantial 'forms,' that it is a power which constantly works towards an end by means of living organisation.

So far as I know, Leibnitz is the only philosopher (at the same time a man of science, in the modern sense, of the first rank) who has noted that the modern conception of Force, as a sort of atmosphere enveloping the particles of bodies, and having potential or actual activity, is simply a new name for the Aristotelian Form.⁵ In modern biology, up till within quite recent times, the Aristotelian conception held undisputed sway; living matter was endowed with 'vital force,' and that accounted for everything. Whosoever was not satisfied with that explanation was treated to that very 'plain argument'—'confound you eternally'—wherewith Lord Peter overcomes the doubts of his brothers in the *Tale of a Tub*. 'Materialist' was the mildest term applied to him—fortunate if he escaped pelting with 'infidel' and 'atheist.' There may be scientific Rip Van Winkles about, who still hold by vital force; but among those biologists who have not been asleep for the last quarter of a century 'vital force' no longer figures in the vocabulary of science. It is a patent survival of realism; the generalisation from experience that all living bodies exhibit certain activities of a definite character is made the basis of the notion that every living body contains an entity, 'vital force,' which is assumed to be the cause of those activities.

It is remarkable, in looking back, to notice to what an extent this and other survivals of scholastic realism arrested or, at any rate, impeded the application of sound scientific principles to the investigation of biological phenomena. When I was beginning to think about these matters, the scientific world was occasionally agitated by discussions respecting the nature of the 'species' and 'genera' of Naturalists, of a different order from the disputes of a later time. I think most were agreed that a 'species' was something which existed objectively, somehow or other, and had been created by a Divine fiat. As to the objective reality of genera, there was a good deal of difference of opinion. On the other hand, there were a few who could see no objective reality in anything but individuals, and looked upon both species and genera as hypostatised universals. As

⁵ 'Les formes des anciens ou Entéléchies ne sont autre chose que les forces' (Leibnitz, *Lettre au Père Bouvet*, 1687).

for myself, I seem to have unconsciously emulated William of Occam, inasmuch as almost the first public discourse I ever ventured upon dealt with 'Animal Individuality,' and its tendency was to fight the Nominalist battle even in that quarter.

Realism appeared in still stranger forms at the time to which I refer. The community of plan which is observable in each great group of animals was hypostatised into a Platonic idea with the appropriate name of 'archetype,' and we were told, as a disciple of Philo-Judæus might have told us, that this realistic figment was 'the archetypal light' by which Nature has been guided amidst the 'wreck of worlds.' So, again, another naturalist, who had no less earned a well-deserved reputation by his contributions to positive knowledge, put forward a theory of the production of living things which, as nearly as the increase of knowledge allowed, was a reproduction of the doctrine inculcated by the Jewish Cabbala.

Annexing the archetype notion, and carrying it to its full logical consequence, the author of this theory conceived that the species of animals and plants were so many incarnations of the thoughts of God—material representations of Divine Ideas during the particular period of the world's history at which they existed. But, under the influence of the embryological and palæontological discoveries of modern times, which had already lent some scientific support to the revived ancient theories of cosmical evolution or emanation, the ingenious author of this speculation, while denying and repudiating the ordinary theory of evolution by successive modification of individuals, maintained and endeavoured to prove the occurrence of a progressive modification in the Divine Ideas of successive epochs.

On the foundation of a supposed elevation of organisation in the whole living population of any epoch as compared with that of its predecessor, and a supposed complete difference in species between the populations of any two epochs (neither of which suppositions has stood the test of further inquiry) the author of this speculation based his conclusion that the Creator had, so to speak, improved upon his thoughts as time went on; and that, as each such amended scheme of creation came up, the embodiment of the earlier divine thoughts was swept away by a universal catastrophe, and an incarnation of the improved ideas took its place. Only after the last such 'wreck' thus brought about did the embodiment of a divine thought, in the shape of the first man, make its appearance as the *ne plus ultra* of the cosmogonical process.

I imagine that Louis Agassiz, the genial backwoodsman of the science of my young days, who did more to open out new tracks in the scientific forest than most men, would have been much surprised to learn that he was preaching the doctrine of the Cabbala, pure and simple. According to this modification of Neoplatonism by contact

with Hebrew speculation, the divine essence is unknowable—without form or attribute ; but the interval between it and the world of sense is filled by intelligible entities, which are nothing but the familiar hypostatised abstractions of the realists.. These have emanated, like immense waves of light, from the divine centre and, as ten consecutive zones of Sephiroth, form the universe. The farther away from the centre, the more the primitive light wanes, until the periphery ends in those mere negations, darkness and evil, which are the essence of matter. On this, the divine agency transmitted through the Sephiroth operates after the fashion of the Aristotelian forms and, at first, produces the lowest of a series of worlds. After a certain duration the primitive world is demolished and its fragments used up in making a better; and this process is repeated, until at length a final world, with man for its crown and finish, makes its appearance. It is needless to trace the process of retrogressive metamorphosis by which, through the agency of the Messiah, the steps of the process of evolution here sketched are retraced. Sufficient has been said to prove that the extremest realism current in the philosophy of the thirteenth century can be fully matched by the speculations of our own time.

T. H. HUXLEY.

NOTES ON NEW YORK.

I. ON SOME PHYSICAL CHANGES OF THE LAST TEN YEARS.

It was early on a gray October morning of 1886 that the 'Celtic,' her funnel well frosted with the salt of the Atlantic surge, steamed up New York harbour to the city. In the ten years that had passed since I had seen harbour or city, there had been many changes in both, some of them such as no one could miss. M. Bartholdi's singular statue of Liberty stood there on Bedloes Island, waiting to be dedicated to her mission of enlightening the world, not the least considering whether the world might not prefer its own darkness to the Frenchman's electric beams. Brooklyn Bridge spanned the East River; its two huge piers brought well into proportion with the two cities it unites; the delicate arch of the floor and the curves of its suspension cables a triumph of architectural design as well as of sound engineering. The lower end of New York City, which meets and parts wedgelike the waters that encompass it, seemed to have been lifted bodily upward. The new Produce Exchange stands a fortress in its four-square solid brick walls and square tower. The Washington Building, the Mills Building, and many others rise ten storeys from the ground. The domes of the Post Office, and the adjacent pinnacles and spires, crown the view. But the spires have ceased to be the most conspicuous features of this section of New York. I remembered the remark of a distinguished Englishman with whom ten years ago I had looked upon this scene from the deck of another White Star ship. Even then the spires were dwarfed by the towers of a telegraph office and a newspaper building. 'Nothing could be more striking,' said he. 'The first things you see as you approach America are centres of intelligence.' They are still there, but the centres of commerce, of business, of finance, rise, if not to an equal height, yet in a greater bulk, and press upon the vision of the incoming stranger. I will not dwell on the more familiar features of this entrance to New York; often described, never too much praised. It was natural that the autumn-clad shores of Staten Island should be more thickly covered with villas, and that Brooklyn streets should have stretched afield. Early as it was, all New York was awake, the innumerable ferry-boats were crowded; the smoke floated away

before the east winds from every visible chimney; not the smoke known to the Londoner, but that lighter product of anthracite combustion which goes its way skyward instead of clinging to earth, to poison the inhabitants thereof.

I wish I could say that the docks and wharves of New York have been rebuilt, but it is a matter of conscience to confess that the traveller still enters this city over a threshold which is a stumbling-block of rotting wood, and through sheds which are as shabby as they are spacious. The American finds that he can get ashore, and that there is room for the custom-house officers to do their work, and he asks no more. As nothing has been more abused than the New York Custom House—unless it be the Boston—let me say that the examination of luggage was done quickly and civilly. We were one hundred and fifty saloon passengers. Within ten minutes after the ship was at the dock, portmanteaus and boxes were ready for inspection, and I judge the business was over in an hour. Returning to Liverpool, the other day, the number of passengers was but thirty, yet it was an hour before the first package was opened, and every package was looked into rather more sharply than at New York, but not less civilly.

Nor is it possible to assert that the paving of the streets of New York is much better than of old. This queenly city is not careful to put her best foot foremost, or set what an American might call her front door-step in order. The traveller still emerges from the steamship warehouse upon a broad, neglected, squalid thoroughfare. He still drives through streets some of which are charming in their quaint suggestion of a Dutch antiquity, over roadways which are equally good tests of the springs of his carriage and of his power of refraining from profane language. On the busiest part of Fifth Avenue, which is not only the most fashionable street but one of the great arteries of travel, the pavement was up, the foundation of the road laid bare, and the sidewalks piled high with granite blocks. ‘Sidewalks,’ I know, is an Americanism, but I respectfully commend the word to the English public for convenience’ sake. ‘Pavement’ has more than one meaning, and ‘foot-path’ belongs to the country. The Avenue—we now call it ‘the’ Avenue, just as you call Hyde Park ‘the’ Park—was impassable for a third of a mile. It remained so for a month; it had been so, I was told, for a month before, perhaps longer. The London vestries who yearly upturn Pall Mall and the Strand could hardly show a more serene indifference to the necessities of the community whose servants they are supposed to be. There had been a quarrel between the New York contractors and the authorities. An arbitration was proceeding, in the usual leisurely fashion of such things. The public meanwhile submitted to the obstruction with that patience which seems, I believe, to Englishmen one of the most puzzling characteristics of the American. On

our way from the dock to the house, my host took me through some of the worst and some of the best streets in New York. His brougham was well hung, and his coachman a good whip, but the worst pavements gave one the sense of being driven down the boulder-strewn bed of a mountain torrent, and the best were very like what Oxford Street was when it was paved with cubes of stone to which long wear had given a rounded surface.

The Macadam pavement, it is said, will not answer in New York, on account of the dust; wood is condemned; asphalte melts in the summer heat. A friend took me one day to Fleetwood Park—a private course for trotting. We drove along Seventh Avenue, by which Jerome Park also is approached, certainly one of the chief roads for pleasure-driving, crowded that afternoon with trotting waggons, and lying an inch or two deep with mud. Yet the macadamised roads in Central Park, and for nearly the whole length of the incomparable Riverside drive, are well made and in good condition.

This is a topic, I know, as well worn as the streets themselves, but it is one which cannot be left wholly untouched by anyone who deals with the physical aspect of New York city. And it is of course the physical aspect which first impresses itself on the newcomer. It is certainly one which the New Yorker himself is determined nobody shall overlook. Said my host to me, 'You shall have your breakfast, then you must go down town and see New York at once. You have not the least idea what the New York of to-day is like.' I humbly admitted I had not. We went down by one of the elevated railroads. There are six of these, and they have altered some of the main conditions of life in New York. Before the first of them was built, in 1872, the New Yorker was wandering away to Brooklyn, or Williamsburgh, or Jersey City, in search of a home. The central part of the island was already crowded, and the distance to the upper part too great to be travelled twice a day by stage or street-car, or, as would be said here, by 'bus' or 'tram.' Now, it is possible to go in less than half an hour from Wall Street to Central Park. When the late Mr. Stewart built his white marble house at the corner of Thirty-third Street and Fifth Avenue it was thought to be too far up town. When the Vanderbilt houses, perhaps five years ago, were built a mile beyond, people said they were too far down. Central Park begins at Fifty-ninth Street—we reckon twenty blocks or streets to the mile—and already it is difficult to get a good vacant lot for a house on its eastern side. From statistics of every kind I abstain, but it needs no statistics to show that the facility and rapidity of communication between the two great divisions of New York have greatly augmented the value of land up town, where men live; if not down town, where they do business. The value of business sites increases fast enough from other causes. I was shown a small estate on the corner of Wall

Street and Broad Street which had recently been sold at a price higher per square foot, said my friend, than had yet been given for land in the city of London. Whether he was accurate or not I cannot say, but there is a difference between superficial area and frontage which it is just possible he did not take into account.

The elevated railroads of New York have been compared before now with the underground in London, and not to the advantage of the latter. From the passenger's point of view, it is certainly pleasanter to journey through the upper air than through a hole in the earth. The privilege of staring into second-story windows as he rushes by adds but little to the interest. The pace is too great. I reckoned a mile in five minutes, stops included, to be the average. The cars are, of course, on the American plan, large and airy, well-fitted, and clean, but overcrowded morning and evening. There is no pretence of restricting the number of passengers. The seats once full, the centre aisle is packed, as it is in the cars on the surface roads, by people who do not object to travel perpendicularly, holding fast to straps which the company, ever considerate of the comfort of its patrons, provides without extra charge. This, however, is less inconvenient to the seated passenger than to make one of fourteen in an English compartment constructed to hold six. There is ventilation, partly the result of design, partly of open doors and the exit of passengers at each station. As the stations are not more than a minute and a half apart, the air-supply on the elevated roads at their worst is never so foul as on the underground at its best. Accidents are unknown. I do not expect this assertion to be received with entire confidence, but I will quote from an official statement covering the operations of all the elevated lines down to October 1, 1886. 'Since the opening of the roads, only one passenger has lost his life after being on board the cars, and that was due to his own carelessness. This fact is without an equal in the history of railways.' I should suppose it was.

The same page contains an array of figures which tempts me to depart for one moment from my self-denying ordinance in respect to statistics.

The elevated system began with three and a half miles of road in 1872, and during nine months of that year ending September 30, the number of passengers was 137,446. In 1880 the mileage had increased to 32, where it remains, and the number of passengers to 60,831,757. In 1886 the number was 115,109,591, the daily average being 315,369. The whole number of passengers transported during fourteen years has been 692,929,878. If we take the population of New York at a million and a quarter, we may say that during these fourteen years every man, woman, and child in the city has been carried up or down the elevated roads more than 500 times. The number travelling on the surface roads last year was 195,165,035.

From all which it may perhaps be inferred that the inhabitants of New York spend no small part of their time in journeying to and fro within the limits of the city. There is no other city in which the movement of the population seems so incessant; perhaps none where, cheap as the fares are, the sum paid is so great in proportion to number. The gross receipts of the elevated roads only have been \$48,502,420.86; in round numbers 10,000,000*l*. The stock of the Manhattan Company is at 166, the par being 100.

Now I beg the Presidents of the Metropolitan and District Railways to note one fact. On all the elevated railways of New York city there is for all distances a uniform fare of five cents, which is the American equivalent of twopence-halfpenny. For this sum the New Yorker may travel from the extreme southern to the extreme northern limit of his city. The rule is the same on all surface cars and in all omnibuses, and there can be no doubt that this simplicity of finance is one cause of the enormous traffic. No complicated scheme of varying fares to perplex the passenger; no wrangles with conductors; no disputes at booking offices; no abstruse calculations of competing tariffs as between different lines; no hesitation whether to stop at this corner or that. The New Yorker gets in where he pleases, gets off where he pleases, and the only problem that can possibly present itself to his mind is whether he has or has not the 'nickel,' as he calls it, which is equally good for his fare from one block to another, or from the Battery to Harlem.

Perhaps these distinguished Presidents might note another fact. The working staff of the elevated roads is but a fraction of the number employed on the underground. A clerk in the ticket-office, a man to see that passengers drop their tickets into a glass box as they arrive on the platform, a third on the platform itself, whose function seemed to be to answer the questions of European or country cousins,—that is all the visible human apparatus. There is a conductor at each end of each car, who throws open the collapsing iron gates for egress and ingress when the trains come in. No army of door-slamming porters; no examination of tickets, no inspectors, no rushing about of guards. Here, as in every American contrivance, economy of labour is carried as far as it can be carried. I am far from expecting that Sir Edward Watkin, or Mr. Forbes, should consent to the Americanisation of their roads, even for the sake of better dividends and a higher quotation of the stock. The simplification of the system depends possibly to some extent on the abolition of classes, and classes are unknown on these New York lines, where the millionaire banker and the bank-porter, who is seldom a millionaire, may be seen sitting side by side in the same car; neither of them the worse for this democratic proximity. I do not know which of the two would be the more surprised by a suggestion that either was out of his place.

The Englishman who meditates, as I believe most Englishmen do, a journey next year to what they oddly call 'The States,' may be relieved to know that the cab service in New York is improved. The cabs are better and the fares are less. . I do not wish to generalise too broadly from an experience not very long, but I think it may also be said that the cabmen are more civil. An English friend who has of late seen New York oftener than I have, gave me before I went an alarming account of the matter. 'It does not signify,' said he, 'what you give; you must give more than the fare, and you are sure to be insulted besides.' Perhaps they are more tender to their fellow-countrymen than to the Briton, whose frequent mistake is to forget that the idea of equality is rooted deep in the American breast, and still deeper in the breast of the immigrant who landed day before yesterday. But I may testify that in none of my dealings with the drivers of vehicles plying for hire was I insulted. I did not hear a rough word from any one of them, and there was no dispute about fares. I found I could now 'ride'—which is not only good American but good English—any reasonable distance in a hansom for half-a-dollar, or two shillings. The cabs are well horsed, well turned out, clean, and not badly driven. The four-wheeler of London can claim no real relationship with his kin beyond the sea; nor his driver. The New York four-wheeler is a smart brougham, superior in every respect to the brougham let out for hire by a London job-master. If taken at a railway station, the fare will never be less than four shillings, but neither will it be more, and there is no charge for luggage. The tariff for day or evening work is four shillings an hour. That remarkable product of free institutions known as the 'hack,' with two horses, has not disappeared. It has lately been of service in conveying to gaol some of the aldermen who corruptly chartered a railroad on Broadway to compete with it. The hack is, however, being elbowed slowly and surely off the streets; not by street cars, but by better and cheaper vehicles. New York, it must be added, has not, and never will have, a cab service so general as that of London. A hansom is not to be found at every corner, nor is one needed. Nine times out of ten, the car or the stage takes people where they wish to go, and everybody uses the cars and stages, ladies included. Let an English visitor take the new Fifth Avenue line, and as he passes on he will see the doors of palaces open, and mother and daughter—*matre pulchra filia pulchrior*—trip down the steps and get into the stage. And he will be the only person who will think it remarkable that they should do so. *

Business of certain kinds has followed the movement up town. The lower part of Fifth Avenue had long been a favourite site for shops and stores. The invasion has been pushed till the middle portion is now pretty equally divided between stores and private houses. Fashion now ordains that her votaries shall live at one of

the extremes: at the very bottom, beginning with the scene of Mr. Henry James's vivid study of local colour, Washington Square; or above Thirty-fifth Street. Fashion is not omnipotent even in New York, and many of the best houses and best people remain outside her jurisdiction and disregard her edicts. Nor can she say that any single district owns her sway. She can protect none of the precincts she would fain call her own. A huge grocery store has taken possession of the very corner of the Fifth Avenue which lies opposite to the entrance to Central Park. Two of the finest hotels in New York, or in the world, are on the Avenue, between Fortieth and Fiftieth Streets. New York has no such lawgiver among her landowners as the Duke of Westminster, to determine what sort of building shall or shall not be erected in a given territory. The Astors? Yes, but the landed possessions of the Astors are scattered, and that powerful family is not powerful enough to prevent stores from being opened in the immediate neighbourhood of its own residences. Nor do the New Yorkers care as much about this mixture of stores and houses as people seem to in London. The sacred seclusion of Grosvenor Square or Park Lane is not so much their model as the Avenue des Champs-Élysées in Paris—the finest street in Europe, with some of the finest houses, and by the side of them, or even on the ground floor, the warehouses of carriage-makers, restaurants, and I know not what else.

The changes down town are perhaps more remarkable still. Pre-eminently a commercial city, New York has created a building type of her own for commercial purposes. When it became evident that Wall Street must remain the financial centre and financial exchange, not of New York only but of all America, the bankers and brokers looked about them in despair. Where were they to find, on this narrow strip of land, room enough for banks and offices within the rigidly limited district whence alone the Stock Exchange and great moneyed institutions of the city are instantly accessible? But one day some architect of brains bethought himself of the legal maxim, *cujus est solum ejus est usque ad cælum*, and began to build toward the skies. No doubt there were old-fashioned people who shook their heads, and asked who was going to do business in sixth-story offices? But whoso mounts to-day to the upper floors of the best buildings in New York may look down, far down, on the roofs of these six-story structures. Nine or ten floors are the rule. This fashion had begun more than ten years ago, but ten years ago it was an experiment; to-day New York, from the City Hall downward to the Battery, is crowded with these lofty structures.

One of the first was the *Tribune* building, which, since I last saw it, has more than doubled its size, and has perhaps the finest architectural exterior of them all. The largest of all is the Mills Building, with a double front of red brick, on Broad and Wall Streets.

The reputed cost of this single edifice is three millions of dollars. The Mutual Life Insurance Building in Nassau Street is another of the show structures which the stranger has to admire. They are finished and furnished with a splendour which I have no space to describe in detail; one of them, with staircases and corridors wainscoted in panelled walnut and cherry; the other in white marble. This lavishness has become a matter of course, and luxury now goes to the making of money as well as to the spending of it. What makes it possible to build to such a height, is the system of elevators or lifts, one of the rare instances in which the American uses a longer word than the English. The American elevator, however, is very unlike the English lift. The London machine climbs heavenward as slowly as an unrepentant sinner; the New York elevator shoots upward so swiftly and smoothly that it is easy to see why the lofty upper floors are preferred to the lower. There are six elevators in the Mills Building ceaselessly ascending and descending; four, I think, in the Mutual Life, two on each side of the hall, where stands a liveried porter, silently motioning to right and left the stream of entering visitors.

From any of the upper floors to the rear, enchanting views of the East River and of Brooklyn are to be had; less complete, however, than those from the *Tribune*, or from Mr. Cyrus Field's building at the lower end of Broadway, which he has modestly named after Washington instead of himself, as the fashion runs. I know nothing to equal the landscape which lies beneath and about the spectator who is privileged to place himself at the best windows of this edifice. The blue waters part or meet under his eyes; North River and East River flow together past him as he looks straight down on them, sparkling in such sunlight as you only pray for in England, blue with the azure of the Mediterranean, buoyant with commerce, foreign and domestic. The loveliness of the harbour is never so alluring as when it is seen on intimate terms, and here the gazer is so near that he might plunge into it. The city lies at his back; Brooklyn is to the left, with her heights and her broad lowlands of warehouses; Governor's Island is in the central foreground; the guarded and fortified Narrows far to the south; Staten Island lifting its long slopes on the right; the majesty of the Hudson, with its measureless tide, dividing him from the New Jersey shores. These last he will think are considerably less majestic, unless perchance the Pennsylvania Railroad station or the ferry-houses strike him as remarkable for a dignity which the most enthusiastic American scarcely discovers in them. But he may look beyond them to the purple summits of the Orange Mountains which indent the far horizon.

The substance of these buildings is equal to the show, or more
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than equal. They have a mediæval solidity and thickness of wall, and are in fact, as well as in name, fireproof. They seem built for immortality. Mr. Lowell told us the other day, at Harvard, that not one of our older buildings in America is venerable, or will ever become so. 'Time refuses to console them. They all look as though they meant business and nothing more.' There can be no question that these newer ones of New York mean business, and he might be a rash man who should predict that they, any more than the more ancient structures to which Mr. Lowell refuses to do homage, will ever become venerable. They are part of the machinery of money-making. Mr. Ruskin is reported to have said that he would like to pull down the New Town in Edinburgh and rebuild it, and pull down New York and not rebuild it. If he were called upon to excuse this outburst, he would be able to urge with truth that he had never seen the city he would so cheerfully annihilate. Should he see these more recent efforts toward a right architecture, he might not approve them; he would at least admit that we do not, as he complained in respect of the newer portions of London, model our gin-shops after the Doge's Palace at Venice.

There are few signs in New York of that purely imitative purpose which has presided over the later efforts of London and provincial architects. Gothic, Lombardo-Venetian, Queen Anne, and the more whimsical creations in red brick with drawbridges and postern-gates which diversify the dulness of the West End, have never become the vogue in New York. They are styles which might not survive the voyage across the Atlantic. I do not mean to deny that we are imitative, but we have gone elsewhere for models. The *Tribune* building would never have been what it is had there been no Palazzo Vecchio at Florence, nor Mr. Vanderbilt's house what it is if Mr. Richard Hunt's imagination had not been kindled by loving study of some of the historic châteaux of France. Mr. Richardson's great pile at Albany certainly owes something to the authors of the French Renaissance. This really fine structure has not cost less than four millions sterling—all that for the Capitol of a single one of the thirty-nine States of the Union. There is a legend—the movement is so rapid that the story of last year becomes the legend of this—that so long ago as the days of our Civil War there was a New Yorker faint-hearted enough to believe in the triumph of the Rebellion and the ultimate formation of a northern confederacy. But he was capable of looking ahead, though not around him, and he laid the foundations of this edifice at Albany broad enough to support a National Capitol. His idea was that when Congress came northward, New York State should be able to offer it a home, and that Albany would thus become the chief city of a divided Union. That dream is dispelled for ever, but the vision of the dreamer has taken shape and substance in stone, and New York gets her legisla-

tion done in marble halls that are, to say the least, a monument of the architect's genius.

The impartial critic—I am neither a critic nor impartial—might, for aught I know, say of New York that, with all its magnificence, it wants *ensemble*. Go where he may in the business parts of the city, he will find buildings to admire, but the number of streets which are altogether admirable is limited. There may be moments in his stroll when he wishes that some beneficent tyrant of an edile, like Haussmann, had had the ordering of the whole business. He might as well wish the lesser Napoleon had set up his Third Empire in Manhattan. New York as it stands is an expression of the American spirit, of its force, its individuality, its inventiveness, its courage, and also its impatience of control. Precedent, which counts for so much in England, counts for little with us outside of the courts of law. Mr. Ruskin long since proclaimed that never can there be a sixth order of architecture—that no man is capable of inventing one. The American listened to the edict, and said he guessed he would try. He would be the last person to say he has succeeded, but he will point out, and not without pride, some of his experiments toward novelty. Where he has borrowed, he has adapted. Where he has given the reins to his fancy, he has produced something which is at least an illustration of his favourite doctrine of freedom from servitude to European traditions. He certainly never would have submitted to be Haussmannised, and well for him it is that he would not, for his Haussmann might have been named Tweed and his municipal guidance have found its source in Tammany Hall.

A dozen nationalities have wrought, each after its own soul, and all sorts of influences have left their mark on the streets of New York—not to say its pavements also. But the spirit of independence when expressed in brick and mortar is only too apt to become a spirit of lawlessness. The New Yorker is not devoid of respect for regularity, but he thought he had paid it a sufficient tribute when he had distributed his island, or all the upper part of it, into rectangular parallelograms duly numbered in arithmetical sequence. All these great buildings which I have mentioned are the work either of single men or of corporations, subject to no other restriction, so far as I know, than those imposed for sanitary reasons, or for security. Certainly there is no authority in New York which presumes to ordain that every new building on a corner should be rounded off at its extremity in order not to obstruct the vision of the approaching cab-driver. The truncated edifices which have become common in London may console us in New York for the want of a Metropolitan Board of Works—anything is better than a monotonous mistake all over the city. We have mistakes, but we have variety. Some day we shall perceive that a street in which

magnificent buildings occur is not necessarily a magnificent street. An idea of harmony, of symmetry, of friendly relations between buildings that are neighbours, will in due time make its way. We shall make our toilet. We shall very soon put underground those telegraph wires which Lord Brassey truly described as unsightly. I even think it possible that something may be done to reduce the number of the gilt signs which vulgarise Broadway. A proportion far greater than formerly bear names which are certainly not American, and are very often those of the German Hebrew. There are so many of them to each separate front, each advertiser striving to surpass his rival, that they only confuse the customer or client, and cease to be a guide to him. It is idle to spend money on architecture if the sign-maker is to cover it all up.

We are a practical people, and the practical objections to some of our present methods will by-and-by insure a reform. Whether sooner or later, matters but little to a city with the future before it which New York has. The future will take care of itself, and the present is splendid enough to dispense with panegyric. A photograph is all the panegyric the New Yorker need desire for the metropolis of which he is so justly proud. Yet I thought him almost too familiar with his own town to do full justice to those qualities which are most characteristic. To me, its growth during ten years seemed the work of fifty. There is much to speak of besides the purely material side of New York life. But I may assure my English reader that he must see New York for himself if he cares to get an adequate impression of its brilliancy, its animation, its energy, its immense activities, and, amid all the cosmopolitan confusions so often described, its profoundly American character.

II. ON CERTAIN MOVEMENTS IN OPINION AND THE AMERICAN ATTITUDE TO EUROPE.

Yes, profoundly American in character. It is the fashion, it has long been the fashion, to speak of New York as a cosmopolitan city. There is a sense in which the adjective is accurate enough, but most of the facts on which this attempt to denationalize the chief city of America is based seem to me superficial and not essential. It is, we are told, the first Irish and the third German city in the world—has a larger Irish population than Dublin, and a larger German than any German city but Berlin and Vienna. As to the German contingent, the most striking fact of all is the existence of a newspaper printed in German, with a circulation of 40,000 copies daily—an able, prosperous, powerful journal. That supplies a better measure of the Teutonic element in New York than any number of lager-beer shops, or even than the ever-recurring German signs in the Bowery and in

Broadway. The presence of the Irish has made itself felt in a different way. The Irish have, I think, no daily paper; they prefer to edit ours. If they do not edit them, they swarm on the various editorial staffs of the New York press. They are clever and versatile, and their cleverness is in nothing more plainly seen than in the bent they often give to what passes for American opinion. Whenever an Irish question is uppermost in England—and when is it not?—the cable supplies the English public with what is here supposed to be an expression of American opinion on these Irish matters. The American himself distinguishes readily enough between the American accent and the Irish brogue. But how should the readers of English journals detect the difference? It does not always exist. There are journals in New York which speak with no foreign tongue. They may have aliens on their staffs, but the deciding voice is of the soil. I could name, nevertheless, a New York paper which reckons among its editors the correspondent of an important journal in London. He, naturally enough, gives a large space in his telegrams to the opinions of his own sheet, though one of small circulation; but I do not know that he has yet found time to mention the fact that its editor-in-chief is an Irishman. The Irish are, in fact, acquiring on the New York press a position which may by-and-by become almost as influential as that which the Jews, and especially the German Jews, have long since secured on the continental press of Europe, and, to some extent, on the English press. They have not the financial control—it was Macaulay who remarked that the Irish are distinguished by qualities which tend to make men interesting rather than prosperous—but they have their pens, and they use them. I am not blaming them, far from it: I state the fact. It is a form of influence which may become not less potent than that other form of influence the Irish have for more than a generation wielded in New York politics; in municipal politics, in state politics, and in national politics. That is a subject already so well understood here that I need not enter upon it, and it is far too large for merely incidental treatment. The Irishman's earth hunger is washed out of him by his Atlantic voyage; he steps on the Hudson River dock a new man. The first sight of the city dazzles him; the vision which he saw from his squalid cottage at home of millions of untilled American acres has vanished; agricultural life has lost its charm for him; instead of 'squatting' on a prairie claim in the Far West, he squats in New York; he applies his energies to political problems, and he does us the honour to govern us. I will not undertake to determine the exact proportion in which he is responsible for the reputation New York long since acquired—that of being the worst governed city on the face of the earth. Tammany Hall in its most evil days was not exclusively peopled by Irishmen, nor was the Tweed Ring wholly un-American. We will take our share of the blame. Nor is New York the only city where Irishmen have made politics a success-

ful profession. If there be one spot on the North American continent where Americanism in politics might be expected to be in the ascendant, it is Boston. Twenty years ago the districts were few in which an Irish candidate for the humblest municipal office would have had a chance of election. When I was there last November the mayor of this Puritan city was an Irish Roman Catholic ; and he has since been re-elected for another year.

It is not because I ignore the Irish element and the German element, or because I think no account ought to be taken of the mixed multitude of nationalities grouped in picturesque confusion in New York city, that I nevertheless describe it as American, and profoundly American. They are all there and all to be reckoned with, and each one has its influence on the whole. But not one of these nationalities is quite the same as at home. If in the mass they act powerfully on the greater mass about them, the reaction of the whole on each component part is more powerful still. The blending of races has hardly begun, but the mere presence and contact of all these dissimilar atoms has resulted in an amalgam which itself is American. What is called the American idea may be seen perhaps in fuller development elsewhere than in New York. If a foreigner wants to study American politics, New York is not the place I should recommend to him. If he is in search of a key to the Republican system of government, he will find it in the towns and town meetings of New England, and of the West, where the political ideas of New England have taken root afresh and sprung up in larger growths. He will find in New York what we call the machine in full political activity and with all the latest improvements. He will find also that politics are not to the New Yorker a matter of such absorbing interest that the best people devote to them their best energies. They are but an item in the life of the city, and by no means the most important to the New Yorker, who wonders—when he happens to hear of it—at the degree of importance which the English press seems to attach to them. The last thing the English traveller is likely to hear discussed, unless he happens to make his visit about election time, is politics. They may almost be left out of the question if he is concerned to form to himself an estimate of New York in the sense in which the American speaks of it as the chief American city.

It is American in this if in nothing else, that it is a city, and not, like London, a topographical expression or a huge aggregation of little villages. Its municipal life is homogeneous, organic, complete. The eight or nine hundred ballot-boxes in which the New Yorkers deposit their votes on each election day find their way at last to a single centre, and give forth a single expression of the popular will. It has a regular form of government, and though it may not be always well governed, the citizens have, if they think themselves ill governed, a single set of functionaries directly responsible to their constituents.

The American would be impatient of this congeries of vestries which the Englishman has tolerated so long. The sense of citizenship exists—does it exist in London outside of the narrow limits of the city proper? The city is a creation. The New Yorker has fashioned it to his own mind, instead of allowing it to spread abroad and grow hither and thither at the will of individual fractions of the community. If nature would not supply right angles he drew them for himself. If, however, local interests or corrupt influences hindered the prosperity of the city, or hampered its government, he turned without hesitation to the State. The Legislature at Albany offered him a better police, and he accepted it gladly. The City Hall ring stole too freely, and the citizens formed a committee which presently expelled the ring and restored order to the city finances. We have in New York, as elsewhere, some of that taste for political precision which the French have, and the English have not. We have not lost that liking for phrases and formulas which Jefferson is supposed to have acquired from Rousseau. But when we find formulas and facts opposed to each other, we do not, like our French friends, say, So much the worse for the facts. It is the formulas which go to the wall. Three generations of Americans were educated in a reverence for the Constitution which might almost be called superstitious. To call in question the Wisdom of the Fathers was almost as much an offence as to hint a doubt of the scientific accuracy of the Mosaic cosmogony. None the less freely, when the Rebellion broke out, did we put aside parchment guarantees of the forms of freedom in order to make sure of the substance. Mr. Wendell Phillips said of President Lincoln that from April to July 1861 he hardly did a constitutional act. It was said too broadly, but it was meant as a eulogy, not as a reproach. It is in the same spirit that the New Yorker goes, if necessary, outside his municipal charter when in search of efficient protection for municipal rights and interests. But these excursions have never impaired the solidarity of his civic existence, or the symmetry of his municipal organisation. And when he speaks of New York as typically American, one of the things in his mind is this flexibility in adapting means to ends, this practical good sense in dealing with complicated problems. It may be part of our English heritage, like the common law and popular belief in parliaments; full, however, 'of most excellent differences.'

More American still is the spirit which underlies what I have called the immense activities of New York—a spirit of which proofs are to be seen in every department of life, commercial, literary, social, and the rest. The note, as we are apt to think, of English life, is Lord John Russell's 'Rest and be thankful.' No American could have uttered that phrase. New York has long been a prosperous community; wealth has been heaped up there in greater masses, and these masses in the hands of single men, than anywhere else. To no

New Yorker, to no American, would that seem a reason for folding his hands. The millionaire can no more escape the influence of the atmosphere which surrounds him than the youngster whose first dollar is yet to make. It may not be a high ambition to die richer than one's neighbour, but it is an ambition, and it is typical of many better ambitions. The stream bears on with equal velocity the most richly freighted of its burdens and the emptiest hull. And the velocity has no European parallel that I know of. The roar of traffic in the City of London fills the ear and the imagination, but there is something in the movement of the streets of New York which takes away the breath, I do not say of him who joins it, but of him who looks on. London is like her own Thames, that mighty flood which, with all its irresistible volume, flows seaward so quietly. The current of New York life sweeps onward with the rush of the rapids above Niagara. It may be said that a man who launches out on that stream must go over the falls below, and so he does sometimes. The descent might be fatal elsewhere; there it is but a prelude to a fresh start. The American who sits down under discouragement or disaster is not an American. His buoyancy is born with him; in Wordsworth's phrase, he 'is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath.' The most wonderful thing about New York is not its present splendour; it is the New Yorker's clear vision of a future incomparably more splendid.

What seemed to me the greatest single change in the New Yorker was the change in his estimate of his own position and his attitude toward foreign opinion; and this is a statement which need not be limited to New York. The desire of the American for foreign approval was for more than half a century the stock taunt of the very curious company of note-taking and book-writing tourists who went from England to the United States. The American who met the freshly landed Briton with the question, 'What do you think of our country?' is a frequent, not to say continual, figure in this sort of literature. He was accepted as a type, and he passed into literature of a much less flippant and fugitive kind.

'How much more amiable,' wrote Coleridge in 1830, 'is the American fidgetiness and anxiety about the opinion of other nations, and especially of the English, than the John Bullism which affects to despise the sentiments of the rest of the world!' Amiable or not, this American anxiety about the opinion of other nations has diminished, and is diminishing. The reason of the diminution is not far to seek. American solicitude about foreign opinion dates from a period when it was still possible to regard the American Republic as an experiment. The Civil War or—as we Northerners still call it—the Rebellion, followed by the decisive triumph of the Union, marked, to our minds, the close of the experimental stage. The result is one on which much remains to be said, but I refer to it only

as one explanation of the altered tone which is to be noticed to-day.

The change did not come in a moment. The growth of the new feeling was gradual at first. It might long have passed unobserved; but nobody who now visits America can fail to be struck by it.

If it be still a disputed point whether a republican form of government based on universal suffrage has in it the elements of permanence, the sceptic may best be referred not to an American, but to an English authority, Sir Henry Maine, whose competence and impartiality are beyond question. Nothing can be more piquant, nothing can be more flattering to American vanity, if vanity we still have—nothing more consoling to what I prefer to think the just pride of Americans in American institutions, than Sir Henry Maine's book on Popular Government. I speak of it as a whole, and as a whole it is a protest against Democracy, and a panegyric on Democracy in America. A generation ago we should have welcomed his tribute with grateful enthusiasm. We received it last year with interest, certainly with admiration, but as for the certificate which Sir Henry Maine awarded us, we took it, I fear, very much as a matter of course. The too few, but delightful, pages which Mr. Froude incidentally allowed us in *Oceana* were read in much the same spirit. It is certainly more difficult to bear praise than blame, and I lay no great stress on the equanimity of temper with which, for example, the animadversions of Sir Lepel Griffin were endured. They first appeared in a London review. They were republished in a New York newspaper without a word of comment. When they came to be discussed, the tone—not a very respectful one to an able and distinguished man—was one of banter, and some of Sir Lepel's errors were such as to provoke a good-natured query whether he had really been in America, and, if so, into whose hands he had fallen, and whether he could really have believed all the things said to him, which he had reproduced with this diverting seriousness of manner. When Mr. Matthew Arnold attacked that doctrine of majorities on which our political system rests, and invited us to lay the foundation of a new faith in Plato's remnant of honest followers of wisdom, we listened with attention to what most of us considered a brilliant paradox. The analogies he fain would have drawn from the Athenians and Hebrews seemed to us too remote; not by lapse of time, but by diversity of circumstances, and, of course, because the Athenian and Hebrew communities, arithmetically considered, were too insignificant to serve as precedents. But the criticism on Mr. Arnold was never resentful. The hard doctrine, as he himself called it, of the unsoundness of the majority, and the certainty that the unsoundness of the majority, if it is not withstood and remedied, must be our ruin—this hard doctrine we certainly thought too hard. But we abated none of the cheerfulness with which ten years before

we had celebrated our centennial, and nobody else has yet advocated the substitution of the idea of the minority—or, as Mr. Arnold more delicately puts it, of the remnant—for the idea of the majority. An amendment to the Constitution in that sense has yet to be proposed. The very minority to whom Mr. Arnold looks for our ultimate salvation are content to see the destinies of their country in the hands of the greater rather than of the lesser number. We all thought his opinion a pious opinion, and we liked him none the worse for holding it, and for explaining to us with all his inimitable sweetness of manner that our success was, or was likely to become, a failure.

There is a well-known passage in Tocqueville which describes with cruel particularity such traits of what he called national vanity as attracted his notice in the United States. Writing only four years later than Coleridge, the Frenchman remarks:—

The Americans in their relations with foreigners seem to be impatient of the least censure, and insatiable of praise. The most trivial eulogy they are ready to accept; the greatest seldom satisfies them; they tease you at every moment to extol them; if you don't yield to their wish they extol themselves. One is inclined to say that, from sheer distrust of their own merit, they wish to have some mirror of it constantly before their eyes.

Tocqueville, whose *Democracy in America* remains, after more than fifty years and in spite of some blemishes and errors, the most truthful, the most instructive, the most penetrating of all books on the United States, divined at once the secret of the restlessness to which so many observers then bore witness. It was from distrust of themselves and their country that the Americans of 1830 tormented the traveller for his testimony to their greatness. There is a tradition, now grown dim, that in those days the too observant Briton in his travels beyond sea sometimes perceived in his American kin something which he called swagger. That too, if it existed, was only another form of self-distrust. It may have been heard in young America, just as it may be heard to-day in the playing-fields of Eton, or, if I dare say so, in the quadrangles of Oxford and Cambridge. It was not peculiar to America, it is a characteristic of youthfulness whether in national life or individual life.

The pendulum has now swung the other way. If there be one thing which I thought more impressive than another in New York, it was the note of confidence, of security, of independence of all external judgment which made itself continually heard. Lest I should miss it, I was told, or I may say warned of it on first landing. I had heard of this new diapason from Americans visiting Europe, so that the effort to adjust oneself to it was less difficult. But I had been told also, and by men whose testimony was decisive, that no one could know what America was like who had not seen it within a very few years; so that I well understood how much I had to learn. What I had to master first of all was this radical alteration in the attitude of the

American mind toward the European world. It was not an attitude of hostility, still less of reproach, but of indifference or, as I said, of independence. What will England think, or Europe? is a question which no American, it would seem, or few Americans, cared now to ask. We have grown into the state of mind which Coleridge calls John Bullism, a state in which, to quote a none too lenient critic, 'the blame of foreigners does not disturb him, and their praise scarcely flatters him. He holds himself in face of the whole world in a reserve full of disdain; full also,' adds this severe observer, 'of ignorance;' which seems harsh. We are not likely to admit that we have in this matter imitated you or borrowed from you. We speak of it, when challenged, as a state of natural growth, as an inevitable incident of that immense development, that marvellous prosperity, which during the last ten years has become more marvellous than before. The American looks about him and sees what he himself has done, what his country has become, what a nation this confederacy of States has become; and he hears from every European, and reads in every European journal, that the United States must be reckoned among the Great Powers of the world. This last acknowledgment he accepts once for all, and he says to himself that henceforward what concerns him is American judgment upon things American, and that only. He has no need to appeal to a foreign tribunal.

Possibly I state this too strongly, when my only aim is to state it briefly. But I may mention an incident of my first day's visit which will serve as an illustration. Mr. Henry George had lately been nominated, or had nominated himself, for mayor of New York city. A dozen men, many of whom might be called representative men, were sitting round a table and discussing his chances. I said that nothing which could happen in New York would make a deeper impression, or a worse impression, on European opinion than the election of Mr. George. My remark fell entirely flat and elicited no response. At the end of the evening my host said to me: 'You were the only person in the room who had ever thought or cared what view people in Europe might take of George's election.'

I may instance also a criticism I heard made on an American Minister who had served abroad with distinction to himself, and credit to his Government. A certain measure of undeserved unpopularity was his reward at home, and when I asked the reason the answer was, that X. had sought to cultivate the goodwill of the people among whom he lived rather than of his own. In vain I asked whether this was not one of the objects for which we sent envoys into foreign parts. The inexorable patriot with whom I was conversing replied sternly that the first duty of a public servant was to be acceptable to the public whom he served. I did not pursue the controversy, but I may say here that I do not think this a true account of the matter. The American public knows very well that

the first condition of efficiency in a Foreign Minister is ability to get on with the officials and the people among whom his lot is cast. Nor is our diplomatic service arranged on a principle likely to expose a Minister for too long a period to the corrupting influences, if such there be, of life in European capitals. We have, however, not yet come to the point of electing our diplomatists by popular suffrage, nor are their relations to the community quite the same as those of an alderman to his constituents.

There are, in fact, many limitations upon the universality of this purely American standard which a portion of the American public seem disposed to set up. I should do them injustice if I likened it to that obsolete form of public spirit which expressed itself in the muscular exercise known as waving the Star-spangled Banner. We ourselves have laughed that out of fashion. It is, I think, in political circles above all others that the disposition exists to judge men and things with exclusive reference to what they call a national standard. The American who is not immersed in affairs sees very clearly that nothing in the long run could be less beneficial to his country than a line of thought or condition of mind which leads straight to provincialism. He has no wish to shut out foreign influences; he is confident that, in competition with domestic influences, they will speedily find their level. He has before him the example of France, which, more than any other European nation, except perhaps Spain, has taken local opinion as a sufficient guide in politics and everything else. He does not think the god Chauvin a desirable deity, nor is he disposed to set up any similar image, or to fall down and worship it should anybody else set it up. He is not ready to admit that any large number of Americans are disposed, like the Chinese, to look upon Europeans as foreign devils, or to build a Chinese wall along the Atlantic coast.

Nothing, indeed, could be more remote from the Chinese idea than the spirit of eager receptiveness which, though we do not all admit it, is now more than ever an American characteristic. We borrow, and borrow freely, elsewhere than in the money market. There is hardly a limit to our interests in European matters. I must pass on with the merest allusion to social influences from abroad, and to the actual social condition of New York, which deserves to be studied at some length. That our private galleries are filled with masterpieces from every European studio—the English, alas! excepted—that English and French actors tread the American stage; that German opera is the only opera which pays—facts of this kind, too, significant as they are, I have no space to discuss. If we are less sensitive than formerly to the English verdict upon an American book, we read more English books, and judge them for ourselves none the less freely because we occasionally omit to recognise the author's right to payment in something more substantial than

popularity. As this seems to touch that long-veiled question of international copyright, let me say in passing, that while American publishers once opposed such a measure, it is now the English publisher who stands between the English author and American copyright—he and the American free-trader who has joined hands with him in favour of the foreign manufacture of books for American circulation. The newspapers which are loudest in the assertion of what they call the American principle in politics and other matters are those which print the greatest amount of European news. That is one of those facts—they might be called phenomena—which present themselves most conspicuously to the traveller in the United States. Never has the space devoted to foreign news been so great. The cheapness of cable rates has, no doubt, much to do with the recent increase; but if foreign despatches could be had for nothing they would not be printed unless there was a demand for them—a public that wanted to read them. Nor is it in the New York papers only that they are to be found. Cincinnati and Chicago and St. Louis are rivals to New York, and, so far as mere quantity goes, some of the Western papers surpass those of the Atlantic seaboard. When Mr. Gladstone's speech on introducing his Home Rule Bill was cabled to America, some surprise was expressed in England that so much money should be spent, and so much space given to a speech dealing with the details of a complicated measure. It was not the first instance, and certainly will not be the last.

The course of English politics is known in America almost as accurately as here; and of many things besides politics. The leading figures in English public life are not less familiar to the newspaper reader of New York than to him of Manchester or Edinburgh, and it may safely be said that the successive phases of the Cabinet crisis which began with the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill have been followed in detail in the newer Western States, the very names of which would puzzle an English audience. It is easy to retort that we care for personalities more than for principle, and for gossip rather than facts. A foreigner in a querulous mood might apply Walpole's story of Wilkes to some of the wilder spirits of Western journalism. The Governor of Calais asked Wilkes how far the liberty of the press extended in England. Wilkes answered, 'I cannot tell, but I am trying to know.' The Kentuckian complains of what seems to him a certain stiffness of deportment in English journalism—not by any means in all of it—and insists that decorum is only another word for dulness. This is an opinion which may have nothing but audacity to recommend it; but it is an opinion, and may be recorded as such, and taken for what it is worth.

On the whole, it may be said that the American view of British affairs is often sympathetic, sometimes humorous, seldom indifferent, never ignorant. I will leave it to the Englishman himself to deter-

mine how much of this description would apply to his knowledge of what goes on in America. The American who visits this country is prone to contrast the meagre telegrams from home in the English papers with the copious despatches from Europe in his own press; and to make reflections upon the want of enterprise and want of interest in things American which he thinks he discovers in London. The word 'insularity' sometimes falls from his lips, which I am told ought never to be used. Illustrations of this American openness of mind might be multiplied indefinitely; but I have perhaps said enough to show that, if we choose to judge events from our own point of view, it is not because we are unacquainted with other points of view. The last thing we are likely to do is to close our ears to the stir of the European forces whence issued no long time ago our own world.

G. W. SMALLEY.

ASTRONOMICAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

ASTRONOMERS have from the first introduction of photography used this art, which to them of all others promised to be the most useful. The many difficulties in the way of obtaining accurate observations of heavenly bodies, and the limited time during which such observations could be made and recorded in a sufficiently accurate manner, especially in such cases as solar eclipses, gave great importance to the plan of using this limited time to obtain a permanent picture that could afterwards be observed, scrutinised, and dealt with under the most favourable conditions, as if it were the image of the real object seen in the telescope.

The immense advantage that such a plan offered prompted astronomers to develope and apply photography as fully as possible in this direction.

Within one year of the publication of the details of the daguerreotype process, Draper, in America, had taken a picture of the moon. But little beyond merely experimental work was done in this way.

With the introduction of the collodion process in 1851 an enormous advance was made, and from this time astronomical photography became a firmly established art. Many workers soon brought out all the capabilities of this process, and on such objects as the sun, the moon, and some of the brighter stars, much good work was done; some of the results obtained by the earlier workers remaining unrivalled, but the limit to further advance was reached, and persistent effort failed to carry the capabilities of the process further. And so matters remained until the introduction of the gelatine dry plate.

With the introduction of this new process all the technical difficulties that surrounded the old process disappeared, and the astronomer found himself in possession of a method of observation and record, not indeed new in principle, but so enormously superior to that previously used, that had not this method been the result of a process of evolution, but suddenly put in his hands in its present perfected state, he would certainly have deemed it as great a boon as that given by the invention of the telescope itself.

The object of this paper is to show how this new method is superior to the old, what has been already done, how in many cases

by it the old method of eye observation may be with advantage entirely superseded, and above all how important it is that the work that is now possible should be at once put in hand.

In using the collodion wet plate process the manipulative skill required was considerable. The process was a continuous one. The preparation of the plate, the exposure, and the development had all to follow in proper time. This involved a state of preparedness as regards apparatus and chemicals that required unremitting care on the part of the astronomer, who could not choose his own time for exposing the plate, but had to wait often night after night till the opportunity came. The marvel is that such excellent results were obtained by the workers with this process. It speaks much for the care and skill that was given. In addition to these cares, the exposure of the plate had always to be limited to the time it would remain moist. This defect, together with the great comparative want of sensitiveness, limited the application entirely to objects bright enough to produce an image in this time. The gelatine dry plate process differs in many essential points. The plates can be prepared beforehand under the best conditions; the exposure may be made at any time, and for any length of time, continued even, if necessary, night after night; and the development may be done at any time after exposure. Those advantages alone would place this process far above the other for convenience, but they are as nothing in comparison with the greater amount of sensitiveness that this process gives, amounting to, at the least, thirty or forty times as much. It is in this respect that the dry plate is so superior to the wet. Manipulative difficulties are as nothing; they can be, and were in the case of the wet plate, overcome by care; but the want of sensitiveness was the fatal defect of the wet plate. For everything, when sufficient light was available, it was as good as any other—in some respects possibly better; but the telescope could always show more than it could photograph.

With the gelatine plate the greater sensitiveness, combined with such long exposures as may be given, enables photographs to be taken not only of all the objects that the telescope is capable of showing to the eye, but of objects that are too faint to be seen, and thus to render these otherwise invisible objects visible.

This very remarkable result prompts some interesting inquiries into the difference between observations made directly, and those made indirectly by means of photography. In making his apparatus the photographer has, consciously or not, produced such an arrangement as amounts almost to a direct copy of nature's construction of the eye. I do not know if the comparison has ever been made before, but it is extremely interesting to note how very closely art has imitated nature to produce similar ends.

Both the apparatus of the photographer and the eye have optical

means of producing an image. Both have means of altering the amount of light going through this lens or optical arrangement by the stop in the lens and by the iris in the eye. Both have means of altering the focus of the image by shifting the lens in one case, and by altering the curves of the lens in the other. Both have a dark chamber to keep out other light than that needed to form the image, with means to cover the lens if needed; and both have a sensitive screen on which the image falls, and where it is dealt with.

It is at this point where the similarity ceases, though the comparison between the sensitive film and the retina might be carried further.

In the eye the retina evidently acts as a transmitter of the sensations produced by the image to the brain, where such sensations are recorded, so that the power of the eye is limited by the power of the brain to record, as well as by the power of the retina to perceive. In comparison with the sensitive film, the eye as an observing and recording instrument has two serious defects: (a) If the amount of light from an object is insufficient to excite sensation, this object does not become visible, no matter how long it may be gazed at. (b) The eye can only deal with the image piece by piece. The seeing power of the eye, as regards the angular extent of the field taken in, is very great; but the observing power of the eye is limited to a very small central portion, so that though a great field may be seen in a general way, it can be observed only by a long process of piece by piece investigation. This does not permit different parts of an image to be compared at the same instant.

In those respects where the eye breaks down the sensitive film excels. In dealing with faint objects the lack of light can be made up by sufficient exposure, so that the effective light is not, as in the eye, that forming the image, but the total accumulated light falling during the time the exposure is prolonged. It is in this way that with a certain sized telescope all the stars in a field of given size, visible to the eye, can be photographed with a certain exposure of the sensitive plate; then, by increasing the length of exposure beyond this point, if stars are in the field of view too faint to be seen, they will yet be photographed and thus rendered visible. And this will hold good no matter how large the telescope that may be used. With the most powerful telescope in existence, supposing, as we may safely do, that the number of stars of decreasing degrees of brightness is infinite, then there will always be stars that can be photographed by this telescope that would otherwise for ever remain invisible, and so of nebulae.

It is certain that such a means of examining the heavens would have a great bearing on questions concerning the distribution of the nebulae and stars, and on the architecture of the heavens. It must add enormously to our knowledge in this direction.

In dealing with a large image the sensitive film has no preference. The action takes place over the whole extent of the sensitive film, no matter how complex this image may be, and all parts are recorded with fidelity at the same time.

This power of photography in this respect is wonderfully shown in the photographs of the sun's surface by Janssen, where delicate differences in the appearance of the surface that would be quite beyond the eye are shown with perfect fidelity as they exist at the particular small fraction of a second during which the exposure lasts.

And it is also shown in the photographs of the Orion nebula taken in 1883, where all the most delicate structure of this most wonderful object is shown in proper relative intensity throughout, in a way that it would be simply futile to attempt to imitate by eye and hand.

Through the fact that rays that are most energetic on the sensitive film are not those that are most energetic in exciting the sensation of light in the eye, there will be a certain difference between the appearance of stars and other objects in which red or blue light predominates. A great deal has been made of this possible difference, but in practice it is very much less than has been expected, and the effect is only to make a slight difference between what is seen and what is photographed, the comparison between one photograph and another not being affected. To meet the case it will be quite sufficient, and as convenient, to compare stars or nebulae by the photographic magnitude, as measured by their effect on the sensitive film, as it is to use magnitudes got by eye estimation, even when assisted by any of the photometers now in use.

The instruments used by the astronomer in photographing the various heavenly bodies differ in power according to the purpose for which they are intended to be used.

The immense difference between the brightest and the faintest object that has to be photographed is hardly to be realised. In the case of the sun the light is so great that special means have to be used to reduce the action to a very small fraction of a second of time; while with such a nebula as is just to be seen in a moderate-sized telescope, the light may be so faint as not to exceed the one twenty-thousandth of that received from a candle (of the usual standard size) shining at a distance of one quarter of a mile. This is according to an estimate made by Dr. Huggins in his spectroscopic work on the constitution of the nebulae. Such different objects require different instruments, as can well be imagined.

Speaking generally, the image that the telescope produces, and which in eye observations examined by aid of an eyepiece, is that generally photographed by placing the sensitive plate in the exact point where this image is formed.

In the case of reflecting telescopes, where the rays of light are

not dispersed by the reflection, this image is as perfect for photography as for ordinary observation.

With refracting telescopes this does not hold good; the image made for visual purposes is not that best suited for photography, and if such a telescope is used for this purpose, the best focus for the photographic rays is found by experiment. The image in this case can never be so good as in the reflector.

It is, however, possible to make the refractor as well fitted for photographic work as for visual, but in this case such an instrument is of little or no use for eye observation. In the case of large telescopes, primarily intended for ordinary work, the correction required to the lens to adapt it to the purpose of photography can be made by another lens placed in front of the object glass. Such is the plan that is to be adopted with the great Tick telescope, now being erected at Mount Hamilton, California. Object glasses specially made for photography are very excellent in work. The magnificent photograph of the moon produced by Rutherford in 1864, as well as the wonderful star charts of the Pleiades he also made, were made with such a lens (of about nine inches aperture). Dr. Gould used a similar lens in his photographic work at Cordova; and the Brothers Henry of Paris made in 1885 such a lens of about thirteen inches diameter. With this lens they have taken the beautiful photographs that all the world has heard of.

Both the refractor and the reflector are available for photography: which of the two telescopes will give the best results is yet an open question. For ordinary or eye observation the relative merits are so evenly balanced that outside considerations often determine the matter either way. The very much greater cost of the refractor will always be an important consideration in favour of the reflector, while the capacity for practically unlimited increase in size and power makes the latter the only telescope for a certain class of work.

In moderate sizes the photographic work done by the refractor is very fine from the absence of air currents in the tube, and from the optical perfection of the image. Reflectors of similar size have not yet produced such fine star or planetary photographs, chiefly because the image in the reflector is deformed by the arms that are used in the ordinary construction to carry the small mirror or the photographic plate, as the case may be. This is a defect that can be entirely removed in two ways, either by using a large plane mirror in front of the concave mirror, perforated so that the image may be formed at the back of the plane, or by placing at the mouth of the tube of the telescope a parallel plate of glass to carry the small mirror or the plate. This plate of glass can be made a lens of extremely flat curves as being more easily made, and the slight effect on the light passing through can be utilised either to render a spherical mirror effective or in combination with a mirror figured to match effect

the same end. The advantages of the latter plan are very great as putting a stop to air currents; experiment has shown me that it is quite feasible.

In any telescope where a mirror or combination of mirrors is used, or one object glass, the field of view is strictly limited to an angular amount of about one degree from the centre of the field, a circle of about two degrees being the most that can be taken as free from objectionable distortion when flat plates are used to support the sensitive film; by using curved plates a slightly larger field would be got, but the use of such plates would be extremely inconvenient. The available field of the reflector cannot be increased. But the refractor, by suitable combinations of lenses similar to those in what is known as a rectilinear photographic lens, can be made to give a field of view very much larger, perfect enough over perhaps ten degrees for the purpose of stellar photography—a matter of immense value where the photography of the whole heavens is in contemplation.

The primary image has been, as a rule, that which it has been found best to photograph (excepting with the sun, where the light is so enormously great, and it was not only advisable but necessary to enlarge the image, as was done in the photoheliograph devised by Dr. De la Rue, which has been the copy for those since used all over the world), but there is now less need to sacrifice everything to reducing the time of exposure, hence an amplification of this primary image can be made with great advantage.

Without exception everything that the astronomer deals with is in a continual state of apparent motion. The telescope must have means of counteracting this motion, due to the rotation of the earth, and this involves a degree of perfection in the mounting of telescopes and in the clocks for driving them that is not easily attained. •

Exposures of hours at a time must be made, and the total deviation of the image on the sensitive film must not exceed the one-thousandth of an inch, or the picture will be spoilt; and means must also be provided for correcting other possible changes of position due to refraction or other causes. These are mechanical difficulties, and require nothing but care and skill to overcome.

A large amount of work has not yet been done by this new method; sufficient, however, with almost every heavenly object to show its power.

In eclipse work it has been used with every possible advantage.

On the moon it has hardly been tried in the way in which it will undoubtedly be most successful, that is by direct enlargements of small portions. This is a kind of work that can be taken up by many observers, and would be infinitely better than wasting time in making sketches or drawings.

On the planets by far the most successful planetary photograph

has been taken by the Brothers Henry with the telescope already mentioned, using a magnification of the primary image of about eleven times. Such a photograph as this is of real value as a picture. They have also produced some very fine photographs of Jupiter, and the satellite of Neptune has been photographed in all parts of its orbit.

And if another proof were wanting of the marvellous power of photography, it is in the photograph of Hyperion, the faintest satellite of Saturn, taken with but one half-hour's exposure. This satellite is so faint that it requires a very powerful telescope and good eye to see it, even under favourable circumstances.

With comets this new process has been very successful. The astronomers at the Cape of Good Hope succeeded, in 1882, in getting very fine photographs of the great comet with exposure of one to two hours by means of an ordinary portrait camera and lens strapped to the equatorial of the observatory. The first photographs of comets had been taken the previous year in England and in France, but those taken at the Cape of Good Hope are certainly the finest pictures of comets yet produced.

Draper working in America took some photographs of the Orion nebula as early as 1880 with a reflector of eleven inches aperture by Clark. Photographs of this and other nebulae have been taken by myself, using a three-foot reflector, with a result that shows most conclusively the perfect suitability of photography to this work.

As showing still further what can be done with nebulae, the Brothers Henry have actually discovered a nebula by photography entirely—that is to say, that until seen on their plate it had not been seen before. This occurred in taking a photograph of the Pleiades group, when a peculiar spiral-shaped nebula was found to partly surround the star Maia, while the wonderful nebula near Merope came out in quite a new character, and a detached portion of this nebula that I had noticed with a three-foot telescope in 1880 is distinctly shown, though a fainter nebula that I then discovered near Alcyone does not show on the same plate. This has been photographed in England by Mr. Roberts using a reflector.

With the stars much has been done in England and more in France by the Brothers Henry with the telescope already mentioned.

Rutherford, who employed a telescope specially constructed for photography, made some very fine photographs of star groups, particularly of the Pleiades: this was in 1864. Some of his remarks written about this time in connection with the future of astronomical photography are so interesting, in view of what has recently been done, that they are well worth repeating. He says:—

Since the completion of the photographic objective, but one fine night has occurred (the 6th of March) with a fine atmosphere, and on that occasion the instrument was occupied with the moon; so that, as yet, I have not tested its

powers upon close double stars, 2" being the nearest pair it has been tried upon. This distance is quite manageable, provided the stars are of nearly equal magnitude.

The power to obtain images of the seventh magnitude stars with so moderate an aperture promises to develop and increase the application of photography to the mapping of the sidereal heavens, and in some measure to realise the hopes which have so long been deferred and disappointed.

It would not be difficult to arrange a camera box capable of exposing a surface sufficient to obtain a map of two degrees square, and with instruments of large aperture we may hope to reach much smaller stars than I have yet taken. There is also every probability that the chemistry of photography will be very much improved and more sensitive methods devised.

These words are prophetic. The sensitive methods have been devised, and the result is that the anticipations formed by Rutherford in 1864 are now more than fulfilled, the Brothers Henry in Paris having taken plates containing somewhat more than two degrees square, with one hour's exposure, in which literally thousands of stars are shown down to the fourteenth and fifteenth magnitude in their proper relative positions and magnitudes.

These photographs have drawn general attention to this way of charting stars, and to the immense advantage it has over the old method of making charts, where each star has to be separately measured, and its magnitude determined by eye estimation, and then from the data thus furnished a map made by hand.

Professor Peters, of Clinton, has lately published twenty star charts of stars down to the eleventh magnitude, each about five degrees square. Those maps took Professor Peters many years of most laborious work, and during their construction he discovered many minor planets. By photography these charts can be produced in as many hours as it took Professor Peters years to make them, and by a direct comparison of such photographs taken at short intervals these minor planets would have discovered themselves by the change of position.

It is easy to see what an immense amount of real work can be done if we can do in hours what before took years, and do the work in a better manner, as it must be in cases where there is an utter absence of handwork.

With such magnificent results from the application of photography to forming these star charts, it is not to be wondered at that the extension of this plan to the whole heavens should be put forward.

The French astronomers have proposed such a scheme, and it is intended to hold a conference of astronomers in the month of April at Paris for the purpose of discussing this plan and agreeing upon a common line of action. The idea of thus charting the whole of the stars on a large and uniform scale is a splendid one, and is well worth the most serious attention and consideration. As far as the plans have been published, or rather, to speak more correctly, as far as the suggestions have yet gone, it is proposed to use the scale on which

the star photographs already alluded to have been taken, and to undertake the work by the help and co-operation of ten or twelve observatories in different parts of the world. Now the surface covered by each plate is about six square degrees; but to allow for plates free from distortion it would be much safer to take four square degrees as the size of each plate—to take the whole heavens would take about 11,000 such plates, without allowing for duplication. If eleven observatories joined in the work, the number of perfect plates from each would be 1,000. Allowing that with one telescope 100 plates could be taken in one year, this would mean ten years for the whole work of photography. The total surface of the glass pictures would be about 2,000 square feet, and the number of negatives, as stated above, about 11,000, the number of stars altogether amounting to from ten to twenty millions—truly a gigantic task when looked at in this way. That some such work as this would be of the greatest value to future astronomers, goes without saying. It would be for them the most valuable gift we could make, and our duty in this matter is too plain to avoid in any way. In what way the work will eventually be done, remains to be decided. It seems to me that in any undertaking of this kind the whole work should be completed within a few years; five years at the very utmost should suffice for completing the work, even to the publication of the results.

But these and other matters will no doubt be fully discussed and considered, and every care be taken not only to consider the cost in time and money, but the more important matter of publishing the results of the photographic work as it goes on.

The work is such that it must be done by international co-operation if at all, and in that case the scheme must be one acceptable not only to astronomers, but to those who, though not astronomers, have the power to make or mar such plans.

Apart from this grand scheme of photographing the sidereal heavens, there is an immense amount of most valuable work that can be undertaken without any particular co-operation. In every direction photography can be most usefully employed, and indeed must be, if any real progress is to be made. Such work as is done at Greenwich must go on; it is not any part of photographic work to determine absolute places.¹ It can deal best with the physical aspect of the heavenly bodies. In the case of star maps, it must be understood that the relative magnitudes and positions of the stars *inter se*, and the readiness with which one map or plate can be compared directly with another, will be the chief reason for preferring them to the charts obtained in other ways, apart, of course, from the con-

¹ For relative places it seems admirable; in the skilful hands of Professor Pritchard at Oxford it seems to be suited for such delicate work as the determination of parallax, his investigations, extending over seven months, giving most accordant values for the parallaxes of 61¹ and 61² Cygni.

sideration of their greater freedom from personal error and the question of their rapid production.

The surface of the sun is one of the things that could be studied by aid of photography applied on a sufficiently large scale.

Work could be done on the moon and on the planets that would be most valuable. Search might be made for a major planet beyond Neptune. If one does exist, it will most probably be found, like Uranus and Neptune, very near the ecliptic. If such a planet is ever found, it will certainly be by photography, unless it happens to be stumbled upon. The satellites of the planets should be photographed, and efforts made to find any that may be yet undiscovered, as there certainly must be.

Above all, monographs of the more important nebulae should be at once made with all the care that is possible. Those monographs should be printed in carbon and widely distributed. The work should be carried on till the whole of the known nebulae are photographed.

There is not in all the various work that can be done by photography any use that it can be put to where the results are of greater value. No better proof exists of this, and also of the uselessness of hand and eye work, than the history of what has been done on the Orion nebula, as brought into one book by Professor Holden, now President of the State University, San Francisco.

There is not another object in the heavens, excepting, perhaps, the moon, that has been more persistently examined and more carefully drawn than this nebula; yet, with all the labour that has been spent upon it, there is not one single drawing that is worth anything as regards the shape and brightness of any one part. These drawings differ so amongst themselves, that if the brighter stars were taken away, and the drawings given to any ordinary person not particularly conversant with the shape of the nebula, he would not be able with certainty to put them all the right way up, and yet on the differences between such drawings evidence of change in form and brightness has been gravely discussed. This difference in the drawings is not due to want of care or skill on the part of the draughtsman in every case; it is simply from the fact that no two men will see the nebula in the same way, and, if they could, would not be able to put it down on paper as they saw it. Yet the nebula does not change; dozens of photographs have been compared, and though differences in the light of some of the stars have been found—showing that these are what are known as variable stars—not the least evidence of any change in any part of the nebula is visible. Yet it is quite possible that changes may be going on that longer time than two or three years is necessary to show. If there are such changes, they will be detected by a comparison of the photographs without the slightest doubt or difficulty, especially if care is taken to have many photographs taken with different exposures, so as to

get the boundary lines of the brighter parts first, and then by longer and longer exposures enlarge the contour lines till the whole nebula is pictured.

There is yet another most important application of photography—that is, in spectroscopic investigations. It was in this research that the dry plate process was first used for the purpose of astronomy by Dr. Huggins. In this particular work the advantages of the dry plate are of more value than ever.

Much of the work that it is now practicable to do in various branches of physical astronomy can be undertaken by private observatories if they are provided with the necessary apparatus; but in so many cases existing observatories have not only their special work already cut out, but from one cause or another the taking up of a new branch of work would not be possible. The great hope is in the establishment of as many private observatories as possible, each taking up a special class of work. Failing this, the only hope is in the establishment of an observatory, either by private enterprise or public subscription, or by the nation, where the work could be undertaken in a manner best calculated to produce good results. One thing can be said in favour of such an observatory: the work when done would be real tangible work, the value of which would not be problematical in any way.

Such an observatory need not necessarily be of a permanent character; so many things, such as monographs of nebulae, star clusters, and special objects of that character, when done and the results published, may be then left, the chief aim being to obtain at once the best photographs, not only from the value they have at the present moment as pictures of the objects, but for the value they will have in the future.

Such an observatory should be devoted exclusively to astronomical photography. The instruments absolutely essential would be a reflecting telescope of the largest possible size, of silver on glass, for special work on nebulae and similar work; a large enlarging telescope for lunar and planetary work. Beyond these, provision might be made for stellar photography, and for spectroscopic work.

Something of this kind ought to be done. We have had the benefit of the labours of those who came before us, and have thus incurred an obligation to carry on the work in the best possible way, not only for the immediate results, but for the benefit of those who will come after us, to whom work done now will be of the most intense interest. The future astronomer will not only have the heavenly bodies as he then sees them, but he will have them as they now exist to us. The photographs thus handed down will be compared with photographs taken by him, and these again will be available for his successors, becoming more and more valuable as they become older.

THE SCIENTIFIC BASES OF ANARCHY.

ANARCHY (*ἀν-ἀρχή*), the No-Government system of Socialism, has a double origin. It is an outgrowth of the two great movements of thought in the economical and the political fields which characterise our century, and especially its second part. In common with all Socialists, the anarchists hold that the private ownership of land, capital, and machinery has had its time ; that it is condemned to disappear ; and that all requisites for production must, and will, become the common property of society, and be managed in common by the producers of wealth. And, in common with the most advanced representatives of political Radicalism, they maintain that the ideal of the political organisation of society is a condition of things where the functions of government are reduced to a minimum, and the individual recovers his full liberty of initiative and action for satisfying, by means of free groups and federations—freely constituted—all the infinitely varied needs of the human being. As regards Socialism, most of the anarchists arrive at its ultimate conclusion, that is, at a complete negation of the wage-system and at communism. And with reference to political organisation, by giving a further development to the above-mentioned part of the Radical programme, they arrive at the conclusion that the ultimate aim of society is the reduction of the functions of government to *nil*—that is, to a society without government, to Anarchy. The anarchists maintain, moreover, that such being the ideal of social and political organisation, they must not remit it to future centuries, but that only those changes in our social organisation which are in accordance with the above double ideal, and constitute an approach to it, will have a chance of life and be beneficial for the commonwealth.

As to the method followed by the anarchist thinker, it differs to a great extent from that followed by the Utopists. The anarchist thinker does not resort to metaphysical conceptions (like the 'natural rights,' the 'duties of the State,' and so on) for establishing what are, in his opinion, the best conditions for realising the greatest happiness of humanity. He follows, on the contrary, the course traced by the modern philosophy of evolution—without entering, however, the slippery route of mere analogies so often resorted to by Herbert Spencer. He studies human society as it is now and was in

the past; and, without either endowing men altogether, or separate individuals, with superior qualities which they do not possess, he merely considers society as an aggregation of organisms trying to find out the best ways of combining the wants of the individual with those of co-operation for the welfare of the species. He studies society and tries to discover its *tendencies*, past and present, its growing needs, intellectual and economical; and in his ideal he merely points out in which direction evolution goes. He distinguishes between the real wants and tendencies of human aggregations and the accidents (want of knowledge, migrations, wars, conquests) which prevented these tendencies from being satisfied, or temporarily paralysed them. And he concludes that the two most prominent, although often unconscious, tendencies throughout our history were: a tendency towards integrating our labour for the production of all riches in common, so as finally to render it impossible to discriminate the part of the common production due to the separate individual; and a tendency towards the fullest freedom of the individual for the prosecution of all aims, beneficial both for himself and for society at large. The ideal of the anarchist is thus a mere summing-up of what he considers to be the next phase of evolution. It is no longer a matter of faith; it is a matter for scientific discussion.

In fact, one of the leading features of our century is the growth of Socialism and the rapid spreading of Socialist views among the working classes. How could it be otherwise? We have witnessed during the last seventy years an unparalleled sudden increase of our powers of production, resulting in an accumulation of wealth which has outstripped the most sanguine expectations. But, owing to our wage system, this increase of wealth—due to the combined efforts of men of science, of managers, and workmen as well—has resulted only in an unprevented accumulation of wealth in the hands of the owners of capital; while an increase of misery for the great numbers, and an insecurity of life for all, have been the lot of the workmen. The unskilled labourers, in continuous search for labour, are falling into an unheard-of destitution; and even the best paid artisans and skilled workmen, who undoubtedly are living now a more comfortable life than before, labour under the permanent menace of being thrown, in their turn, into the same conditions as the unskilled paupers, in consequence of some of the continuous and unavoidable fluctuations of industry and caprices of capital. The chasm between the modern millionaire who squanders the produce of human labour in a gorgeous and vain luxury, and the pauper reduced to a miserable and insecure existence, is thus growing more and more, so as to break the very unity of society—the harmony of its life—and to endanger the progress of its further development. At the same time, the working classes are the less inclined patiently to endure this division of society into two classes,

as they themselves become more and more conscious of the wealth-producing power of modern industry, of the part played by labour in the production of wealth, and of their own capacities of organisation. In proportion as all classes of the community take a more lively part in public affairs, and knowledge spreads among the masses, their longing for equality becomes stronger, and their demands of social reorganisation become louder and louder: they can be ignored no more. The worker claims his share in the riches he produces; he claims his share in the management of production; and he claims not only some additional well-being, but also his full rights in the higher enjoyments of science and art. These claims, which formerly were uttered only by the social reformer, begin now to be made by a daily growing minority of those who work in the factory or till the acre; and they so conform with our feelings of justice, that they find support in a daily growing minority amidst the privileged classes themselves. Socialism becomes thus *the* idea of the nineteenth century; and neither coercion nor pseudo-reforms can stop its further growth.

Much hope of improvement was laid, of course, in the extension of political rights to the working classes. But these concessions, unsupported as they were by corresponding changes in the economical relations, proved delusory. They did not materially improve the conditions of the great bulk of the workmen. Therefore, the watchword of Socialism is: 'Economical freedom, as the only secure basis for political freedom.' And as long as the present wage system, with all its bad consequences, remains unaltered, the Socialist watchword will continue to inspire the workmen. Socialism will continue to grow until it has realised its programme.

Side by side with this great movement of thought in economical matters, a like movement was going on with regard to political rights, political organisation, and the functions of government. Government was submitted to the same criticism as Capital. While most of the Radicals saw in universal suffrage and republican institutions the last word of political wisdom, a further step was made by the few. The very functions of government and the State, as also their relations to the individual, were submitted to a sharper and deeper criticism. Representative government having been experimented on a wider field than before, its defects became more and more prominent. It became obvious that these defects are not merely accidental, but inherent to the system itself. Parliament and its executive proved to be unable to attend to all the numberless affairs of the community and to conciliate the varied and often opposite interests of the separate parts of a State. Election proved unable to find out the men who might represent a nation, and manage, otherwise than in a party spirit, the affairs they are compelled to legislate upon. These defects became so striking that the very

principles of the representative system were criticised and their justness doubted. Again, the dangers of a centralised government became still more conspicuous when the Socialists came to the front and asked for a further increase of the powers of government by entrusting it with the management of the immense field covered now by the economical relations between individuals. The question was asked, whether a government, entrusted with the management of industry and trade, would not become a permanent danger for liberty and peace, and whether it even would be able to be a good manager?

The Socialists of the earlier part of this century did not fully realise the immense difficulties of the problem. Convinced as they were of the necessity of economical reforms, most of them took no notice of the need of freedom for the individual; and we have had social reformers ready to submit society to any kind of theocracy, dictatorship, or even Cæsarism, in order to obtain reforms in a Socialist sense. Therefore we saw, in this country and also on the Continent, the division of men of advanced opinions into political Radicals and Socialists—the former looking with distrust on the latter, as they saw in them a danger for the political liberties which have been won by the civilised nations after a long series of struggles. And even now, when the Socialists all over Europe are becoming political parties, and profess the democratic faith, there remains among most impartial men a well-founded fear of the *Volksstaat* or ‘popular State’ being as great a danger for liberty as any form of autocracy, if its government be entrusted with the management of all the social organisation, including the production and distribution of wealth.

The evolution of the last forty years prepared, however, the way for showing the necessity and possibility of a higher form of social organisation which might guarantee economical freedom without reducing the individual to the rôle of a slave to the State. The origins of government were carefully studied, and all metaphysical conceptions as to its divine or ‘social contract’ derivation having been laid aside, it appeared that it is among us of a relatively modern origin, and that its powers grew precisely in proportion as the division of society into the privileged and unprivileged classes was growing in the course of ages. Representative government was also reduced to its real value—that of an instrument which has rendered services in the struggle against autocracy, but not an ideal of free political organisation. As to the system of philosophy which saw in the State (the *Kultur-Staat*) a leader to progress, it was more and more shaken, as it became evident that progress is the more effective when it is not checked by State interference. It thus became obvious that a further advance in social life does not lie in the direction of a further concentration of power and regulative functions in the hands of a

governing body, but in the direction of decentralisation, both territorial and functional—in a subdivision of public functions with respect both to their sphere of action and to the character of the functions; it is in the abandonment to the initiative of freely constituted groups of all those functions which are now considered as the functions of government.

This current of thought found its expression not merely in literature, but also, to a limited extent, in life. The uprising of the Paris Commune, followed by that of the Commune of Cartagena—a movement of which the historical bearing seems to have been quite overlooked in this country—opened a new page of history. If we analyse not only this movement in itself, but also the impression it left in the minds and the tendencies which were manifested during the communal revolution, we must recognise in it an indication showing that in the future human agglomerations which are more advanced in their social development will try to start an independent life; and that they will endeavour to convert the more backward parts of a nation by example, instead of imposing their opinions by law and force, or submitting themselves to the majority-rule, which always is a mediocrity-rule. At the same time the failure of representative government within the Commune itself proved that self-government and self-administration must be carried on further than in a mere territorial sense; to be effective they must be carried on also with regard to the various functions of life within the free community; a merely territorial limitation of the sphere of action of government will not do—representative government being as deficient in a city as it is in a nation. Life gave thus a further point in favour of the no-government theory, and a new impulse to anarchist thought.

Anarchists recognise the justice of both the just-mentioned tendencies towards economical and political freedom, and see in them two different manifestations of the very same need of equality which constitutes the very essence of all struggles mentioned by history. Therefore, in common with all Socialists, the anarchist says to the political reformer: 'No substantial reform in the sense of political equality, and no limitation of the powers of government, can be made as long as society is divided into two hostile camps, and the labourer remains, economically speaking, a serf to his employer.' But to the Popular State Socialist we say also: 'You cannot modify the existing conditions of property without deeply modifying at the same time the political organisation. You must limit the powers of government and renounce Parliamentary rule. To each new economical phasis of life corresponds a new political phasis. Absolute monarchy—that is, Court-rule—corresponded to the system of serfdom. Representative government corresponds to Capital-rule. Both, however, are class-rule. But in a society where the distinction between capitalist and labourer has disappeared, there is no need of

such a government; it would be an anachronism, a nuisance. Free workers would require a free organisation, and this cannot have another basis than free agreement and free co-operation, without sacrificing the autonomy of the individual to the all-pervading interference of the State. The no-capitalist system implies the no-government system.'

Meaning thus the emancipation of man from the oppressive powers of capitalist and government as well, the system of anarchy becomes a synthesis of the two powerful currents of thought which characterise our century.

In arriving at these conclusions anarchy proves to be in accordance with the conclusions arrived at by the philosophy of evolution. By bringing to light the plasticity of organisation, the philosophy of evolution has shown the admirable adaptivity of organisms to their conditions of life, and the ensuing development of such faculties as render more complete both the adaptations of the aggregates to their surroundings and those of each of the constituent parts of the aggregate to the needs of free co-operation. It familiarised us with the circumstance that throughout organic nature the capacities for life in common are growing in proportion as the integration of organisms into compound aggregates becomes more and more complete; and it enforced thus the opinion already expressed by social moralists as to the perfectibility of human nature. It has shown us that, in the long run of the struggle for existence, 'the fittest' will prove to be those who combine intellectual knowledge with the knowledge necessary for the production of wealth, and not those who are now the richest because they, or their ancestors, have been momentarily the strongest. By showing that the 'struggle for existence' must be conceived, not merely in its restricted sense of a struggle between individuals for the means of subsistence, but in its wider sense of adaptation of all individuals of the species to the best conditions for the survival of the species, as well as for the greatest possible sum of life and happiness for each and all, it permitted us to deduce the laws of moral science from the social needs and habits of mankind. It showed us the infinitesimal part played by positive law in moral evolution, and the immense part played by the natural growth of altruistic feelings, which develop as soon as the conditions of life favour their growth. It thus enforced the opinion of social reformers as to the necessity of modifying the conditions of life for improving man, instead of trying to improve human nature by moral teachings while life works in an opposite direction. Finally, by studying human society from the biological point of view, it came to the conclusions arrived at by anarchists from the study of history and present tendencies, as to further progress being in the line of socialisation of wealth and integrated labour, combined with the fullest possible freedom of the individual.

It is not a mere coincidence that Herbert Spencer, whom we may consider as a pretty fair expounder of the philosophy of evolution, has been brought to conclude, with regard to political organisation, that 'that form of society towards which we are progressing' is 'one in which *government* will be reduced to the smallest amount possible, and *freedom* increased to the greatest amount possible.'¹ When he opposes in these words the conclusions of his synthetic philosophy to those of Auguste Comte, he arrives at very nearly the same conclusion as Proudhon² and Bakunin.³ More than that, the very methods of argumentation and the illustrations resorted to by Herbert Spencer (daily supply of food, post-office, and so on) are the same which we find in the writings of the anarchists. The channels of thought were the same, although both were unaware of each other's endeavours.

Again, when Mr. Spencer so powerfully, and even not without a touch of passion, argues (in his Appendix to the third edition of the *Data of Ethics*) that human societies are marching towards a state when a further identification of altruism with egoism will be made 'in the sense that personal gratification will come from the gratification of others;' when he says that 'we are shown, undeniably, that it is a perfectly possible thing for organisms to become so adjusted to the requirements of their lives, that energy expended for the general welfare may not only be adequate to check energy expended for the individual welfare, but may come to subordinate it so far as to leave individual welfare no greater part than is necessary for maintenance of individual life'—provided the conditions for such relations between the individual and the community be maintained⁴—he derives from the study of nature the very same conclusions which the forerunners of anarchy, Fourier and Robert Owen, derived from a study of human character.

When we see further Mr. Bain so forcibly elaborating the theory of moral habits, and the French philosopher, M. Guyau, publishing his remarkable work on *Morality without Obligation or Sanction*;

¹ *Essays*, vol. iii. I am fully aware that in the very same *Essays*, a few pages further, Herbert Spencer destroys the force of the foregoing statement by the following words: 'Not only do I contend,' he says, 'that the restraining power of the State over individuals and bodies, or classes of individuals, is requisite, but I have contended that it should be exercised much more effectually and carried much farther than at present' (p. 145). And although he tries to establish a distinction between the (desirable) negatively regulative and the (undesirable) positively regulative functions of government, we know that no such distinction can be established in political life, and that the former necessarily lead to, and even imply, the latter. But we must distinguish between the system of philosophy and its interpreter. All we can say is that Herbert Spencer does not fully endorse all the conclusions which ought to be drawn from his system of philosophy.

² *Idee générale sur la Révolution au XIX^e siècle*; and *Confessions d'un révolutionnaire*.

³ *Lettres à un Français sur la crise actuelle: L'Empire knouto-germanique*; *The State's Idea and Anarchy* (Russian).

⁴ Pages 300 to 302. In fact, the whole of this chapter ought to be quoted.

when J. S. Mill so sharply criticises representative government, and when he discusses the problem of liberty, although failing to establish its necessary conditions; when Sir John Lubbock prosecutes his admirable studies on animal societies, and Mr. Morgan applies scientific methods of investigation to the philosophy of history—when, in short, every year, by bringing some new arguments to the philosophy of evolution, adds at the same time some new arguments to the theory of anarchy—we must recognise that this last, although differing as to its starting-points, follows the same sound methods of scientific investigation. Our confidence in its conclusions is still more increased. The difference between anarchists and the just-named philosophers may be immense as to the presumed speed of evolution, and as to the conduct which one ought to assume as soon as he has had an insight into the aims towards which society is marching. No attempt, however, has been made scientifically to determine the ratio of evolution, nor have the chief elements of the problem (the state of mind of the masses) been taken into account by the evolutionist philosophers. As to bringing one's action into accordance with his philosophical conceptions, we know that, unhappily, intellect and will are too often separated by a chasm not to be filled by mere philosophical speculations, however deep and elaborate.

There is, however, between the just-named philosophers and the anarchists a wide difference on one point of primordial importance. This difference is the stranger as it arises on a point which might be discussed figures in hand, and which constitutes the very basis of all further deductions, as it belongs to what biological sociology would describe as the physiology of nutrition.

There is, in fact, a widely spread fallacy, maintained by Mr. Spencer and many others, as to the causes of the misery which we see round about us. It was affirmed forty years ago, and it is affirmed now by Mr. Spencer and his followers, that misery in civilised society is due to our insufficient production, or rather to the circumstance that 'population presses upon the means of subsistence.' It would be of no use to inquire into the origin of such a misrepresentation of facts, which might be easily verified. It may have its origin in inherited misconceptions which have nothing to do with the philosophy of evolution. But to be maintained and advocated by philosophers, there must be, in the conceptions of these philosophers, some confusion as to the different aspects of the struggle for existence. Sufficient importance is not given to the difference between the struggle which goes on among organisms which do *not* co-operate for providing the means of subsistence, and those which *do* so. In this last case again there must be some confusion between those aggregates whose members find their means of subsistence in the ready produce of the vegetable and animal kingdom, and those

whose members artificially grow their means of subsistence and are enabled to increase (to a yet unknown amount) the productivity of each spot of the surface of the globe. Hunters who hunt, each of them for his own sake, and hunters who unite into societies for hunting, stand quite differently with regard to the means of subsistence. But the difference is still greater between the hunters who take their means of subsistence as they are in nature, and civilised men who grow their food and produce all requisites for a comfortable life by machinery. In this last case—the stock of potential energy in nature being little short of infinite in comparison with the present population of the globe—the means of availing ourselves of the stock of energy are increased and perfected precisely in proportion to the density of population and to the previously accumulated stock of technical knowledge; so that for human beings who are in possession of scientific knowledge, and co-operate for the artificial production of the means of subsistence and comfort, the law is quite the reverse to that of Malthus. The accumulation of means of subsistence and comfort is going on at a much speedier rate than the increase of population. The only conclusion which we can deduce from the laws of evolution and of multiplication of effects is that the available amount of means of subsistence increases at a rate which increases itself in proportion as population becomes denser—unless it be artificially (and temporarily) checked by some defects of social organisation. As to our *powers* of production (our potential production), they increase at a still speedier rate; in proportion as scientific knowledge grows, the means for spreading it are rendered easier, and inventive genius is stimulated by all previous inventions.

If the fallacy as to the pressure of population on the means of subsistence could be maintained a hundred years ago, it can be maintained no more, since we have witnessed the effects of science on industry, and the enormous increase of our productive powers during the last hundred years. We know, in fact, that while the growth of population of England has been from $16\frac{1}{2}$ millions in 1844 to $26\frac{3}{4}$ millions in 1883, showing thus an increase of 62 per cent., the growth of national wealth (as testified by schedule A of the Income Tax Act) has increased at a twice speedier rate; it has grown from 221 to $507\frac{1}{2}$ millions—that is, by 130 per cent.⁵ And we know that the same increase of wealth has taken place in France, where population remains almost stationary, and that it has gone on at a still speedier rate in the United States, where population is increasing every year by immigration.

But the figures just mentioned, while showing the real increase of production, give only a faint idea of what our production might be under a more reasonable economical organisation. We know well

⁵ A. R. Wallace's *Bad Times*.

that the owners of capital, while trying to produce more wares with fewer 'hands,' are also continually endeavouring to limit the production, in order to sell at higher prices. When the benefits of a concern are going down, the owner of the capital limits the production, or totally suspends it, and prefers to engage his capital in foreign loans or shares of Patagonian gold-mines. Just now there are plenty of pitmen in England who ask for nothing better than to be permitted to extract coal and supply with cheap fuel the households where children are shivering before empty chimneys. There are thousands of weavers who ask for nothing better than to weave stuffs in order to replace the Whitechapel rugs with linen. And so in all branches of industry. How can we talk about a want of means of subsistence when 246 blasting furnaces and thousands of factories lie idle in Great Britain alone; and when there are, just now, thousands and thousands of unemployed in London alone; thousands of men who would consider themselves happy if they were permitted to transform (under the guidance of experienced men) the heavy clay of Middlesex into a rich soil, and to cover with rich cornfields and orchards the acres of meadow-land which now yield only a few pounds' worth of hay? But they are prevented from doing so by the owners of the land, of the weaving factory, and of the coal-mine, because capital finds it more advantageous to supply the Khedive with harems and the Russian Government with 'strategic railways' and Krupp guns. Of course the maintenance of harems *pays*: it gives ten or fifteen per cent. on the capital, while the extraction of coal does not pay—that is, it brings three or five per cent.,—and that is a sufficient reason for limiting the production and permitting would-be economists to indulge in reproaches to the working classes as to their too rapid multiplication!

Here we have instances of a direct and conscious limitation of production, due to the circumstance that the requisites for production belong to the few, and that these few have the right of disposing of them at their will, without caring about the interests of the community. But there is also the indirect and unconscious limitation of production—that which results from squandering the produce of human labour in luxury, instead of applying it to a further increase of production.

This last even cannot be estimated in figures, but a walk through the rich shops of any city and a glance at the manner in which money is squandered now, can give an approximate idea of this indirect limitation. When a rich man spends a thousand pounds for his stables, he squanders five to six thousand days of human labour, which might be used, under a better social organisation, for supplying with comfortable homes those who are compelled to live now in dens. And when a lady spends a hundred pounds for her dress, we cannot but say that she squanders, at least, two years of

human labour, which, again under a better organisation, might have supplied a hundred women with decent dresses, and much more if applied to a further improvement of the instruments of production. Preachers thunder against luxury, because it is shameful to squander money for feeding and sheltering hounds and horses, when thousands live in the East End on sixpence a day, and other thousands have not even their miserable sixpence every day. But the economist sees more than that in our modern luxury: when millions of days of labour are spent every year for the satisfaction of the stupid vanity of the rich, he says that so many millions of workers have been diverted from the manufacture of those useful instruments which would permit us to decuple and centuple our present production of means of subsistence and of requisites for comfort.

In short, if we take into account both the real and the potential increase of our wealth, and consider both the direct and indirect limitation of production, which are unavoidable under our present economical system, we must recognise that the supposed 'pressure of population on the means of subsistence' is a mere fallacy, repeated, like many other fallacies, without even taking the trouble of submitting it to a moment's criticism. The causes of the present social disease must be sought elsewhere.

Let us take a civilised country. The forests have been cleared, the swamps drained. Thousands of roads and railways intersect it in all directions; the rivers have been rendered navigable, and the seaports are of easy access. Canals connect the seas. The rocks have been pierced by deep shafts; thousands of manufactures cover the land. Science has taught men how to use the energy of nature for the satisfaction of his needs. Cities have slowly grown in the long run of ages, and treasures of science and art are accumulated in these centres of civilisation. But—who has made all these marvels?

The combined efforts of scores of generations have contributed towards the achievement of these results. The forests have been cleared centuries ago; millions of men have spent years and years of labour in draining the swamps, in tracing the roads, in building the railways. Other millions have built the cities and created the civilisation we boast of. Thousands of inventors, mostly unknown, mostly dying in poverty and neglect, have elaborated the machinery in which Man admires his genius. Thousands of writers, philosophers and men of science, supported by many thousands of compositors, printers, and other labourers whose name is legion, have contributed in elaborating and spreading knowledge, in dissipating errors, in creating the atmosphere of scientific thought, without which the marvels of our century never would have been brought to life. The genius of a Mayer and a Grove, the patient work of a Joule, surely have done more for giving a new start to modern industry than all the capitalists of the world; but these men of

genius themselves are, in their turn, the children of industry: thousands of engines had to transform heat into mechanical force, and mechanical force into sound, light, and electricity—and they had to do so years long, every day, under the eyes of humanity—before some of our contemporaries proclaimed the mechanical origin of heat and the correlation of physical forces, and before we ourselves became prepared to listen to them and understand their teachings. Who knows for how many decades we should continue to be ignorant of this theory which now revolutionises industry, were it not for the inventive powers and skill of those unknown workers who have improved the steam-engine, who brought all its parts to perfection, so as to make steam more manageable than a horse, and to render the use of the engine nearly universal? But the same is true with regard to each smallest part of our machinery. In each machine, however simple, we may read a whole history—a long history of sleepless nights, of delusions and joys, of partial inventions and partial improvements which brought it to its present state. Nay, nearly each new machine is a synthesis, a result of thousands of partial inventions made, not only in one special department of machinery, but in all departments of the wide field of mechanics.

Our cities, connected by roads and brought into easy communication with all peopled parts of the globe, are the growth of centuries; and each house in these cities, each factory, each shop, derives its value, its very *raison d'être*, from the fact that it is situated on a spot of the globe where thousands or millions have gathered together. Every smallest part of the immense whole which we call the wealth of civilised nations derives its value precisely from being a part of this whole. What would be the value of an immense London shop or storehouse were it not situated precisely in London, which has become the gathering spot, for five millions of human beings? And what the value of our coal-pits, our manufactures, our shipbuilding yards, were it not for the immense traffic which goes on across the seas, for the railways which transport mountains of merchandise, for the cities which number their inhabitants by millions? Who is, then, the individual who has the right to step forward and, laying his hands on the smallest part of this immense whole, to say, '*I have produced this; it belongs to me*'? And how can we discriminate, in this immense interwoven whole, the part which the isolated individual may appropriate to himself with the slightest approach to justice? Houses and streets, canals and railways, machines and works of art, all these have been created by the combined efforts of generations past and present, of men living on these islands and men living thousands of miles away.

But it has happened in the long run of ages that everything which permits men further to increase their production, or even to continue it, has been appropriated by the few. The land, which derives its

value precisely from its being necessary for an ever-increasing population, belongs to the few, who may prevent the community from cultivating it. The coal-pits, which represent the labour of generations, and which also derive their value from the wants of the manufactures and railroads, from the immense trade carried on and the density of population (what is the value of coal-layers in Transbaikalia?), belong again to the few, who have even the right of stopping the extraction of coal if they choose to give another use to their capital. The lace-weaving machine, which represents, in its present state of perfection, the work of three generations of Lancashire weavers, belongs again to the few; and if the grandsons of the very same weaver who invented the first lace-weaving machine claim their rights of bringing one of these machines into motion, they will be told 'Hands off! this machine does not belong to you!' The railroads, which mostly would be useless heaps of iron if Great Britain had not its present dense population, its industry, trade, and traffic, belong again to the few—to a few shareholders, who may even not know where the railway is situated which brings them a yearly income larger than that of a mediæval king; and if the children of those people who died by thousands in digging the tunnels would gather and go—a ragged and starving crowd—to ask bread or work from the shareholders, they would be met with bayonets and bullets.

Who is the sophist who will dare to say that such an organisation is just? But what is unjust cannot be beneficial for mankind; and *it is not*. In consequence of this monstrous organisation, the son of a workman, when he is able to work, finds no acre to till, no machine to set in motion, unless he agrees to sell his labour for a sum inferior to its real value. His father and grandfather have contributed in draining the field, or erecting the factory, to the full extent of their capacities—and nobody can do more than that—but he comes into the world more destitute than a savage. If he resorts to agriculture, he will be permitted to cultivate a plot of land, but on the condition that he gives up one quarter of his crop to the landlord. If he resorts to industry, he will be permitted to work, but on the condition that out of the thirty shillings he has produced, ten shillings or more will be pocketed by the owner of the machine. We cry against the feudal baron who did not permit anyone to settle on his land otherwise than on payment of one quarter of the crops to the lord of the manor; but we continue to do as they did—we extend their system. The forms have changed, but the essence has remained the same. And the workman is compelled to accept the feudal conditions which we call 'free contract,' because nowhere will he find better conditions. Everything has been appropriated by somebody; he *must* accept the bargain, or starve.

Owing to this circumstance our production takes a wrong turn. It takes no care of the needs of the community; its only aim is to

increase the benefits of the capitalist. Therefore—the continuous fluctuations of industry, the crises periodically coming nearly every ten years, and throwing out of employment several hundred thousand men who are brought to complete misery, whose children grow up in the gutter, ready to become inmates of the prison and workhouse. The workmen being unable to purchase with their wages the riches they are producing, industry must search for markets elsewhere, amidst the middle classes of other nations. It must find markets, in the East, in Africa, anywhere; it must increase, by trade, the number of its serfs in Egypt, in India, in the Congo. But everywhere it finds competitors in other nations which rapidly enter into the same line of industrial development. And wars, continuous wars, must be fought for the supremacy on the world-market—wars for the possession of the East, wars for getting possession of the seas, wars for having the right of imposing heavy duties on foreign merchandise. The thunder of guns never ceases in Europe; whole generations are slaughtered; and we spend in armaments the third of the revenue of our States—a revenue raised, the poor know with what difficulties.

Education is the privilege of the few. Not because we can find no teachers, not because the workman's son and daughter are less able to receive instruction, but because one can receive no reasonable instruction when at the age of fifteen he descends into the mine, or goes selling newspapers in the streets. Society becomes divided into two hostile camps; and no freedom is possible under such conditions. While the Radical asks for a further extension of liberty, the statesman answers him that a further increase of liberty would bring about an uprising of the paupers; and those political liberties which have cost so dear are replaced by coercion, by exceptional laws, by military rule.

*And finally, the injustice of our repartition of wealth exercises the most deplorable effect on our morality. Our principles of morality say: 'Love your neighbour as yourself'; but let a child follow this principle and take off his coat to give it to the shivering pauper, and his mother will tell him that he must never understand the moral principles in their right sense. If he lives according to them, he will go barefoot, without alleviating the misery round about him! Morality is good on the lips, not in deeds. Our preachers say, 'Who works, prays,' and everybody endeavours to make others work for himself. They say, 'Never lie!' and politics is a big lie. And we accustom ourselves and our children to live under this double-faced morality, which is hypocrisy, and to conciliate our double-facedness by sophistry. Hypocrisy and sophistry become the very basis of our life. But society cannot live under such a morality. It cannot last so: it must, it will, be changed.

The question is thus no more a mere question of bread. It covers

the whole field of human activity. But it has at its bottom a question of social economy, and we conclude: The means of production and of satisfaction of all needs of society, having been created by the common efforts of all, must be at the disposal of all. The private appropriation of requisites for production is neither just nor beneficial. All must be placed on the same footing as producers and consumers of wealth. That would be the only way for society to step out of the bad conditions which have been created by centuries of wars and oppression. That would be the only guarantee for further progress in a direction of equality and freedom, which always were the real, although unspoken goal of humanity.

P. KROPOTKIN.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

THERE are unmistakable symptoms abroad that the old and vexed question of County Boards is again to the front, and that, unless recent changes in the Government (which is not unlikely) cause a year's delay, there will be submitted to Parliament in the coming session a measure dealing comprehensively with this subject.

We may safely predict for it a troubled and stormy career, lingering, probably, and protracted till the time arrives for the annual massacre of Government Bills, when it will be again relegated to the departmental pigeon-holes, to the relief of perplexed politicians and to the secret satisfaction of the community at large.

This is essentially a question which is forced into public notice from time to time by the rivalry of parties rather than by the complaints of the people.

Nothing is more easy or more plausible than to avow adhesion to the principle of representative bodies in substitution for the monopoly of power exercised under the *régime* of nominated magistrates. Moreover, on the one hand, the Conservative is tickled with the idea of resuscitating the county as an administrative area, while the Radical rejoices in the prospect of dealing a deadly blow at the political power of the landed gentry in the rural districts. Both parties thus lend a ready ear to the complaints and contentions of the philosophic, the scientific, and the sentimental classes of politicians, who elaborate grievances from the perusal of blue-books and from the examination of statistical returns, rather than watch for or deal with them in detail as they arise in a practical spirit.

We have been, indeed, officially informed by the political chiefs of the Local Government Board that an admirable plan has been prepared, which will be acceptable to all parties; but ominous rumours have since supervened, confirming the suspicions of old Parliamentary hands that no simple or easy method of dealing with the problem, or, rather, with the mass of knotty and tangled problems involved, has been discovered, or is indeed practicable.

It is easy to criticise and find fault with the existing state of

things, which has grown up in correspondence with the growth of popular wants and requirements in a characteristic English fashion, without order, method, or adherence to scientific arrangement; Parliament and the public having been alike ready as each successive step was taken to disregard anomalies, or even absurdities, provided only the needed local facility or powers of action were conferred, independent, so far as might be, of external control, and securing the carrying out of practical and definite objects, under sanction of the law, for the convenience of localities.

The result of this growth or procedure under separate local Acts is the state of things with which we are all familiar. To the eye of the model legislator it is confused, entangled, chaotic, intolerable, and even though practical men of business acting under it are able to do their duty fairly well, and to satisfy their neighbours and constituents, it must be admitted to be sadly deficient in the quality of clear and systematic arrangement which distinguishes the local administration of the French—an advantage purchased for them somewhat dearly by the revolution of 1789, which made a clean sweep of the pre-existing landmarks of their country.

But all this is now to be remedied. Ministers and leaders of Opposition vie with each other in advocating the infusion of new blood into county government, the stimulus to local life which it will entail, the abolition of an untenable monopoly which is to be its introductory holocaust, and the consequent extension of municipal government with all its accompanying blessings into the rural districts.

Meanwhile, the ratepayers as a class, and the local authorities as they now exist, hold aloof, waiting, apparently, for the inevitable time when the unpopular character of the changes involved will become manifest, and when the concrete plan shall be in print with all its details. Then will begin the work of the critics. The Bill will be subjected to the ordeal of examination by the able and skilled men, chairmen and clerks (for example) of unions, highway districts, local boards, sanitary authorities, and the like, from whom the average M.P. is pretty sure to take his cue when the time arrives for dealing with the amendments which will be placed by the score on the Parliamentary notice paper.

The truth is that the magnitude of the changes involved, and the extent to which they must, if worth anything with the view of settling the question, revolutionise our existing local government, have not even yet been adequately appreciated. Many suggestions have been made, and not a few have been submitted to Parliament, calculated to satisfy the demands formerly made by occupiers of land for a share in the administration of the county rate; but the time has long gone by since these demands were seriously pressed, while it is every day becoming more evident that political motives

underlie and give strength to the more thoroughgoing plans which are now under consideration.

Those who desire, not unnaturally, to rehabilitate the *county* as a local administrative area, and at the same time to comply with a demand for municipal government in the rural districts, which is derived probably from observation of the French system, forget altogether that the French system was constructed, as already remarked, on a *tabula rasa*, an advantage which England, happily, does not enjoy; and also that local government means quite a different thing as applied, first to rural, secondly to semi-rural, and thirdly to urban districts.

If we find a thorough system of municipal government established for cities and towns, and provisions of law in constant and useful operation for the gradual introduction of the same into growing or inchoate urban communities (which is really the case at present), it may fairly be argued that the rural and scattered population of the counties, whatever may be needed in the way of improved representation on their governing bodies, do not really require, and are not, in fact, in a position to profit from, such local government as is already primarily adapted to the wants of towns and cities, and such as is within their reach through the well-known machinery of private Acts and Provisional orders, as and when the want of them is experienced.

As population increases in compactness and wealth, it begins, of course, to require municipal government for many purposes apart from the primary objects of police supervision and the maintenance of order. The householders compacted together find they can provide better and more cheaply through such means for their common health and wealth, for the cleanliness and convenience of their dwellings, and for the luxuries, which rapidly become the necessities, of town life, such as water supply, lighting and scavengering of houses and streets, sewerage, building regulation, fire prevention, &c. These are objects which householders in rural districts must provide separately for themselves. Common to both are: (1) police supervision, in so far as that service is borne or assisted by local taxation and management; (2) road repair, though of a less expensive sort in rural districts; and (3) poor law administration, which forms the real difficulty in harmonising local government for town and country, and which stands in the way of those who fancy it easy to reconcile conflicting or intermixed local government areas.

The poor law system, as we now know and have experience of it, was forced fifty years ago on the attention of Parliament and the public by circumstances into which we need not here enter. Under it the fifty-two counties of England and Wales, containing about 15,000 parishes, have been divided into about 650 unions. These were marked out and settled in a somewhat bureaucratic and

centralising spirit, but still with due regard to the essential object of convenient local administration, a convenience which could not be found in symmetry with county areas. County boundaries were accordingly disregarded to such an extent that fully one-third of the unions overlap the borders of two, or even of three, counties. The desired objects were, nevertheless, for the most part attained, and may be comprehensively stated under two heads: (1) the interests of the poor (the possible recipients of relief) as regards the accessibility of the workhouse; and (2) the interests of the ratepayers as regards economical management, and the equitable grouping of parishes in proportion to their greater or less rateable value, and to their more or less pauperised condition.

To whatever criticism the mode in which these unions were laid out may be open in detail, and although there is ample legal power for their alteration and amendment, there can be no question but that they are so far stereotyped as a great national settlement that they do not admit of comprehensive re-settlement; not because of any difficulty in drawing an area map of the kingdom on different lines or principles, or with more regard to county and other local boundaries; but because the local interests which have grown up during half a century, and which have been recognised by innumerable Acts of Parliament, are bound up with them, and are of far greater importance actually, and still more from the point of view of those locally interested, than any importance which can be quoted as attaching to the county, or to central government considerations.

Parliament has so far recognised this, and has so far committed itself to the *Union* as the administrative area of the future, as contradistinguished from the *County*, that it has from time to time, during the last fifty years, attached new functions to the guardians and new importance and value to the district within which they hold sway. Briefly, they are as follows: (1) Each union was composed originally of many parishes which retained a certain amount of independent action, and, in particular, the right and duty of the valuation of property, and its assessment to the local rates. These functions were transferred to the guardians of the union by the Union Assessment Committee Acts. (2) Each parish was originally made responsible for the cost of its own pauperism; but by the Union Chargeability Act not only was the expense spread equally, or, rather, rateably, over the union, but the management and control of the board of guardians as a whole over the pauperism of the union became greatly more effective. (3) In process of time, as the need for sanitary legislation became recognised, each union was made a separate and complete administrative area for sanitary purposes, and was provided with officers and machinery for carrying out the Public Health Act (which wisely discriminates between the rural and urban districts as regards the stringency and character of its provisions). (4) Each union

has been more recently constituted a centre of administration under the Education Act, and is charged with the important duty of enforcing compulsory attendance at elementary schools, and of paying school fees for the poor under certain circumstances. Here, again, it may be observed that Parliament has specially provided for rural districts a machinery different from that which is adapted to populous places where the School Board system may more properly prevail. (5) Each union has functions assigned to it under the Registration Acts, and is charged with the duty of enforcing primary vaccination over the whole kingdom. (6) Lastly, by the legislation of 1877-78, the entire management of the highways of the rural districts has been placed within the power of the guardians, and the areas of highway management may become identified with those of the poor law unions.

It may fairly, therefore, be laid down, that local government for the rural districts is actually or potentially provided by these means, that it is already too stereotyped to be shifted without such a wrench as would be of revolutionary severity, and too important, even if that were otherwise, to be subordinated or interfered with for any practical or theoretical objects which have as yet been assigned as a reason for the constitution of a system of *County* government.

Those who desire to set up the *County* as an administrative machine for all purposes, and in relief of our overworked House of Commons, forget how little meaning the term and name of a county now has, except for political representation and for the administration of justice. What measure, indeed, for county government reform could be devised which could provide machinery uniformly applicable over such widely different areas as Devonshire and Rutland; or for Lancashire and the West Riding, spotted over with numberless municipalities and local board districts, in common with Cambridgeshire or West Sussex, with their sparse populations of small village communities? Further, the notion that county parliaments are, as county municipalities, to carry on public business, to vivify local life, and to relieve the overloaded shoulders of the House of Commons, is based on a triple fallacy. First, it is assumed that control exercised by such bodies over the subordinate areas of unions or highway districts and parishes would be welcomed in exchange for the control of the central government; whereas they would probably be more unpopular, and certainly less effective. Secondly, it is forgotten that the requisite machinery for such an organisation and control could not be brought to bear without great cost and a multiplication of permanent county officers in continuous session at head-quarters. And, thirdly, it is impossible to believe that the public opinion of the country would ever deliberately suffer the Parliamentary functions to be discharged by sixty or seventy local centres, taking different, and probably conflicting, views of duty and policy. It would indeed be

Home Rule for counties, with all the evil omen attaching to that phrase. Every consideration of prudent statesmanship points to the conclusion that county government, if reformed and endowed with an infusion of the representative element, must be confined to the limited functions now exercised by the Courts of Quarter Sessions, together with such new duties as it may be found possible to devise without interference with the real and, on the whole, satisfactory work of the guardians, waywardens, and sanitary authorities, which already are, to all intents and purposes, the municipalities of the rural districts.

How nearly the system thus sketched out, *à priori*, may be brought into actual working under the existing law and practice can be illustrated very well and appropriately by the state of things which prevails at this moment in one of our largest counties.

The twenty-five poor-law unions into which Hampshire was divided fifty years ago have been, with the exception of three or four parishes, only one of which is of importance, brought within the county area. The magistrates, with wise forethought, identified, many years ago, their own magisterial divisions with those of the poor law unions, and more recently they established, under the Acts of 1862 and 1864, highway districts coterminous with the same administrative areas. Quite recently the guardians of several of these unions have taken on themselves, by a process permitted and encouraged under recent legislation, the office and duties of highway authorities. We thus have, in the county of Hants, twenty-five subordinate areas, completely exhaustive of the county map, the governing bodies of which are poor law guardians, sanitary authorities, valuers and assessors of real property, waywardens of the highways, supervisors of public vaccination and of elementary education; and they discharge these multifarious duties for, the ratepayers, to annual election by whom they owe their existence, and in the general interests of the public, on whose behalf Parliament has imposed them.

These representative governing bodies levy and expend for the purposes above mentioned a sum of about 300,000*l.* annually, which is equal to a rate of about 2*s.* 3*d.* in the pound on a rateable value of about two and a half millions. The Court of Quarter Sessions, on the other hand, levies annually about 30,000*l.* in the shape of county and police rates, in nearly equal moieties. In other words, the ratepayers control directly about 2*s.* 3*d.* in the pound, while the magistrates expend about 4*d.* under these two heads together. But of the moneys levied for the county, apart from the police, one-third goes to the payment of debt; so that the other items of expenditure, including a heavy contribution to the cost of the main roads, are covered by a rate of about 1½*d.* in the pound. The ratepayer's grievance being thus exhibited in its true proportions, the problem

for solution becomes difficult in proportion to its minuteness. On the one hand, it is undesirable to establish an electoral machinery more important and extensive than in proportion to the duties which have to be discharged ; and, on the other hand, any attempt to add new obligations, or to establish a centralised county authority, having a status and jurisdiction paramount over the elective guardians, will be certain, as it becomes appreciated in all its bearings, to excite jealousy and conflict amongst those whose grievances it is presumably intended to redress.

But it will be said that a new function for County Boards has emerged out of the political conflicts and social needs of these later days. The land is to be dealt with. The county rate is to be financed, and allotments or three-acre pieces are to be provided through the agency of popular bodies, which must be elected by household suffrage.

Not to dwell on the absurdity of supposing a County Board sitting occasionally (say) at Exeter, capable of thus dealing with personal and proprietary rights over the immense area of Devonshire, and settling the innumerable and furiously contested questions of detail which would accompany each transaction of the sort, let us see who they are who will elect the County Board, and who, again, are they who will provide the funds required for such purposes? Every one who is conversant with the theory and practice of the assessment and levying of rates is aware that, whereas in a town community the rates are paid almost exclusively by the occupiers, so that the board or corporation elected by them is in the highest degree representative of the funds contributed by the constituent body, the reverse is the case, for the most part, in counties or rural districts, where the rates are mostly levied off the land through the agency of the occupiers of land, who are thus deeply interested in their rise and fall, though not so much (if at all) in their original incidence. The villagers or occupiers of cottage property, being generally compound householders, neither pay nor feel the variation of the rates, and yet it is to a board elected by household suffrage that the power of borrowing money on the security contributed by the property of other classes is to be conferred ! This is a startling proposition ; still more so if we add to it the further suggestion that lands may be taken compulsorily with a view to redistribution in small parcels, a function never yet delegated by Parliament to any subordinate authority.

Such schemes need only to be simply stated to carry with them the gravest doubts as to their propriety. The Whig and Radical economists who elaborated the new poor law system fifty years ago were not so bold. Knowing the facts, they established, for the protection of the rights of property as against the cry for indiscriminate poor relief, the triple security of the plural vote, the vote by proxy,

and the voting paper in the election of guardians, while they likewise introduced the concurrent right of the magistrates, as a special representation of ownership, to attend the meetings of the elective guardians *ex officio*. But will any one pretend that such devices could be introduced, with the slightest prospect of Parliamentary sanction, into a government measure at the present time? Without them, however, or some other safeguards (such as supervision and control of the Executive Government) which would prove still more objectionable, or, if not objectionable, illusory, we are left face to face with the dangers which are inseparable from the plan of giving to a popular assembly the power of exclusive taxation in their own interests, or, rather, in the interests of the vast majority of their electorate.

Another view of the case remains to be noticed, and it is one which, perhaps, may be pleaded in reference to the last-mentioned considerations.

It might be proposed to establish in the counties an elective body, taking over little more than the administrative business now transacted at Quarter Sessions, but charged also with new financial powers and duties in the collection and distribution of funds provided by taxation in aid of those hitherto furnished by the ratepayers exclusively.

As to the first point, it may be observed that the administrative functions in question, apart from those which are connected with justice and police, are extremely few, while of these the most important—viz. main road supervision and cattle disease prevention—might be profitably delegated to the representatives of the smaller or union areas, rather than retained for central management by the county authority. The work and duties connected with the courts of justice, and with the appointment, pay, and control of the clerks and officers employed in those courts, seem inextricably mixed up with the magisterial function. Whether police management should be left as the principal duty of an elective County Board is a matter well worthy of examination, and will be materially affected by the relations which may in future subsist between the Executive Government and local authorities in this particular.

As to the second point, assuming that Parliament were willing to surrender certain taxes for the benefit of the ratepayers, the question of collecting them would be immediately felt, and might present much difficulty, while it would certainly cause very serious expense in the pay and supervision of collectors. If the house tax were so assigned, as was once proposed by Mr. Goschen, the fatal objection would arise on the part of the householders, that they would be at once rated and taxed for local expenditure, whereas land would be rated only.

An assignment of carriage taxes in aid of road repair would be

reasonable and acceptable, if only it were possible to apportion it according to local user. A surrender of the land tax would operate most inequitably, as this tax has been long since redeemed in many localities. A localised income tax has been a popular idea, which has found favour with some writers, but it has always appeared on examination to be impracticable, and inconsistent with the policy which framed the property tax Acts. Parliament would hardly consent to stereotype what has always been an annual charge, nor would the public submit to reveal their private resources to the agents of local authorities. There remain such imposts as the gun tax, the game licences, and the dog tax, as to which no particular objection arises if the police were permitted, or could be required, to serve as collecting officers.

The proceeds of public-house and other licences would seem to be the most appropriate to be thus dealt with. They are, however, mixed up with the larger subject of management and control, and so with the group of questions which are conveniently summarised as 'local option.' When this name is mentioned, one feels instinctively that financial interests would in many places be subordinated to views of policy, so that such aid to localities as it might be desired to furnish by these means would be very imperfectly, or at least very unequally, realised.

None of these devices can compare with the ease and convenience which accompany the practice of subventions from the Exchequer, which, however open to objection from the theoretical point of view, have been in regular and smooth operation for many years, and at least have had the effect of substantially relieving the ratepayers, and of appeasing those feelings of irritation and dissatisfaction which have so often found inconvenient expression in the House of Commons.

G. SCLATER-BOOTH.

ARTISAN ATHEISM.

AN old friend, a London clergyman of long and wide experience, said to me lately, 'I cannot understand the position of the working classes towards religion: they seem to put it on one side, to do without it; not to have any ill-feeling towards it, but simply to regard it with indifference.' My own experience is shorter than my friend's, but leads to the opposite impression: that the great body of artisans do not do without religion; that they are as much governed by conscience as any body of professing Christians: but also that towards all professions, and especially all teachers, of religion, they have a very strong and very bitter antipathy; that they look on theology as having the same value as astrology, and esteem the clergy as on about the level of fortune-tellers, as encouraging ignorance that they may live by teaching that which they know to be false.

It is possible that my friend and myself are both right, so far as the evidence before us goes. He is a distinguished looking person, with remarkable powers of forming dispassionate judgments and of *expressing them very clearly and incisively*. The artisans whom he meets are probably awed by the majesty of his appearance and influenced by their innate respect for his profession; while I am taken no more account of than a tame cat on the hearth, and so they give me that frank utterance which is denied to my friend.

Some few years ago I was asked to lecture at a working men's club in Pimlico—my first experience of any London club. The subject was 'The Antiquity of Man,' and the lecture was purely scientific. The discussion that followed was entirely on the clergy and their attitude towards science. The only interest in the antiquity of man was because it disproved Genesis and showed the clergy to be teaching what they ought to know had been disproved. The argument was very simple. There was a theory that the world was only 6,000 years old; the Bible gives an account of the Creation; the clergy read the Bible and preach about it. The world is shown to be more than 6,000 years old; therefore the Bible is wrong; therefore the clergy, who are educated people, preach that which they know to be untrue. To suggest that the Church had not adopted any scheme of chronology, that Ussher's chronology was but two centuries old, that the Bible was not a chronology but a body of

literature, was to pour water on the back of a duck, to talk of a rainbow to a blind man. By common consent the clergy were either fools not to know better or knaves to preach untruth. A very earnest speaker spoke of them as 'blackbeetles with white throats.'

This was at an ordinary social club, and its members were not banded together by anything more literary than the daily newspaper, and when I was soon after invited to lecture at a secular club I comforted myself with the belief that I should find a body of men somewhat familiar with theology and accustomed to something like argument. The subject of the lecture was the same; the discussion was the same in character, except that the feeling against the clergy was more intense and more bitter, and that all the speakers had been members of Sunday schools, either as teachers or scholars, regarding that time as the Jews regarded the captivity in Egypt, Secularism being their Canaan and Freethought a combination of Moses and Joshua.

I mentioned to a friend learned in such matters the apparent want of knowledge and of argument, and he replied, 'That was a small club; you go to — club, and they'll tear you to pieces, and do it according to rule.' I invited this club to invite me, and took for my subject 'The Bible and Modern Science,' so that the clergy might receive due attention. The result was much the same; there was the same bitterness towards the clergy, the same admiration of science, not for its own sake but as a powerful weapon against the teaching of the clergy, the same idea that the Bible was a literal and official document, a sort of celestial *London Gazette*. As in all other cases, the Bible meant only Genesis, Exodus, and the Gospels, or rather only a few passages in these. The creation, the deluge, the exodus, and the birth of Jesus, are usually the subjects of discussion. Balaam and Jonah have been immortalised in secular clubs, but chiefly because they were fortunate enough to be associated with a remarkably large fish and a remarkably clever ass. Joshua also is known, not as a national leader, but as having unusual authority over the sun.

Of course my unimportance prevented my being noticed by the leading prophets of secularism, and my object here is to speak of the artisans and their opinions on religion, not of secularism. But I extended my researches to the east of London, with a new experience. Here I found discussion assisted by beer and tobacco, and at one club I had to speak in the brief intervals between long fits of coughing, some two hundred pipes in full work being too much for me until the chairman most considerately suggested the opening of a window in the roof. This trinity of Bible, beer, and 'bacca,' of politics, pots, and pipes, belongs more to the east, though I found it in 'Soho once, where I arrived one Sunday morning, and was asked to begin with an audience of three or four, the chairman comforting

me with the remark, 'If you begin, the others will drop in as you go on.' In many instances I believe the lecture is regarded as a kind of pastime, which gives a certain zest to the tobacco and beer, and enables the members to enjoy them with a certain profundity of sensation which they take to be thought.

I also went beyond London, and at Baskerville Hall, Birmingham, I found a very intelligent audience in a very tastefully decorated building, but the discussion was on the usual lines. I went also to another town, where the secular club had a reputation for being more given to drinking than discussion, and the surroundings seemed to my fastidious taste somewhat grovelling and sordid. But the greatest shock I had was in London, where one Sunday morning I found a small number of men engaged at cards and bagatelle (I think it is called) in a back kitchen, and I felt the underground atmosphere and the grimy surroundings to be greater evils than the cards and green-covered tables, even on Sunday.

There are very many artisans who are not secularists, much less atheists, and these must be considered, if only because it might be possible to find some broad difference of social standing, education, training, or some other kind, that might help to explain the different result, and so give hope for the future of all. I was asked to lecture at a Church club in Poplar, where I had some two hundred or more very well-dressed and well-behaved people, to whom the ideas of modern science appeared to be new and also doubtful, not so much as to their truth as to their propriety. The minister of the church took part in the discussion. Three lectures passed, and it was proposed to have a lending library and art exhibition and more lectures after the summer. But when the time came, it was discovered that the church had already so much work on hand it could not undertake any more. In another part of East London the minister of the parish was greatly distressed because the young men would not come to church, and asked me to help him to interest them by lectures. For three or four months we had every Sunday afternoon some hundred men, sometimes nearly double that number, to discuss subjects of science and theology, and I believe the Sunday afternoon lectures have become in that parish an institution of considerable value in bringing together minister and young men.

At the secular clubs the knowledge of science was general if limited, the knowledge of the Bible still more limited and much less general. In the Church clubs I found the knowledge of science was very hazy and the knowledge of the Bible somewhat at second hand. Some dozen years ago a young man came to me to ask if I could lend him a book about the Last Supper, as he had to write a paper about it for his Sunday school. I handed him a Bible, saying, 'Here's the very book: four accounts of it.' He took it, turned it over, and handed it back, saying, 'Yes, but I want a book about it.'

I gave him a shilling manual and he went rejoicing; afterwards he told me the curate had greatly praised his paper. About the same time, another young man, member of a very distinguished congregation, talked to me for half an hour of the wickedness of *Ecce Homo*, then comparatively new. I handed him the book, with 'Show me some of the statements you say are in the book.' He replied, 'Oh! I've never seen the book till now; it's what our minister says about it.' This is somewhat the kind of knowledge as to the Bible which is very common, narrowness of mind inducing the hearer to give to his teacher's words the poorest interpretation of which they are capable.

Of late years I have lectured regularly on Sunday evenings at the Free Library in South Lambeth, near the Dogs' Home, to audiences neither specially secular nor holding, as a body, any form of religious opinions, and, so, free from any special prejudices either for or against any faith, but always of the artisan type, and offering fair opportunity for judging of their general opinions. Sometimes a specialist will startle us by his profound knowledge, as when a lecture on 'Joshua and the Sun' brought in an earnest advocate of the theory that the world is flat, who insisted that this theory, once received, would make everything clear and finally reconcile science and religion, and denounced me as 'a wriggling worm:' as when a lecture on 'The World 200,000 years ago' brought an informal representative of a secularist periodical, who reproached me with not giving the proper 'moral,' by which he meant his moral, that the antiquity of the world quite disproved the Bible and therefore made religion an imposture and the clergy wilful teachers of untruth: I urged that the lecture was purely scientific; he replied it showed Genesis to be nonsense: I appealed to his consideration for Genesis as literature; he retorted it was only a copy of older Chaldean legends: and as when, after a lecture on the origin of man, a very earnest Darwinist, having led me through a long series of questions to an answer he wanted, sprung upon the audience a mine of wisdom in the assertion that this rendered the miracle of the birth of Jesus impossible. But the one feeling, rather than opinion, is that the clergy are impostors in undertaking work they do not do, and in teaching what should not be taught.

This being my experience in speaking with artisans, I was anxious to know what are their means of acquiring right opinions—how far they had means of education. Of course I can only infer this, but I had a small revelation on the subject some twelve years ago, when reading Macaulay's History with a class of men varying from twenty to forty years in age. In the course of some discussion I mentioned the name of Aristotle, and was surprised to see a half smile spread over their faces as they glanced at each other and then at me. On inquiry I found that Aristotle was to them nothing whatever but

the name of the supposed compiler of a shilling book of midwifery, filled with stories of monstrous births grafted on to a chapter of Aristotle's Natural History, just as one might bind up a chapter of Darwin with a collection of witch stories, and sell it *sub rosa* in neighbourhoods of shady morals to ignorant people who would buy it only because it was an improper book, not to be found in any respectable shop. I thought this was a very exceptionally unfortunate set of young men, but when two years ago I mentioned this in a lecture on Aristotle to a large audience I found that this was still a very widely spread opinion.

This did not lead me to expect that the reading of the ordinary artisan is very wide or very deep, and I think it is probable that in most cases the newspaper supplies him with readymade opinions, and that he reads those newspapers which are most likely to give him the opinions he wishes to have, being in this much the same as other people. Magazines seldom come in his way, and when they do, the more weighty articles have but little permanent influence, because of his want of a basis of knowledge. Books are still less read, for the same reason. By many, a book is regarded as a statement of fact, and its merit is to be tried by the one standard, 'Is it true?' Mr. Gradgrind is not the only person who says, 'What I want is facts,' or who regards education as being simply the acquisition of knowledge that can be easily tested.

But newspapers are not the source of the wonderful display of knowledge that has often astonished me. A man will often fire off at me the words, 'So and so says,' &c., and I have often wondered, first, how my friend acquired so familiar a knowledge of some great thinker, and, secondly, how it was that his knowledge, while so precise, was also so fragmentary as it usually proved to be. I think I find at least one source of these crumbs of knowledge in the three periodicals which weekly advocate anti-Christianity. One only of these calls in the aid of art, having regularly an illustration, usually of some event in Jewish history. In the number last published it is 'Comic Bible Sketch, No. 175, A Skeleton Army,' and represents the death of the Assyrians before Jerusalem. But the Assyrians are represented by skeletons of members of the Salvation Army. An article on 'Bible Fasting Men' speaks of Moses, David, Elijah, Daniel, and Jesus, and in it occur such sentences as 'Holy Moses was the original Grand Old Man;' 'He lived entirely on his own gravy, though how it was done is like the peace of God—it passes all understanding,' 'Jesus taught that the power to work miracles was only gained by prayer and fasting—but our bishops and clergy think differently. Their philosophy is eat and grow fat.' These sentences give a fair idea of the highest literary standard reached. Such phrases as 'addle-pated Bible-reader,' 'the pantomime he played with the devil,' are on a

lower level. The next article is on 'Jesus as a Socialist;' it begins with 'The interesting, warm-hearted, but weak-headed followers of Maurice and Kingsley, known as Christian Socialists,' and contains 'the customary representation of Jesus as an enlightened nineteenth-century Protestant, instead of a Jew of the age of Tiberius,' and 'His one method of making man better, the promulgation of precepts, is the one which is looked on with especial disfavour by modern Socialists.' A group of paragraphs called 'Acid Drops' are sometimes amusing, but always interesting, as showing the inability of the writer to do justice to those who think differently, and as showing also the kind of food offered to the minds of the readers. 'Christian bigotry and Christian hypocrisy go hand-in-hand,' and 'being perfectly illiterate, unable even to sign his name, he will make a very good saint,' are specimens of the idea of Christianity. An inquiry whether a man may buy peppermint drops on Sunday to keep him awake during the sermon is answered by the judgment that the customer's purchase was a work of necessity, but that the sale was not a work of mercy. This joke, which might appear in any paper, is followed by the remark that an invalid Christian has gone to Mentone, because the Lord answers prayers against rheumatism much more favourably in a warm climate. 'Acid Drops' is followed by 'Sugar Plums,' the former being records of Christian weaknesses, the latter a triumphant array of Freethought triumphs. In these we read of a 'Sky-pilot,' *i.e.* a clergyman, and of 'devils laughing in the midst of their brimstone and fire.' In an article on the Crucifixion we read, 'The Cross never gleamed so brightly as when it rose above the fires of the stake, or shone over seas of blood.'

The second has something like literary ability in it, and gives short extracts from great writers, selected for the anti-Christian meaning that may be read into them if not in them. 'It always speaks of liberty of thought, resistance to tyranny, freedom of speech, much as these might have been spoken of before the French revolution. The earnestness of the writers is evident in every line of original matter, and if it perverts most grotesquely the meaning of the Bible in its criticism, it does only what every political party-writer does. If it calls in the aid of idicule it is with no sense of impropriety, and though we may deplore the state of mind and regret the want of literary taste, the writer is free from the charge of wilful irreverence. The last number opens with an article from the editor, addressed to God, in which we find these phrases: 'God, then, is not an affair of the brain, but of the intestines,' which appear to the writer to be the seat of conscience; 'I have found that a saint is, as a rule, a swindler;' 'the divine apple-cart;' 'Galilee fishermen who wrote Gospels in Greek in the first century knew just as much about it as Wick herring fishers in the nineteenth century;' 'lying and forgery;' 'one who was a God and a car-

penter, a creator of worlds, and a maker of three-legged stools.' Then comes an article on 'Absolute Relativism,' which implies in the reader more breadth of knowledge than I have; after this 'Smoke and Sparks,' comments on various subjects, in which we read of Satan trying to commit suicide but in vain—brimstone has no effect internally, and ropes are burnt before he can be hanged; then comes a joke about a missionary giving a chief's wife a dress to wear at chapel, and of her appearance there with it twisted round her neck like a scarf, so that he had to be lady's maid. Then a suggestion whether evolution applies to angels as well as men, and whether Gabriel was developed from a monad; after a carefully-written article on man's antiquity, we have extracts from Channing, Conway, Tyndall, Mill, and Dr. Richardson, and one from the glowing pen of the editor, who writes: 'The serpent of Palestine began to creep athwart the darkening moorland of the world;' 'The Semitic God and his miserable volume could not live when the giants were alive, but it could now live and fatten among the worms that crawled among the coffins and their cerements.' The number ends with a paper on 'Thomas Paine,' by an American writer, which reminds me of a lecture I gave on that subject, in which I spoke of his work in French and American politics; and of his 'Age of Reason' as being very inferior in ability and much less original; but the first speaker expressed the general feeling when he said 'The Age of Reason' was Paine's greatest work—in fact it appeared to be the only one of which he had ever heard. This periodical once inserted a letter from me commenting on an article on one of my lectures, and I am certain no ordinary religious newspaper would have been so candid.

The third periodical, and the highest in tone, differs from the others in discussing politics. Its tone in theological matters is much the same, but it speaks of social and moral subjects as of primary importance. A carefully-written 'Inquiry concerning the Existence of God' is an attempt to show the difference between a human mind and the Divine mind, and congratulates the reader that the 'philosophic writer of to-day can oppose by knowledge and argument what theologians could only then obstruct by bigotry and persecution.' This shows, very aptly, the very common mistake of comparing theology at its worst with anything else at its best, of entirely forgetting that theology is progressive like other sciences. Then comes a short review of an essay on the Name of God usually written Jehovah, as to its real meaning and origin; then a compilation called 'Day-break,' consisting of a selection of facts and sayings that seem to tell against Christianity. One of these compares our indignation at a Roman Catholic priest baptising a European woman unknown to her husband with our admiration of precisely the same thing if done by a missionary in Africa. In a notice of a lecture on Evolution, at Liverpool, we have: 'Revelation is to be believed because given by

Moses, and Moses is to be believed because Revelation says he worked miracles !' One has but to glance through this number to see how much above the others it is in ability and tone, though it seems quite unable to understand that the theology of to-day is an advance upon the theology of any previous time, and seems also to think that every person professing to speak as a witness to Christianity should be accepted as an authoritative exponent of theology.

This briefly is my experience of the artisan body in its corporate existence at clubs, social and secular, and individually as members of my audience at the Free Library in South Lambeth. I should be very ungrateful if I did not speak of the uniform candour and courtesy I have always received in discussion from those propounding secularist views ; mistaken I believe them to be, and misled I am sure they are by those they trust as leaders. But that all are honest I can have no doubt ; that they are earnest is evident at every turn.

Finding so little of real foundation for knowledge, much less for wisdom, in the literary food of my friends, I asked, Where can I find an official or authentic profession of secular faith ? There appear to be two societies, and the prospectus or programme of each was readily and cordially sent to me and appeared so colourless and void of offence that I think any one could accept it without any harm to himself and possibly without much practical good to anybody else.

From that time to this I have been in frequent discussion, always most friendly, with secularists, without discovering any increase of knowledge, or any decrease of bitterness against the clergy. But it has gradually dawned on me that though there are always secularists they are like the House of Commons or the Common Council, a corporate body the members of which are constantly being renewed, the older ones, sobered by increased knowledge of the world and steadied by growing responsibilities, often settling down as orderly members of society without thinking excepting generally of theological problems. This offers something towards a solution of the difficulty of reconciling my impression, that the artisan body is antagonistic to Christianity by name, with that of my reverend friend, that they are simply indifferent. Each of us judges the whole by the few we see. And it may be said, 'Is not this a triumph for Sunday schools, when so many young men fortified by their teaching pass through the trials and temptation of fervid youth without falling by the way ?' And so it is if I be wrong in thinking that the state of mind of these elder men is dormant secularism rather than latent love of the clergy, their profession, or their work.

It is common to hear an earnest clergyman deplore all this and ask, 'What can we do to alter it ?' To this the artisan replies, 'You have been at work for nearly two thousand years. If your gospel were true it would have made the world perfect by this time.' And having gained some small notion of what are the positive influences

that make so many artisans secularists, it may be well to ask what is the light by which they see the clergy. They see the churches well built and nearly always shut up; they see the public-houses well built, towering above their small houses, blazing at every turn, and always open; they see their own small rooms, often badly built, always too small for even the little furniture and often large families; and they see the parson's house, usually large enough for decency and even comfort, and often large enough for some degree of luxury. They know the trouble to make the week's wages provide all that is needful, and they hear of bishops and archbishops with fabulous incomes. They know nothing of ecclesiastical matters, but if you urge the importance of the Church being kept in order, they will reply by asking you what the Church is supposed to do, and will tell you it is like a society that spends all its income in salaries and office expenses. They see the clergyman always well dressed, they presume him to be a man of deep and wide learning, they believe him to be possessed of unlimited leisure, and they know very little how he spends it. They have never heard of a clergyman resigning a living because he could not keep his parishioners up to the proper moral standard, and they believe, very many of them, that the clergy are paid out of the taxes, and that the Bible is printed and circulated by the authority and direction of the Government and at the expense of the nation. You may call this nonsense, but remember that very many of the working classes very seldom see the clergyman at all, and know him only by repute. If they do not go to church they will see very little of any clergyman. If you talk to an artisan of the church being for the poor man, he will say 'In what way is it more the poor man's church than any chapel? All are open to me if I choose to go, and I see no more of the parish minister than I do of the minister of any chapel.' If you tell him it would be good for him to go to church, he will probably say 'Why does not the Church come to me? According to your own showing, Jesus preached anywhere and everywhere rather than in the Temple, and preferred the company of the poor and neglected to that of others. The apostles did not dwell in palaces and drive about in carriages. When the minister comes to our street or court, and helps me to get good water, shows me how I can get good food without paying more for it than the rich, tells me how to insure my life without paying twice or thrice what he pays, helps me to get books and to understand them, takes some interest in the struggle of the poor to live, helps the poor out of poverty by giving them the best education possible—when I can feel that the Church regards itself as living for the people and not for itself, then I shall feel more inclined to go to church.'

The artisan is not a scholar, is not accustomed to consider nicely the meanings of words or the logic of a sentence; but the education

of the workshop and of the family under the difficulties of town life and limited means, if rough schooling, is thorough of its kind. Some of his work is likely to be for rich people, and he sees that what to him is luxury beyond his wildest hope, is for them simple necessities of life; he also knows that he gives a greater part of himself body and soul to his work than he believes they do to theirs. He knows that every Government official, besides being regularly paid, even during illness, is sure of a pension; that every incumbent is secure in his living, so long as he is alive, however old or incapable; and he asks why should he, whose work is uncertain, whose wages stop when he is ill, and decrease as he gets old and feeble, have nothing but the union before him. He associates Church and State as one in his mind; he feels the State cares nothing for his body, and he is by no means sure the Church cares much for his soul, even if he have one. The Church has not gained his confidence, and he believes it does not deserve it.

My own experience is not without some value, as enabling me to understand the gulf that seems to be between the Church and the workman. For twenty years I have been working in South London, the true home of the artisans of London, where one-third of the population, over a million, are crowded into one-tenth of the space. My one object has been to bring books and pictures to those who scarcely know what they mean, to give the younger men some slight knowledge of that higher education which is familiar to those who are more fortunate in leisure, which is even more important than money for culture. We have been helped by various friends, but the clergy have been conspicuous only by their absence, and in that they have been very conspicuous. The Church is supposed to be the obstacle to real education, the stumblingblock of freedom of thought; I believe it is the only body that can really lead the way to freethought in its fullest and, in fact, only meaning, for freethought does not mean merely permission to think, but must be based on power to think and on broad knowledge. I believe the Church has power to help the artisan class in a much greater degree than any other religious body—not so much because it has greater wealth, but because it could so much more easily than any other body gain their confidence. A Church minister could do more for his parishioner than any Dissenting minister, if of equal power and will: and this is especially true with regard to working men, who feel that what is called ‘chapel life’ does not possess the breadth and depth to satisfy them. But a Church clergyman who should preach, not the Bible, not church-going, not creeds or catechisms, but God as the living Ruler of the world, would, I believe, find the artisans of any large town regard him as a prophet, revealing to them a mighty truth for which their souls are hungering.

But it must be the declaration of a God who governs this world,

a knowledge of whom is the kingdom of heaven ; a God whose influence is to be found in the every-day life of even the poorest : not of a God who ruled the world in days long past. And He must be declared in terms that bring Him home to the least educated ; or rather the poorest must be educated enough to understand the declaration and to have their minds capable of what is really free-thought.

WILLIAM ROSSITER

FAIR-TRADE FOG AND FALLACY.

THERE is an adage which tells us that no one should holloa before he is out of the wood. I think that Lord Penzance commits this indiscretion when he shouts that the Free-Trade argument has collapsed. I will endeavour to show as briefly as possible that, so far from his getting out of the wood in this discussion, he is more than ever stuck fast there amid fogs and fallacies of his own creation.

He thinks he has demolished what he calls the two main arguments by which our Free-Trade system is supported. The first, according to him, is the doctrine or contention that every import of foreign goods here necessitates a corresponding export of British goods. This is a proposition which he thinks is destroyed by a reference to facts, coupled with his arguments and my admissions.

If the proposition were true, he says, we should find over a number of years, if not in each year, that the amount of imports was balanced or about balanced by the exports; whereas the Board of Trade showed the reverse, there being in the returns of fifteen years only two in which imports and exports stood in anything like an equality.

No one having any but a superficial acquaintance with the subject would suppose that the Board of Trade returns tell the whole story of our foreign trade, and that the figures ought to balance. For years past Mr. Giffen, Sir Thomas Farrer, and other writers have called attention to what are termed our 'invisible' or 'unseen' exports; that is, those commodities, or 'goods,' which do not appear in the returns. When, therefore, Lord Penzance draws the conclusion that because our returns do not show a balance the doctrine that every import of foreign goods necessitates a corresponding export of British goods is false, he commits an initial blunder which vitiates the whole of his subsequent argument. Now comes the supposed admission on my part, which is to upset this doctrine. In criticising certain utterances of Lord Penzance as to 'money' and 'bullion,' to which I shall have again to refer, I had occasion to say that, if one nation pays another in money, it must be in bullion; that anything else would be money's worth, but not money; and that, if in anything else, it must be in merchandise, or in securities, in which case *either would constitute the export which balances the import*:

Here Lord Penzance thinks he has me on the hip. If, he says, an export of securities can balance an import of goods, what becomes of the doctrine? and he quotes Mr. Mongredien and myself as never using the word 'export' in any other sense than that of 'goods.' Mr. Mongredien says:—

That for every export of *goods* that is not sent to pay a previous debt, there must be an import of *goods* to the same amount, and, *vice versâ*, for every import of goods that is not received in liquidation of a previous debt there must be an *export of goods* to the same amount.

Now, let me ask, how does this support Lord Penzance's view that an export of securities vitiates the doctrine? It seems incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that Lord Penzance must be ignorant of the fact that the export of a security, say an Egyptian bond, is the liquidation of a previous debt, and constitutes the exception which Mr. Mongredien is careful to make, and which is kept in mind by all competent writers and speakers on the subject.

As regards myself, I have always said, and I still say, that 'exports' mean exported British goods. I have always held, and I still hold, that an import of foreign goods necessitates an export of British goods; but I have never said or implied that the import and the export must be simultaneous—the very idea of a foreign loan precludes such a supposition. The transaction described by me comes under that repayment of debt to which I make full reference in my writings, and it presupposes a previous export of British goods and an import of the security; all these transactions forming a chain the end links of which are on the one hand British and on the other foreign goods. It is only the complete carrying out of the general law that every export necessitates an import, and every import an export.

And now I must quote a passage from Lord Penzance which embodies several Protectionist fallacies, and affords a fair specimen of his Lordship's mode of reasoning. I stated that, sooner or later, directly or indirectly, an import is either the cause or the effect of an export; on which Lord Penzance remarks:—

'Either the cause or the effect.' Here is another new proposition, but I pass it by, only begging to be allowed to ask why must a foreign security (say an Egyptian bond), with which the import has been paid for, have been obtained by a previous export? Is the harvest of this country, for instance, worth nothing to us? Is the labour of our people, except that portion of it which produces an export, worth nothing? Are the dividends or interest payable to us yearly on the accumulated wealth which we have invested at home and abroad no source of wealth to us? But I pass by this astounding assertion also, because I wish to fasten upon the great truth to which Mr. Medley has given the weight of his authority. If paid for by an export at all, it is, he says, by a previous export; that is to say, the Englishman acquired his Egyptian bond by his skill or labour embodied in goods exported at some previous time; weeks, perhaps months before—in short, by his savings, by his previously acquired wealth.

But this is precisely what the Fair Traders have complained of. They have complained, as I understand it, that instead of purchasing what you consume in the shape of imports by the sale of your current labour as embodied in manufactured goods, the great difference between the amount of your imports and your exports tends to show that you are largely paying for your purchases out of your savings, out of your previously acquired wealth, and that to arrange your legislation so as to encourage the purchase of imports paid for in this fashion is to encourage the gradual dissipation of wealth previously acquired, instead of stimulating the production of fresh wealth by the sale of your own manufactures.

This passage is as full of fallacies as an egg is full of meat. In the first place, he says that my proposition as to the relation of cause and effect between imports and exports is a new one and an astounding assertion. How so? It is as old as political economy itself, it is one of its fundamental laws, and is based on human motive, on experience, on common sense. He then asks why must an Egyptian bond, with which the import has been paid for, have been obtained by a previous export? To which I reply that no business man knows of any other mode of importing foreign bonds than by giving value for them. As to the irrelevant questions which Lord Penzance asks, and which, I presume, he thinks tend to show how the thing is to be done, it takes a more acute mind than I possess to discover what bearing they have on the question. I pass on to the 'great truth' upon which he wishes to fasten, that we are largely paying for our excess of imports out of our previously acquired wealth, and are thus gradually dissipating it. The state of mind which regards this as a 'great truth' must be akin to that which afflicted Mr. Baps, the dancing-master at Doctor Blimber's academy, a grave gentleman who dabbled in political economy, when he puzzled Mr. Toots by asking him what we were to do with our raw materials when they came into our ports in return for our drain of gold.

Lord Penzance cannot mean that we are merely spending our annual interest. No man dissipates his wealth by doing that. He must mean that year by year, and for the last thirty or forty years we have been parting with our foreign invested capital. What proof of this does he give? Absolutely none; we have nothing except the reiterated assertions of Fair Traders. It has been often disproved, nevertheless I will give one more demonstration of its falsity. I have before me the first Report of the Trade Commission in which are presented certain tables laid before the Commission by Sir Algernon West, C.B., chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, showing the progress of our Income Tax collections, between 1865 and 1884.

From these tables I find that, taking quinquennial periods, the returns were:—

1865-1869.	Gross profits, £419,000,000.	Per head, £14 0
1870-1874.	" 491,000,000.	" 15 6
1875-1879.	" 575,000,000.	" 17 4
1880-1884.	" 601,000,000.	" 17 2

It is clear from these figures that, instead of there being any

general dissipation of wealth, there was a vast increase. But there is another table which directly bears on the question at issue. It is a statement showing the Income Tax collections on our foreign holdings, 1873 to 1884. Here it is:—

In Millions Sterling.

Year	Government Securities	Other Securities	Railways out of United Kingdom	Total
	Million £	Million £	Million £ { cannot be distinguished	Million £
1873	19·2	4·5		—
1877	19·1	7·4	1·7	28·2
1879	18·9	7·2	2·4	28·5
1880	19·3	7·2	2·1	28·6
1881	19·3	8·0	2·6	29·9
1882	19·5	8·4	2·7	30·6
1883	19·9	8·8	3·3	32·0
1884	20·4	9·7	3·8	33·9

I commend these figures to Lord Penzance. They are conclusive. In 1877 the tax was collected on 28,200,000*l.* of income on our foreign investments. In 1884 the amount had risen to 33,900,000*l.*, an increase during this period of 5,700,000*l.* If we capitalise this at four per cent., we find that it represents a sum of 142,500,000*l.* added to our foreign holdings during a period when the United States were paying us off among other holders of her bonds. Such are the facts which dispose at once of the nonsense talked about our impoverishing ourselves by parting with our foreign investments in exchange for imported goods!

The second of the two arguments which Lord Penzance considers to be the two main pillars of the Free-Trade system is:—‘That the system of free imports must be a sound one, because the country has prospered so greatly since the time when our Legislature adopted it.’

I will not stop to inquire whether this is or is not one of the main arguments. Lord Penzance thinks he has refuted it by an appeal to statistics. Statistics, however, cannot settle the direct issue between Free Trade and Protection. They are but partial exhibits, and a vast number of other facts must be taken into account in forming a judgment. Lord Penzance’s counter contention is:—‘That, great as our progress has been since Free Trade was adopted, other countries which adopt the opposite system of Protection had progressed as fast or faster, and from this I drew the conclusion that our prosperity was not due to the Free-Trade system,’ &c. &c., and he reproduces Mr. Mulhall’s Table to prove that the rate of advance on the part of other nations was greater than our own during the forty-eight years; the average advance being eightfold, while ours was only sevenfold. He relies on this as being almost, if not quite, an answer to what he says is the Free-Trade contention.

This view, fallacious as it is, is a great come-down from that which he put forward in April. His argument then ran:—*‘But here is the remarkable fact. The progress of other nations in wealth and prosperity during the last fifty years has not only equalled, but has exceeded, our own.’* Lord Penzance thought he had made a grand discovery, and that the ‘remarkable fact’ had only to be brought to the attention of mankind and the whole Free-Trade edifice must at once topple over.

Let us see how the table bears him out. I might begin by showing its worthlessness. I might point out that there are no figures in existence which can be taken as representing the ‘commerce’ of the nations in 1830, or 1878, or any other time, and that the figures given, even if correct, represent custom-house transactions only. I might also point out that during the period in question innumerable fiscal changes took place, in almost every country named, backwards and forwards between Protection and Free Trade. But I will assume the truth of the figures. I will go further, I will admit for the sake of argument that greater rate of progress which Lord Penzance claims. What then? Rate of progress is not actual progress. A tortoise behind in a race with a hare may increase its rate of progress fifty per cent., while the hare may increase its rate only five per cent., and yet not lessen the distance between them; all would depend on the original pace of each. Lord Penzance has fallen into the common fallacy known among economists and statisticians as the percentage fallacy. It has been exposed and ridiculed times without number. Sir Thomas Farrer speaks of it as analogous to the alarm felt by some weak-minded person on being told that an infant of one year living to two has doubled his age, while a youth of twenty has during the same period added only one-twentieth to his.

The figures, moreover, will bear different interpretations according to the point of view from which they are examined. The difference between the commerce of Great Britain and that of France in 1830 was 46 millions in favour of the former. In 1878 this difference had risen to 233 millions. That with Germany had likewise risen from 49 millions to 282 millions. Again, France’s rate of progress was ninefold, yet it yielded only 326 millions of increase; Germany’s rate was eightfold, yet it yielded only 280 millions; while Great Britain’s rate of sevenfold yielded 518 millions. Then, if we make other comparisons, we find ‘the remarkable fact’ that the United States progressed very little faster than Turkey and the East, and only half as much as Austria! The table is in truth utterly worthless. It yields any conclusions you may wish to draw. It reminds one of the Irishman’s pig which measured so much from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, but something quite different in the contrary direction.

With regard to Lord Penzance’s charge of confusion of thought
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as to the proper way of instituting comparisons, what he writes is simply a travesty of my words arising from sheer misapprehension. I never entertained or expressed such a silly notion as that the country which has the largest commerce must be proceeding on the best system. I took especial care to say that the question between Free Trade and Protection is not whether a Protectionist nation is more prosperous than a Free-trading one, but whether it is more prosperous than it would have been under a Free-Trade régime; or *vice versa*, as I put it, whether by a policy of Protection we should have done better in the past or should do better in the future; and I said that, until argument and proof are forthcoming, we may rest content with the system under which we have obtained the lion's share of the world's trade.

I now pass on to Lord Penzance's assertion that I have nothing to say in reply to his challenge to point out any merits or advantages connected with the system of free imports. I might rejoin by asking him the same question with regard to Protection; but I refrain. He is kind enough to admit that free imports have one, but only one, merit—that of 'cheapness'—but the benefit of this, he thinks, is matter of doubt. What can be in the minds of Protectionists when they decry 'cheapness' and, impliedly, belaud 'dearness'? It is cheapness which wins the markets of the world, and rules the realms of commerce. If foreign competitors sell their goods here, or in neutral markets, it is because they are cheaper than ours. It is a matter of life and death to us therefore to study economy of production in order to hold our own in the competition, yet one never reads a Protectionist speech, or article, without seeing a diatribe against 'mere cheapness.' To legislate against cheapness, however, is to promote scarcity, to discard plenty, to discourage scientific invention, to fight against human progress, to contend against natural law. Such a contest can only end as did Mrs Partington's fight with the Atlantic.

As to my having nothing to say as to the merits of free imports, I thought I had done a good deal in that way in the June number. I put forward the proposition that, other things being equal, so long as our rivals are Protectionist and we are Free-trading, we have a distinct advantage in the general competition as regards cheapness of production. What says Lord Penzance to that? Nothing. If he can upset that proposition, he will demolish at one stroke the whole Free-Trade doctrine. I also pointed out that the principle underlying free imports was that which prevailed throughout nature in providing for the survival of the fittest; that it tended to establish vigorous and self-sustaining industries in the place of weak and coddled ones, and I gave the case of Coventry on the one hand and St. Etienne on the other, as examples of the working of the rival systems. I also pointed out how it favoured no man or class at the

expense of another, and that it studied the interest of the community in preference to that of any one class as the sole means of obtaining the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and I mentioned many other things.

Then I pointed to its fruits. I said, as it were, *si monumentum quæris circumspice*. Here are we, the one Free-trading nation, surpassing in commerce all other nations, owning more than one half of the ocean shipping of the world, and having made the rest of mankind indebted to us some 1,500 millions to 2,000 millions, while there was scarcely a nation or a colony which at some time or other had not owed something to our capital or our enterprise.

Yet, in the face of all this, Lord Penzance has the hardihood to assert that I have nothing to offer as to the merits of Free Trade to counterbalance the injuries inflicted by it which 'are patent and notorious and which are forced under our eyes alike in the statistics of trade and the records of the daily press,' these injuries springing 'from a system under which large portions of our wealth, as fast as it is acquired, are poured into the lap of foreign countries in the shape of wages for the support of their populations, while our own people are craving for work.'

Before I deal with this monstrous statement, I should just like to say that free imports have many other merits than those which I have mentioned, but I have not space to advert to them. I will, however, give an illustration of the working of one of those I have mentioned, that of cheapness of production. It is to be found in the evidence of Mr. A. Simpson, given before the Trade Commission in February last. When asked with reference to his paper: 'If that is so, how do foreign manufacturers compete successfully in neutral markets?' he replies, 'They do not do that. I do not say that they do. It is only in their own markets that they slint us out by duties.' Mr. Palgrave thereupon asks him, 'Why should you complain of that if you have all the rest of the world open to you?' Now mark Mr. Simpson's answer—'Because it is not enough. We have not enough opened out to compensate for the markets we have lost.' So that when the United States, for instance, partially keep to themselves their domestic market of 56 millions, but hand over to him, so far as they are concerned, the other 1,400 millions of the human race, that is not enough for him; he wants some market outside this globe, possibly Jupiter or Saturn, to which he can export, this being the only compensation which this exacting Protectionist thinks will suffice.

I now come to Lord Penzance's assertion as to the dissipation of our wealth by pouring it into the lap of foreign countries. He says that statistics and the records of the press prove it. As to these latter nothing tangible is brought forward, so I cannot deal with them. Let us see what statistics say.

I suppose Lord Penzance will admit that everything of value

which passes between nations in the way of commerce may be classed under one or the other of the following three heads—merchandise, bullion, securities; the last comprising Government and Corporation bonds or stocks, railway and other shares, titles to land or other property, and the like. Now, how stands the account between ourselves and the rest of the world in each of these particulars? The last Statistical Abstract of the United Kingdom gives the figures for the years 1871 to 1885 inclusive. I find that during these fifteen years

Our imports of merchandise amounted to	£ 5,711,500,000
And our exports	„ „ 4,254,700,000
An excess of imports of	1,456,800,000

We have thus during the last fifteen years imported, and somehow paid for, 1,456 millions' worth of foreign merchandise more than we have exported, and Protectionists tell us that we are largely paying for them out of our previously acquired wealth, which we are pouring into the lap of foreign countries, &c. This wealth, however, as I have premised, can only consist of something in the shape of bullion or securities. We must, therefore, have parted with one or other of these. Let us now see how our imports and exports of gold stand.

During the fifteen years I find our imports were	£ 240,750,000
And our exports	228,631,000
An excess of imports of	12,119,000

So far, therefore, from our having parted with our gold during this time, we have actually received from abroad, on balance, 12 millions sterling, notwithstanding the scramble for currency purposes among the nations.

There is now but one head of inquiry left—that of securities. How stands that? There are no official records of imports and exports to which to refer, but there is abundance of evidence. I have already referred to Sir Algernon West's statement as to Income Tax collected from our foreign holdings during 1877 to 1884. From that it is clear that during this period we had increased our holdings by 142 millions. Eight years have still to be accounted for, and as these years comprised a period which Protectionists regard as the most prosperous in our commercial history, an unprecedented outburst of enterprise having taken place after the Franco-Prussian war, I will put down 208 millions as a moderate estimate of our increased holdings, which makes, with the 142 millions already noted, a round sum of 350 millions.

Let us now sum up:—

Imports of merchandise on balance	£ 1,456,000,000
„ bullion	„ 12,000,000
„ foreign securities	„ 350,000,000
Total	1,818,000,000

With such an exhibit before us, what becomes of the preposterous notion that we are pouring our wealth into the lap of foreign countries? To assert this is to talk arrant nonsense! So far from its being the case, it is we who by means of our industry are drawing to ourselves the material wealth of this planet. I say that a fiscal system under which such achievements can be effected must be intrinsically sound, and I challenge Lord Penzance or any other Protectionist to show anything approaching such results in the history of the world.

With regard to his charge, that I have imputed to him a silly distinction between 'money' and 'bullion,' when used in payment for foreign goods, I have little space to spare. It is clear Lord Penzance thinks one nation can pay another in money without the transmission of bullion, for in March he asks, 'Is it true that we do not pay for our purchases in money? It is plain that we do not pay by sending bullion abroad.' I said that this was drawing a distinction between the two; that in international dealings there was none; and that one nation cannot pay another nation in money except by the transmission of bullion. This Lord Penzance denies. In September he writes, 'I will not stop to question this, though I do not agree with it.' He considers that a payment in gold or bank notes over a counter here for an import of foreign goods is a payment in money, and that 'Surely this closes the transaction.' But this is not so in an international sense. The international transaction of paying in money is not closed until the gold is actually transferred from one country to another. The giving of a bill is still less a payment in money than handing over cash across a counter here. It is no more a payment than Mr. Micawber's handing over his I.O.U. and his blessing to Mr. Traddles and pretending he had thereby discharged his debt. It is this confusion of ideas as to what constitutes an international payment in money which leads Lord Penzance into all sorts of contradictions as to what nations and individuals can do. In March, for instance, he asks, as we have seen, 'Is it true that *we* do not pay for our purchases in money &c.?' yet in September he does not hesitate to say, 'I was not discussing what nations did—I was talking of the way in which an individual purchase is carried out. It is not nations who purchase goods, but individuals'!

I now come to where Lord Penzance endeavours to convict me of confusion of ideas respecting his proposals for a tariff in which no duties are imposed, save for the purpose of revenue, but which shall be one wherein duties are levied on articles wherewith the foreigner competes with us in our own markets.

My answer to this is that the thing is impossible. Whatever may be the motive in levying duties in the manner proposed, whether it be one for raising revenue only or for equalising the incidence of taxation, no duties levied in this way will achieve either of these

objects. They would yield revenue, but they would do more ; they would create unjust incidence of taxation.

Lord Penzance is unable to suggest what confusion of ideas has led me to see any inconsistency in his proposals, and doubting whether further exposition would elucidate them to one so deficient in reasoning power as myself, he gives at this point what he calls an apt and homely illustration. This consists of some imagined relations between myself and two bakers, one of them a Free-Trader and the other a Protectionist. The homeliness I do not dispute ; the aptness I fail to discover, and it is quite beyond my comprehension. A new light may some day break in upon me, and in the meantime I will give out some more 'confused ideas' on what constitutes the difference between a tariff for revenue only and one which is protective as well.

I say that a tariff for revenue only cannot be obtained except (1) by taxing commodities which we do not produce ourselves, or (2) when foreign competing products are taxed, by imposing corresponding excise duties on the home production. Our taxes on tea, coffee, cocoa, &c., form one class ; our taxes on wines and spirits form the other. Both are for revenue only, and are non-protective. Such a tariff carries out the principle which underlies every just system of taxation—that every farthing of the tax levied, minus the cost of collection, shall go into the Exchequer, whereas when foreign competing products are taxed without corresponding excise duties, only the amount which is levied at the ports goes to the State, the increase in price of the home production going into the pockets of the class favoured, out of those of the rest of the community. Let me give an illustration. Take wheat. We consume, say, 24,000,000 quarters annually, growing about 9,000,000, and importing 15,000,000. Let us suppose a tax on imported wheat of 10s. per quarter, and let us also suppose that home production is so 'encouraged' that we grow 12,000,000, and import only 12,000,000. The tax would cost the community 12,000,000*l.* extra on the total consumption, the whole of which, if imposed for revenue only, should go to the State. But this would not be the case, only the 6,000,000*l.* collected at the ports would thus go ; the other 6,000,000*l.* would go to the agricultural interest—that is to say, eventually to the landlords. How would that be equalising incidence of taxation between classes, especially when it is borne in mind that a tax on bread would be a poll tax, the most unjust of all imposts, as the principal burden would fall on the shoulders least able to bear it ?

I have now dealt with the main points of Lord Penzance's article. He says that his sole desire is to arrive at truth, and with reference to this I should like to make a few observations.

The first is with regard to the alarm which fills the minds of Protectionists at those imports which come to us without some

visible export to balance them in our trade returns. They especially dread those which come to us and, as they think, take away our foreign securities, and those which come as interest on our foreign investments. I have already shown that as regards securities their apprehensions are groundless; that, instead of our foreign holdings decreasing, they are increasing. I wonder whether those who entertain these fears ever look at the City articles of our newspapers, and if they do, whether they understand what is implied by some announcement of the Stock Exchange having granted quotations to such and such securities. I have now one before me which appeared a few months ago and which includes some 9,000,000*l.* of foreign and colonial stocks and shares, of which 5,500,000*l.* was for New South Wales. It is no unique announcement. Similar ones are constantly being made. Earlier in the year there was one which included a 6,000,000*l.* loan for India, the total of our foreign lendings for the first ten months being 30,000,000*l.* Thus silently, and ceaselessly, foreign indebtedness to us swells in volume, the only people who are unconscious of the fact being, apparently, Protectionists and Fair Traders.

Lord Penzance asks whether our foreign bonds are articles of native production. It may be said with truth that they are, and that we are making them here every month by millions. With regard to them it is quite true that when the capital is repaid to us in one shape or another, some inconvenience is felt, the inconvenience a man feels when a mortgage is paid off to him—that of finding another. We have then in like manner to get a fresh security of some sort, and it is in trying to do this that fresh channels of employment are created.

Those imports which arise from interest due to us stand in a different category. They are pure gain. What puzzles the Free Trader is to understand how any sane man can regard them otherwise. Yet no one can take up any Fair-Trade effusion without observing that they are regarded as calamitous, and as supplanting native labour for the benefit of capitalists and foreigners. Nothing can be more absurd. Like the rest of our imports, from which they cannot be distinguished, ninety per cent. of them consists of food and raw materials, and the labour of distributing them is precisely similar to that of distributing those imports which come to us in exchange for our current exports. The only difference is that they come to us without our having to go to expense in the way of labour or material in order to get them.

Proceeding from the abstract to the concrete, let us see what actually happens with regard to them. We have seen that in 1883–4 Income Tax was paid on about 34,000,000*l.* of foreign dividends. The amount now coming to us cannot be less than 35,000,000*l.* The first thing connected with this enormous sum which I shall note is that the State steps in and takes at the present rate of the tax

no less than 1,166,000*l.* The next thing is that these 35,000,000*l.* worth, ninety per cent. of which are food and raw materials, require shipping to bring them to us. This means freight to owners and employment to shipbuilders. Then these 35,000,000*l.* worth of goods must pay dock and warehouse dues, and thus give employment to those who have to do the work connected with them. Then they have to pass through the mart and the sale-room, and do something to enrich our merchants and brokers, and all who work under them. Then they have to be carted, and carried by railways and canals to their various destinations, every operation connected with the distribution involving employment, and wages, and profits, and contributing to rents, taxes, and rates, until at length the food is consumed, and the raw materials are worked up in some new circle of industry.

But this is only half the story. The recipients of these 35,000,000*l.* have to spend the money received by them in providing shelter, food, and clothing for themselves, their families, and their dependents, and there is not a home trade, profession, or employment which is not thereby enriched. Yet Protectionists lead us to suppose that these capitalists, as they are called—they are of every rank and class of society, from the millionaire with his fifty thousand a year down to the shopkeeper, the servant, and the widow, with their five or ten pounds a year—these bloated capitalists—put all the imported food into their stomachs, and all the imported raw material on to their backs, to the loss and detriment of the rest of the community. There is not, in fact, a department of home life or industry which is not benefited by these imports, yet the state of affairs is made out to be disastrous, and, as Lord Penzance puts it, the outcome of ‘a system under which large portions of our wealth, as fast as it is acquired, are poured into the lap of foreign countries while our people are craving for work’!

I must now conclude. My object is not to write a treatise, but to vindicate our system of free imports against certain specific attacks of Lord Penzance. This I think I have done. It may not be out of place, however, once more to state a cardinal truth. The real question at issue is not whether Protectionist nations are or are not more prosperous than we are. What Protectionists have to show, and the burden of proof lies on them, is that the countries which adopt Protection are more prosperous under it than they would be under Free Trade. No amount of unrestricted commercial intercourse would render Greenlanders anything but poor. No amount of Protection can prevent such a community as the United States from being rich and prosperous. No nation can do more than make the best use of its resources. What we have done in this way is an achievement unparalleled in the world’s annals. We have little except our accessible coal and iron, our insular position, and the indomitable

energy of our race, and we are intemperate and improvident to a degree. Yet we maintain 300 inhabitants to the square mile, while Germany and France maintain respectively 225 and 187, and the United States only 20. In spite of emigration, the rate of increase of our population is as high as that of any other European state, and every morning we have to solve the daily recurring problem of how to feed 1,000 additional mouths:

When we consider all this, and much more that might be adduced, the wonder is, not that depression of trade and industry occasionally overtakes us, but that it is not a chronic disease with us.

Lord Penzance is anxious for inquiry. Well, an inquiry is being held, and by the time these lines appear in print we may be in possession of the final Report of the Trade Commission. So far as that inquiry has gone, not a single fact has been brought out in evidence that was not known to any one caring to know it. Nothing has been elicited which in the smallest degree impugns the doctrine of free imports. That doctrine rests on a foundation which cannot be shaken—the great law that every import necessitates an export, and every export an import. Its operation may be obscured by the vastness and complexity of modern business, by the indebtedness of one nation to another, and the international dealings in securities which spring out of this state of things. Whatever may be the apparent inconsistencies in the phenomena, the law exists, and is at work. The circumstance of gold coming here from Australia while we are making loans to her in millions does not astonish those who understand its operation any more than the rise of a balloon in the air puzzles those who understand the law of gravitation. What seems to the uninformed to be an anomaly, is simply an instance of its unerring working.

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" GEORGE W. MEDLEY.

REVELATIONS OF THE AFTER-WORLD.

A VERY interesting intellectual phenomenon of the day, most assuredly, is the growing enthusiasm for the study of Dante. It would almost seem as though by gazing in the Florentine's mystic glass men would fain recover a belief in that after-world which it images so clearly—a world amidst the calm details of which their strained and excited imaginations at least can find a rest they cannot find elsewhere. I have long fancied that some presentation of the thoughts on the after-world of souls who may claim kindred with Dante's in faith and realism, though not, of course, in the art of expression, would be not unacceptable. The revelations of such as St. Brigit, St. Hildegarde, the Monk of Evesham, are, if they are nothing more, at least the most vivid thoughts of holy souls upon the most interesting and exalted of all topics. But at the very outset of my undertaking I find myself hindered; my way is barred by Professor Salmon, who, in an article in the *Contemporary Review*, entitled 'Purgatory and Private Revelations,' written, I am ashamed to say, as long ago as October, 1883, has made controversial capital out of this very subject. I would fain walk in the solemn shadow, 'amid the bitterness of things occult.'

Ed ecco, quasi al cominciar dell' erta,
Una lonza leggiera e presta molto,
Che di pel maculato era coperta;
E non mi si partia dinanzi al volto,
Anzi impediva tanto il mio cammino,
Ch' io fui per ritornar più volte volto.¹

Neither can I think it open to me, as it was to Dante, to avoid the combat. The Professor has written a telling article which clings and stings like a jelly-fish, and is as difficult to lay hold of. It is genial in manner at least, if not jaunty, and the writer knows a good deal about his subject, and has the appearance of discounting objections.

¹ And lo! almost where the ascent began,
A panther light and swift exceedingly,
Which with a spotted skin was covered o'er:
'And never moved she from before my face;
Nay, rather did impede so much my way
That many times I to return had turned.'—Tr. *Longfellow*.

I must ask my readers to excuse a somewhat disproportionate controversial introduction to an essay which is, in intention at least, quite uncontroversial.

My quarrel (says Professor Salmon) with that Church (the R. C.) is not that she guides her children wrong in respect to such (private) revelations, but that she abdicates her functions and neglects to give them the guidance they have the right to expect; so that on a point which lies at the very foundation of faith they wander in the most hopeless disunion and confusion.

This is the whole of the Professor's quarrel. He does not charge the Church with enforcing a belief in such revelations, for he admits that 'it is as free to the most devout Roman Catholic as it is to myself' respectfully to decline any such revelation; but he complains that she leaves various so-called private revelations in their normal probability, without pledging her authority either to their being or not being what they profess to be.

And now I hardly think anything else is wanted for the collapse of the Professor's charge save a simple statement of the theory upon which the Church's action is based. Before we complain of the Church for neglecting to do this or that, we must inquire whether she is possessed of the power to do anything of the kind. The truth is she has not, and has never pretended to have, a commission to deal *directly* with any other body of revealed doctrine save that deposit entrusted to her at Pentecost. *Indirectly*, indeed, she has the power of dealing with any doctrine whatever, whether professing to be revealed or not, so far as to declare its conformity or nonconformity with her own revelation. Supposing, however, the doctrine under examination to be in sufficient conformity with her own, and precluding all notion of a rival system of authority, which would really be an extreme form of doctrinal nonconformity, the Church has no power whatever to define that such a doctrine is or is not revealed. The world may be full of revelations, for aught we know or the Church knows, from the story which the heavens are telling to the vision of Dante. All that the Church can do, after passing the doctrine of the revelation as wholesome, is to exhibit the probability, greater or less, based upon the character of the author or the transmitter and the circumstances of the delivery, of its containing verily a revelation of God. So much, then, for the charge of 'abdication of a function.'

But how would it be if the Professor were to shift his ground somewhat and to complain, not of a 'function abdicated,' but of the lack of an important function properly appertaining to a Church; no longer of a neglect but of an impotence, and this regarding a point which lies at the very foundation of faith? I grant that this is a very serious charge, but it is a charge which comes with a very ill grace from one whose own Church has not only no such power, but does not know her own mind as to what she has received in the

deposit of faith, nor has any idea of how to secure uniformity of faith, on the most essential points, among her members; but I have no intention of getting off with a *tu quoque*. I answer, then, that the point which the Church is supposed not to be able to decide, instead of lying 'at the foundation of faith,' lies outside it altogether, has nothing whatever to do with it. How can it concern the faith of any Catholic believer who, under the authority of the Church, is enabled to use his faith as a touchstone of the orthodoxy of any doctrine which may be presented to him, that he does not also know whether such orthodox doctrine be privately revealed by God to its enunciator, and thereby certainly true, or excogitated with more or less probability by him or her in meditation upon what has been already revealed? It would be satisfactory, pleasant, edifying, to know it; but in no sense can it be necessary, except on the assumption of the inadequacy of the Gospel revelation. 'If I have a word to say to this one or to that,' we can conceive Christ saying, 'what is it to thee? Do thou follow me.'

Cardinal Newman, in his *Apologia*, in answer to the charge that the Church is a mint of new doctrines, has pointed out that her decisions, even those which seem to take the newest form, all run upon the old lines, and are concerned with certain few heads of doctrine. In regard to private revelations, it would be an extravagance to speak of them as containing any new doctrine whatever. I think it would puzzle Professor Salmon to produce anything from them which could be called a doctrine at all, besides doctrines of the Catholic Church or the teaching of approved theologians. What one really finds is a vast number of picturesque details more or less harmoniously filling up the outlines presented by Scripture of the mysteries of Christ's life and sufferings, accounts of particular judgments, and descriptions of the after-world. The *Divina Commedia*, as has been so often pointed out, is an accurate reflex of Catholic theology. So too, as far as their doctrine is concerned, are all the approved private revelations.

Although the Professor has admitted, as far as words go, that a Catholic is free to accept, or not, such revelations, it may be as well to see exactly what the classical author on the subject, Amort (*De Revel. Privat. Regulæ*), lays down. He says of such revelations, particularly instancing those of St. Hildegarde, approved by Eugenius III., and those of St. Brigit, that the approbation only secures their containing no doctrine at variance with faith and morals. And as to the particular facts narrated, they cannot be rejected without temerity, unless on good historical grounds—'nisi veritas in facto aliquo historico certioribus documentis doceatur.' Such revelations can never afford a primary ground for a definition, they can only be quoted *ex abundante* after the doctrine has been approved by an appeal to Scripture and tradition; doctrinal revela-

tions without such proof would be presumably suspect. Error may intervene even in revelations which are in substance from God. Such approved revelations are at most probable; they admit of being set aside without any note of temerity. For this last he appeals to De Alassio, Qualifier and Consultor of the Roman Inquisition. He quotes from Fr. Cuper, the Bollandist, the statement that there is no fact, sacred or profane, asserted in private revelations but you may discuss it, and decide for or against it on its proper evidence. After this, is it not a little too bad of the Professor to insist that Fr. Faber uses these revelations just like Scripture, because in a wholly uncontroversial work in which he would nourish the imaginative piety of his readers, he speaks of God's word to St. Catherine, or St. Brigit, without any qualification? Faber's appeal to Bellarmine shows that he had no idea of introducing any new theory on the subject, for Bellarmine never uses a private revelation except as subsidiary to formal proofs from Scripture and tradition.

Professor Salmon presents the Catholic Church under the figure of a vast manufactory of beliefs: 'As when you go into some great manufactory you may be shown the article in all its stages—the finished product with the manufacturer's stamp upon it; the half finished work; the raw material out of which the article is made; so it is in the Roman Church.' So it must ever be, I answer, where faith is a living thing, wherever there is the *fides quærens intellectum* of St. Augustine, and the *intellectus obediens fidei*. No tree, except an artificial one, ever clothed itself, as though at the word of command, in evenly developed ranks of flower or fruit; but spray and bud and blossom, ripening or ripe fruit in various stages of development, characterise the living tree. 'Their faith is a growing thing,' says the Professor. I accept the dictum; only, by no means does it grow out of the authority of private revelations. The instrument of its growth is that meditation and assimilation of revealed doctrine which distinguishes those who really assent to what they believe from those who are contented with mere abstractions and formularies. And the same temper of mind, the same meditative practice, is the condition and instrument of private revelation. Whatever of direct Divine communication these so-called private revelations do contain is the reward and seal of the ascetic and mystic contemplation of the mysteries of faith. Professor Salmon's co-religionists are for the most part singularly free from any dangers that may result from an excessive realisation of the faith that is in them.

On one point I can make no pretence to dispute with Professor Salmon—the possession of the Abbé Cloquet. He is a priest, it would seem, who uses private revelation largely to upset the conclusions of modern science and to defend himself against the action of his ecclesiastical superiors. That he is ultimately suppressed hardly detracts from his effectiveness, for he is absurd and brilliant and

rebellious to the last. If I am not much mistaken, the episode of M. Cloquet is the *raison d'être* of the Professor's essay, and the rest an accompaniment only. Under this aspect, but I think under no other, the essay is a success. The Abbé is an *enfant terrible*, and says just what the Professor would and Catholics would not like him to say, and there is no escape. If a controversialist chooses to make play with a tipsy priest, to take a parallel instance, the argument is unanswerable so far as it goes. But then it does not go very far, and is not, perhaps, in the very best form.

And now, having acquitted myself as best I may of my 'lonza,' I shall proceed with what is the main intention of this essay, and attempt to introduce the great Swedish seeress of the fourteenth century, St. Brigit, giving some selections principally from one class of her revelations, the records of particular judgments.² Indeed, it is only thus indirectly that she presents us with any conception of the after-world. She does not lead us by the hand through the 'aer bruno' of hell, or the circling terraces of purgatory, or the eloquent lights of paradise, like Dante or the Monk of Evesham. It is only a side glimpse, as it were, that is obtained during the critical moment when the soul stands before its Judge. Christ is ever the central Figure of her revelations; her special devotion is Christ's Passion; and it is as the triumphs or defeats of that Passion that these judgments are contemplated.

St. Brigit was born in 1304, of the royal blood of Sweden. From her tenth year, when she heard a vivid sermon on the subject, she was devoted to an almost continuous contemplation of Christ's Passion. In obedience to her father she married, when a mere girl, Ulpho, the young Prince of Nericia, in Sweden, a spouse in all respects worthy of her. To him she bore eight children, all of whom, as her old biographer insists, were elect citizens of heaven, for, of the four sons, two died in infancy, two were slain in the Holy War; whilst, of the four daughters, two were models of married innocence and two were nuns. Of these last, Catherine, who had been previously married, became a canonised saint like her mother, of whom she was the devoted companion till St. Brigit's death in 1373.

I have come across no account of St. Brigit's personal appearance. To judge from her portraits, which look real, she was slight in stature and with no pretence to what are commonly accounted good looks. Not so her daughter Catherine, who is described as a stately, gracious personage, possessed, in a miraculous degree, of the peculiarly aristocratic privilege of always appearing well dressed, whatever she might be wearing. Of her it is related that once, when pacing a vine-trellised walk with some noble Roman ladies, it devolved upon her, as so much the tallest of the party, to gather the

² The judgment each soul is supposed to undergo immediately after death.

clusters hanging above their heads. As her ragged sleeves fell from her upraised arms the whole company marvelled exceedingly at their goodly texture and dainty fashion, and asked one another where Catherine, in her self-imposed poverty, could have found such garments. The same phenomenon was noticed by those who came to visit her on her deathbed. Her poor couch so shone, as it were, with precious stuffs, that her visitors could not summon up courage to offer her an alms.

St. Brigit's devotion to the Passion, especially since her husband's death in 1344, issued in a vast number of active works of charity on behalf of the poor and sick. Whilst making Rome her headquarters, she passed a large portion of her time in going on pilgrimage from one holy place to another, kindling hearts everywhere with her strange words of power, in the cause of piety and reformation. She travelled in a sort of state, with chaplain, doctor, cook, &c. But this only served to articulate with more precision the real poverty and hardship of her life, as she made herself a mere conduit for the distribution of her large substance amongst the poor. She would always insist upon sleeping on the bare ground, and often, we are told, would her daughter Catherine watch till her mother was asleep, and then thrust her own garments under her in order that she might sleep somewhat more softly. She made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem for the purpose of fastening the Holy Places in her heart. She founded an important order of women and men³ under the title of the Most Holy Saviour, one great house of which we possessed in England, Sion House. She laboured most strenuously in the task, afterwards accomplished by St. Catherine of Sienna, of restoring the Pope to his Roman throne from the moral captivity of Avignon. Despite her prophetic character, she was very quiet as well as firm in all her actions, with nothing in any way overstrained and heartsick about her. A valiant woman and a prudent, her one thought was how she might spend herself to the utmost advantage of those for whom Christ died. This homely, practical character comes out very distinctly in her revelations, many of which take the form of exhortations and instructions. Her prayers form one of the principal sources of the non-liturgical devotions of the Church. She died in Rome in 1373.

The following shows the temper in which she received her communications, and may serve for a prologue thereto:—

Words of Christ to the spouse as to why He rather speaks to her than to others.—Many wonder why I speak to thee and not to others who are leading a better life and have served Me a longer time. To these I make answer by a parable: There is a certain lord who hath many vines, of each of which the wine tastes of the soil in which it is planted. When the wine has been made, the lord of the

³ The women held the temporalities.

vines now and again drinks of the inferior and lighter wine, rather than of the better. And if perchance some one present and seeing it shall ask the lord wherefore he doth so, he shall make answer that it was because this wine was sweeter to him and pleased him more at the moment. Neither for this does the lord cast aside and condemn the better wine, but reserves it for honourable use at a fitting season ; each for that to which it is best suited. So do I with thee. I have many friends whose life is more pleasant to Me than any wine, more fair in my sight than the sun. Nevertheless, because it hath pleased Me I have chosen thee by my Spirit, not because thou art better than these, or to be compared with them, or their superior in merits, but because I have so willed it ; because I make of the foolish wise, of sinners just. Neither when I do thee this favour do I therefore despise others, but I will keep them for other use and honour, according as My justice shall require. Therefore humble thyself in all things.

The essential idea of the state of the Christian after-world is not local but personal—a state dependent upon certain direct and conscious relations with One who is at once the sum of all that is desirable and the expression of essential goodness ; a goodness, therefore, which is simply relentless in its aversion to evil. Thus, when we distinguish the Divine attributes, speaking of God as just or merciful, we import no distinction into the Godhead, as though now God yielded himself to motives of compassion and anon dealt mere justice, whereas the formal difference lies in the quality of things, not in God. When we say that God is just and merciful we attribute to him the positive qualities connoted by these epithets, not their distinction the one from the other. Of course this is equivalent to saying that we do not know God in the sense of comprehending him even in regard to his most obvious attributes. God, who is essential goodness and therefore essential love, as such does at once constitute the essential beatitude of heaven, the essential damnation of hell, and the discipline of purgatory. In this last God's goodness at once attracts by its desirableness and repels by its sanctity, until at length the soul's contrasted evil is wholly racked away, and love prevails completely. Not, of course, that it is not more proper to essential love to embrace and satisfy than it is to punish or to purge, but that the fire which in its quality of light illuminates and cherishes does also, according to the subject-matter committed to it and its various relations thereto, both melt and harden, purify and destroy. So it comes about that many of the Fathers—St. Hilary and St. Ambrose, for example—speak of God as girt with fire, through which all must pass who would attain unto him, even his most holy Mother—a fire to the wholly pure simply innocuous, but to all else either a barrier like the fiery swords of the cherubim guarding Paradise or a grievous purgation. We find the same idea reproduced in Cardinal Newman's *Dream of Gerontius* :—

. . . the keen sanctity,
Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the Crucified, has seized,
And scorched and shrivell'd it ; . . .

It is this essential identity, as far as God is concerned, between his love and his hatred that finds expression in those words of Dante's sentence above hell gates which so shock the sentiment of many of his modern readers—

Giustizia mosse il mio alto fattore ;
Fecemi la divina potestate,
La somma sapienza, e il primo amore.

I have said that the notion of place does not enter into the essential idea of the after-world. But of course it is its natural complement, necessary to its imaginative conception, and generally accepted as a reality. Heaven, the society of angels and saints, is represented as a holy city from which dogs and evildoers are excluded, and this would seem to imply place. But even as regards heaven, it is common to interpret Christ's words to the penitent thief—'This day thou shalt be with me in paradise'—as showing that wheresoever to anyone the Godhead is unveiled he is in heaven. Thus it appears that if heaven is a place, it is something also not limited to place. Neither is hell, though understood to be a place, any more limited, for the devils carry their outer darkness about with them as the angels the vision of God.

In one of the earliest forms of the legend of Faustus, Mephistopheles is made to say in answer to a question, 'Hell is no place ; but as a bubble of water fleeth in the wind, so is hell ever fleeing before the breath of God'—words which emphatically recall the *procella tenebrarum* of St. James.

As to purgatory, the essential idea of which we meet with in the earliest Christian writings, it certainly was not regarded from the first as a place apart, that is to say, a distinct place, from hell ; but as representing a state of hope in hell (previous to the general judgment) as contrasted with the state of others who have no hope. To this indistinctness, perhaps, we owe such legends as that of the delivery from hell of the Emperor Trajan. Such certainly is the picture presented to us in the 'Revelation' of the Monk of Evesham in the twelfth century. In St. Brigit purgatory is not certainly the same place as hell ; but in its lowest and most painful portion is, as it were, a chamber above the place of hell into which its penal fire pours and its devils enter to torment ; not, indeed, for mere torture but as rough grooms, from the intolerable anguish of whose handling none in the lower purgatory, except by special privilege, were exempt. Some, according to the same authority, do not know that they are saved ; surely a survival from the ancient indistinctness of place. This last is quite inconsistent with the modern conception of purgatory, as it is with Dante, who wrote half a century before St. Brigit. One cannot but remark that the poet here represents a higher stage of theological development than the saint.

This goes some way to show how little purgatory owes to private revelation as an authoritative source.

Although I have to make this admission as to the primitive rudeness of some of the saint's conceptions, now and again extending to her theology, I venture to think that she is not therefore the less interesting. She is always careful to insist repeatedly that her representations, full as they are of physical detail, are only approximations to spiritual facts which cannot themselves be described.

In the record of a vision foreshadowing the judgment of one yet living, who is condemned to purgatory, we read:—

Then it seemed to the spouse that, as it were, a place terrible and dark was opened, in which she beheld an inwardly glowing furnace, and that fire had no other fuel for burning save demons only and live souls. Above this furnace appeared the soul whose judgment she had before witnessed. Now the feet of the soul were fastened in the furnace, and the soul stood erect, as it were a man (*tanquam una persona*). It was standing neither in the highest place nor in the lowest, but, as it were, in the side of the furnace, and its form was terrible to look upon. The fire of the furnace seemed to draw itself up through the feet of the soul, as water is drawn up through pipes, and under violent pressure to rise up above its head in such wise that the pores of the skin became like veins flowing with liquid fire; and its ears became as it were a smelter's bellows which, with their continual heaving, were moving the whole brain. Its eyes seemed uprooted and sunk in so as to cleave to the back of the head. Its mouth was open, and the tongue drawn out through the broken nostrils and hanging over the lips, and the teeth driven like iron nails through the palate. The arms were so elongated that they reached the feet, and the hands were clenched, and exuded as it were burning pitch. A cuticle seemed to cover the soul like the skin of a body; and it was as it were a linen wrapping drenched with sperm, so cold it seemed that all who gazed upon it shuddered, and from it came as it were the filth of an ulcer, with corrupt blood and so evil a smell that it might be compared to none other even the most grievous smell in the world.

From the handling of demons, which belongs to this lower purgatory, this soul was by special privilege delivered, 'because solely for the honour of God it had forgiven the grievous offences of its deadly foes, and made friends with its great enemy.'

Above this place there is another place where the pain is less; this being no more than the failing of the powers in respect of strength, beauty, and the like. Even as if, to use a simile, a man had been ill, and when the sickness thereof and pain had gone he should be wholly without strength until he gradually recovered. Above this is a third place where there is no other pain save the craving to attain unto God. In the first place, there is the handling of demons, there are presented to the soul the forms of deadly worms and raging beasts, there is the heat and cold, the darkness and confusion which proceed from the pain that is in hell. There some souls have a less pain, others a greater, according as they have satisfied or not for their sins while they were in the body. Then the master—that is the justice of God—putteth the gold—that is the soul—in that other place where there is no suffering save a failing of the powers, where the soul will abide until it find refreshment at the hands of its friends, or from the ceaseless good works of Holy Church. For the more succour the soul shall receive from its friends the sooner it will grow strong and be delivered from that place. After this the soul is brought into the third place, where there is no other pain save the desire of coming into the

presence of God and His blissful vision. In this place do many linger and for very long, among whom are those who, whilst they lived in the world, had not a perfect desire of attaining to the presence of God and His vision.

Know, too, that many die in the world so just and innocent that they at once enter into the presence and vision of God; and some have made such satisfaction for their sins by their good works that their souls suffer no pain; but there are comparatively few who do not come to the place where there is the craving to attain unto God.

And so all the souls sojourning in these three places partake in the prayers and good works of Holy Church which prevail in the world, and especially in what they have themselves set on foot whilst alive, and such as their friends perform after their death. Know, too, that as sins are of many shapes and kinds, so, too, are there many different punishments. Even as the hungry man rejoices in the morsel that comes to his mouth, and the thirsty man in his draught, and the sad in joyful tidings, and the naked in his garment, and the sick man in going to his bed, even so the souls rejoice in partaking in those works which are done for them in the world.

After this were heard from purgatory many voices crying, 'O Lord Jesus Christ, pour forth Thy charity into those in the world who have spiritual power, and then we shall have a greater share than heretofore in their chants and lections and oblations.'

Now above the place from which this cry was heard appeared as it were a house within which many voices were heard saying, 'The blessing of God upon those who succour us in our need.' From this house an aurora seemed to spring, and beneath the house were seen clouds which had nothing of the light of the aurora, and from them came a mighty voice saying, 'O Lord God, give of Thine incomprehensible power a hundredfold reward to each one of those who is lifting us unto the light of Thy Godhead and the vision of Thy face.'

With this compare the exquisite passage, *Purgatorio*, cant. xi. :—

Così a sè e a noi buona ramogna
 Quell' ombre orando, andavan sotto il pondo,
 Simile a quel che talvolta si sogna,
 Disparmente angosciate tutte a tondo,
 E lasse su per la prima cornice,
 Purgando le caligini del mondo;
 Se di là sempre ben per noi si dice,
 Di qua che dire e far per lor si puote
 Da quei, ch' hanno al voler buona radice?
 Ben si dee loro aitar lavar le note,
 Che portar quinci, sì che mondi e lievi
 Possano uscire alle stellate rote.⁴

Thus for themselves and us good furtherance
 Those shades imploring, went beneath a weight.
 Like unto that of which we sometimes dream,
 Unequally in anguish round and round,
 And weary all upon that foremost cornice,
 Purging away the smoke-stains of the world.
 If there good words are always said for us,
 What may not here be said and done for them
 By those who have a good root to their will?
 Well may we help them wash away the marks
 That hence they carried, so that clean and light
 They may ascend unto the starry wheels.—Tr. *Longfellow*.

St. Brigit's conception of the devil is one of the most appalling in the whole of diabolic literature. It combines the ferocity of Satan with the bitter gibing humour of Mephistopheles:—

'O Judge' (he is made to exclaim), 'give sentence that the soul of this soldier which so resembles me may be united with me in wedlock.' Answereth the Judge, 'Say what right in justice hast thou to her?' And the demon answered, 'I ask of Thee, first, when one animal is found like unto another do they not say, This animal is of the lion kind, this of the wolf, and so forth? Now then I ask of Thee, Of what kind is this soul, and which does it most resemble, the angels or the devils?' To whom the Judge, 'It resembles not the angels, but thee and thy kind, as sufficiently appears.' Then cried the demon, as it were scoffing, 'When this soul by the fire of unction, that is Thy charity, was created, it was like unto Thee, but now, having despised Thy sweetness, it has become mine by a threefold right: first, for it resembles me in disposition; second, for we have like tastes; third, for we twain have but one will.'⁵

In the same vision we are presented with an example of what I shall venture to call the aristocratic element of grace; an idea indeed inherent in Catholic theology, though hardly to find acceptance amongst modern humanists. The fiend's triumph in the loss of this soul is shortlived, his laughter perishes on his lips.

For lo, a most beautiful star was ascending to the higher heaven, and seeing this, the devil held his peace. And the Lord said to him, 'Unto what is she like?' Answered the demon, 'She is fairer than the sun, but I am blacker than smoke. She is full of all sweetness and Divine love, I am full of all malice and bitterness.' Then said the Lord, 'What thinkest thou of this, and what wouldst thou give that she might be delivered into thy hand?' Answered the demon, 'All the souls that have fallen into hell from Adam even unto the present hour I would willingly give for her; and, moreover, I would willingly suffer as sharp a torment as though the points of swords innumerable were to meet in one, point to point so closely as not to leave the space of a needle's point between them, and I to be sifted through them from the height of heaven even unto hell, that this star might be delivered into my hand.'

In a vision of 'the judgment of one yet living' we have the Blessed Virgin as the *Advocata* coming to the assistance of the Guardian Angel, who has been put to silence.

'After this, countless demons were seen hurrying hither and thither, like sparks from an angry furnace,' whilst they chant their dreadful *credo* of faith without love, extolling the Divine justice and in its name demanding their prey.

'If that thing which Thou lovest above all, which is the Virgin that bore Thee and who has never sinned; if she had sinned mortally and had died without Divine contrition, Thou so lovest justice that her soul would never have attained to heaven, but would have been with us in hell. Therefore, O Judge, why dost Thou not adjudge this soul to us that we may punish it according to its works?'

After this was heard the sound as it were of a trumpet, which when they heard they held their peace. And straightway a voice spake saying, 'Be silent and hearken all of you, angels, souls, and demons, to what the Mother of God saith.'

⁵ Compare the hideous interchange of natures, *Inferno*, cant. xxv.

And immediately the Virgin herself, appearing before the judgment-seat and having as it were some great matter concealed beneath her mantle, spake and said, 'O enemies, you that persecute mercy and love justice without charity, although these defects appear in his good works, on which account his soul should not attain to heaven, yet see what I have here beneath my cloak.' And when the Virgin had opened the folds of her mantle there appeared under the one as it were a little church in which some monks were seen; and under the other fold were seen women and men, friends of God, religious and others, who all cried with one voice, 'Have mercy, O most merciful Lord.'

Then for a space there was silence, and the Virgin spake, saying, 'Scripture saith, He who hath perfect faith can by it remove the mountains of the world. What then can and ought the voices of these to effect, who both have faith and have served God with fervent charity? What then will the friends of God be able to do whom this man has asked to pray for him, that he might be kept from hell and attain unto heaven; for he sought no other reward for his good works save heaven. Cannot all their tears and prayers lay hold of him and raise him up, so that he may obtain before his death Divine charity with contrition? And I, too, will add my prayers together with the prayers of all the saints in heaven, whom he was wont especially to honour.'

And then the Virgin added: 'O demons, by the power of the Judge I bid you give heed to that which you now see to be just.' Then they all answered as with one mouth, 'We see that in the world a little water and a mighty breath* appease the anger of God, and that in like manner God is appeased unto mercy and charity by thy prayers.'

In the judgment of acquittal on Charles, St. Brigit's son, the fiend fiercely complains of the Blessed Virgin's interposition:—

'Hear, Thou Almighty Judge: I make complaint to Thee that a woman who is both my mistress and Thy Mother, whom Thou so lovest that Thou hast given her power over heaven and earth, and over all the demons of hell, that she it is who hath done me wrong in the matter of this soul that is standing here. For I, according to justice, after this soul had gone out from its body, should have taken it to myself and presented it in my company before Thy judgment-seat. And lo, thou just Judge, this woman, Thy Mother, before the soul had gone out of the man's mouth, taking it into her hands, presented it under her high patronage before Thy judgment-seat.'

Then Mary, the Mother of God, thus replied: 'Listen, thou devil, to my answer. When thou wert created thou understoodst the justice that is in God from eternity and without beginning. Thou hadst free will to do what most pleased thee, and although thou chocest rather to hate God than to love Him, yet thou still understandest always what ought to be according to justice. I say then to thee, that it belonged to me rather than to thee to present this soul before God, the true Judge. For, whilst this soul was in the body, it had a great love for me, often revolving in its heart the thought that God had deigned to make me His Mother, and had willed to exalt me above all creatures. And on this it began to love God with so great a love that it was wont often to say in its heart, "So exceedingly do I rejoice that God holdeth the Virgin Mary, His Mother, the dearest of all, that there is no

The water and the Holy Ghost in Baptism.

See the reverse fortune of Guy of Montefeltro (Dante, cant. xxvii.)

- 'Francis came afterward, when I was dead,
- For me; but one of the black cherubim
- Said to him, "Take him not; do me no wrong:
- He must come down among my servitors."—*Tr. Longfellow.*

created thing nor sensible enjoyment in the world that I would take in exchange for that joy; nay, I would choose that joy above all earthly joy. And if it were possible that she could fall off from God by one least point of the dignity in which she now is, rather than this should happen I would choose instead to be eternally tormented in hell. And therefore, for that blessed grace and exceeding glory which He has given His Most High Mother, may infinite praise be rendered!" See, therefore, O devil, with what a will he died. How then doth it seem to thee, whether is it more just that his soul should be taken under my protection before the judgment-seat of God, or should fall into thy hands to be cruelly tormented?' And the devil answered, 'I have no right that the soul which loved thee more than itself should fall into my hands before judgment is pronounced.'

Never, I venture to think, has the judgment of reprobation been so fearfully illustrated as in the following vision:—

Then was seen a great host gathered about God, unto whom God spake, saying, 'Lo, this soul is not Mine. For the wound of My side and of My heart it had no more compassion than for the piercing of a foeman's shield. Of the wounds of My hands it took no more heed than of the rending of a frail rag. The wounds of My feet were as easy to it as though it looked upon the cleaving of a soft apple.'

Then spake the Lord unto it, saying, 'Thou didst often ask in thy lifetime wherefore I, God, died in the flesh. Now, therefore, I ask of thee, wretched soul, wherefore art thou dead?' And it answered, 'Because I loved Thee not.' And the Lord answered the soul: 'Thou hast been to Me as an abortive child to its mother, who suffers no less a pain for him than for the one that comes forth alive from her womb. Even so, at as great a price and with as grievous suffering, I redeemed thee as I did any one of my saints, although thou hast taken little heed. But as the abortive child shall not enjoy the sweetness of its mother's breast, or the solace of her voice, or the warmth of her bosom, so thou shalt never taste the ineffable sweetness of Mine elect, because My sweetness has not pleased thee. Thou shalt never hear My words to thy profit, because thine own words and the world's were pleasing to thee, while My words were bitter. Thou shalt never experience My love and goodness, because thou wert cold as ice to everything that is good. Go, then, into that place where abortions are wont to be cast, where thou shalt live in thy death eternally, inasmuch as thou wouldst not live in My light and life.'

It has been often remarked that the so-called revelations of saints contradict one another in more or less important details. When such contradictions occur they no doubt emphasise the imperious subjective element in such manifestations. But in the case of St. Brigit's purgatory one feels that in its ferocious fiend-inflicted torments it presents a very different picture from that with which modern theology has made us familiar, and which the *Dream of Gerontius* has introduced into our literature: a picture this last of willing loving patience and almost self-inflicted suffering. But there is ample room for both conceptions, and indeed the modern view is in part indicated by St. Brigit when speaking of that higher house of purgatory whence the aurora springs. That there should be a ruder escape, a lower sweep, as it were, of the net of God's compassion in the sea of fire, for the benefit of the worst of those who turn their last moments to account, should be a welcome thought to all who retain hell and heaven as ultimate co-ordinate

alternatives. Christ's last school of morals cannot, in its lowest form, be too roughly elemental if it is to embrace souls which have passed through this life without coming up to the first standard.

St. Brigit was probably the fiercest denouncer of ecclesiastical abuses that ever lived. On the principle 'potentes potenter torquentur,' popes and cardinals who wasted the Church's substance or misused her subjects met with no sort of forbearance at her hands. Sordid prelates who, forgetful of the spiritual riches which is their portion, seek after worldly goods, are 'swine masquerading in copes,' who at the castle banquet, when their lord presses his choicest viands upon them, grunt a surly refusal ('voce porcina et refutatoria') and greedily demand their accustomed husks, until kicked out into the yard by the indignant servants.

In a spirit of larger and more solemn sarcasm she thus describes the defection after wealth of the Christian community of her day:—

The Son of God spake: 'I am as it were a king standing in the midst of a plain, upon whose right are set his friends, and upon his left his foes. And whilst they are thus standing cometh a voice of one crying unto the right, where they are all standing well armed, with their helmets closed and their faces turned towards their Lord. And thus crieth the voice: "Turn unto me and believe in me, for I have gold to give you." And when they had turned, saith the voice a second time, "If you would see the gold, undo your helmets, and if you should desire to possess it I will fasten them again, after my own fashion." And upon their consenting, he fastens their helmets wrong side before, so that the front holes, through which they ought to see, fall behind, and the back part of their helmets blinds their eyes so that they cannot see, and he, thus crying, leads them blindfold after him.'

Whatever may have been the abuses in the Church of St. Brigit's day, this at least in common justice should be remembered, that the vehemence of her denunciations did not render her the less acceptable to its authorities. These have ever been ready, at the worst of times, faithfully to accept the 'vulnera diligentis,' in accordance with St. Augustine's *dictum*, 'Ama, et fac quod vis.' They showed themselves exceedingly anxious that no word of the Lord should be lost, even when it threatened to break in vengeance upon their own heads.

And Eli asked him, 'What is the word which the Lord has spoken to thee? I beseech thee hide it not from me. May God do so-and-so to thee and add so-and-so if thou hide from me one word of all that were said to thee.' And Samuel told him all the words, and did not hide them from him. And he answered, 'It is the Lord, let him do what is good in His sight.'

Seldom, indeed, was it that even the worst popes and bishops refused to accept the reproofs of any whom they were able to regard as the servants of God. With one more extract we will take our leave of St. Brigit. It may be considered as embodying her philosophy of life; and modern criticism, whilst probably designating it as pessimism, will hardly deny its vigour.

Wherever bread is being made, there must of necessity be much kneading and working. But before the master of the house is set the wheaten bread, and before the household an inferior bread, and a third bread still worse is given to the dogs. By this kneading is understood tribulation, inasmuch as a spiritual man is troubled because God has not honour of His creatures, and because there is so little charity. All whosoever are troubled in this wise are the wheaten bread, in which God and all the heavenly host rejoice. But all those who are troubled at worldly adversities, these are the inferior bread, yet many such are enabled to reach heaven. But those that are troubled at this, that they are not able to do all the evil that they wish, the same are the bread of those dogs that are in hell.

H. I. D. RYDER.

*THE GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND :
A REPLY.*

II.

IN the earlier days of the movement for Home Rule, its supporters were always pressed to produce their Bill, and they always refused. I never doubted that they were right. The experience of the framers of the Government of Ireland Bill proves it. Mr. Dicey describes that experience with the candour that never fails him, and that so honourably distinguishes him from the crowd of rather spiteful and very excited literary polemics, masculine, feminine, and neuter, on his side of the question. ‘Opponents of the Government of Ireland Bill attacked its details out of hostility to its principle; its defenders tried to win approval for its principles by conceding or insisting upon the defects of its details.’ Nothing could be more accurate.

It is often said that all the mischief would have been avoided if the Government had begun their task not with a bill, but by way of resolution. This is the wisdom of the wiseacre. If that course had been taken, the only result would have been that the opponents of Home Rule would then have refused, and very justly refused, to vote for the resolution until we had shown exactly what we meant by Home Rule; this could only have been done by a bill. No other course could have disclosed the difficulties, whether those inherent in the thing to be done, or those arising in the minds of people whose assent is necessary for doing it. No other course could have tested either the strength of the policy, or the weak places in the plan. The Bill, whatever else it may have done, has advanced the question to a position, and invested it with a substance, which it could not have gained by twenty years of abstract resolutions. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues were not in the position of the Home Rulers, when they declined to commit themselves to a plan. The Cabinet was responsible for social order in Ireland, and in their view social order was bound up with a vigorous, a thoroughgoing, and a prompt attempt to build up a system of government that, in a word, should bring opinion round to the side of law and into sympathy with institutions.

The plan that was the outcome of these considerations has never, according to Mr. Dicey, received full justice. It constitutes, as he says, an ingenious attempt to solve the problem by giving to Ireland a legislature which shall have full power to make laws and appoint an executive for Ireland, and yet shall not use that power in a way opposed to English interests or sense of justice. But though ingenious, he considers it to rest on unsound principles, for reasons which we shall now examine.

It is not necessary to deal with the elaborate contention that the sovereignty of Parliament was, or might be, impaired by the Bill, because, as I have already said, Mr. Dicey in a footnote surrenders the point that he contests in the text. The inquiry, he says, is whether, under the Gladstonian Constitution, the British Parliament does or does not retain the sovereignty now admittedly possessed by the Parliament of the United Kingdom (p. 239). He then argues for several pages that under the Bill the sovereignty of the Parliament of the United Kingdom as it is constituted to-day, would not pass to the British Parliament as it would be left after the Bill had become the law of the land. Lawyers of equal competence and authority take the opposite view. I do not see that Mr. Dicey has added anything material to the contentions of Sir Henry James and Mr. Finlay on the one side, or furnished any new answer to the argument of Mr. Rigby and Mr. Bryce on the other. He shows that there would be three bodies where there is now only one. But why should this give us a worse shock than the thought that there is now only one Parliament in the kingdom, when at the beginning of the last century there were three? The point has as little practical bearing as the Athanasian Creed. As everybody knows, both the Indian Councils Act of 1866 and the Colonial Laws Act of 1865 contain sections expressly reserving the supremacy of the Parliament at Westminster. It might have been better if clauses of similar purport had been inserted in the Government of Ireland Bill, instead of clause 37. Whether the Bill did or did not effectively save the sovereign powers of the British Parliament, there is no incompatibility between such a saving and the framework of the Gladstonian Constitution; and Mr. Dicey admits that there is none. 'I do not, of course, deny for a moment,' he says (p. 248), 'that an Act could be so drawn as to give Ireland an Irish Parliament, to remove the Irish members from the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and at the same time to reserve to the residue of the United Parliament, or Rump, the full sovereignty now possessed by the Parliament of the United Kingdom.'¹

¹ One subsidiary point raised by Mr. Dicey may be noticed in this connection. He dwells upon the absence of provisions for enforcing the will of the Imperial Executive and the decrees of the Judicial Committee. We may apply here what Mr. Gladstone has said in answer to a criticism of Mr. Westlake's. It was the intention of

So much for the objection of form. The author agrees that the objection of form could have been instantly removed by a drafting amendment. But he next advances an objection of substance. As soon as we have got over the difficulty from the side of constitutional law, he confronts us with a question on the side of public morality. Under the Gladstonian Constitution, is or is not the legislative supremacy of the British Parliament morally and in fact impaired? The author cannot 'see how any candid person can answer this question except by the admission that for all practical purposes, and except on possible but very extreme occasions, the right of the British Parliament to legislate for Ireland is morally not only impaired but destroyed.' If we substitute habit and practice for right, and if we insert the proper qualifications and conditions, it does not run contrary to what was in the mind and purpose of the framers of the Bill. There needs to be, and there ought to be, no equivocation about the business. It was their plain and undisguised intention that, subject to the exceptions of clause 3, the British Parliament should for the future not legislate in such Irish affairs as should be delegated to the subordinate Parliament at Dublin. With what other object could it have been worth while to frame such a bill at all? If the Parliament at Westminster is to continue to make laws on Irish matters, it would be a work of pure supererogation to call into being a statutory body at Dublin for making laws on the same matters, and it will be better to say so. If we are for allowing a legislative body in Ireland to deal with subjects defined to be distinctively Irish, because experience has shown that a legislative body at Westminster does not deal with them effectively, successfully, or in such a way as to satisfy any of the people most intimately concerned, it follows, of course, that the British Parliament is not intended, 'except on possible but very extreme occasions,' to legislate in the Irish affairs aforesaid.

To say that the moral right of Parliament is 'not only impaired but destroyed' has a deathly and funereal sound about it. But let us not be frightened by words; let us look at the great and real ends of government. The same moral destruction has already come to pass in the case of every colony that is clothed with responsible government. Parliament has morally destroyed and reduced to nothing its power of making laws on Canadian things for Canada, and on Victorian things for Victoria. Mr. Dicey agrees (p. 206) that it is clear that as far as constitutional arrangements can secure the reality of sovereignty, the Imperial Parliament maintains its supremacy

subs. 4 of clause 20 to place every force of her Majesty in Ireland at the command of the Court of Exchequer for the enforcement of its decrees in matters of revenue. If it had been shown in Committee that the words of the sub-section were insufficient, they would have been enlarged accordingly. So in respect of the enforcement of other matters outside of the province of the Irish Government.

throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire. But he goes on to say in the very next sentence, 'It is of course perfectly true that Parliament, having once given representative institutions to a colony, does not dream of habitually overriding or thwarting colonial legislation.' And so, in precisely the same sense, and on the same ground, the British Parliament would not dream of habitually overriding or thwarting Irish legislation. There is nothing novel, and there is nothing to terrify, in this moral limitation of an authority that is legally unlimited and unfettered. Mr. Dicey himself observes (p. 245) that the Declaratory Act of 1788 makes it morally impossible for Parliament to tax any colony. 'That Act establishes not a rule of law, but a precept of constitutional morality. It does not theoretically limit, but it practically impedes and interferes with, the legislative sovereignty of Parliament.' Why should there be anything more startling if a similar effect should flow from the Gladstonian Constitution? If the devolution of colonial affairs on the Colonies has wrought no havoc with the dignity or usefulness of Parliament, why should such tragic and ruinous humiliation be inseparably attached to a similar devolution in the case of Ireland?

This is not all. There is a reservation of the first importance, which the author has left out of sight. It is altogether in excess of the fact to talk of the legislative supremacy being morally, if not legally, destroyed. There is, and there can be, no destruction in the case. Let us assume that full sovereignty has been definitely reserved to the British Parliament. But then, says Mr. Dicey, the British Parliament would merely retain a legal power of doing that which it would have no moral right to do, and which would never be done by it. That, however, depends upon circumstances. It is true that the duty of legislating on affairs decided to be distinctively Irish is transferred; to that extent the powers of the British Parliament are impaired or suspended. But they are so only conditionally and provisionally. We are now, let us remember, in the region of moral—that is to say, non-legal—effects and obligations. The moral obligation not to take back the powers with which we had parted imposes, assumes, and depends upon a corresponding obligation on the Irish legislative body not to use these powers so extravagantly, outrageously, or mischievously as morally to justify our resumption of them. As Mr. Bryce put it (May 17, 1886), if the Irish Parliament should violate the spirit and meaning of the Act, 'then that which is in any case a legal right on our side would become also a moral right, because a breach of the contract on their side would entitle us to use our full legal rights.' There is an understanding on our part not to intervene unless the Irish Legislature or Executive should abuse the rights conferred upon them. There is an understanding on the other part that the rights so conferred shall not be

abused. Each one of these two understandings is just as good as the other, and it is no better.²

Taking this view of the moral limits that the British Parliament will find imposed upon its intervention in matters delegated to the Irish Parliament, Mr. Dicey maintains that the Gladstonian Constitution secures justice neither to Great Britain nor to all classes including minorities of Irishmen. Let us deal with the last objection first. The Gladstonian Constitution (p. 254) ought to, but does not, provide guarantees against executive and legislative oppression. It leaves unpopular classes or individuals exposed to considerable risks of injustice at the hands of the Irish Government; this is blameworthy and dishonourable. If it were worth while, one might remark here that Mr. Dicey exacts from the Gladstonian Constitution a condition which has not been very abundantly satisfied under the constitution of Irish Government as it has hitherto existed. The Penal Laws exposed not only classes and individuals, but the bulk of the population of the country, to gross, systematic, and gigantic injustice. So did the Land Laws, as their operation was revealed by the Land Commission. The Encumbered Estates Act, by selling away the tenant's improvements over his head, and leaving or inviting the purchaser to raise the rent on the strength of those very improvements, was a piece of cruel legislative oppression; while for executive oppression, exercised over individuals, we need only look at the administration of the Coercion Acts from the Union down to 1882, when nearly a thousand persons were locked up in prison, charged with no offence, committed by no tribunal, and with no prospect of ever being brought to fair and open trial. If the Government of Ireland Bill, then, fails to provide securities for justice to individuals and minorities, it would be in that respect no worse than the Act of Union has been, not in respect of minorities, but against the great national majority.

Is it true, however, that the Gladstonian Constitution provides no real and effective means for the maintenance and execution of just legislation? As we have seen, the British Parliament is not designed directly to exercise a constant and minute interference with the action of the Irish Government within its own allotted sphere.

² Mr. Parnell put his view of the case with his usual clearness in the speech on the second reading (June 7, 1886): 'I understand the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament to be this—that they can interfere in the event of the powers which are conferred by this Bill being abused under certain circumstances. But the Nationalists in accepting this Bill go, as I think, under an honourable understanding not to abuse these powers; and we pledge ourselves in that respect for the Irish people, as far as we can pledge ourselves, not to abuse those powers, and to devote our energies and our influence which we may have with the Irish people to prevent those powers from being abused. But, if those powers should be abused, the Imperial Parliament will have at its command the force which it reserves to itself, and it will be ready to intervene, but only in the case of grave necessity arising.'

There is, however, the veto of the Lord Lieutenant, and this, as anyone may see, really means in the ultimate resort an indirect faculty of veto in effect residing in the British House of Commons. On Lord Salisbury's famous Hottentot theory of Irish character, it is conceivable that the Irish Parliament might wish to pass a measure for legalising slavery, or the use of torture in criminal procedure. If the Lord Lieutenant did not veto bills with these objects, or if the Crown through the proper Minister did not disallow it, we may be very sure that the British House of Commons would speedily insist on the Viceroy's recall and the Minister's dismissal. So likewise in less extreme instances than the return to the wisdom of our ancestors in the shape of slavery and torture. What sort of cases would be likely to arise? The Irish Legislature might possibly pass a bill for a graduated income-tax or graduated rating. Or it might vote (though this would have contravened one of the provisions of our Bill) for making judges elective for short terms, as in most of the States of the American Union. Whether the Lord Lieutenant should be instructed to veto these measures, we are not now called upon to decide. The decision, like all other acts of policy, would depend partly upon the circumstances of the time. Wherever it was thought necessary, the veto would be, and there is no inherent difficulty in its being, an effective check on objectionable legislation.

This is not denied by Mr. Dicey (p. 256), but he qualifies the admission. 'The check is in one sense real, but it must, as in the case of the Colonies, be but rarely employed. Its constant use, or its use on occasions of great importance, would seem to Irishmen, and with good reason, to nullify the concession of Home Rule.' It is not strictly true, we may observe in passing, to say that the check is but rarely employed in the Colonies; for the author himself has told us in another book that 'a large number of Acts can be given which, on one ground or another, have been either not assented to, or disallowed by, the Crown' (*Law of the Constitution*, p. 107). In the same passage in his other book Mr. Dicey has nothing but good and admiring words for the efficacy of the veto. There he describes it 'as virtually, though not in name, the right of the Imperial Parliament to limit colonial legislative independence;' and he finds a perfectly satisfactory answer to the inquiry how colonial liberty of legislation is made legally reconcilable with Imperial sovereignty, in the fact that the 'Home Government, who in effect represent Parliament, retain, by the use of the Crown's veto, the power of preventing the occurrence of conflicts between colonial and Imperial laws.' What one wants to know is why a piece of constitutional machinery that has worked well in the only circumstances in which it has been tried, should now be at once condemned offhand and without further ado as an experiment foredoomed to failure.

I am not concerned to deny that the constant use of the veto would reduce Home Rule to nought. If we expected the occasion for the veto to be constantly arising, to be the rule and not the exception, we might well be very sorry to undergo all this turmoil of constitutional legislation merely for the sake of taking back with one hand what had just been bestowed by the other. Therefore, when the author says 'we may be quite sure that *in general* neither the Lord-Lieutenant nor the Crown will refuse assent to bills approved of by the Irish Parliament,' I should hope and expect that his anticipation would come true. It is on the strength of that anticipation that we are in favour of an Irish Parliament.

The point in this part of the argument at which I find myself in disagreement with Mr. Dicey, is on the proposition that if the Lord Lieutenant uses the veto 'he reintroduces in the most awkward form the interference of the British Parliament with Irish legislation.' We contend, on the contrary, that it is the least awkward form. The only alternative form that has yet been suggested is that bills which have been passed by the Irish Legislature should lie for a certain time in a provisional state on the table of Parliament, and should then, if not objected to, receive the Royal assent. This appears to be in every way infinitely more awkward than the machinery of the veto, for this reason, if for no other, that it makes the contact between the sovereign and the subordinate legislatures both more direct and more ostentatious. I can imagine no process more certainly calculated than this—of leaving all Irish bills subject to re-discussion in the two Houses at Westminster—to introduce confusion and intrigue there, and to lower the dignity and weaken the sense of responsibility in the assembly at Dublin. Provided that you retain the reality of a power of check, nothing is gained by making as much as possible of its appearance. Rather make as little as possible. By the only hypothesis on which Home Rule is defensible, the necessity for interference will not arise every day of the week. Veto and disallowance of Irish measures ought not to be treated as matters of course. The presumption ought to be the other way; and, that being so, it cannot be desirable to use methods which, like the provisional deposit of Irish bills on the table of Parliament, would be in some degree a perpetual and active irritation.

It would be possible, no doubt, on our plan for members of either House at Westminster to bring up all Irish bills, in the form of motions of censure on the minister responsible for the policy of the Lord Lieutenant, on the ground that he had improperly either used or failed to use the veto. But motions of censure stand on a very different footing from amending a provisional order, and an Irish or English member who would block or otherwise meddle with a bill

from Dublin with a light heart, would pause to reflect before he put down a vote of no confidence in a minister, or a motion for an address to remove a great public officer.

What must plainly be one of the most interesting branches of Mr. Dicey's inquiry is the important question whether the Gladstonian Constitution holds out fair hopes of finality. The author answers the question with alacrity: it holds out no such hopes. This assurance he places on the double ground that arrangements of the kind proposed in the Bill will disappoint both England and Ireland, and that they will lead to friction and irritation.

England, says Mr. Dicey, will be disappointed, because she will find that she has not attained the object which was her principal inducement to grant Home Rule—namely, 'freedom from the difficulty of governing Ireland. The dream is vain that under the new Constitution Englishmen would be able to trouble themselves no more about the concerns of Ireland than they do about the affairs of Canada. Ireland would still be our immediate neighbour, and England would still, disguise the fact as you may, be ultimately responsible for good government in Ireland.' *Quis negavit?* Certainly there is no finality in the plan of the Bill, if finality means that England has once for all washed her hands of Ireland. That would deserve the name of separation indeed. Nobody but a simpleton and a dreamer can imagine that a society which has been so violently torn, distracted, and bedevilled as that of Ireland for so many ages, will be instantaneously regenerated and readily brought into ideal order by any Government. Equally impossible is it for anybody in his political senses to suppose that England, who has caused or permitted all these difficulties to exist, is either morally or politically free to pass by on the other side, as if she had no part nor lot in them. Our view was not that English responsibility would be at an end, but that it would be more effectually discharged by calling Irishmen to share it with us. If we had ever contemplated finality in the sense, which the author here chooses to assume, of a complete and summary riddance of Irish affairs, it would have been sheer folly to frame a project with so many points of contact between the Imperial and the local Government. The Lord Lieutenant, the Receiver-General, the veto, the control of the military force, the resort on occasion to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, all involve relations between the Irish and the English Executive, and therefore all imply the possibility of collision between the Irish and the English Legislatures. That is undenied and undeniable. If the one great object of an Irish Government is to pick quarrels with the British Minister and the British Parliament, the Gladstonian Constitution offers no patent and infallible method for depriving them of the chance.

So far from its being ever contemplated that we should no longer

have anything to do with one another, Mr. Gladstone expressly referred (10th of May, 1886) to a system of constant executive communications, to provide for the common handling of common subjects. He mentioned other plans with the same object; for instance, the proposal that a joint commission should be appointed, representing both the assemblies in due proportion of members, and meeting from time to time during the session, and reporting to both Legislatures upon reserved matters.

We make two assumptions, and nobody who refuses to allow either of them can be fairly expected to support Home Rule. We assume that, when occasions of collision arise, Irishmen will be guided by ordinary human regard to prudence and their own interests. Next, we assume that Englishmen, on their part, will be in no hurry to return to the old bullying, scolding ways, but will practise as much patience, self-control, and wise moderation of temper towards our fellow-citizens in Ireland as we show towards other branches of the Empire where traditions, habits, wishes, and needs prevail that are different from our own. In so far as either of these assumptions is unreasonable, Home Rule would be unworkable. If Irishmen, unlike any other nation in the civilised world, should persist in sacrificing their solid interests out of an inscrutable and preternatural malignity of heart, neither the Gladstonian nor any other Constitution would work. If Englishmen, on the other hand, are to remain greedily on the watch for provocation, no new arrangement will succeed any better than the old one. Grant, however, that a moderate and average allowance of civil wisdom is left in both countries, and we claim for Home Rule that, so far from ignobly burking our responsibilities in Ireland, it would improve our chance of performing them. Mr. Dicey admits as much. '*The difficulty of governing Ireland,*' he says (p. 262), '*will be diminished or rather shifted.*' As if the diminution of the difficulty were a trifle not worth considering; and as if any sensible Englishman, looking from the point of view of his own country, has ever said more for the Gladstonian Constitution than that it would diminish the difficulty of governing Ireland. From the point of view of Ireland, we should say much more; for it would enlist the energy, skill, and patriotism of Irishmen in doing those good things for their country which, as I shall presently produce one or two instances to show, the British Government from want of time, want of knowledge, and, above all, from want of support in Irish popular opinion, scandalously and cruelly fails to do.

Mr. Dicey supplies one or two illustrations of our responsibility by way of poser to the supporters of the Bill. 'Take the case,' he says (p. 264), 'of the first Irish Ministry desiring to give a free pardon to the political offenders, dynamiters, and others, whose misguided zeal placed them within the grip of the law.' Could the

English Government escape responsibility for this use of its prerogative? With the preliminary remark that there is, to the best of my belief, no dynamiter now under sentence in Ireland, and that the only political offenders in prison there are not by any means likely to be objects of popular favour, my answer would be that if the Irish majority wished the Irish Minister to grant a free pardon, say to the Barbavilla or the Crossmaglen men—it is by no means certain with a government of their own that they would—then, under such ordinary circumstances as one is able to imagine, it would be obviously unwise in the English Secretary of State to take any responsibility in this matter, and I cannot imagine the most perverse of English Parliaments exacting it from him. As I will show in a moment, this would be conformable to the principle that is applied to colonial administration.

Take another of Mr. Dicey's cases, where the answer will be different (p. 264). British soldiers put down a riot at Belfast; they are indicted for murder before a Catholic grand jury and convicted by a Catholic jury (at Belfast!) under the direction of a Catholic judge who has just been appointed by the new Irish Ministry. Irish opinion demands that the law should take its course; the English Secretary of State, moved by the Lord Lieutenant, on review of the evidence, or for other reasons, is for advising a pardon. Can he shirk the responsibility of seeing that the men shall have what he believes to be justice? Here the answer must pretty clearly be that he is bound to intervene. In the case of men acting in the direct service of the British Government, the British Minister owes them security and protection. In that case, Mr. Dicey retorts, 'the Irish Government are prevented by England from governing Ireland.' Not any more, however, than a Canadian Government is prevented from governing Canada. Let us recall the position of the Governor-General of Canada in the exercise of the prerogative of pardon. He is at liberty to defer to the judgment of his ministers in all cases of merely local concern, but in any case where Imperial interests are concerned he is instructed, after advising with his ministers, to take those interests specially into his own personal consideration, or to remit the matter to the Secretary of State. The same principle, with some minute differences, prevails in other colonies invested with responsible government. It has not been established without much correspondence, difference of opinion, and negotiation among governors, local ministers, and secretaries of state. There might be correspondence and differences of opinion on cases as they arose between Dublin Castle and Whitehall. But in this instance there is no reason why the principle of the exercise of the prerogative of pardon should not be laid down at the outset in the Lord Lieutenant's instructions under the second sub-section of clause 7.

The general point was put clearly enough eleven years ago by

Lord Carnarvon. His words fit the case of Ireland as truly as they described the case of Canada. 'A concurrent responsibility is set up,' said Lord Carnarvon. 'On the one hand, the Governor will not be relieved of his responsibility to the Crown, and on the other hand the local Government will not be relieved of its responsibility to its own Parliament; so that while the Colonial Parliament may punish the minister for improper advice, the Crown may punish the Governor for an improper decision. The fact is, that in these matters we ought not to be too logical.'³

Mr. Dicey, on the contrary, protests that logic ought to be sovereign; anything savouring of ambiguity or obscurity is a source of delusion and peril. Such a position is natural enough in a jurist, but in practice it never has been, nor ever can be, maintained. He seeks support for his strong doctrine on this head in the history of the Constitution of the United States. On two points, he tells us, its founders tried the experiment of extinguishing real dangers by the simple expedient of omitting to mention them. No reference was made to Slavery, and the right of a State to withdraw from the Union was left open. The Abolition movement, the Fugitive Slave Law, the War of Secession, tell the result of trying to ignore perils or problems which it is not easy to face or to solve (p. 267). All this may be true, but it is doubtful whether the Union would ever have been founded at all if the colonial leaders had insisted either on explicitly dealing with Slavery, or on definitions logical enough to satisfy a jurist of the precise boundaries of State rights. On neither of these great subjects were either circumstances or opinions ripe. The question is whether the fathers of the Constitution could have done better than they did, and whether any attempt to solve problems prematurely, and to close every possible door to peril, would not have made the structure impracticable from the very outset. It is certain that they would. Nothing is more sure to lead to failure in these great transactions than to begin with a foolish hurry after logical finality.

The same line of answer meets Mr. Dicey's second ground for refusing the character of a final settlement to the plan of the Bill. The English, he argues, would be disappointed because they would still be bound to watch the Government of Ireland; the Irish would be irritated because they could not do whatever they pleased. They may wish for a protective tariff, and they will come across the prohibition to make laws affecting trade; if they desire that the country shall defend herself, they discover that they cannot raise a body of volunteers; if they want to try the plan of concurrent endowment, they are thwarted by the article of the Constitution prohibiting the endowment of religion (p. 269). The jurisdiction and constitution of

³ See Todd's *Parliamentary Government in the Colonies*—a work often referred to with just respect by Mr. Dicey—pp. 251-74.

the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council will be the source of constant irritation. That body will be made to appear not as judges deciding between man and man, but as officials appointed to withstand the action of the Irish Parliament. Hence, the result will be not the diminution, but the multiplication, of opportunities of collision between the Irish State and the central Power.

So far as the special illustrations go, they are not particularly forcible. There is no reason to believe that projects of concurrent endowment have a majority in Ireland; many of the present Catholic members are resolutely hostile; and to suppose that all Nationalists will be clericals is to ignore both what has happened in other Catholic countries and what lies behind the present struggle in Ireland. Next, if there were a desire to raise volunteers, as they would immediately come under the direct authority of the military representatives of the Crown, there would have been very little harm in according that right, expressly subject to the provision named. Then the wish to set up a protective tariff has undoubtedly existed, and may revive, as it may revive one of these days in England; but an Irish majority, even if they were legally free to put on duties, would think twice and thrice before exposing their trade to the risk, however small we may suppose it to be, of retaliatory duties in the country which takes more than 19,250,000*l.* of their total export of 20,000,000*l.* What Mr. Dicey leaves out of sight is that the Irish majority would have something to lose by multiplying occasions of collision, and that they would have solid interests drawing them in the other direction. For instance, he makes much, as others have done, of the Irish contribution to the Imperial Exchequer. On the hypothesis of the Bill, he says, justice to the British Exchequer requires that Ireland should pay a tribute of three or four millions to England, and that would be fatal to finality. As a matter of fact, the figures were not three or four millions, but less than two.⁴ The amount of the Irish contribution was probably an over-estimate, and needs revision. Irishmen, however, might feel as sore at a contribution of 1,842,000*l.* or even less, as if it were half as large again, and whether it was collected by Irish or English agents. The answer to Mr. Dicey's objection is in substance as follows: (1) That this contribution is defensible in itself as Ireland's payment for advantages received, or obligations incurred by Ireland. (2) It is an essential element of an arrangement that has given Ireland a Constitution. (3) The Irish taxpayer will pay less under that arrangement than he pays to-day. (4) Repudiation would endanger the Constitution. (5) It would expose Ireland

⁴ Mr. Dicey, again, is mistaken in his assumption that the taxes were to be collected by British agents. On the contrary, clauses 26 and 27 of the Land Purchase Bill show that it was the intention of the late Cabinet that both the instalments payable by tenants who bought their holdings under that Bill, and the taxes imposed by the Irish Legislature, should be collected, not by British officers, but by such collectors as the Irish Government may from time to time appoint for that purpose.

to the risk of retaliation in the shape of a hostile tariff. (6) It would ruin that credit which, as Mr. Gladstone truly said, Ireland would assuredly want to organise by degrees, and which she could not organise unless the ground were made and kept solid under her feet by the unimpeachable fulfilment of prior engagements.

So much for the concrete cases with which the author illustrates his general proposition that the Constitution would not work. The truth is, that on no subject is prophecy so little to be trusted as on the working of institutions. The limits of safe prediction are almost as narrow as they are in meteorology. We shudder to think what mincemeat Mr. Dicey would have made of the British Constitution itself, if it had come before him in the shape of a draft bill for the better government of the realm. As one of his Oxford colleagues has truly said, 'If our Constitution were stripped bare of convention and displayed in its legal nakedness, it would be found not only unrecognisable, but unworkable.'³ The British Constitution, it may be said, is saved by the historic principle; it works because custom has silently fashioned its letter to the varying uses of time. This, however, is not true of the systems that have been set up in the Colonies. Yet Mr. Dicey could have written just as acute a book against the establishment of one form of responsible government in Canada and Australia, as he has written against another form of it in Ireland. Mr. Gladstone reminded the House of Commons in his speech on the 8th of April last year that only two or three years before the erection of responsible government in the Colonies was tried, Lord Russell had himself written a most able despatch to show that it could not be done; that with responsible government in the Colonies you would have two centres of gravity and two sources of motion in the empire, while a united empire absolutely required that there should be but one; and that consequently the proposition could not be entertained. Mr. Dicey is hardly less suspicious after this very event than Lord Russell was before it. He says of the systems of government that have been set up in the Colonies (p. 198), that 'among all the political arrangements devised by the ingenuity of statesmen, none can be found more singular, more complicated, or more anomalous than the position of combined independence and subordination occupied by the large number of self-governing colonies which are scattered throughout the British Empire.' What would have come easier to Mr. Dicey's ingenuity than to expose all these singularities, complications, and anomalies, and then to ridicule the expectation of finality from so rickety a fabric? A student, he says (p. 208), can easily perceive how great may at any moment become the difficulty of working an artificial and complicated system of double sovereignty. This is perfectly true. Yet what monstrous folly it would have been if the statesmen of the last generation had

³ Anson's *Law and Custom of the Constitution*, vol. i. p. 33.

been frightened out of the experiment of responsible government in Canada and Australia by clever juristical prognostications that governors and secretaries of state might possibly find that all was not plain sailing. The German Empire, again, is as unpromising in Mr. Dicey's eyes as our own Colonial Empire. Its framework is 'the cumbersome d vice of an ill-arranged constitution.' Yet this does not prevent it from working reasonably well, and in the eyes of men of sense that is enough. The whole of this talk of finality rests on an illusion of perfection and immutability to which Western Governments can never attain. All government is an affair of second-best. It is the art of meeting a particular difficulty by the opportune application of sound general principles. It is charlatanry, not statesmanship, to pretend to see the ultimate end. Many of the things that were said against Catholic Emancipation have come perfectly true. If there had been no Catholic Emancipation, eighty-six Home Rulers would not be sitting in the House of Commons. Some of the things said against the repeal of the Corn Laws have come true. Rents, for instance, went up, but they are rapidly coming down. But nobody claims that Peel, if even these results had been made clear to him, would have shown more foresight if he had insisted on maintaining either the Catholic disabilities or the duties on corn. It is enough if the statesman can see his way clear to the next step.

We are confronted by a particular difficulty here. Our *régime* in Ireland, as Nationalists and Loyalists are equally loud in proclaiming, has failed in securing the great ends of civilised government, safety for property, respect for law, loyalty to institutions, contentment in the population. The whole apparatus of government by popular consent, from the jury-box to the polling-booth, is turned into so much machinery for making the work of government both difficult and bad. We are compelled not by fear or cowardice, as the wordy swagger of the pseudo-Unionist pretends, but by every instinct of order and good government, to move forwards. Because we cannot demonstrate with geometric certainty that the next step shall be final, Mr. Dicey is for standing stock still.

Any possible course, open to English statesmanship (he admits, p. 280) involves gigantic inconvenience, not to say tremendous perils. A man involved practically in the conduct of public affairs may easily bring himself to believe that the policy which he recommends is not only the best possible under the circumstances, but is also open to no serious objection. Outsiders, who in this matter are better because more impartial judges than the ablest of politicians, know that this is not so. We have nothing before us but a choice of difficulties or of evils. Every course is open to valid criticism.

Undoubtedly it is; but Mr. Dicey will allow that there is a vast difference in weight between criticism resting on experience and criticism springing from prophecy. The course in which he urges

us to persevere is condemned by eighty-six years of past history—a history of disorder, violence, misery, profound social demoralisation, and flagrant political failure. If anybody seeks a compendious record and proof of this failure, I recommend him to read the grim preambles of that gloomy series of Acts of Parliament since 1801, which deal with treason, rebellion, murders, insurrections, dangerous associations, combinations and conspiracies, clandestine assemblings, open and daring outrages, in an almost unbroken array of violence and wrongdoing. I am not criticising this dismal procession of Coercion Acts. The more necessary and justifiable you hold them to be, the more invincible is their testimony to the failure in government.

If experience is decisive against the policy of the past, experience too, all over the modern world, indicates the better direction for the future. I will not use my too scanty space in repeating any of the great wise commonplaces in praise of self-government. Here they are superfluous. In the case of Ireland they have all been abundantly admitted in a long series of measures, from Catholic Emancipation down to Lord O'Hagan's Jury Law and the Franchise and Redistribution Acts of a couple of years ago. The principle of self-government has been accepted, ratified, and extended in a hundred ways. It is only a question of the form that self-government shall take. Against the form proposed by the late Ministry a case is built up that rests on a series of prophetic assumptions. These assumptions from the nature of the case can only be met by a counter-statement of fair and reasonable probabilities. Let us enumerate some of them.

1. It is inferred that, because the Irish leaders have used violent language and resorted to objectionable expedients against England during the last six years, they would continue in the same frame of mind after the reasons for it had disappeared. In other words, because they have been the enemies of a Government which refused to listen to a constitutional demand, therefore they would continue to be its enemies after the demand had been listened to. On this reasoning, the effect is to last indefinitely and perpetually, and notwithstanding the cessation of the cause. Our position is that all the reasonable probabilities of human conduct point the other way. On the other hand, the surest way of justifying violent language and fostering treasonable designs, is to refuse to listen to the constitutional demand.

2. The Irish, we are told, hate the English with an irreconcilable hatred, and would unquestionably use a Constitution as an instrument for satisfying their master passion. Irrational hatred, they go on, can be treated by rational men with composure. The Czechs of Bohemia are said to be irreconcilable, yet the South Germans bear with their hatred; and if we cannot cure we might endure the antipathy of Ireland. Now, as for the illustration, we may remark that

the hatred of the Czechs would be much too formidable for German composure, if the Czechs did not happen to possess a provincial charter and a special constitution of their own. If the Irish had the same, their national dislike—if it exists—might be expected to become as bearable as the Germans have found the feeling of the Czechs. But how deep does Irish dislike go? Is it directed against Englishmen, or against an English official system? The answers of every impartial observer to the whole group of such questions as these favour the conclusion that the imputed hatred of England by Ireland has been enormously exaggerated and over-coloured by Ascendancy politicians for good reasons of their own; that with the great majority of Irishmen it has no deep roots; that it is not one of those passionate international animosities that blind men to their own interests or lead them to sacrifice themselves for the sake of injuring their foe; and, finally, that it would not survive the amendment of the system that has given it birth.⁶

3. It is assumed that there is a universal desire for separation. That there is a strong sentiment of nationality we of course admit; it is part of the case, and not the worst part. But the sentiment of nationality is a totally different thing from a desire for separation. Scotland might teach our pseudo-Unionists so much as that. No-where in the world is the sentiment of nationality stronger, yet separation does not exist. That there is a section of Irishmen who desire separation is notorious, but everything that has happened since the Government of Ireland Bill was introduced, including the remarkable declarations of Mr. Parnell in accepting the Bill (June 7), and including the proceedings at Chicago, shows that the separatist section is a very small one either in Ireland or in America, and that it has become sensibly smaller since, and in consequence of, the proposed concession of a limited statutory constitution. The Irish are quite shrewd enough to know that separation, if it were attainable—which, as they are well aware, it is not—would do no good to their markets; and to that knowledge, as well as to many other internal considerations, we may confidently look for the victory of strong centripetal over very weak centrifugal tendencies. Even if we sup-

⁶ The late J. E. Cairnes, after describing the clearances after the famine, goes on to say:—‘I own I cannot wonder that a thirst for revenge should spring from such calamities; that hatred, even undying hatred, for what they could not but regard as the cause and symbol of their misfortunes—English rule in Ireland—should possess the sufferers. . . . The disaffection now so widely diffused throughout Ireland may possibly in some degree be fed from historical traditions, and have its remote origin in the confiscations of the seventeenth century; but all that gives it energy, all that renders it dangerous, may, I believe, be traced to exasperation produced by recent transactions, and more especially to the bitter memories left by that most flagrant abuse of the rights of property and most scandalous disregard of the claims of humanity—the wholesale clearances of the period following the famine.’—*Political Essays*, p. 198.

pose these centrifugal tendencies to be stronger than I would allow them to be, how shall we best resist them—by strengthening the hands and using the services of the party which, though nationalist, is also constitutional; or by driving them also, in despair of a constitutional solution, to swell the ranks of Extremists and Irreconcilables?

4. Whatever may be the ill-feeling towards England, it is at least undeniable that there are bitter internal animosities in Ireland, and a political constitution can neither assuage religious bigotry nor remove agrarian discontent (p. 268).

It is true that the old feud between Protestant and Catholic might not instantly die down to the last smouldering embers of it all over Ireland. But we may remark that there is no perceptible bad blood between them, outside of one notorious corner. Second, the real bitterness of the feud arose from the fact that Protestantism was associated with an exclusive and hostile ascendancy, which would now be brought to an end. Whatever feeling about what is called Ulster exists in the rest of Ireland, arises not from the fact that there are Protestants in Ulster, but that the Protestants are anti-National. Third, the Catholics would no longer be one compact body, for persecuting, obscurantist, or any other evil purposes; the abatement of the national struggle would allow the Catholics to fall into the two natural divisions of Clerical and Liberal. What we may be quite sure of is that the feud will never die so long as sectarian pretensions are taken as good reasons for continuing bad government.

It is true, again, that a constitution would not necessarily remove agrarian discontent. But it is just as true that you will never remove agrarian discontent without a constitution. Mr. Dicey, on consideration, will easily see why. Here we come to an illustration, and a very impressive illustration it is, of the impotence of England to do for Ireland the good which Ireland might do for herself. Nobody just now is likely to forget the barbarous condition of the broad fringe of wretchedness on the west coast of Ireland. Of this Lord Dufferin truly said in 1880 that no legislation could touch it, that no alteration in the land laws could effectually ameliorate it, and that it must continue until the world's end unless something be contrived totally to change the conditions of existence in that desolate region. Parliament lavishly pours water into the sieve in the shape of Relief Acts (even in my own short tenure of office I was responsible for one of these terribly wasteful and profoundly unsatisfactory measures). Instead of relief, what a statesman must seek is prevention of this great evil and this strong root of evil; and prevention means a large, though it cannot be a very swift, displacement of the population. But among the many experts with whom I have discussed this dolorous and perplexing subject, I never found one who did not agree that a removal of the surplus population was

only practicable if carried out by an Irish authority, backed by the solid weight of Irish opinion. Any exertion of compulsory power by a British Minister would raise the whole country-side in squalid insurrection, government would become impossible, and the work of transplantation would end in ghastly failure. It is misleading and untrue, then, to say that there is no possible relation between self-government and agrarian discontent, misery, and backwardness; and when Mr. Dicey and others tell us that the British Parliament is able to do all good things for Ireland, I would respectfully ask them how a British Parliament is to deal with the congested districts.

Nearly as much may be said of the prevention of the mischievous practice of Subdivision. Some contend that the old disposition to subdivide is dying out; others, however, assure us that it is making its appearance even among the excellent class who purchased their holdings under the Church Act. That Act did not prohibit subdivision, but it is prohibited in the Act of 1881. Still the prohibition can only be made effective, if operations take place on anything like a great scale, on condition that representative authorities resident on the spot have the power of enforcing it, and have an interest in enforcing it. Mr. Dicey is against an extension of local self-government, and if it be unaccompanied by the creation of a central native authority he is right. What he has failed to see is that, in resisting political reconstruction he is at the same time resisting the only available remedies for some of the worst of agrarian maladies.

5. It is argued that Home Rule on Mr. Gladstone's plan would not work, because it follows in some respects the colonial system, whereas the conditions at the root of the success of the system in the Colonies do not exist in Ireland. They are distant, Ireland is near; they are prosperous, Ireland is poor; they are proud of the connection with England, Ireland resents it. But the question is not whether the conditions are identical with those of any colony; it is enough if in themselves they seem to promise a certain basis for government. It might justly be contended against Mr. Dicey that proximity is a more favourable condition than distance; without it there could not be that close and constant intercommunication which binds the material interests of Ireland to those of Great Britain, and so provides the surest guarantee for union. If Ireland were suddenly to find herself as far off as Canada, then indeed one might be very sorry to answer for the Union. Again, though Ireland has to bear her share of the prevailing depression in the chief branch of her production, it is a great mistake to suppose that outside of the margin of chronic wretchedness in the west and south-west, the condition not only of the manufacturing industries of the north, but of the agricultural industry in the richer parts of the middle and south, is

so desperately unprosperous as to endanger a political constitution. Under our stupidly centralised system, Irishmen have no doubt acquired the enervating trick of attributing every misfortune, great or small, public or private, to the Government. When they learn the lessons of responsibility, they will unlearn this fatal habit, and not before.

I do not see, therefore, that the differences in condition between Ireland and the Colonies make against Home Rule. What I do see is ample material out of which would arise a strong and predominant party of order. The bulk of the nation are sons and daughters of a Church which has been hostile to revolution in every country but Ireland, and which would be hostile to it there from the day that the cause of revolution ceased to be the cause of nationality. If the peasantry were made to realise that at last the land settlement, wisely and equitably made, was what it must inexorably remain, and what no politicians could help them to alter, they would be as conservative as the peasantry under a similar condition in every other spot on the surface of the globe. There is no reason to expect that the manufacturers, merchants, and shopkeepers of Ireland would be less willing or less able to play an active and useful part in the affairs of their country than the same classes in England or Scotland. It will be said that this is mere optimist prophesying. But why is that to be flung aside under the odd name of sentimentalism, while pessimist prophesying is to be taken for gospel?

The only danger is lest we should allot new responsibilities to Irishmen with a too grudging and restrictive hand. For true responsibility there must be real power. It is easy to say that this power would be misused, and that the conditions both of Irish society and of the proposed Constitution must prevent it from being used for good. It is easy to say, as Mr. Dicey does, that separation would be a better end. Life is too short to discuss that. Separation is not the alternative either to Home Rule or to the *status quo*. If the people of Ireland are not to be trusted with real power over their own affairs, it would be a hundred times more just to England, and more merciful to Ireland, to take away from her that semblance of free government which torments and paralyses one country, while it robs the other of national self-respect and of all the strongest motives and best opportunities of self-help. The *status quo* is drawing very near to its inevitable end. The two courses then open will be Home Rule on the one hand, and some shy bungling underhand imitation of a Crown Colony on the other. We shall have either to listen to the Irish representatives or to suppress them. Unless we have lost all nerve and all political faculty we shall, before many months are over, face these alternatives. Liberals are for the first; Tories at present incline to the second. It

requires very moderate instinct for the forces at work in modern politics to foresee the path along which we shall move, in the interests alike of relief to Great Britain and of a sounder national life for Ireland. The only real question is not Whether we are to grant Home Rule, but How.

JOHN MORLEY.

THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY.

No. CXXI.—MARCH 1887.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY on CANON LIDDON.

THE article by Professor Huxley in the last number of this Review seems to me to challenge some notice both because of its occasion and because of its purport. As regards its occasion, it is avowedly in reply to a passage of a sermon delivered lately in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Pulpit has hitherto enjoyed, not perhaps an absolute, but at least a general and customary, immunity from controversy or reply. It is surely well that this custom should be respected. It is possible, indeed, that criticism from outside might sometimes make preachers more careful, especially in touching upon subjects in which they have no prescription. But considering that their work and calling debar them from pursuing disputation as others can, their immunity is more than counterbalanced by their disabilities in debate, and the presumption is all in favour of the customary abstention from adverse criticism.

In this case the temptation to attack seems to have arisen thus:—In an evening paper of December 8, 1885, there appeared some outline or abstract of a sermon delivered in St. Paul's by one whom, I think, it is not difficult to identify as the greatest living preacher in the Church of England. The passage quoted by Professor Huxley is one touching the old subject of the credibility of miracles. It re-states the argument, which has become familiar, that miracles do not necessarily presuppose any violation of the Laws of Nature. They may be due 'to the suspension of a lower law by the intervention of a higher.' The Preacher says that 'every time we lift our arms we defy the laws of gravitation,' and gives some other illustrations of the

same idea. He applies the same argument to 'catastrophes' such as the Flood, and the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah.

This is the argument which has roused Professor Huxley to write an article under the formidable title of 'Scientific and pseudo-Scientific Realism,' in which he says a great many things of deep interest, and touches many questions going far beyond the matter in hand. As regards that matter in itself—viz. the credibility of miracles—he repudiates altogether the argument which the Preacher ascribes to Physicists. He denies that they withhold belief from miracles because they are in violation of natural law. He disclaims emphatically the assumption that we know the whole region of natural law, so as to be able to say that any given wonder cannot possibly be wrought by means of some law unknown to us. He rejects absolutely the whole of this line of argument. He rests the withholding or the suspension of belief in miracles wholly and solely on deficiency of evidence; and he even goes out of his way to show that science has now before it some hints, guesses, and surmises on the ultimate constitution of matter, which bring some miracles which are most hard of acceptation within the limits of conceivability and of physical causation.

On this question I believe Professor Huxley's denial to be well founded. The Preacher was answering an objection which has been now generally abandoned. But this abandonment has been the result of controversy and discussion, and is, moreover, of very recent date. Some thirty years ago, and even much more recently, I have seen and heard the old argument urged over and over again, that we do know enough of the laws of nature to be able to pronounce with certainty that the whole class of wonders which are commonly known as miracles are incredible, because they are physically impossible, and because they are such 'violations of the order of nature as to be not only incredible but even inconceivable. Professor Huxley himself, I can well believe, may never have held this view. His reasoning powers are so strong, and his knowledge is so wide, that in all his writings he indicates his consciousness of the unfathomable possibilities of the system under which we live. But I feel sure that the old fallacy, prevalent among scientific men for several generations, still survives among those whom he would relegate to the 'pseudo-Scientific,' and among others who do not even rise to that rank, but have only a superficial smattering of the doctrines of physical causation. I am sure it would not be safe for a great Preacher addressing popular audiences to treat this old argument with mere contempt. Moreover, the counter-argument which has overthrown it is in itself full of suggestiveness and rich in further applications. It is impossible to think too much of, or to dwell too much in preaching on, the 'Ignorance of Man,'—on his consciousness of it, when he is at his best and greatest,—and on all that it implies when contrasted and

confronted with his intense desire to know. Although, therefore, the great dome of St. Paul's may have echoed on that occasion with a few earnest sentences which are not applicable to the latest phases of philosophic doubt, such words will never sound in vain so long as they invite us to explore the mysteries of our own Will in contact with the forces which it can bend to Purpose.

Then there is another item in Professor Huxley's criticism to which a somewhat similar comment will apply. The Preacher is quoted as having combined 'catastrophes' such as the Flood with miracles, as resting on the same basis of defence. Here again science has learned to be more modest, and the prevalent doctrine is less rigid than it was. Lyell's doctrine of 'bit-by-bit' action—of the extreme slowness and perfect continuity of all geological changes—is a doctrine which does not hold its head quite so high as it once did. Many years ago, when I had the honour of being President of the British Association,¹ I ventured to point out, in the presence and in the hearing of that most distinguished man, that the doctrine of uniformity was not incompatible with great and sudden changes, since cycles of these, and other cycles of comparative rest, might well be constituent parts of that very uniformity which is asserted. Lyell did not object to this extended interpretation of his own doctrine, and indeed expressed to me his entire concurrence. Much more recently I have been led to argue that in denying the possibility of what used to be called 'catastrophes' we are confounding two very different physical conceptions—one of these being the perfect continuity of causation, the other being a perfect uniformity of results. The first, when properly defined, is certainly true. The second is almost as certainly erroneous. The molecular changes of decay which may go on for centuries in some great structure are perfectly continuous in their operation. But there comes at last some one moment when they eat into the last buttress of support, and then we have the catastrophe of some great collapse. It was thus that the tower of Chichester Cathedral fell, not many years ago, without any suspicion of the slightest earthquake shock, or of any other external cause, but solely from the effect of a long continuity of changes which had been going on in the supporting masonry during some five hundred years. So it is with the structure of everything which we see around us, and especially of the crust of our own globe. Against sudden subsidences of the surface and corresponding invasions of the sea, there is no presumption whatever arising from the doctrine of the perfect continuity of all physical causation. But I cannot help thinking that the admission of this truth, and the abandonment of extreme views in respect to Lyell's doctrines, has been due to discoveries and discussions comparatively recent.

Professor Huxley, again, does well to remind us that 'catastrophe

¹ At Glasgow in 1856.

is a relative conception,' and that it may mean and often does mean some change which, however terrible to us, and of however great apparent magnitude to us, may count in the universe, and even on our own globe, as nothing more than a change on a molecular, or even on an atomic, scale. A subsidence of our dry lands sufficient to submerge the whole habitable portions of them under the ocean would be a change absolutely imperceptible in the outline of our planet even to a very near observer standing on some other body. It is, perhaps, one of the most certain conclusions of Geology that the mountains of Wales and of Scotland have all been under the sea in very recent times—in times so recent that zoologically they belong to the same epoch as that in which we are now living. It seems to have been only one among many changes of level; and science is as yet quite helpless to explain the process, or to specify the cause. We do not know whether it extended beyond the British Islands, although there is strong evidence that it was vastly wider. Neither do we know how suddenly or how slowly it came, nor how suddenly or slowly it passed away. Yet we have evidence that it was very transitory, inasmuch as it clearly passed away before there was time for a marine fauna to establish itself and flourish on the deluged areas. All this would belong essentially to the category of catastrophes if it happened in our time, or even if it only began to happen with a very considerable degree of slowness. So far, therefore, the Preacher was strictly justified when he spoke of a Flood as a catastrophe 'not violently contrary to our present experience, but only an extension of present (recent) facts.' I do not think the same words could with accuracy be applied to such a catastrophe as the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. That was more strictly miraculous in its character, because we do not know of any like physical causes operating to the same effect, although they are quite possible and conceivable, as connected with the phenomena of volcanic outbursts.² However this may be, Professor Huxley disclaims the doctrine that catastrophes of any kind, whether called miraculous or not, are discredited by science merely because they involve a breach of the present order of nature. Science, he declares, 'has never dreamed dreams of this sort.' On the contrary, he reminds us that science distinctly contemplates as more than possible the close of the existing order on which all life depends. He points out, moreover, and indicates in some detail, the recognised existence and continuous operation of physical causes which make it quite 'conceivable that man and his works and all the higher forms of animal life should be utterly destroyed, and the earth.

² Since these words were written we have an account of a volcanic outburst, very sudden and very violent, in the Trans-Caspian territories of the Russian Empire, which, so far as I know, have been wholly undisturbed by such forces in historic times. It seems as if any town or village situated near the vent would probably have been destroyed.

become a scene of horror which even the lurid fancy of the writer of the Apocalypse would fail to portray.'

So far, then, the Preacher and the Professor are at one, except in so far as the Preacher attributes to science adverse doctrines which one of its greatest exponents declares it never held. With this disclaimer, it would almost seem as if the calumet might have been produced, and the pipe of peace enjoyed. But the Professor is on the war path, and all his frank surrenders and overflowing admissions are made with something more than a touch of scorn. The Preacher may take them, and be welcome. They are offered not for the purpose of closing debate, but, on the contrary, for the purpose of reopening one of the oldest and deepest controversies of the world, in which the Preacher is told that he is taking a side long since supposed to be dead and buried. He talks of 'laws'—evidently without the least knowledge of what the word means in the vocabulary of modern science. 'Imagination inspired by scientific reason' is contrasted with imagination 'merely assuming the airs thereof, as it unfortunately too often does in the pulpit.' The eloquent occupier of that pulpit in St. Paul's is told that 'the fallacious employment of the names of scientific conceptions pervades his utterance,' and, as the climax of much more to the same effect, he is pelted with names which appear to be considered as more or less opprobrious. He is a 'Realist.' His conceptions are those of 'Scholastic Realism—Realism as intense and unmitigated as that of Scotus Erigena a thousand years ago.'

What is all this about? What is this terrible accusation grubbed up from the cobwebs and the dust of centuries? What is it that becomes so manifestly ridiculous and absurd when it is ticketed and labelled with a name almost forgotten for the last five hundred years? What is Realism? If we are to answer this question in the phraseology of the scholastic ages, we should probably answer it in some such words as these: Realism is the doctrine which affirms the 'Reality of Universals.' There is not much help here. If we were to answer the question in more modern terms, we might say that Realism is the doctrine that teaches the 'Reality of Universal Ideas.'³ If we were to clothe our answer in the more cumbrous forms of modern metaphysics, as repeated by Professor Huxley himself, we should say that the 'Realist holds that the phenomenal world has an objective existence.' But if this jargon strikes us as even less helpful than the older and simpler words, we have the resource afforded by a particular example. The Professor denounces the Preacher as a Realist, because he talks about the 'Laws' of Nature as if they were 'things,' or 'beings,' or 'entities.' A law, the Professor tells us, is not a 'thing.' From this we may conclude that nothing is 'real' which is not also a 'thing.' When we push our

³ Hallam's *Literature of Europe*, vol. i. p. 13.

questions further, and ask what does the Professor mean by a 'thing,' we can come to no other conclusion than that by a 'thing' he means some bit, or, as it may be, some lump of matter. The bit may be impalpably small like a molecule or an atom, or it may be immensely big like a planet or a sun. But it is a mortal heresy to attach the idea or the name of 'thing,' or of 'being,' or of 'entity,' to any abstract conception whatever; there is no reality except in concrete things; all general ideas are unreal. For example, the word 'vegetable' represents an abstract idea, and therefore has no reality. But a potato is a reality—that is to say, an individual potato—not the idea of potato as a species, still less the botanical genus of which the potato is a species. There is no reality in a genus, nor even in a particular species—but only in the individual potato or onion, which we can handle, boil, and eat. On the same principle, there is no such thing as a Professor or a Preacher. Both of these words represent a general idea—an abstract idea—a Universal; they have no reality; there is only the man Professor Huxley, and the man Canon Liddon; and so, in like manner, I suppose there is no reality in the idea of a sermon from the Pulpit, or of a lecture from the Chair. The only reality, in the one case, is a certain agitation in the air which fills St. Paul's Cathedral when a particular man ascends by a wooden stair to a wooden box, and makes the vocal chords of his organism communicate a vibration to the previously stagnant atmosphere. In this method of representation we have the grand secret of modern science. Any disloyalty to this method, any forgetfulness of it, even for a moment, is mere rebellion against the higher mental achievements of our time. Well; one comfort is that the condemnation is far-reaching. The Preacher may feel sure that if he is to be condemned on this ground, all the world, and perhaps the Professor himself, will be found standing in the dock beside him. In the common use of language, the word 'thing' in English, and the word 'res' in Latin, from which last the very word 'reality' comes, are words which the instincts of thought have universally associated both with material objects and with the intellectual conceptions from which they are inseparable. I have the smallest possible confidence in the metaphysical reasonings either of modern professors or of mediæval scholastics. But I have immense confidence in the profound metaphysics of human speech. The unconscious recognitions of identity, of likeness, and of difference, in which that speech abounds, are among the surest of all guides to truth. When I find myself mentally saying to the Professor's argument, 'There is nothing in that,' and when I think of him making, perhaps, the same internal comment on my own argument, I cannot escape from the unquestionable fact that we both apply the word 'thing' and 'no-thing' to purely abstract or intellectual conceptions. So much, indeed, do we do so, that it is not without the greatest care

and trouble that we can avoid the use of the word, and that when we recognise some truthful idea in any reasoning we say instinctively 'There is something in that,' by which we mean not a physical substance like a potato—not a 'thing,' like an onion—but some logical inference which is always an abstract idea, and which is emphatically real, not because it is an external object, but because it is a truth. If we are not to be allowed to speak of anything as real unless it has what the new Scholastics call 'an objective existence,' our discourse will be poor indeed, and our minds will be despoiled of a good deal more than half their furniture. Under this system there is no such a 'thing' as justice or injustice, cruelty or compassion, truth or falsehood, good or evil. All of these familiar names—representing, as hitherto we have fondly thought, not only realities, but the supreme realities of life and work—all of them are abstract ideas; and it is a mere revival of mysticism to think of them as realities. The words of scorn which are thrown at the head of the Preacher when he speaks of a law of nature as a reality, are equally applicable to every lawyer when he applies similar language to the laws of man. Acts of Parliament are nothing but sheets of paper with certain shapes upon them indicated by printer's ink. They are supposed in England to be read once, twice, thrice, by two separate assemblies of men, and a clerk in one of them speaks the words 'La Reine le veut,' whereupon the sheet of paper is called a law. But this is a mere abstract idea, and we are all mere ignoramuses when we speak of it as a reality. A policeman is a reality because he has an objective existence, and a judge is a reality because he also is a substance, wears a wig, sits upon a chair, and by the breath of his mouth can get the policeman to carry off a criminal to a prison or the gallows. Out of these concrete things and realities the mind constructs an abstract idea to which it gives the name of law. But modern science knows that law is not a thing, and not being a thing it can have no reality.

The thousands who crowd St. Paul's Cathedral to listen with instruction and delight to the teaching of its Pulpit need not be in the least disturbed by this far-off thunder from the Chair. On the contrary, it would perhaps be well if, when the sermon is over, they should spend a little time in criticising the lecture. They may do so with all the greater confidence, because, in this case, the Professor does not speak from a chair which is his own. To dispute with Professor Huxley on any question of Biology would, for most of us, be as presumptuous as to dispute with Sir Joshua Reynolds on a question of art, or with Sir Isaac Newton on a question of mathematics. But in problems of metaphysics or philosophy he speaks only with the authority which belongs to an acute and powerful mind when dealing with subjects in which other minds, equally powerful and equally acute, have differed, and do now differ widely. There

is no man living who is entitled to speak on behalf of modern science and to declare that it can take no cognisance of anything outside the beggarly elements of the Positive Philosophy. Modern science is a convenient phrase for a vast mass of research and of observation, of reasoning and of reflection, of proof and of speculation. It is pre-eminently an abstract,—a very abstract idea indeed; yet the Professor handles it as if it were a thing, a reality, a living Oracle, speaking with an audible voice, and speaking always one thing. No bolder exercise of Realism has ever been indulged in by any Schoolman. But if modern science could verily be thus incarnated—if it could be embodied in a person—and subjected to cross-examination in a court of justice, I doubt very much whether it would be able to defend itself against the terrible accusation of treating purely mental conceptions as ‘things,’ or as realities. Abstractions such as ‘modern science,’ when thus personified, are generally promoted to the dignity of the female sex. But no amount of tenderness or respect in our treatment of her would be of any avail to conceal the fact that she has not been always on her guard against the insidious approach of ‘Universals.’ It is needless to ask her what she has made of the old and everlasting problems presented by our abstract conceptions of space and time—how far she has repelled them, how far she has admitted them to her constant society, and treated them as ‘beings,’ without whose companionship her own life would be a blank. Has she ever asked the question, or, if she has asked it, has she ever solved it—how far these conceptions have any ‘objective existence’? But, without pressing her too hard on this point, there are other questions which must be put, and which I am afraid would make poor modern science ‘tremble like a guilty thing surprised.’ It may have been out of unavoidable necessity that she has consorted so much with the primal abstractions,

Which be they what they may,
Are yet the common light of all our day.

But what has she been doing more than this, and in the same direction? How has she been behaving towards a younger generation of abstractions? I am afraid it could not be denied that she has been giving birth to an immense family of Universals, each of them having all the features of its venerable parents. She has been herself busily and incessantly engaged in rearing and educating a perfect swarm of children of the same class and type.

Dropping the personification of modern science, to which Professor Huxley resorts with such easy familiarity, and treating the phrase ‘modern science’ as simply a convenient abstraction for a vast multitude of men who for some two hundred years have been working at the problems presented by nature, on the methods prescribed by the inductive philosophy,—the very first fact that stares us in the

face is that abstract ideas have been constantly the first incentive to inquiry,—the principal instruments of investigation,—and, in the end, the highest triumphs of research. So far from keeping strictly to the substantial and the concrete, modern science has been dissolving into the purest abstractions almost everything that the ancient world considered most tangible and real. What has become of heat? Modern science tells us that the true conception of it is a ‘mode of motion.’ What has become of light? That too is resolved into the same category;—so are magnetism and electricity. Colour, of course, follows suit, being only one of the phenomena of light. What can be more abstract than the new conception of force, and of energy, with its distinctions of ‘kinetic’ and ‘potential’? What can be more abstract than the concepts of ‘conservation’ and of dissipation as applied to energy? What more abstract than the idea of motion as separate, or ‘disparate’ from the matter—or the ‘mass’—to which it is imparted? Can any of these be called ‘things;’ and, if they cannot, are they, or are they not, unreal? Modern science is crammed full of the like results. Every year it is becoming more and more intensely metaphysical—presenting to us abstract conceptions of the mind as the very highest realities to which we can attain. Mechanics are full of them, chemistry lives upon them, demanding our belief not only in ‘atoms,’ but in the mysterious ideas of ‘valency,’ of ‘selective affinity,’ and many others. And even if the forms which these ideas take are temporary and provisional—even if they be in this respect the mere scaffoldings of thought—none the less are they the only steps by which the mind can climb the hills of knowledge; none the less surely do they point and lead the way, as indicative of the processes by which alone the intellect can assimilate and appropriate the highest truths of nature.

And here we come upon a passage in Professor Huxley’s article which reveals, I think, the central fallacy of his attack upon the Preacher. He says that the goal for the Schoolmen was ‘how far the universe is the manifestation of a rational order;’ and he adds, ‘So far as I am aware, the object of modern science may be expressed in the same terms.’ Nothing can be better, because nothing can be truer than this definition of all real science. But by a ‘rational order’ we must understand an order which is perceivable and intelligible to all the faculties which make up the rational nature of man. Nobody has a right, in the name of modern science, to pick out a few of these faculties, and to exclude the rest. We have a faculty, for example, of bodily perception, by which we recognise differences of colour; and it is a rational order to this faculty when we arrange objects according to their likeness or contrasts of tint. It makes no difference whatever in the perfect rationality of this arrangement that we may discover that the sense of colour is subjective, and is not in itself a ‘thing.’ There are men whose subjectivity in this

respect is faulty, and who cannot distinguish between the colour of a holly-leaf and the colour of a holly-berry, except, perhaps, as marked by different shades of green. But this defective vision imports no doubt into our minds as to the truth of our own perceptions, or of the reality of the distinctions which they indicate. The only effect of such abnormal facts is to indicate a larger and a higher truth in respect to colour—namely this, that the word expresses not one thing, but a relation between several things. And this is a truth of profound significance, because the relation which is indicated is that kind of relation which we know as adaptation or adjustment. Colour, in the very process of being resolved into a group of sensations in us, is revealed, further, to be the result of an adjustment between certain qualities in external things and a very highly elaborated optic apparatus in ourselves. Professor Huxley is himself obliged to call in to his aid the faculty of ‘belief’ to account for the sensation of colour. He says that we ‘believe’ that sensation ‘to be caused by luminiferous vibrations.’ But here, again, we see other long vistas of rational order opened out by this analysis of perception, of logic, and of belief. We cannot but observe that the least touch of colour-blindness incapacitates a man for some occupations in life; and this fact suggests to us farther that a very little aggravation of colour-blindness would extend the incapacity immensely, and that some easily conceivable degrees of it would make all work impossible. The same line of reflection—strictly rational—reveals the same principle in respect to other faculties. We have one faculty which is cognisant of the bigness or littleness of things—of the extent to which they occupy space; we have another which observes and distinguishes things according to their hardness or softness—their capacity of resistance to pressure or the application of force. Again, we have another which takes cognisance of structure—of crystallisation, for example, in the mineral kingdom, and of organisation in the animal world. So far, probably, there would be no dispute. The reduction of phenomena to a ‘rational order’ according to these several faculties of recognition would be admitted by all as the proper work of modern science. But then we come to other faculties of our rational nature, equally distinct, equally emphatic in their recognitions, equally cognisant of things, and of the relations between them. For example, we have faculties which take cognisance of the relations between structure and function. We see it in certain cases, and we do not see it in others, or we see it only doubtfully and obscurely. In crystals we do not generally see any relation between structure and utility. But in all organisms this relation is the prominent and governing relation which alone can translate the facts of nature into a rational order for us. Then, again, having in our own minds the faculties of design, of foresight, of mechanical invention, and having the power of combining all these

faculties to some speciality of purpose, we instantly and instinctively recognise this relation also between the facts of animal structure and the facts of animal function. Professor Huxley himself introduces us, in describing them, to a new and higher kind of rational order when he tells us that seeds and eggs 'begin to perform actions which contribute towards a certain end.' It is true that the ends he specifies are proximate and not ulterior. None the less does the very word import the realistic presentation of a purely intellectual conception. We see the 'ends towards which the egg begins to act—namely, the maintenance of the individual in the first place, and of the species in the second.' But the idea of 'ends' being once introduced, becomes in itself a germ, and a most fruitful seed. It develops in the rational humus of the mind,—strikes deep its roots,—and pushes up into a tree with innumerable limbs, and boughs, and branches.

At this point, however, we hear some voices behind us calling on us to stop. 'Modern science,' these voices tell us, 'will not allow you to go so far.' Your rational order must not aspire beyond the work done by those of your faculties which take cognisance only of "things," of realities—that is to say, of sensible qualities, of things having an objective existence.' To which voices our decided reply must be—a desire that they should cease their clamour, and a farther remonstrance which might be expressed somewhat thus:—'We have got hold of the idea that the highest realities in nature are not things in themselves, but things in their relations with other things and with our own intellectual powers. Modern science itself admits this to be true, and has been teaching it more and more. It has been revealing to us abstractions, and nothing but abstractions, one rising above another, and it has been suggesting others which we have separate rational faculties enabling us to recognise at once. Your denunciation of these faculties as non-scientific, and of their rational work, rests on some dogma of your own which is more irrational than any that have ever emanated from Schoolmen or from Popes. Gentlemen, Professors, do go back to your chairs. Give us more facts—more! more! more! You can't give us too many. Let your facts be as transcendental as you like, as full as you please of the most subtle and abstract intellectual conceptions, of "valencies" and "potencies" and "homologies," of single bits of bone which are "representative" of complicated structures, of organs which are, and which yet are not, which are "rudiments" or "survivals," which are aborted or "incipient"—tell us of all these ideas, as they may occur to you, and tell us that they are all "things"—all realities, all facts, in the sense of modern science. We shall accept them all, we shall swallow them all, we shall digest them all, assimilating whatever may be good and true in them into the substance and work of our intellectual nature. We shall object to none of them because of their pro-

nounced Idealism—because of their purely mental texture. On the contrary, we know that we are living in a World of Mind, and that the only possible reduction of its facts to a “rational order” must be a reduction effected in the light of Mind. The faculties with which you correlate the facts are high, but they are not the highest. You must not interfere with our further interpretations of them. Still less must you pretend to condemn these further interpretations as non-scientific because they are not the work of the particular faculties which you happen to like the best, or which it is your business to exercise the most. If you speak to us at all on this subject, you must speak to us with argument and with accurate reasoning, not pretending to authority; because in these matters you have none.’

How little we can trust to this authority is well illustrated in some other parts of Professor Huxley’s lecture on the sermon. Having found fault with the Preacher for using the word ‘law’ as if it were a ‘thing,’ he specifies the error, by further explaining it to consist in the idea that a law of nature is a ‘being endowed with certain powers, in virtue of which the phenomena expressed by that law are brought about.’ In contrast with this erroneous and realistic view he explains that a law of nature, in the scientific sense, is the product of a mental operation upon the facts of nature which come under our observation, and has no more existence outside the mind than colour has.’ The law of gravitation, the Professor further tells us, ‘is a statement of the manner in which experience shows that bodies which are free to move do in fact move towards each other.’ Here we have what I conceive to be an extravagant representation of Idealism as a metaphysical doctrine in respect to physical facts, and an unphilosophical exclusion of some intellectual conceptions which must be noted and expressed in any adequate account of facts even under the idealistic system. It is quite true that the word ‘law’ is often used in science for a mere observed order of facts, without any element of causation to which that order can be traced. But it is not true that this is the only sense in which ‘law’ is used in modern science. Very often it is used not only as indicative of an observed order of facts, but also as indicative of some force which accounts for that order, and determines it. For example, Professor Huxley’s definition will answer tolerably well for the famous ‘Three Laws of Kepler’ in respect to the planetary motions. Those laws were an observed order of facts, and nothing more. But this definition does not apply to—at least it is not adequate or complete as a definition of—the law on the same subject which was subsequently discovered by Sir Isaac Newton. That law indicated not only an observed order of facts, but it indicated a causal connection between the facts discovered by Kepler and some force to which that observed order had been really due, and of which the Kepler Laws had been a

necessary result. It is of course true that the law of gravitation is itself not an ultimate truth, and that, as it accounted for the Laws of Kepler, so itself also needs to be accounted for. But, none the less is it clear that it contains an element which Kepler's Laws did not contain—even an element of causation, the recognition of which belongs to a higher category of intellectual conception than that which is concerned in the mere observation and record of separate and apparently unconnected facts.

And here again we encounter a criticism on the Preacher which is altogether unphilosophical and unjust. The Preacher spoke of the 'suspension of a lower law by the intervention of a higher,' adding that 'every time we lift our arms we defy the laws of gravitation.' On this (no doubt) somewhat metaphorical language the Professor pours supreme contempt. He denounces the idea of there being a 'graduated hierarchy' in the Laws of Nature, and likens the language of the Preacher to the notion that 'high laws can suspend low laws, as a bishop may suspend a curate.' Nevertheless the Preacher was perfectly justified in assuming that there is a gradation of dignity and importance in what we call the Laws of Nature. In Professor Huxley's own special branch of knowledge there are well-known distinctions of structure to which the words 'higher' and 'lower' are habitually applied, and are capable of a strictly scientific explanation. Simple structures are considered the lower; more complex structures are considered and called the higher. Other phrases are in use to express the distinction under other aspects. The more 'generalised' structures are the lower; the more 'specialised' are the higher. The recognition of a mental element is involved throughout. Moreover, it is strange that the Professor does not see that this idea of rank and precedence among the Laws of Nature is directly connected with the prominence of that mental element in them which his own philosophy in some aspects seems to dwell most upon, and almost to exaggerate. The higher we place the mental element in our conception of natural laws, the more obvious is it that we have a scale by which to estimate their relative rank in the order of nature. Those are the lower laws which the lower and simpler faculties of our own minds are sufficient to reach, and in a measure to understand. Those, again, are the higher Laws of Nature which none but the higher faculties of our own intellectual organisation are competent to grasp or to comprehend. This competence depends on a relation between the law and the faculty which apprehends it. If the Professor denies that even in our own mental constitution there are any faculties which are lower or higher than another, we can only appeal to the universal instincts of human consciousness, and leave him to his paradox. This relation between the facts of Nature and the special faculties in ourselves which alone can deal with them, is one aspect of things in which a scale exists according

to which it involves no absurdity whatever to speak of one natural law being higher than another.

But this is not the only sense in which the Preacher's language is fully justified. The scale of mind is applicable not only to the perception, to the discovery, or to the comprehension of laws, in the sphere of contemplation, but also to the actual intervention of mind in the sphere of action. The law of gravitation, which pulls a man's body to the ground, is unquestionably a much more simple and elementary law than that which is expressed in the energies of the human Will working through the wonderfully complicated machinery of his organic apparatus. Of course, in the strictest and most literal senses of the words, the forces of gravitation are not 'defied' by the energies of the organism, because never even for a moment do the forces of gravitation cease to act, or to do in some measure their appropriate work. Gravity never ceases to pull a Balloon downwards, even when it is floating above the clouds. Gravity is not only always acting upon Birds when they seem to 'defy' it, but—more than this—it is one of the main agents in the working of the wonderful machinery of flight. But the Preacher must know this as well as the Professor, and there is an obvious popular sense, not scientifically erroneous, in which it may be said of one force that it is 'defied' when the human Will brings in another force to counteract it. The truth is that the Preacher's language is defective, not in giving too much 'reality' to a purely intellectual conception, but in failing to give to it half enough. The true reality in the case lies in an intellectual conception higher in the scale of rational order. Gravity is not defied. It is simply used. It is not treated as an enemy. But it is treated as a servant. It is harnessed and subordinated, and yoked to work. This is the highest generalisation—the most eminent reality. At all events, the Preacher's language is a far more complete and adequate statement of the phenomena than the formula which the Professor substitutes as the scientific method of describing them. He tells us that 'the general store of energy in the universe is working doubtless to bring the man's arm down; but the particular fraction of that energy which is working through certain of his nervous and muscular organs is tending to drive it up; and more energy being expended on the arm in the upward than in the downward direction, the arm goes up accordingly.' This is a remarkable example of those formulæ of the Positive Philosophy which seem expressly devised to cover up and conceal from our own sight some of the most salient of the phenomena we are pretending to describe. Dickens once ridiculed the red-tapist formulæ under which administrative action was delayed—formulæ under which men were taught 'how not to do it.' We need another Dickens to ridicule the formulæ which paralyse our perceptions of intellectual truth by teaching men 'how not to see it.' The Professor's

scientific description confounds under one common abstraction—as abstract as the whole universe of space—the constant and purely physical force of gravitation with the intermittent, voluntary, and purely mental action of the human Will. And then, what are we to think of the consistency of a Professor who scolds a Preacher for assuming the reality of such an ‘Universal’ as the idea of a law, and in the next breath talks to us of the ‘Store of energy in the Universe’? Was there ever such an abstraction as this idea? I am not denying its significance as such. It may even be a necessity of thought. But it is Realism with a vengeance to handle such a conception as the Professor handles it. What does he know about the Universe? Are all the necessities of our thought to be treated with such certainty as the highest expressions of reality in matters purely physical, and the next moment to be ridiculed in ‘inextinguishable laughter,’ when they deal with conceptions related to faculties which are higher? Is it true science, is it true philosophy—does it reduce things to any rational order, to describe the movements of a meteor under the same phraseology as the movements of the human heart, intellect, and Will?

No one knows better than Professor Huxley that all this is a mere play on words, which pretends to bridge over the deepest gulf that exists in nature by the affectation of taking no notice of it. Modern science may say what it likes—if this be indeed its voice—but in the interpretation of nature there is no more mortal sin than the wilful confounding of her distinctions. In these lie her richest secrets—in our recognition of these lies all hope of reaching her greatest treasures. When we kneel down and put our ear to nature to listen to her divine music, we must try to catch not only every note, but every tone and semitone and overtone, and all the transitions between them, if we desire to enjoy and to understand her harmonies to the full. I recollect many years ago hearing one of Sir Richard Owen’s lectures in the College of Surgeons—a lecture which dealt with some very Darwinian facts quite in the spirit of Darwin himself, although it was long before the publication of the *Origin of Species*. In that lecture of the great comparative anatomist these fine words occurred:—‘Nature never proclaims her secrets with a loud voice, but always whispers them.’ If it be true, as it assuredly is, that in the very finest and most subtle of her distinctions the very deepest of her truths are to be detected, what shall we say of a philosophy which confounds the Organic with the Inorganic, and refusing to take note of a difference so profound, assumes to explain under one common abstraction the movements due to gravitation and the movements due to the mind of man? In his own special department of investigation no man knows this better, or attends to it more faithfully, than Professor Huxley. In that highest branch of science which anatomises the phenomena of organic

structures, its professors have been compelled to invent a new and most complicated nomenclature to enable them to follow or to indicate, even rudely, the almost infinite fineness of the distinctions on which their intelligibility depends. The questions which they put to nature, and to themselves, are in the highest degree metaphysical, resolving everything into the most purely intellectual conceptions, and handling familiarly, as if they were the most solid substances, subtleties of relation which are far more difficult to grasp than the theological subtleties of Erigena or of Abelard, of Ockham or of Albert, of Duns Scotus or of Thomas Aquinas. Let us not complain of either, nor be impatient of them. In both regions of thought we are in the presence of a world of infinite complexity, and we are struggling to understand it with powers most inadequate to the work. What we should have a good right to complain of—what we ought to regard with jealousy and even with aversion—is any attempt to conceal from us the real difficulties of interpretation, and the minute differences of fact, by hiding them under empty and deceptive phrases.

(Of this there cannot be a better example than the further attempt made by Professor Huxley in his article to expel from the language of philosophy all the forms of speech which express the grand distinction that obtains between the phenomena of life and the phenomena of pure physics. He falls foul of the well-known and familiar words—such as life, vitality, &c.—in which we group together and classify the first of these two great classes, and separate it from the other. He denounces, as so many disciples of the Positive Philosophy have done before, the conception embodied in the words ‘vital force.’ I have dealt elsewhere⁴ somewhat at length with this fallacy, and as yet I have seen no answer to the defence of words which cannot and ought not to be dispensed with. I can only repeat here that the rule which should govern the use of language in such matters seems to me to be very plain. Every phenomenon or group of phenomena which is clearly separable from all others, in conception, ought to have a name as separate and distinctive as itself. To speak of a ‘watch force’ (which is the false analogy usually drawn) would be absurd, because the force by which a watch goes is not separable from the force by which many other mechanical movements are effected. That force is simply the elasticity of a coiled spring. But the phenomena of life are not due to any force which can be fully and definitely expressed in other words. It is not merely chemical, nor merely mechanical, nor merely electrical, nor reducible to any other rude, simple, or elementary conception. The popular use, therefore, which keeps up separate words to designate the distinctive phenomena of life, is a use which is correct. There is nothing more fallacious in philosophy than the endeavour by mere tricks of lan-

⁴ *The Unity of Nature*, chap. i. pp. 36-7.

guage to suppress and keep out of sight the distinctions which nature proclaims emphatically. And if anything could lead us to cling more closely to the forms of expression in which the peculiar facts of organic life have been clothed by the universal understanding of mankind, it would be the contrast presented by the other forms which the Professor puts before us as more consistent with modern science. The true philosophy, he says, is to speak of 'living bodies' as 'exhibiting certain activities of a definite character.' Yes. But why should not this 'definite character' have a definite name assigned to it? And what kind of science is it that calls upon us to classify together under the common name of an 'activity' the prelections of the Professor and the effervescence of a soda-water bottle?

The truth is that the distinguished Professor has been amusing himself with a metaphysical exercitation, or logomachy. He stands, perhaps, foremost among our scientific men for minute accuracy of observation among the finest and the most purely intellectual distinctions which are involved, and as it were embodied, in the history and development of organic forms. If he were to catch anybody else confounding any of those distinctions, the Professor, I feel sure, would be down upon him at once. Yet he scolds the Preacher because he takes due notice of some of the profoundest differences which nature presents to the mind of man. If some young student in Biology were to blunder about 'the mutual relationships of the various vertebrate blastoderms'—if he were to bungle in his discriminations between 'epiblast' and 'hypoblast' and 'mesoblast,' or between the structures which are developed out of each, the Professor would probably scold such student as a dunce. But the Preacher who refuses to confound distinctions incomparably wider, the Professor denounces as exhibiting 'pseudo-science.' Knowledge is that which he promotes in his own department. But absolute, almost stupid, nescience is that which he would impose upon the Pulpit. This teaching would be of no greater moment than ten thousand other logomachies of a revived and a somewhat corrupted Scholasticism, were it not possible that thousands who have no time to study science or to follow its ultimate bearings on philosophy, may be troubled by the thought that one on whose lips they often hang has been deluding them with bad science and with false philosophy. Let them be reassured. The mind of the Preacher is as acute as the mind of the Professor, and, on this occasion at least, the Pulpit has been far more philosophical than the Chair. It is quite certain that the philosophy of nescience has nothing to offer to mankind, unless it be some lessons of caution, which are hardly needed. Whatever may be its merits, it cannot be denied that it comes to us vacant-handed, offering to the world nothing but an empty house, and a deserted temple. And yet I would pour no scorn on the agnostic attitude, least of all when it is represented by

such a mind as that of Professor Huxley. It may be the purest love of truth that is most tempted to ask for the light of demonstration, and to forget that in all the nearest and dearest concerns of life this is not the kind of evidence on which we have to think and feel, or to believe and act. The beginning of his recent article shows how open are his sympathies with other men and other minds, now comparatively forgotten, but whose names were once household words in Europe—the glories of the Cloister and the pillars of the Church. Well may he ridicule the idea that the Schoolmen were wholly concerned with pure emptiness, that they lived in nothing but a ‘millennium of moonshine.’ It is somewhat disappointing, however, to find Professor Huxley, after such appreciative expressions, assigning to those men no higher function in the world than that ‘of grinding and sharpening the dialectical implements of our race.’ It ought to be conceded that they did far more than this, when we find that many of the noblest and profoundest passages in one of the greatest poems,—if it be not the very greatest,—of all time, are passages taken directly by Dante from the philosophy of the great Dominican of Acquino. Professor Huxley speaks in gentler tones, and in a truer voice, when he tells us that the Schoolmen ‘devoted their faculties to the elucidation of problems which were to them, and indeed are to us, the most serious which life has to offer.’ Still more touching and instructive, as coming from one of the foremost Professors of physical science in our day, are the words which follow. When speaking of the explorer of Nature now, as compared with the explorer then, the Professor says: ‘The hills he has to climb, the ravines he has to avoid, look very much the same; there is the same infinite space above and the same abyss of the unknown below; the means of travelling are the same, and the goal is the same.’ More than this, Professor Huxley’s own teaching has had in it generally a reserve, a caution, and a comparative reverence, which have been wanting in many others, and which are worthy of the profound science he has done so much to widen—the science that deals with the abodes of life. In the muddy torrent of bad physics and worse metaphysics which has been rushing past us under the name of Darwinism, Professor Huxley has kept his feet. In the fumes of worship and of incense raised before the fetish of a Phrase⁵ he has kept his head. What strength this may need can best be estimated by the fact that even a man so eminent as Mr. Herbert Spencer has lately been compelled to speak with bated breath in this Review,⁶ when humbly venturing to suggest that possibly after all, ‘natural selection’ is not a perfect or complete explanation of all the

⁵ ‘Natural selection.’

⁶ See the significant and instructive articles on ‘The Factors of Organic Evolution,’ by Mr. Herbert Spencer, published in the *Nineteenth Century* for the months of April and May 1886.

wonders of organic life. It was high time indeed that some revolt should be raised against that Reign of Terror which had come to be established in the scientific world under the abuse of a great name. Professor Huxley has not joined this revolt openly, for as yet indeed it is only beginning to raise its head. But more than once—and very lately—he has uttered a warning voice against the shallow dogmatism which has provoked it. The time is coming when that revolt will be carried further. Higher interpretations will be established. Unless I am much mistaken, they are already coming into sight.

ARGYLL.

THE TRUE POSITION OF FRENCH POLITICS.

I.

THAT the immense majority of Frenchmen should not understand the first word of English politics is a fact deeply to be deplored; we are two neighbouring nations who have, in many circumstances, great interests in common. This, however, may be accounted for. So long as a tunnel does not connect France with England, my countrymen will consider the journey to London as a regular journey. Now, it is evident, as with individuals, nations can only get to know one another by frequent acquaintance. But what, on the other hand, is more difficult to explain, is the fact that Englishmen who travel from London to Paris as easily as we travel from Paris to Versailles, should remain so absolutely ignorant, with very rare exceptions, of matters concerning our politics. We have, all the year round, the pleasure of meeting here with a great many Englishmen, and they all deserve the judgment of the Scripture—they have eyes and see not, and ears but hear not.

And, what is worse, though it is but a natural corollary of every species of ignorance, they pretend to have seen and heard well, and therefore do not hesitate to express decisive opinions about us, and get angry when they are respectfully told they are mistaken after having themselves been deceived.

Whether concerning our character or our politics, theirs is the old story of Sterne's sentimental traveller, who, meeting on the quay, in Calais, a red-haired Picard, imagines that the hair of every French-woman is of the same carotey hue. In the time of the *bal Mabille* nine Englishmen out of ten judged our home life from the night brawls and eccentric quadrilles in which their book-makers and drunken jockeys took a prominent part on Grand Prix nights; this same process you continue making use of in regard to our politics.

Where do English people (present company always, and naturally, excepted) study our public affairs and statesmen? I will not hesitate to declare that they derive their means of information from the *Figaro*.

We have in Paris at least half-a-dozen newspapers carefully and conscientiously edited, from which, due allowance once given to party prejudices, a stranger might make himself acquainted with the true position of our affairs.

If any one of these newspapers is read in London by more than twenty-five people (not reckoning the French colony), I will undertake to read, for six months, nothing but German metaphysics. The *Figaro* alone is the favourite paper. Heaven forbid that I should say a word against it! I know how charming, exciting, and exhilarating Parisian gossip is, and I know also that the asphalt of the boulevards gives an appearance of wit to the flattest rubbish which in Brussels and Carpentras would appear what it really is—absolutely idiotic and coarse. But because this gossiping is good to pass an hour, is that a reason to consider the scraps of politics which slip among those heaps of nonsense as though they were taken from the Scriptures? Now, that is just what you are doing, dear neighbours of ours. There is in the *Figaro* one political writer who is gifted with sound common sense. I mean M. Magnard. You take no notice whatever of his *entrefilets*, which, although sceptical and full of spite, are withal sensible enough. On the other hand, all the puffed-up nonsense which a Granlieu or an Ignotus can spurt out is greedily swallowed up by you, as though every bit of it were an article of faith.

Perhaps you will think that I look at the smallest side of things. My answer is, with Spencer and Stuart Mill, that there are no small sides, and that those reasons which are often called small are the true reasons. I quote a proof. We have in France a number of writers of very great merit, who make the mistake of being rather too modest. Do you know them? No. But you do know the literary mountebanks for which the *presse boulevardière* writes *réclames* as shameless as they are interested. Our savants, our philosophers, our philologists write and publish works which are frequently of the highest order; but as *Figaro* takes no notice of them you do not so much as suspect their existence. But if at the shop of some scandalmonger one of those shameless novels should appear which not even a monkey could read without a blush, and which are excluded from our homes, lo! the title of that book and the name of its author will immediately hover over every British lip. *Roma locuta esse*—*Figaro* has spoken; and you exclaim chorus-like, What a horrid race those French people are!

I will not say that we do not treat you in the same way, and I am not in the least proud of it. But if this state of things is correct—and it really is so—is it surprising that such misunderstandings should divide two nations made to appreciate and, at all events, to know each other?

II.

If experience, too—and I say nothing of that of the past, but of more recent date—were of any avail! But it is not. *Figaro* persistently deceives you. You will condescend to own that you were taken in; after which, with a pleasure ever renewed and a candour ever fresh, you allow yourselves to be deceived once more. Allow me to remind you of the last two instances.

Eighteen months ago we had in France general elections. Thanks to the culpable division of the Republicans, thanks also to the slanderous reports spread against the Tonkin expedition, two hundred Monarchists succeeded in forcing their way into the Chamber of Deputies.

Thereupon the *Figaro* began to trumpet forth a hymn in favour of the coming Restoration, to the celebrated tune of *La Belle Hélène*: 'Le roi barbu qui s'avance;' and you took it all in. For three whole months the English press unanimously echoed this *De profundis* of the Republic. Meanwhile the feud among our Republicans had to some extent abated, and the Monarchists of the House, incapable even of proposing in due form the restoration of Monarchy, were discovered to be capable only, after the fashion of your own Irishmen, of parliamentary obstruction.

Scarcely had this demonstration been made, and not without some *éclat*, when the Republican Government, worried by the incessant intrigues of the pretenders, determined upon expelling them. The French nation, wrote the *Figaro*, will energetically condemn this iniquitous, odious measure.

You English people took the word—although in the course of your history, be it under the Commonwealth, the House of Orange, or the House of Brunswick, you never tolerated the presence of the Stuarts in your own country—and you added your protest to the *Figaro's*. A fortnight elapses; our electors are called upon to re-elect one-half of our departmental assemblies; and behold! our Royalists suffer a defeat which culminates in a disaster. The measure which was to shake the foundations of the Republic strengthened them; so well even that on the morrow several deputies of the Right, and among others M. Raoul Duval and M. Lepoutre, gave their adherence to the constitutional principle.

And now you are less credulous, more on your guard, more careful, are you not? I can hear you protest in the affirmative. Well, then, what is it you are doing, at the very moment I pen these lines?

Still on the faith of *Figaro's* assertions, you are sincerely, loyally convinced that General Boulanger is 'the first man in France.' You say, and you seriously write, that since Napoleon at the zenith of his power, and Lafayette in 1830, no man has ever enjoyed in

France a popularity comparable to that of General Boulanger, and that he is, with the exception of M. de Lesseps, the only one who is really popular with us.* And then, all of a sudden, starting from these premisses, you rush very naturally to the most fanciful and unwarrantable conclusions.

Syllogism 1st: General Boulanger is the most popular man in France. Now the most popular man in France ought to be the head of the Government: therefore, M. Boulanger will be ere long the head of the Republic.

Syllogism 2nd: The head of the Government, when he happens to be a military man, tries to obtain, by means of a war, the consecration of his power. Now General Boulanger is about to be made the head of the Republic: therefore, France will go to war with Germany.

Those who contributed to spreading among you the first mistake, and inducing you to believe in it—viz. the mistake which forms the basis of the syllogism—protest now vainly and with much wit and sagacity against your deductions. You had taken their word when they were mistaken, and now you will not believe them when they are right.

III.

So let us come to General Boulanger. We have determined to speak of him as little as we can in French newspapers. An ingenious writer has even gone the length of proposing to impose a fine on any journalist who should venture to write down the General's name. However, as the public abroad have not yet formed as decided an opinion as we have in France, I ought to say something about him here. You may rest assured that I shall not run him down. It cannot be expected that, in an English Review, I should speak ill of a man who wears the French uniform, and who is for the time being at the head of our army.

This is the *thema*: 'General Boulanger enjoys an immense popularity; no doubt this popularity does not rest like that of Lafayette on a revolution, like Bonaparte's on victories, or like Gambetta's on his country's honour saved by him. Its only *raison d'être*, like the South Sea Bubble, is an undefined confidence, a mysterious expectation. But this makes it all the deeper and the stronger.' I allow myself to deny these assertions. I will set aside General Boulanger himself; his political acts, which have been sharply, and very properly, criticised; his qualifications as a military man, the value of which no one as yet has had an opportunity of gauging. For, be it said in passing, to assert that Gambetta considered him as one of the four best generals of the French army is to commit a grievous slip of memory. Several of my friends and myself frequently conversed with Gambetta on military matters. Now he never said to any of these friends a word about General

Boulanger, which would be very strange if he really held that officer (but recently promoted, by the Duc d'Aumale's proposal, to the rank of *Général de Brigade*) in such high estimation. And I must add that when, in the months of August and September 1881, Gambetta, before assuming the Presidency of the Council, suggested to M. de Freycinet, who consented, at the time, to be civilian Minister of War, these two statesmen reviewed the list of officers in command who were thought qualified to occupy a higher post, and (I am in a position to affirm) the name of General Boulanger was not mentioned.

But I will say no more about this, and come to the main point of interest. Well, certainly I acknowledge that General Boulanger enjoys a good amount of popularity: (1) among the rank and file, because he has shown a praiseworthy desire to improve their condition; (2) among a certain number of young officers, because he himself is still young; (3) among certain Members of Parliament, because he is often willing to yield to their requests; (4) among the extreme sections of large towns, because he is on intimate terms with the *Intransigants* leaders, and also because of his excellent horsemanship. But this popularity, which is indisputable, is nevertheless, in regard to the notoriety of the general, what one is to one hundred. It would be superfluous to show that notoriety and popularity differ as essentially as a figure differs from a number. To be a man much talked of is not a common lot; it is in fact a good deal; still that cannot be called popularity.

It cannot, indeed, be denied that in current conversation General Boulanger is much talked about, and that the papers mention his name very frequently. But, without wishing the comparison to be offensive, if that be sufficient to constitute popularity, who could have been more popular than the novelist Pons du Terrail or Mlle. Sarah Bernhard or M. Constant Coquelin? General Boulanger enjoys an immense and unexpected notoriety, this is unquestionable; but I cannot help repeating what I know to be the fact from experience—notoriety is one thing, and popularity another. It is because people do not take the trouble to distinguish between the two nouns, and the two things, that they made the mistake which I have been endeavouring to point out. I naturally allude only to *bonâ-fide* publicists, not to those *reptiles* who pocket a stipend to write things which serve their patron's purpose, whatever that be. And this is so true that, from a political standpoint (the only one I can take, as I am not qualified to touch upon military and technical ground; besides which, it would be too ridiculous on the part of a civilian to declare, before the terrible experience of battle, that such and such an officer is or is not a great general)—this, I say, is so true that, excepting the *boulevard* loungers or the *gens du monde*, who in *salons* talk at random of everyone and

everything, there is not one political man with any faith in the political future of General Boulanger, nor is there a single senator or Republican deputy, not one, willing to admit that General Boulanger, or any other Minister of War of the future, be it General Saussier, General Lewal, General Delebecque, General Campenon, or General Davoust, can ever in our Republican France play a political part. The moment a War Minister should presume to discard his special duties, and venture to exercise a political influence by the weight of his sword, would be that of his ruin: the Republican party would immediately and unanimously thrust him back into obscurity and oblivion. M. Clémenceau would be the first to do it; he said it, in so many words, in *La Justice*, and the article in which the leader of the Extreme Left expressed clearly his opinion on the subject appeared on the very day when a similar expression of views was published in the *République française*, in words nearly identical.

In our parliamentary constitution, Parliament determines in reality the choice of the President of the Council, and appoints the President of the Republic. Can anyone, in the condition of things as stated in these pages, see a plausible reason for raising to the highest magistracy of the country a man who may possibly be a good Minister of War (and this point is not under discussion), but who would not be accepted to play any political part by any of our parliamentary leaders? If so, it is a mistake, one more delusion which must be considered as entirely out of the range of political appreciations abroad.

But how is the error to be explained?

By two essential causes. First cause: Nations, even the most forward in civilisation and democracy, experience the childish desire of personifying their hopes in the name of one man. Now, there was rather a scarcity of prominent men at the very time when a succession of fortuitous circumstances brought General Boulanger to the Ministry of War. Gambetta had died, and after him Chanzy, Victor Hugo, and Admiral Courbet. With all his skill, M. de Freycinet had never succeeded in appealing to the heart and to the imagination of the country. M. Léon Say, who was but one man in an eminent but limited *groupe*, lived a more or less voluntarily secluded life. The elections of the 4th of October had crushed M. Brisson's expectations. M. Ferry was still bearing the heavy brunt of the Tonkin expedition, to which now people begin to render due justice. M. Clémenceau had allowed his opportunity to slip, and was just at the time the subject of much distrust, in addition to which it must be acknowledged that his political *bagage* was and is rather scanty. Just then General Boulanger was caracoling his black charger in the Champs-Élysées. This *cheval de cirque* proved the right horse in the right place.

Second cause: There was at that precise hour a great stir in the Republican party in favour of the army. Up to the time of the Tonkin expedition it had been a defeated army—gloriously defeated, true, but nevertheless defeated. Now the splendid enterprise aimed at and carried out in the far East had shown that our young army was, among all armies, both strong and valiant. It had brought back victory to our standards. When the political passions began to cool down, that army which had given to France Tunis and East Indo-China became surprisingly popular, and the head of the army took his share in this popularity. Had his name been Lewal, Thibaudin, Thoumas, Février, instead of Boulanger, matters would have been exactly the same. The cheers raised on the 14th of July, 1886, when the army of Tonkin was reviewed, were intended for the heroes of that expedition—viz. for Négrier, Dominié, Brière de l'Isle, Borgnis-Desborde. These cheers the present Minister of War intercepted. This was all, but I do not deny that it was a great deal.

IV.

The Boulanger legend has, in regard to the internal affairs of France, given rise to that collection of vague reports, of uncertain *racontars*, of silly table-talk which made Castelar say on his last visit to Paris, 'General Boulanger?—I know him well; he is a Spanish general!' In connection with our external affairs, that same legend has enabled M. de Bismarck to make the foolish, the ill-disposed, and the speculating tribe, which made half Europe believe that the rumour according to which France plans an aggression against Germany was well founded. This false and groundless accusation the Chancellor made use of with the genius which he displays in all things, and it had a threefold result:—

1. The fear of war—the Germans no more than any people which are not absolutely barbarous favour war—will give M. de Bismarck a Reichstag willing to vote the Septennat. Why is the Septennat, in M. de Bismarck's estimation, of capital importance? Not from a military point of view. The Septennat of Marshal von Moltke—the Triennat of M. Richter, the Quinquennat of the Prince Imperial, all these are but different forms of the Eternat. But the Septennat is a bridge thrown between the reign of the old Emperor, who is preparing to take his rest by the side of Barbarossa, and the reign of the coming Kaiser, Princess Victoria's Consort. M. de Bismarck is now in the possession of his bridge.

2. The rumours of war spread all over the world by the German *reptiles* and the *international baissiers* have cost commerce, manufactures, and trade a sum of money which may be valued at least at 100,000,000*l.* This is not paying too much for the pleasure of being agreeable to Prince Bismarck.

3. The position of General Boulanger, as War Minister, was for a couple of weeks materially strengthened. This position, particularly in Parliament, had been much shaken at the beginning of the present year, which made such a poor *début* in the history of the world. The fact that M. de Bismarck should appear to require the dismissal of General Boulanger was sufficient to immediately check the opposition of hostile parties.

Our political parties have many defects, and I can assure you that even your own do *not* beat us in that respect; but this must be said—they are patriotic to the bone. What the great Chancellor *seemed* to require from us (for he never whispered a word on the subject to anyone) was the humiliation of France, the sacrifice not of a gentleman called Boulanger, or Durand, or Dupont, but of the soldier who stands at the head of our army. A deep silence immediately followed, hostility to the general was disarmed, the most deserved reproaches died on the lips of his adversaries, and his friends stopped the fulsome and irritating praises in which they had hitherto freely indulged. As if by a tacit and unanimous understanding, or by a kind of watchword which no one had given, but which all readily accepted, General Boulanger's name was, from that moment, no longer to be mentioned, so long as the storm had not blown over—I mean till the end of the German elections.

The Papal Nuncio at — said the other day: ‘Ah! M. de Bismarck made a great blunder when he mentioned the name of General Boulanger in the Reichstag. I do not say that he raised him on a pedestal—no; but what a splendid advertisement! *Quelle réclame!* It was enough to kill a Yankee with envy!’ And with that *finesse ecclésiastique* so exquisite when blended with the *finesse* of a diplomatist, he added: ‘That is the first *réclame* which General Boulanger has not paid for.’ *We*, everybody else, paid for it!’

Now, is it quite necessary that I should show in this Review that those accusations raised against France were false in every respect? And in saying this I do not speak of the nation itself, so anxious for peace—ay, all the more so, as our army is not an army of mercenaries, but an army including every Frenchman, whether rich or poor, educated or ignorant, capable of handling a gun—in short, every valid man from 18 to 40. Not, indeed, that such an army of citizens should be unable to face heroically the most terrible struggles for the protection of our homes; but a people in which every family is drained of two or three of its members in times of war is naturally loth to rush into hazardous expeditions. No; but I mean General Boulanger himself. When you have seen him on a parade-ground you may call him General Franconi, but when you have conversed with him you would really do him an injury in calling him by the name of General Tranche-Montagne. At the very beginning of the year (January 20) he himself

said to me: 'Any man wishing to go to war is a madman or a criminal, and ought to be made to wear the strait-waistcoat.'

'Ay!' replies M. de Bismarck; 'but not a single minister has been found yet to declare, from the *tribune*, that France renounces forever Alsace and Lorraine.'

Well, no; such a minister has not been found, neither will such a knave ever be found. Our ministers for Foreign Affairs—Republican patriots such as Charles de Rémusat, Waddington, Freycinet, Gambetta, Duclerc, Challemel-Lacour, Ferry, Flourens, or Royalists, who are just as anxious to uphold our national honour, such as De Broglie and Decazes—have all and equally respected the treaty of Frankfort. But who does not admit that there is some distance between that respect and the expected declaration—i.e. the distance which separates legality from disgrace? Would any Englishman advise us to make such a declaration? And because we do not wish to disgrace ourselves, does it follow that we wish to go to war?

Let me open an hypothesis. We have on the Place de la Concorde great stone statues representing the principal towns of France which were raised under Louis-Philippe's reign. One of these is the allegorical figure of Strasbourg. It is the work of Pradier, and the person who stood for the statue was the beautiful Juliette D——, an intimate friend of Victor Hugo, who died less than twelve months before the illustrious poet.

Now let me suppose that M. de Bismarck should say to us, some day or other: 'Strasbourg was given up to Germany in virtue of a treaty in due form, signed by Thiers and Jules Favre; Strasbourg is therefore a German town, and should no longer be among the statues of the French cities, on the Place de la Concorde, which form a circle round the obelisk of Luxor. I request you to suppress that statue.'

Quid? A plain stone statue, for which an actress stood as a model. That is not much. But who will not foresee that, rather than suppress the statue, France, who is anxious, most passionately anxious, for peace, would prefer all the risks of a fearful war, with its hundreds of thousands of men mown down, and its hundreds of thousands of widows and orphans left behind?

Why this? Simply because the honour of our country and that of our glorious history would for that one moment be identified with that statue, and because a nation may sacrifice everything—except its honour.

This ridiculous intimation (I mean that of my hypothesis) would not have materially improved the appearance of the statue of Strasbourg; nor has the speech of M. de Bismarck endeared General Boulanger to the Republicans, who do not appreciate certain proceedings of his. But this speech, given the fact that we are a proud people, could have no other consequences than what it had. However, I do not complain.

In the general attitude France has maintained these six weeks, the silence observed with regard to M. Boulanger has been but a detail; but this attitude was, at the same time, both dignified and high-minded. It has in fact shown the world what an immense progress the public mind has accomplished under the Republican Government within the last fifteen years. Never had a nation, strong and confident in its strength, as it is in its right, been subjected to a more deliberate and more gross provocation. And yet, within that nation, considered as superficial, frivolous, and inconsistent, not one man, not even the least of journalists, however eager he be for noise and excitement, took the slightest notice of these provocations. The Germans wanted a pretext. We did not offer them so much as the shadow of one. They tried hard to make us overstep the limits of our legitimate right. We strictly, persistently, remain within those limits. I venture to believe that from that day the general consensus of the civilised world was on our side.

V.

I will not try to foresee what may happen in France on the morrow of the German electoral crisis which has weighed so heavily over the whole of Europe. Three months ago, I thought that our Chamber of Deputies, divided into three sections nearly equal in strength (Royalist, Republican, Intransigent), could not reach the natural term of its office, and that its days were numbered. Now, I can only say this: So long as external circumstances command it, our patriotic truce will continue.

Before concluding these pages, however, I should like to rectify one point which to me appears very important.

People on your side of the Channel have for some time alleged that France, in present days, entertains very hostile feelings towards England. That has been said on account of some newspaper articles, amongst which some bear my name, where on one occasion I vindicated the claims of France in Egypt, while on another I protested against the ill-will of the British Government, or the English press, in matters connected with Tonkin or Madagascar. I have also ventured to blame (but not so severely as did many of your Liberals and Radicals) the policy pursued by Lord Salisbury in the Bulgarian question. Well, here again two nations, intended to be friends, are being grievously misled.

I must, first of all, reserve the absolute right of *bonâ-fide* criticism. But, because I fail to admire the diplomacy of the Tory Cabinet, it does not necessarily follow that I am inimical to the English people. Again, because I admire the oratorical circumspection of Mr. Gladstone, it does not follow that I must be an Anglophile. And what is true of a French publicist is equally so of an English publicist.

I know one English politician who fails to appreciate M. Jules Ferry to his full value. I do not, on that account, taunt him with Gallophobia. I know another who is very partial to M. Say and M. Clémenceau. Am I for no other reason to conclude that this gentleman would be willing to sacrifice everything for a French alliance? In plain language—hasty generalisations are the great evil. Suppose a French orator or writer to attack an English politician. What will the friends of this gentleman do? They will not say, ‘M. Durand does not like Mr. Smith,’ but, ‘France hates England,’ and the good public believe them. Well, that good public must cease to do so. Certainly, I would ask the English press whether it wishes or not to appease national prejudices which were thought extinct and have been rekindled; and I would ask English journalists not to pour so much oil over the fire, under such grave circumstances, as they have done lately, and not to denounce us to the world as incorrigible disturbers of the peace: the evil consequences produced by such articles cannot be numbered. But now, because we are rather dissatisfied with the policy pursued by certain ministers of the Queen and the remarks of certain English journalists, it would be an absolute mistake to believe in a hatred, on our part, of your race, such, for instance, as the Slavs entertain against the Germans. Let one lofty and sympathising word be uttered by some authorised Englishman, and the proof of my assertion will be made. Let Mr. Gladstone speak of France as Katkoff spoke of her in Russia, and Castelar in Spain. It is evident that the conflict of interest which may exist between the two nations in different parts of the world will not then disappear as if by magic, but the hearty intercourse which bound the two nations but recently together will immediately be re-established.

Those political men of ours who are neither fanatics nor fools continue their usual friendly greetings and conversations, although in opposed camps they fight for opposed causes and antagonistic interests. Let this be the case with the English and French nations. You English, and we French, belong to well-bred and well-mannered nations. We are no low-bred upstarts, and neither your conscience nor ours can ever harbour the barbarous principle that *Might goes before Right!*

JOSEPH REINACH.

A COLONIAL VIEW OF IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

It may truly be said that Imperial Federation is in the air. It would, however, be an entire misrepresentation of public feeling in the colonies to state that in any one colony there is real agreement as to what Imperial Federation means, or a desire to surrender any power of self-government that a colony now possesses. All that can be said is that the set of public opinion is towards a closer union of the Empire than has hitherto existed.

Twenty years, nay, even ten years ago, the set of public opinion seemed to be in the opposite direction. It was thought then by many colonists¹—and many English statesmen shared the same opinion—that a time must speedily come when the colonies would separate from the mother country. When this feeling was strongest it was not produced by any want of loyalty. There was as strong a love for the mother country, and as much loyalty towards the sovereign, as exist now, but there was a belief that separation from England and the starting of new nations were the necessary ending of colonial institutions. Just as the son looks forward to the time when he will have to leave his father's home and shift for himself, so it was thought that the time must come when the self-governing colonies must be severed from the parent State and start a national life of their own. But the new nations were to be founded under happier auspices than attended the beginnings of the United States. The colonies were to part from England on amicable terms. Nowadays there are very few advocates of such a policy. Public opinion favours some form of union, and the hope is that separation will be prevented. Federation is the term which best expresses the present feeling with regard to the relations that are hoped for between the mother country and her colonies; but I have not yet seen any scheme of Federation proposed that would be satisfactory to either. Nor is this surprising. People in the mother country do not appear to realise that before Imperial Federation can be brought about there must be a long preparation for it both in the United Kingdom and

¹ See *The Coming Event; or, Freedom and Independence for Australia*, by J. D. Lang, D.D., of Sydney. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston, 1870.

in the colonies. Neither is yet ready for Federation; and any scheme given effect to before the necessary growth and education which should precede a new form of government had been accomplished, would postpone indefinitely that better unity of the Empire for which I think every Englishman should strive.

I have said the people at home are not yet prepared for Imperial Federation. We have only to think of the attitude of English statesmen towards colonial questions during the past twenty or thirty years, to see that this is so. Indeed, one cause of the unpopularity of some of the leading Liberals of England in the colonies has been that they were thought to be careless of colonial interests, and to look forward to the time when the colonies, like ripe fruit, would drop from the parent stem. It is doubtful, however, whether any section of politicians at home has been otherwise than careless of colonial interests. British statesmen have generally been neglectful of the consideration of colonial questions, because, at all events up to a very recent period, the people of England had no adequate conception either of their nature or importance. The growth of the Federal idea, however, has dissipated any tendency towards separation which may have been caused by past neglect of the colonies by England.

In this paper I desire to point out certain matters which, if Federation is to be accomplished, the English and colonial people will have to bear in mind. As I have already indicated, the alternative to Federation is Separation. These are the two goals, and it rests with the people of England and of the colonies to say which is desirable. It is scarcely necessary to point out what Separation implies. If the colonies leave England she naturally loses influence in the world, and instead of being a great Power she will gradually cease to occupy her present high position among the European Powers. It may be said that England was great when she had no Colonial Empire, when her population was less than it is now, when her resources compared with those that she now possesses were insignificant. This is true. But though she has grown her rivals have grown also, and were she shorn of her Colonial Empire—were she to lose India, Australasia, British North America, and South Africa—she would, even as a European Power, have to take a second place, and her influence in European politics would be materially diminished.

I do not mean to say that even were she to lose all these vast territories she would not be great. Her people are great, and the historical associations which are ingrained in the life of her people would make her what she has been in the past—a strong, courageous, and generous nation. But if one contrasts what her future would be in the event of Separation with that which it might become under some scheme of Federation, then I do not think it needs much argument to show that it ought to be the object of English statesmen, backed by the English nation, to encourage the growth of the

Imperial feeling. Colonial statesmen too must be favourable to such a scheme, for the position of the several parts of the Empire could not but be greatly affected, both in the present and in the future, by each becoming a separate country instead of forming a member of a vast Imperial Dominion, and a severance from the mother country would necessarily be accompanied by the withdrawal of her protection.

Imperial Federation, however, has what might be termed its drawbacks, and I think it would be entirely to ignore the difficulties with which it is surrounded not to state that it necessarily implies that England must become something above and beyond a great European State. I believe that if Federation is to be accomplished the foreign policy of England will have to undergo a decided change, and that the affairs of Europe will be to her of practically little consequence. Certainly it is of more interest to Germany and Austro-Hungary than to England that Russian power should not overshadow the East of Europe. What is it to Great Britain who occupies Constantinople—whether Russia, Turkey, or Austria? What is it to her who rules Bulgaria? Whether the Danubian Principalities exist as such, or whether they are absorbed by Austria or Russia, should give her no concern. She should be as independent of European politics as the United States are. If her colonies and dependencies are effectually defended, and it is once determined that the interests of Great Britain are world-wide rather than European, she need care little about the political division of the map of Europe.

I know it may be said that if it be determined that the English nation is not to interfere in the affairs of Europe—if she is to refuse aid to the weak States and to allow the powerful States to overrun them—she will be destroying the *morale* of her national life. It should be her proud aim, some will say, as it was in days long past, to assist the oppressed against the oppressor. But such language can hardly be used by a nation that did not interfere on behalf of Italy, nor of Poland, nor of Hungary, nor of Denmark. It is true she interfered on behalf of Turkey, but the result was not encouraging. The loss of life and treasure in the Crimean war was not compensated by any great results. There can be no real danger to her from any of the European Powers were she not to intermeddle in European politics. If she only take proper precautions none can attack her with any chance of success. The 'Silver Streak' which surrounds her, if properly taken advantage of, may effectually prevent her being implicated in the Continental disorders of Europe. The United States with us, British North America could defend itself from foreign invasion, and so could Australasia and South Africa if Great Britain were freed from European complications. The vulnerable point by land of her possessions would be on the north-western

frontier of India, and of course every necessary preparation should be made for the defence of that frontier. It is, I know, urged that the route by the Suez Canal is essential for this object, and that the possession of Constantinople by Russia would enable her to unite with other nations to deprive us of this passage. In time of war, however, the Suez Canal could easily be obstructed so as to prevent the transit of ships, and that route could not be relied upon by us from one week to another. The proper course appears to be to render absolutely secure our naval station in South Africa, and to organise rapid steam communication round the Cape of Good Hope to India. Reinforcements could then be sent out rapidly to India though the Suez Canal were blocked.

Moreover, as a glance at the map will show, India lies between South Africa and Australia; and as these colonies—or rather federations—grow in power, they will be able in future years to send troops to aid in the defence of India. If England does not provoke a war with other Powers, there is not one of her sons but would send aid to defend her against aggression. The enthusiasm that would be aroused if she were wantonly attacked would be hard to parallel in the history of the world.

I have referred to the fact that the interests of Great Britain are world-wide rather than European; and when we regard her vast territories in America, Australasia, and South Africa, fast springing into great nations, when we think of her Indian Empire, and of her possession of naval stations at the entrances to the Mediterranean and the Red Sea and on the several routes of commerce throughout the globe, it is, I conceive, impossible with any show of reason to deny this proposition.

Imperial Federation necessarily implies, then, that England must give up interfering in the Continental politics of Europe. I feel certain that, whatever shape an Imperial Federal Parliament may take, if there are representatives in it from South Africa, from Australasia, from India, from British North America, they will never consent to go to war on behalf of any city or of any political boundary on the map of Europe.

Under Imperial Federation the British nation will be not merely a European nation but the centre of a world-wide dominion. If the vastness of the territory that is now British be considered, it will at once be seen how insignificant the European possessions are compared with those in other quarters of the globe. I know well that area is not the only consideration, but it should nevertheless be observed that Australasia, including Fiji, is as large as the United States excluding Alaska. It has about 3,104,000 square miles. Canada 3,372,300; South Africa 263,000; India and its dependencies 1,482,000.

The area of England, Scotland, and Ireland is 120,432 square

miles ; Germany has 212,028, France 204,177, and European Russia 2,095,504 square miles of territory. The whole of Europe is 3,905,300. Compared with all the other countries of the world the English Empire would, except Russia, be the largest. It would certainly be the most populous, the most important, and the wealthiest. The Empire would become a vast territory with one language. Hitherto the population of Australasia has doubled in fifteen years, and in fifty years perhaps it may equal that of England of to-day. And if one thinks what will be the future of South Africa, or of British North America, it will readily appear that not only in territory but in trade and in population, European England will soon not equal Australasian or American and perhaps not much exceed even African England.

It is necessary to add that there is something else that must necessarily flow from the adoption of any scheme of Imperial Federation. The glory of the English constitution has been that it is unwritten. It has grown and developed and become suitable to the times, unhampered by a statute. If Imperial Federation in any form is to be adopted there must necessarily be a written constitution, and there must be, as in the United States, some supreme Court having power to interpret its provisions. In no other way could the rights of the federal bodies be preserved. This is opposed to any English precedent, and would form a new departure in the constitutional history of Britain. There can, however, be little hope of any arrangement that does not guarantee local autonomy and a strict guardianship of the rights of the constitutionally governed States of which the confederacy would consist. A written constitution and an Imperial Court above both Parliament and Executive are necessary guarantees for the independence of the States. Special arrangements would have to be made for India and the Crown colonies. But some may urge that under such a confederacy we should not have an English empire, that English ideas would not predominate, and that to term such a union an Imperial Federation is a misuse of the term.² There may, however, be a Federal parliament 'maintaining peace,' and protecting commerce, whilst at the same time the separate States are allowed the fullest local government and the greatest development of their national life, even of national idiosyncrasies. 'The State may hold the different peoples together without transforming them in favour of one nationality.'³ The transformation that language and literature can make will be effected, and their influence can perhaps not be estimated. But the climates differ, and though rapid communication tends to abolish all provincialisms, yet there must remain the peculiarities of Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, and British Americans, that will differentiate them from

² See Bluntschli's *Theory of the State*, English translation, Clarendon Press, p. 38.

³ *Ibid.* p. 90.

one another and from European England. Federation does not mean sameness.

I do not think it necessary to enter into the question as to what form the union may take. It may be that of a 'confederacy,' as distinguished from that of a 'confederation,' or it may be a form of union unlike any that has preceded it.⁴ The question is whether it is not better to have the loosest kind of federation than separation. The difficulties under either what is called a 'Bundesstaat' or a 'Staatenbund,' are forcibly stated by Mr. Freeman, and cannot be overlooked.⁵ But the troubles, the dangers, and the loss to England and her colonies of Separation, are even more appalling than the alternatives of Federation that Mr. Freeman offers. The question of India and of Crown colonies with native races would be difficult under any form of Federation, but I am not aware that a continuance of the present system is any solution of the Indian problem. And it is no argument against a kind of Federation that in some particulars it differs from the form of union that has been seen in Greece, or that exists in Switzerland or the United States of America. What I desire to insist on is that the Federation which ought to come cannot even now be planned, and that time and education are required to perfect the form of union which is to bind the Empire together. Against those who have plans and are ready with paper constitutions for an Imperial England Mr. Freeman's criticism may hold good, but it does not touch those who strive to prevent separation and who are as yet unable to formulate the new form of government. The English nation must be content to take a new departure, and not necessarily be bound by a definition of terms. Learned historians and professors may define what federations mean, and what are necessarily incidents of such unions.⁶ But mere names signify little. Is a union possible? Or is England to lose her colonies? These are the questions the nation has to answer.

It may be asked, How is Federation to be brought about?

There must be a feeling created in the English people in England in favour of a strong unity. At present that feeling is weak. The English people have, in a most generous manner, given the right of self-government to the colonies. I doubt if they are yet prepared to say that their foreign policy is to be shaped in the manner I have indicated. But until people can realise that it means the giving up of interference in European politics and the looking upon England as not merely a European nation, Imperial Federation is far in the future.

This change, however, will come. It will be brought about by many causes. The race feeling is strong. Those who have been born and

⁴ See Freeman's *History of Federal Government*, p. 10.

⁵ See *Greater Greece and Greater Britain*, App. p. 132 et seq.

⁶ See Dicey's *Law of the Constitution*, p. 128 et seq.

those who have lived almost all their lives in the colonies have as strong a love for England as her own sons. And in Old England the love for her offspring will yet more develope. It will be seen that even from a selfish point of view there is need of a closer alliance. Her manufacturing supremacy has been shaken. She is now suffering from foreign competitors. Even in those 'lines' that were considered pre-eminently her own—iron manufactures—rival nations are encroaching on her. An American contractor can obtain the erecting of the largest bridge south of the Line—the Hawkesbury bridge in New South Wales—at something like 37,000*l.* below the English tenders. He can take some of the steel from Scotland to the United States, manufacture it there, and erect it at the Antipodes cheaper than English engineers. In other industries England is being driven out of the field by foreign competition. There are many causes for this. She has not had the technical schools and the diffusion of high-class education which are found in many Continental States, and consequently until quite recently her workmen have not been so artistically trained. The idea too that she could have no competitors has made her careless, and not sensitive to the wants of her customers. The English people may, then, be forced to find new markets for their productions, and if the only alternative to Federation is Separation, English manufacturers will not be slow to see what this means to them. And so long as customs duties are collected in the colonies, I do not see why differential rates on English and foreign manufactures should not be levied. Differential duties have been recognised by both French and Spanish treaties, and the Imperial Parliament by special legislation has authorised various colonies to make different tariffs. Why should not some arrangement be made between England and her colonies in this respect? Up to the present time the English manufacturer has had no advantage over his foreign competitor. German and Belgian goods are competing in the colonies with those made in England.

But how is Federation to be hastened? I believe that Colonial *Fédérations* should precede Imperial Federation, though the one is not necessary to the other. The feeling for unity would by such means spread and form different centres. To take an example from Australasia, is it likely that these colonies will readily join any scheme of Imperial Federation if they cannot unite amongst themselves in a few matters of government? Through the action of New South Wales and New Zealand, Australasian Federation has not yet been a success. Nor is this to be wondered at when it is considered that the Convention which passed the Federal Council Bill was entirely in advance of the public opinion of the colonies. In New Zealand it was felt that she was not necessarily one of the Australian States. She is as far from Australia as Spain is from England. Her climate and her circumstances are quite different. The fact also that the

Federal or Provincial system which existed in New Zealand was destroyed through financial pressure has made her people afraid that another Central Government might destroy the self-government which the colony now possesses.

Outside of a formal Federal Alliance there is a strong tendency in the Australasian colonies towards united action on all matters of general interest. And as this feeling grows some form of Federation may be the result. In South Africa too, if that country is to form part of a confederated British Empire, the problem of Federation must be solved. Up to the present it has seemed to be the desire of the British Government to make the Cape Colony the ruler of South Africa, and to annex the territories held by the Boers and the native races to that colony. This mode of treatment will have to be abandoned. If there had been a proper scheme of confederation proposed and warmly supported, and if that scheme had allowed the fullest powers of local government to the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, there might ere this have been a great and strong South African confederacy. Under such a scheme Cape Colony, the Transvaal, Natal, Orange Free State, &c., would be provinces each electing its own governor and parliament, and sending representatives to some federal parliament over which a Governor would be appointed. The capital of the confederacy would have to be central, and thus the idea so distasteful to the Boers of Cape Colony ruling South Africa might be destroyed.

The views of the Earl of Carnarvon and Mr. Froude were no doubt wise, but they attempted to force federation, and from a Cape Colony point of view only. It should have been recognised, as Mr. Froude had himself so ably stated, that federation would require to be of slow growth.

A federation of the extremities will, I believe, have to be brought about before Imperial Federation can be expected, and the bond should, I think, be of a looser kind in Australasia and South Africa than that which exists in Canada. Nor need confederation be confined to Canada, Australasia and South Africa, and a New Zealand State. England herself, as is now being proposed, may set the example by creating a home Federation, and by granting a large measure of local self-government to Ireland, to England, to Scotland, and to Wales. Having these different confederacies in the Empire, one grand Federation that would strengthen all and benefit all might not be so difficult of attainment.

It was thought by many that around the organisation of naval defence for the colonies might be woven some kind of Imperial union. Admiral Tryon, with great ability, has been placing before the Australian colonies the need, if there is to be an increase of the Australasian fleet, of some assistance being given by the colonial governments. Some were not indisposed to render such assistance,

but there came necessarily to the front in such a discussion the question, not of the control of the addition to the fleet which the colonies were to provide, but of whether the colonies were to be liable in case of war for additional aid to the Imperial Government. In fact, was there to be a war tax placed on the colonies when they were to have no representation, no power, no voice in the war expenditure or in the question as to whether England was wise in engaging in a contest? If it had been merely the question of providing aid to England in case of her being attacked by a foreign foe, then, as I have already said, none of the colonies would have refused to give her every assistance in their power. England might, however, embark in a war which the colonies might think wrong. If the colonies had no voice in an Imperial parliament, is it to be expected that they would readily grant aid for its prosecution of the war? Their fathers fought for representation as an antecedent of taxation, and taxation with representation still remain watchwords here. This is what has prevented Admiral Tryon from being successful in his mission. His efforts to obtain aid from the Australian colonies towards the Imperial fleet have only helped to bring to the front the need of the link between the colonies and the Empire being strengthened, if not forged anew. His exertions, though they have apparently failed yet, have made the people of the Empire face a difficulty—if not a pressing question—that must be solved. It may be that around the naval defence the first beginnings of Federal action may yet arise. It would, however, be misleading for the people of England and of the colonies to imagine that any aid to the Imperial navy will be a satisfactory settlement of the Imperial question.

The question of Imperial defence may be used in other ways to create a feeling for a better union, and British statesmen are wise in utilising it. The granting by the Imperial Government of commissions in the army to colonial youths will have an excellent effect, and if commissions in the navy are thrown open in the same way greater unity of feeling must necessarily be promoted. A certain number of commissions should be given to the colonies, perhaps on a population basis, and the examinations might be held in the colonies, commissions not being granted unless the colonial competitors were equal to those in England. In this way an avenue would be opened for colonial youths taking part in the defence of the Empire.

As I have before observed, Britain may in the future be able to look to Australia, to New Zealand, to South Africa for assistance in the defence of India. Anything that will create an interest in India in these colonies and the looking upon India as allied to them must be of enormous advantage.

At present appointments in the Indian civil service are open for competition to all her Majesty's subjects; but, unless examinations are held in the colonies, it is hopeless to expect colonial compe-

titors to go to London to submit themselves for examination. And those on probation must attend some university in the United Kingdom. This also will have to be altered, as universities in the colonies can give teaching as suitable for the purpose as that obtainable in the older universities of the Empire.

Another step that is doing much for the unity of the Empire is that of the treatment of the agents-general of the colonies. The time was when the Governor of a colony was the only medium of communication between the colonial and Imperial governments. Nowadays the agents-general have assumed a position somewhat akin to that of ambassadors from foreign States. They are supposed to represent the feelings of the executive for the time being in their colony. To some extent this has weakened the power of Governors. In another aspect it has strengthened it. It is true that Governors are no longer the only medium of communication between the colonies and the Imperial Government, but they stand in a higher position, being looked upon as the head of the colonial executive. As the colonies progress in power the agents-general will have to be members of the executive councils of the colonies they represent, and their position will be higher and more important than it is at present. There would be no need, were this the case, of a special colonial council of elected or appointed members such as Earl Grey proposed. The agents-general being members of the colonial executive, and being in touch with colonial feeling, could represent to the Imperial Government the views of the governments they represent. Public opinion is more subject to change in a new country than in an old one, and colonists who live in England for any length of time seem to get out of feeling with their people. They imbibe the views of their friends in the mother country. Coming from a democratic country, they seem to become intoxicated with the aroma of aristocratic civilisation, and, like Ulysses amongst the lotus-eaters, they lose all desire for return. They give utterance to ideas different from those which perhaps they proclaimed when they were amongst their fellow-colonists. To allow, therefore, English statesmen to be guided by the opinions of colonists residing in England, would be to allow them to be misled. What they wish to know is the opinion of the colonists, and this could best be given through the medium of a minister residing in England and retiring when his ministry retires. Of course such an arrangement would have its disadvantages. Ministries in the colonies are not long-lived, but no doubt provision could be made for this. An agent-general might be appointed a member of the executive by successive ministries, so long as his views on the questions which he would be likely to deal with in London were not opposed to those of the succeeding executive.

All these things I have mentioned are making and will yet further

make towards promoting more cordial relations amongst the English-speaking people who recognise the Queen as their sovereign. Is it too much to look forward to the union of all the English-speaking people in the world? If England ceased to be a European Power, why should there not in some way be an affiliation between Great Britain and the United States? The language of the two countries is the same, and the English feeling is strong amongst what may be termed the salt of the American nation. Is the poet's dream of universal peace never to be fulfilled, the hope never realised that the time may come

When brotherhood shows stronger
Than the narrow bounds which now distract the world?

Is it unreasonable to expect that people speaking the same language, reading the same books, having the same creeds, and being reared from the same race, may learn to live in peace and mutually assist each other? The English nation may yet comprehend not only England and her colonies but that Greater Britain the United States. The dream may be apparently difficult of realisation and appear in the far future, but why should it be deemed impossible by the practical statesmen of to-day?

In Federation, therefore, there is involved something which throws into the shade many questions about which politicians are struggling and striving. Would it not be better for English statesmen to meet this Imperial Federation question face to face, to see what it necessarily implies, and if it is a goal for which they must labour, to prepare the people—the English-speaking people in both hemispheres—to discuss it and to look forward to it as the necessary destiny of the Empire?

ROBERT STOUT.

Dunedin, New Zealand : January 1887.

THE TRIALS OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

My friends from Babylon the great are very good to me in the summer-time. They come in a delightful stream from their thousand luxuries, their great social gatherings, their brilliant talk, and their cheering and stimulating surroundings; they come from all the excitement and the whirl of London or some other huge city where men *live*, and they make their friendly sojourn with us here in the wilderness even for a week at a time. They come in a generous and self-denying spirit to console and condole with the man whom they pity so gracefully—the poor country parson ‘relegated,’ as Bishop Stubbs is pleased to express it, ‘to the comparative uselessness of literary (and clerical) retirement.’ I observe that the first question my good friends ask is invariably this: ‘What shall we do and where shall we go—to-morrow?’ It would be absurd to suppose that any man in his senses comes to the wilderness to *stay* there, or that there could be anything to *do* there. A man goes to a place to see, not the place itself, but some other place. When you find yourself in the wilderness you may use any spot in it as a point of departure, but as a dwelling-place, a resting-place, never! Moreover I observe that, by the help of such means of locomotion as we have at command, the days pass merrily enough with my visitors in fine weather. But as sure as ever the rain comes, so surely do my friends receive important letters calling them back, much to their distress and disappointment. If the weather be *very* bad—obstinately bad—or if a horse falls lame and cannot be replaced, or some equally crushing disaster keeps us all confined to the house and garden, my visitors invariably receive a telegram which summons them home instantly even at the cost of having to send for a fly to the nearest market town. Sometimes, by a rare coincidence, a kindly being drops in upon us even in the winter. He is always genial, cordial, and a great refreshment, but he never stays a second night. We keep him warm, we allow a liberal use of the ‘shameful,’ we give him meat and drink of the best, we flatter him, we coddle him, we talk and draw him out, we ‘show him things,’ but he never stays over that single night; and when he goes, as he shakes our hands and wraps himself up in his rugs and furs, I notice that he has a sort of *conflate* expression upon his countenance; his face is as a

hybrid flower where two beauties blend. One eye says plainly, 'I am a lucky dog, for I am going away at last,' and the other eye, beaming with kindness, sometimes with affection, says just as plainly, 'Poor old boy, how I do pity you !'

Well ! this is a pitiful age ; that is, it is an age very full of pity. The ingenuity shown by some good people in finding out new objects of commiseration is truly admirable. It is hardly to be expected that the country parson should escape the general appetite for shedding tears over real or supposed sufferers.

But it strikes some of us poor forlorn ones as not a little curious that our grand town friends never by any chance seem to see what there is in our lot that is really pathetic or trying. 'How often do you give it meat ?' said a blushing, mild-eyed, lank-haired young worthy in my hearing the other day. 'Lawk ! sir, that don't have no meat,' answered the laughing mother, as she hugged her tiny baby closer to her bosom. 'Never have meat ? How dreadful !' Just so ! But it is not only ludicrous, it is annoying, to be pitied for the wrong thing ; and though I am not inclined to maintain the thesis that we, the soldiers of God's army of occupation, who are doing outpost duty, pass our lives in a whirl of tumultuous and delicious joy, yet, if I am to be pitied, do let me be pitied intelligently. I cannot expect to be envied, but surely it is not such a very heavy calamity for a man never to catch a sight of *Truth* or *The World*, or to find that there is not such a thing as an oyster knife in his parish.

Moreover, side by side with the pity, there is a large amount of much more irritating and ignorant exaggeration of the good things we are supposed to enjoy. We do not, I admit, hear quite so often as formerly about 'fat livings' and 'valuable preferment,' nor about the 'rectorial mansion with a thousand a year' ; but we hear a great deal more about such fabulous lands of Goshen than we ought to hear. There is always a disposition to represent our neighbours as better off than ourselves, and whereas the salaried townsman knows that his income, whatever it may be, is his net income which he may count upon as his spending fund to use as *he* pleases, when he hears of others as receiving or entitled to receive so many pounds a year, he assumes that they do receive it and that they may spend it as *they* please. The townsman, again, who moves among the multitude and every hour is reminded of that multitude pressing, as all fluids do, 'equally in all directions,' hears, and sometimes he knows, that the clergy in the towns have immense claims upon their time and are always on the move in the streets and courts. They are always about, always *en évidence*. If a man has only to minister to a paltry seven hundred, what *can* he have to do ? He must be a drone.

Moreover the aforesaid townsman has read all about those country parsons. You can hardly take up a novel without finding a sleek rector figuring in the volumes. These idealised rural clerics always

remind me of Mr. Whistler's Nocturnes. The figures roll at you, through the mists that are gathering round them. The good people who try to introduce us to these reverend characters very rarely venture upon a firm and distinct outline. The truth is that for the most part the novelists never slept in a country parsonage in their lives, never knew a country parson out of a book.

A year or two ago my friend X. was dining in a London mansion. 'Who's that?' said a lady opposite, as she ducked her head in his direction and looked at her partner. X. turned to speak to *his* partner, but could not help hearing the scarcely whispered dialogue: 'A country parson, did you say? Why, he's tall!'

And their voices low with fashion, not with feeling, softly freighted
All the air about the windows with elastic laughter sweet.

It was quite a surprise to that lady novelist that a country parson could be tall! Many men are tall—policemen, for instance. But only short men ought to be country parsons. Why! we shall hear of one of them being good-looking next!

When any class of men feel themselves to be the butt of others, they are apt to be a little cowed. They hold their peace and fret, and if they resent their hard treatment and speak out, they rarely do themselves justice. Very few men can come well out of a *snub*, and the countryman who is not used to it never knows what to reply to offensive language. Yet worms have been known to turn, not that I ever heard they got any good by it; they can't bite, and they can't sting, but I suppose it comforts them to deliver their own souls. Poor worms! Yes! you may pity them.

But if the country parson has his trials, how may he hope to be listened to when he desires to make it clear what they are? Where shall he begin? Where should he begin if not by pointing to that delicate nerve-centre of draped humanity, exquisite in its sensitiveness, knowing no rest in its perpetual giving out of force, for ever hungering for renewal of its exhausted resources, feeling no pain in its plethora and dreading no death save from inanition—to wit, the Pocket? Touch a man's pocket, and a shudder thrills through every fibre.

The country parson has a great deal to complain of at the hands of those who will persist in talking of him as an exceptionally thriving stipendiary. It is one thing to say that in all cases he gets more than he deserves; it is quite another to put forth unblushingly that his income is half as much again as in fact it is, and his outgoings only what the outgoings of other men are. Logicians class the *suppressio veri* among sophisms; but would it not be better to call that artful proceeding a fraud? 'Drink, fair Betsy, whatever you

do!’ said Mrs. Gamp on a memorable occasion. Yes, if it is only ‘out of the teapot.

i. With regard to the income of the country parson, it may be laid down as a fact not to be disputed, that hardly one per cent. of the country clergy ever *touch* the full amount which theoretically they are entitled to receive. In the case of parishes where the land is much subdivided, and where there are a number of small tithepayers, it would be almost impossible for the clergyman personally to collect his dues; he almost invariably employs an agent, who is not a likely man to do his work for love. Even the agent can rarely get in all the small sums that the small folk ought to pay. Even he has to submit to occasional defalcations, and to consider whether it is worth while to press the legal rights of his employer too far. Moreover, the small folk from time immemorial have expected something in the shape of a tithe dinner or a tithe tea, for which the diners or the tea-drinkers do not pay, you may be sure; this constitutes a not inconsiderable abatement on the sum total of receipts which ought to come to hand at the tithe audit.

Taking one year with another, it may be accepted as a moderate estimate that the cost of collecting his tithe *plus* bad debts in some shape or other amounts to six per cent., and he who gets within seven per cent. of his clerical income gets more than most of us do. But the law allows of no abatement in respect of this initial charge; and because the law takes up this ground, the world at large assumes that the nominal gross income of the benefice does come into the pockets of the incumbent. The world at large is quite certain that nobody in his senses makes a return of a *larger* income than he enjoys, and if the parson pays on 500*l.*, people assume that he does not get *less* from his living than that. The world at large does not know that the parson is not asked to make a return. The surveyor makes up his books on the tithe commutation table for the parish, and on that the parson is assessed, whatever he may say.

ii. For be it known it is with the surveyor or rate-collector that the parson’s first and most important concern lies. Whatever he may receive from his cure, however numerous may be the defaulters among the tithe-payers, however large the expense of collecting his dues, the parson has to *pay rates* on his gross income. The barrister and the physician, the artist or the head of a government department, knows or need know nothing about rates. He may live in a garret if he likes; he may live in a boarding-house at so much a week; he may live in a flat at a rent which covers all extraneous charges. I suppose we most of us have known men of considerable fortune, men who live in chambers, men who live in lodgings, men who live in college rooms, who never *directly* paid a rate in their lives. Our lamented H., who dropped out recently, leaving 97,000*l.* behind him, invested in first-class securities, was one of these languidly

prosperous men. 'I do detest violent language on any subject whatever,' he lisped out to me once. 'I hope I shall never see that man again who threatened at rate collectorship. What *is* a rate collector? Doth he wear a uniform?'

But a country parson and all that he has in the world, *qua* country parson, is rateable to his very last farthing, and beyond it: the fiction being that he is a landed proprietor, and as such in the enjoyment of an income from real property. It is in vain that he pleads that his nominal income is of all property the most unreal:—he is told that he has a claim upon the land, and the land cannot run away. It is in vain that he plaintively protests that he would gladly live in a smaller house if he were allowed—he *does* live in it, chained to it like a dangerous dog to his kennel. It is in vain that he urges that he cannot let his glebe, and may not cut down the trees upon it—that he is compelled to keep his house in tenantable repair, and maintain the fences as he found them. The impassive functionary expresses a well-feigned regret and some guarded commiseration; but he has his duty to perform, and the rates have to be paid—Poor rates, County rates, School Board rates, and all the rest of them; and paid upon that parson's gross income—such an income as never comes, and which everybody knows never could be collected.

You may say in your graceful way that a parson does not pay a bit more than he ought to pay, and that he may be thankful if he be allowed to live at all. That may be quite true—I don't think it is, but it *may be*—but there are some things that are not true, and one of them is, that the gross income awarded to the country parson on paper gives anything approaching to a fair notion of the amount of income that comes to his hands. And if you are going to pity the country parson, do begin at the right end, and consider how you would like to pay such rates as he pays on *your* gross income.

iii. But when the country parson's rates have been duly paid, the next thing that he is answerable for is the Land-tax. The mysteries of the Land-tax are quite beyond me. If I could afford to give up three years of my life to the uninterrupted study of the history and incidence of the Land-tax, I think, by what people tell me, I might get to know something about it, and be in a position to enlighten mankind upon this abstruse subject; but as I really have not three years of my life to spare, I must needs acquiesce in my hopeless ignorance even to the end. Only this I do know, that, whereas the country parson is called upon to pay eightpence in the pound for Income-tax, he is called upon to pay nearly ninepence in the pound for Land-tax: at any rate, I know one country parson who *has to do so*.

Let the Land-tax pass—it is beyond me. But how about the Income-tax? As I have said above, in the case of all other professions except the clerical, a man makes his return of income

upon the *available* income which comes to him after deducting all fair and reasonable *office expenses*. But for the crime of clericalism, the country parson is debarred from making any such deductions as are permitted to other human beings. Many of the 'good livings' in East Anglia have two churches, each of which must be served. A man cannot be in two places at once; and the laws of nature and of the Church being in conflict, the laws of the Church carry it over the laws of nature, and the rector has to put in an appearance at his second church by deputy—in other words, the poor man has to keep a curate. If he were a country solicitor who was compelled to keep a clerk, he would deduct the salary of the clerk from the profits of his business; but being only a country parson, he can do nothing of the sort: he has to pay Income-tax all the same on his gross returns. A curate is a luxury, as a riding horse is a luxury; and the only wonder is that curates have not long ago been included among those superfluous animals chargeable to the assessed taxes.

iv. Perhaps the most irritating of all imposts that press upon the country parson is that to which he has to submit because the churchyard is technically part of his freehold. In many parts of the country a fee is charged for burying the dead. In the diocese of Norwich there are no burial fees. The right of burying his dead in the churchyard is a right which may be claimed by any inhabitant of the parish; the soil of the churchyard is said to belong to the parishioners; the *surface of the soil* belongs to the parson. This being so, the parson is assessed in the books of the parish for the assumed value of the herbage growing upon the soil, and on this assumed value he is accordingly compelled to pay rates, Income-tax, and Land-tax. Of course the parson could legally turn cattle or donkeys into the churchyard to disport themselves among the graves; but happily that man who should venture to do this nowadays would be thought guilty of an outrage upon all decency. Who of us is there who does not rejoice that this state of feeling has grown up among us? But the result is that the churchyard, so far from being a source of income to the parson, has become a source of expense to him in almost all cases. Somebody has to keep the grass mown, and see that God's acre is not desecrated. Few of us grumble at that; and some who have large resources pride themselves on keeping their churchyards as a lawn is kept or a garden. But it surely is monstrous when everybody knows that the churchyard, so far from bringing the parson any pecuniary benefit, entails an annual expense upon him which is practically unavoidable—it is monstrous, I say, that the parson should be assessed upon the value of the crop which might be raised off dead men's graves, and that he should be taxed for showing an example of decency and right feeling to those around him.

'Well! But why don't you appeal?'

My excellent sir, do you suppose that nobody ever has appealed? Do you suppose that very original idea of yours has never occurred to anyone else before? Or do you suppose that we the shepherds of Arcady find appealing against an assessment, made by our neighbours to relieve themselves, before the magistrates at Quarter Sessions is a process peculiarly pleasurable and particularly profitable when the costs are defrayed? We grumble or fret, we count it among our trials, but we say, 'After all, it is only about five shillings a year. Anything for a quiet life. Let it go!' So the wrong gets to be established as a right. But it is none the less a wrong because it continues to exist, or because in coin of the realm it amounts to a trifle. Was it Mr. Midshipman Easy's nurse who urged in excuse of her moral turpitude in having an infant of her very own, 'Please, ma'am, it was *such* a little one'?

The grievance of having to pay rates on the churchyard may be in one sense a little one. But when it comes to being charged rates upon the premiums you pay upon your insurance policies, some of them—the fire insurances—being compulsory payments, and upon the mortgage of your benefice effected in your predecessor's time—even the sneerer at a sentimental grievance could hardly call such charges as these not worth making a fuss about. In many a needy country parson's household the rates make all the difference whether his children can have butter to their bread or not.

It must be obvious to most people from what has been already said—and much more might be said that, unless a country parson have some resources outside of any income derivable from his benefice, he must needs be a very poor man. Our people know this better than anyone else, and it is often a very anxious question on the appointment of a new incumbent whether he will live in the same style as that which his predecessor maintained. Will he keep a carriage, or only a pony chaise? Will he employ two men in the garden? Will he 'put out his washing'?¹ Will his house be a small local market for poultry and butter and eggs? Will he farm the glebe or let it? How many servants will he keep, and will the lady want a girl to train in the kitchen or the nursery from time to time? Such questions as these are sometimes very anxious ones in a remote country village where every pound spent among the inhabitants serves to build up that *margin* outside the ordinary income of the wage-earners, and which helps the small occupiers to tide over many a temporary embarrassment when money is scarce, and small payments have to be met and cannot any longer be deferred.

Let me, before going any further, deal with a question which I

¹ This is a matter of very great importance in hundreds of country parishes, where the washing of the rectory frequently suffices to maintain a whole family.

have had suggested to me again and again by certain peculiar people with dearly beloved theories of their own. It is often asked, Ought clergymen ever to be rich men? Is not a rich clergyman out of place in a country parsonage? Does not his wealth raise him too far above the level of his people? Does it not make him sit loosely to his duties? Does not the fact of a country parson being known to be a rich man tend to *demoralise* a parish?

Lest it should be supposed that the present writer is one of the fortunate ones rolling in riches, and therefore in a manner bound to stand up for his own class—let it be at once understood that the present writer is a man of straw, one of those men to whom the month of January is a month of deep anxiety, perplexity, and depression of soul. Yet he would disdain to join the band of whining grumblers only because one year after another he finds that he must content himself with the corned beef and carrots, and cannot by hook or by crook afford to indulge in some very desirable recreation or expense which the majority of his acquaintance habitually regard as absolutely necessary if existence is to be endured at all. No! I am very far indeed from being a rich man; but this I am bound to testify in common fairness to my wealthier brethren in the ministry of the Church of England, that if any impartial person, with adequate knowledge of the facts, were asked to point out the most devoted, zealous, unworldly, and practically efficient country parsons in the diocese of Norwich—for let me speak as I do know—he would without hesitation name first and foremost some of the richest of the clergy in the eastern counties.

Do you desire that your son should begin his ministerial life under a man of great ability, sound sense, courage, and religious earnestness, a man who never spares himself and will not suffer his subordinates to sink into slovenly frivolity and idleness, then make your approaches to Lucullus, and you will have cause to thank God if the young fellow serves his apprenticeship under a guide and teacher such as this. He will learn no nonsense there, and see no masquerading, only an undemonstrative but unflinching adherence to the path believed to be the path of duty and a manliness of self-surrender such as can only arouse an enthusiasm of respect and esteem.

Does 'our own correspondent' wish to see how a score of infamous hovels can be changed into a score of model cottages which pay interest on the cost of their erection, and which in half a dozen years have helped perceptibly to raise the tone and tastes and habits of the population till it really looks as if some barbarians could be civilised by a *coup de main*?—let him pay a visit to the parish of our Reverend Hercules, only one of whose many labours it has been to cleanse an Augean stable. It will do him good to see the mighty shoulders of that rugged philanthropist, him of the broad

brow and the great heart and the deep purse, always at work and always at home, about the very last man in England to be suspected of belonging to the sickly sort of puling visionaries.

Do you want to meet with a type of the saintly parish priest, one after holy George Herbert's heart, one with hardly a thought that does not turn upon the service of the sanctuary or the duties that he owes to his scattered flock? Come with me, and we will go together and look at one of the most beautiful village churches in the land, on which our devout Ambrose has spent his thousands only with deep gratitude that he has been permitted to spend them so—and with never a word of brag or publicity, never a paragraph foisted into the newspapers. And as we pass out of that quiet churchyard, trim as a queen's parterre, I will show you the window of that little study which Ambrose has not thought it right to enlarge, and if he be not there, be sure we shall find him at his school or by the sick-bed of the poor, or inquiring into some case of sorrow or sin where a kindly hand or a wise word may peradventure solace the sad or go some way to raise the fallen.

What country parson among all the nine hundred and odd within this unwieldy diocese has lived a simpler or more devoted life than our Nestor—*γέρων ἱππηλάτα Νέστωρ*—he, who for more than three-score years and ten has gone in and out among his people, and doing his pastoral work so naturally, so much as a matter of course, that no one thinks of his being a rich man, except when those towering horses of his stop at our lowly portals and have to be corkscrewed into our diminutive stables?

And who knows not of thee, Euerges, treasurer and secretary and general mainstay of every good work, the idol of thy people and their healer, the terror of the impostor, and the true friend of all that deserve thy helping hand and purse? or thee, too, Amomos, who after thirty years of work as an evangelist in the city, spending there thyself and thy substance all the while, hast now betaken thee to the poor villagers, if haply some little good may yet be done among the lowly ones before the night cometh when no man can work?

'But do not such well-meaning gentlemen as these *demoralise* the poor?' Oh dear yes! of course they do. It is so very demoralising to help a lame dog over a stile. It does so pauperise a broken-down couple to whom the Poor Law Guardians allow three shillings a week and half a stone of flour, if you give them a sack of potatoes about Christmas time. It corrupts and degrades Biddy Bundle to bestow an old petticoat upon her when she is shivering with the cold, and it takes all self-respect and independence from the unruly bosom of Dick the fiddler to offer him your old hat or a shabby pair of trowsers. The truest, wisest, most far-sighted and most magnanimous charity is to let Harry Dobbs have 'an order for the house' when he is out of work and short of coals—Harry Dobbs, who set

himself against all the laws of political economy, and married at eighteen, when he had not the wherewithal to buy the chairs and tables. So we country parsons are a demoralising force in the body politic forsooth, because we cannot bear to see poor people starve at our gates. We have been known actually to give soup to a reckless couple guilty of twelve children; actually soup! And we have dropped corrupting shillings into trembling hands only because they were trembling, and distributed ounces of tobacco to the inmates of the Union, and poisoned the souls of old beldames with gratuitous half-pounds of tea. And we counsel people to come to church, when they would much rather go to the public-house, and we coddle them and warm them now and then, and instead of leaving them to learn manliness and independence and self-reliance on twelve shillings a week, we step between them and the consequences of their own improvidence, and we disturb the action of the beautiful laws of the universe, and where we see the ponderous wheels of Juggernaut just going to roll over a helpless imbecile who has tripped and dropped, we must needs make a clutch at him and pull him out by the scruff of the neck, and tell him to get up and not do it again. And all this is *demoralising* and *pauperising*, is it?

Out upon you! you miserable prigs with your chatter and babble! You to talk of the parson's narrowness and his bigotry and his cant? You to sneer at him for being the slave of a superstition? You to pose as the only thinkers with all the logic of all the philosophers on your side, all the logic and never a crumb of common sense to back it? Bigotry and intolerance and cant and class jealousy and storn—that refuge for the intellectually destitute and the blustering coward—where will you find them in all their most bitter and sour and hateful intensity, if not among the new lights, the self-styled economists? And we have to sit mum and let brainless pretenders superciliously put us out of court with a self-complacent wave of the hand, as they give utterance to perky platitudes about the clergy pauperising the working man. No, Mr. Dandy Dryskull. No! this gospel of yours, a little trying to listen to, is being found out; ours will see the end of it.

You preach Sir Andrew and his love of law,
And we the Saviour and his law of love!

I, for one, hereby proclaim and declare that I intend to help the sick and aged and struggling poor whenever I have the chance, and as far as I have the means, and I hope the day will never come when I shall cease to think without shame of that eminent prelate who is said to have made it his boast that he had never given a beggar a penny in his life. I am free to confess that I draw the line somewhere. I do draw the line at the tramp—I do find it necessary to be uncompromising there. Indeed I keep a big dog for the tramp,

and that dog, inasmuch as he passes his happy life in a country parsonage—that dog, I say, is *not* muzzled.

But don't you get imposed upon? 'Don't you get asked to replace dead horses and cows and pigs and donkeys, that never walked on four legs and no mortal eye ever saw in the land of the living?'

Of course we do! Is it a prerogative of the country parson to be duped by a swindler. Oh, Mr. Worldly Wiseman, were you never taken in? Never! Then, sir, I could not have you for a son-in-law! As for us—we country parsons—we do occasionally get imposed upon in very absurd and contemptible fashion. Sometimes we submit to be bled with our eyes open. A bungling bumpkin has managed to get his horse's leg broken by his own stupidity. We know that the fellow was jiggling the poor brute's teeth out of his mouth at the time, or the animal would never have shown himself as great an idiot as his master. But there stands the master horseless, with the tears in his eyes, and we know all about him and the hard struggle he has had to keep things going, and we say to ourselves, 'I wonder what would happen to *me* if my horse dropped down dead some fine morning. Who would help *me* to another? and what then?' So we pull out the sovereign, and give the fellow a note to somebody else, and that is how we demoralise *him*.

Or another comes at night-time and wants to speak to us on very particular business, and implores us to tide him over a real difficulty and . . . 'What! do you mean to say, you lend fellows money?' Yes. I mean to say I have even done that and very very rarely repented of it, and I mean to say there are men, and women too, to whom I would lend money again if I had it; but it does not follow that I could lend it to everybody, least of all that I could lend it to you, Mr. Worldly Wiseman. Try it on, sir! Try it on! and see whether you would depart triumphant from the interview!

Moreover, the country parson has always to pay a little—just a very little—more than anyone else for most things that come to his door. The market has always risen when he wants to buy, and has always suddenly fallen when he wants to sell. The small man's oats are invariably superior to anyone's when he has a small parcel to dispose of to the parson. As to the price of hay, when the parson has to buy it, that is truly startling. I never see half a rood of carrots growing in a labourer's allotment, but I feel sure I shall have to buy those carrots before Christmas, and sorry as I am to observe how rarely any fruit trees are ever planted in a poor man's garden, I reflect that perhaps it is just as well, for already the damsons and the apples that besiege the rectory are almost overwhelming. I never ask what becomes of them, but it is morally and physically impossible that they should be eaten under this roof. 'But, my dear, you must buy Widow Coe's damsons; nobody else will, you know!' This is what I am told

is considering the poor people. That is our way of putting it. You, Mr. Worldly Wiseman, you call it demoralising them.

Then, too, the country parson is expected to 'encourage the local industries.' I wonder whether they make pillow-lace in Bedfordshire as they used. If they do, and especially if the demand for it in the outer world has waned, the country parsons' wives in that part of England must have a very trying time of it. Once, when I was in the merry twenties, a dirty old hag with an evil report, but no worse than other people except that she was an old slut, knocked at my back door and asked to see 'The Lady Shepherd.' Mrs. Triplet was a Mormonite, at any rate her husband was; and it was credibly believed that Mrs. Triplet herself had been baptized by immersion in a horsepond in the dead of night, dressed as Godiva was during her famous ride, and seated, not upon a palfrey, but upon a jackass. How Triplet could ever have been converted to a belief in polygamy with his experience of the married state, I am entirely unable to explain. But Mrs. Triplet came to our door and asked for 'The Lady Shepherd.' It was a delicate piece of flattery. She must have thought over it a long time. Was not the parson the shepherd? a bad one it might be, a hireling, a blind leader of the blind, but still a shepherd. Then his wife must needs be a shepherdess—and she did not look like it—or a sheep—No! that wouldn't do at all—or the shepherd's lady—and shepherds don't have ladies; or—happy thought!—the Lady Shepherd.

Accordingly Mrs. Triplet asked for the Lady Shepherd. Mrs. Triplet in former times had been a tailor's hand, and in that capacity had made a few shillings a week by odd jobs for the Cambridge tailors in term time; but she had married, and now she lived too far away in the wilds to be able to continue at her old employment, and being a bad manager she soon had to cast about for some new source of income. In the more comfortable cottages in the eastern counties you may often see laid out before the fire a mat of peculiar construction which sometimes looks like a small mattress in difficulties. It is made from selvages and clippings, the refuse of the tailor's workshop; these strips of cloth are cut into lengths of two or three inches long by half an inch wide, and are knitted or tightly tied together with string, the variously coloured scraps being arranged in patterns according to the genius and taste of the artist. The complex structure when completed is stuffed with the clippings too small to be worked up on the outside, and the mass is then subjected to a process of thumping and stamping and pulling and hammering till at last there exudes—yes! that is the correct term, whatever you may say—a lumpy bundle, which in its pillowy and billowy entirety is called a hearthrug. The thing will last for generations, it never wears out, and it takes years of continuous stamping upon it before you can anyhow get it flat. It was one of these triumphs of industry that Mrs. Triplet desired to turn an honest penny by. Would her ladyship

come and look at it *in situ*? Now the lady shepherd is a woman of business, which the shepherd, notoriously, is not, and if she had gone alone no great harm would have come of the interview; but on that unlucky day the shepherd and his lady resolved to go together. That is a course which no shepherd and shepherdess should ever be persuaded to follow. Two men will often help one another when associated in a difficult enterprise; two women will almost always do better together than single-handed, but a man and a woman working together will always get in one another's way. On the occasion referred to the quick-witted old crone saw her chance in a moment, and commenced to play off one of her visitors against the other with consummate skill. From a hole beneath the narrow stairs she dragged the massive structure, and slowly unfolding it before our eyes commenced to stamp upon it in a kind of hideous demon dance, gazing at it fondly from time to time as if she could hardly bear to part with it.

In those days the fashion of wearing gay clothing had only just gone out among the male sex. For, less than forty years ago, we used to appear on state occasions in blue dress coats and brass buttons, and at great gatherings you might see green coats and brown ones, mulberry coats and chocolate ones, and there was a certain iridescence that gave a peculiarly sprightly look to an assembly even of males in those days, which has all passed away now. Hence when Mrs. Triplet displayed her *exhibit* we found ourselves gazing at a very gaudy spectacle. 'There, lady! And I made the pattern all myself, I did. Many's the night I've laid awake thinking of it. Ah! them bottle-greens was hard to get, they was; gentlefolks has give up wearing greens. But that yaller rose, lady. Ain't *that* a yaller rose?' For once in her life the lady shepherd lost her nerve. Spasms of hysterical laughter wrestled within her, and her flushed face and contorted frame betrayed the conflict that was raging. How would it end, in the rupture of a vein or in shrieks of uncontrollable merriment? The shepherd was in terror; he stooped to the foolishlest flattery; he went as near lying as a shepherd could without literally lying; but comedy changed to tragedy when from his lean purse he desperately plucked his very last sovereign, and giving it to that guileful old sorceress, ordered her to bring that hearth-rug to the parsonage without delay.

Next week—the very next week—came a pressing offer from another parishioner of another of these articles of home manufacture; next month came a third, though the price had dropped fifty per cent., which was accepted with exultant thankfulness. There was positively no stopping the activity of the new industry; until, before three months were over, six of these fearful contrivances had been all but forced upon us, one of them travelling to our door in a donkey-cart and one in a wheelbarrow—the lady shepherd being told she might have them at her own price, and pay for them at her own

convenience—only have them she must: the makers could by no means take them away.

‘Well, but you had nobody but yourselves to thank. How could you be so weak and silly?’

That may be very true. But do not our trials—our smaller trials—become so just because we have only ourselves to thank for them? We in the wilderness are exposed to temptations which go some way to make us silly and soft-hearted. Somehow, few of us are certain to keep our hearts as hard as the nether millstone. I do not pretend to be one of the seven sages: what I do say is that we country parsons have our trials.

It is, however, when the country parson has to buy a horse that he finds himself tried to the uttermost. Day after day, from all points of the compass, there appear at his gate the cunningest of the cunning and the sharpest of the sharp; and if at the end of a week the parson has not arrived at the settled conviction that he is three parts of a fool, it is impossible for him to dispute that the whole fraternity of horsey men feel no manner of doubt that he is so. Now, I don’t like to be thought a fool: not many men do, unless they hope to gain something by it. The instinct of self-preservation or the hope of a kingdom might induce me to play the part of Brutus; but in my secret heart I should be buoyed up by the proud consciousness of superior wisdom. When, however, it comes to a long line of rogues—one after another for days and days without any collusion—continuing to tell you to your face, almost in so many words, that you certainly are a fool—it really ceases to be monotonous and becomes, after a while, vexatious. The fellows are so clever, too; they have such an enviable fluency of speech; they are possessed of such a rich fund of anecdote, such an easy play of fancy, such a readiness of apt illustration, and such a magnificent command of facial contortion, expressive of the subtlest movements of the heart and brain, that you cannot but feel how immeasurably inferior you are to the dullest of them in dialectic. But why should a man, when he asks you to try his charger, bring it round to the doorstep, tempting you to get up on the off side?—what does he gain by it? Why should he tell you that ‘this hoss was a *twin* with that as Captain Dixie drives in his dog-cart?’ Why should he assure you, upon his sacred honour, that ‘that Roman nose will come square when the horse gets to be six years old—they always do?’ or that you always find bay horses turn chestnut if they’re clipped badly?

These men would not try these fictions upon anyone else; why should I suffer for being a country parson by being told a long story—with the most religious seriousness—of ‘that there horse as Mr. Abel had, that stopped growing in his fore-quarters when he was two and went on growing with his hind-quarters till he was seven—that hoss that they called Kangaroo, ’cause he’d jump anything—anything under a

church tower, only you had to give him his head'? I used to get much more irritated by this kind of thing when I was less mellowed by age than I am; and I have learnt to be more tolerant even of a horse-dealer than I once was. In an outburst of indignation one day, I turned angrily upon one of the fraternity, and said to him, 'Man! how can you go on lying in this way; why won't you deal fairly, instead of always trying to take people in?' The man was not a bit offended—indeed he smiled quite kindly upon me. 'Lor', sir, do you suppose *we* never get took in?' I am fully persuaded that horse-dealer thought I was going to try the confidence trick with him.

I am often assured by my town friends that the *loneliness* of my country life must be very trying. I reply with perfect truth that I have never known what it is to feel lonely except in London. Some years ago one Sunday afternoon I was compelled to consult an eminent oculist. When the cab drove up to the great man's door in Cardross Square, his eminence was at the window in a brown study, with his elbows leaning on the wire blind, the tip of his nose flattened against the pane, his eyes vacantly staring at nothing. When we were shown into his presence, the forlorn and desolate expression on that forsaken man's face was quite shocking to the nerves. A painter who could have reproduced the look of aimless and despairing woe might have made a name for ever. When people talk to me of loneliness I always instinctively recall the image of that famous oculist in the heart of London on a Sunday afternoon. Ever since that day I have never been able to get over a horror of wire blinds. Happily, they are articles of furniture which have almost gone out now, but they used to be fearfully common. Even now the Londoner thinks it *de rigueur* to darken the windows of his sitting-room on the ground floor; and in furnished lodgings you must have wire blinds. Why is this? When I ask the question I am told that you *must* have wire blinds: if you didn't, people would look in. In the country we never have wire blinds, and yet nobody looks in: therefore you call our life lonely. But loneliness is not the simple product of external circumstances—it is the outcome of a morbid temperament, creating for itself a sense of vacuity, whatever may be a man's surroundings.

To sit on rocks, to muse on flood and fell,
To climb the trackless mountain, &c.

I suppose we all know that wishy-washy stuff, so there is no need to go on with the quotation.

What is trying in the country parson's life is its *isolation*. That is a very different thing from saying that he lives a lonely life. The parson who is conscientiously trying to do his duty in a country parish occupies a unique position. He is a man, and yet he must be

something more than man, and something less too. He must be more than man in that he must be free from human passions and human weaknesses, or the whole neighbourhood is shocked by his frailty; he must be something less than man in his tastes and amusements and way of life, or there will be those who will be sure to denounce him as a worldling who ought never to have taken orders. If he be a man of birth and refinement, he is sure to be reported of as proud and haughty; if he be not quite a gentleman, he will be snubbed and flouted outrageously. The average country parson and his family has often to bear an amount of patronising impertinence which is sometimes very trying. Even the squire and the parson do not always get on well together, and when they do not, the parson is very much at the other's mercy, and may be thwarted and worried and humiliated almost to any extent by a powerful, ill-conditioned, and unscrupulous landed proprietor. But it is from the come-and-go people who hire the country houses which their owners are compelled to let, that we suffer most. Not that this is always the case, for it not unfrequently happens that the change in the occupancy of a country mansion is a clear gain socially, morally, and intellectually to a whole neighbourhood—when, in the place of a necessitous Squire Western, and his cubs of sons and his half-educated daughters, dreadfully impecunious, but not the less self-asserting and supercilious, we get a family of gentle manners and culture and accomplishments, and lo! it is as sunshine after rain. But sometimes the new comers are a grievous infliction. Town-bred folk who emerge from the back streets and have amassed money by a new hair-wash or an improvement in sticking-plaster. Such as these are out of harmony with their temporary surroundings: they giggle in the faces of the farmers' daughters, ridicule the speech and manners of the labourers and their wives, and grumble at everything. They cannot think of walking in the dirty lanes, they are afraid of cows, and call children nasty little things, and their hospitalities are very trying.

'Come, my boy. Have a cut at the venison. Don't be afraid. You shall have a good dinner for once; shan't he, my dear? and as much champagne as you like to put inside you!' It was a bottle-nosed Sir Gorgious Midas who spoke, and his lady at the other end of the table gave me a kindly wink as she caught my eye. But the wine was Gilby's, and not his best. These are the people who demoralise our country villages. They introduce a vulgarity of tone quite indescribable, and the rapidity of the change wrought in the sentiments and language of the rustics is sometimes quite wonderful.

The people don't like these come-and-go folk, but they get dazzled by them notwithstanding; they resent the airs which the footmen and ladies' maids give themselves, but nevertheless they envy them and think, 'There's my gal Polly—she'd be a lady if she was to get into sich a house as that!' When they hear that the ladies up at the hall

play tennis on Sunday afternoons, the old people are perplexed, and wonder what the world is coming to; the boys and girls begin to think that *their* jolly time is near, when they too shall submit to no restraint, and join the revel rout of scoffers. The sour puritan snarls out, 'Ah! there's your gentlefolks, they don't want no religion, they don't—and we don't want no gentlefolks!' For your sour puritan somehow has always a lurking sympathy with the Socialist programme, and it's honey and nuts to him to find out some new occasion for venting his spleen at things that are. But one and all look askance at the parson, and inwardly chuckle that he is not having a pleasant time of it. 'Our Reverend's been took down a bit, since that young gent at the Hall lit his pipe in the church porch. "That ain't seemly," says parson. "Dunno about that," says the tother, "but it seems nice."' Chorus, half-giggle, half-sniggle.

Do not the scientists teach that no two atoms are in absolute contact with each other; that some interval separates every molecule from its next of kin? Certainly this is inherent in the office and function of the country parson, that he is not *quite* in touch with any one in his parish if he be a really earnest and conscientious parson. He is too good for the average happy-go-lucky fellow who wants to be let alone. There is nothing to gain by insulting him. 'He's that pig-headed he don't seem to mind nothing—only swearing at him!' You cannot get him to take a side in a quarrel. He speaks out very unpleasant truths in public and private. He occupies a social position that is sometimes anomalous. He has a provoking knack of taking things by the right handle. He does not believe in the almighty dollar, as men of sense ought to believe; and he is usually in the right when it comes to a dispute in a vestry meeting because he is the only man in the parish that thinks of preparing himself for the discussion beforehand. This isolation extends not merely to matters social and intellectual; it is much more observable in the domain of sentiment. A rustic cannot at all understand what *motive* a man can possibly have for being a bookworm; he suspects a student of being engaged in some impious researches. 'To hear that there Reverend of ours in the pulpit you might think we was all right. But, bless you! he ain't same as other folk. He do keep a horoscope top o' his house to look at the stares and sich.'

Not one man in a hundred of the labourers reads a book, and only when a book is new with a gaudy outside does he seem to value it even as a chattel. That anyone should ever have any conceivable use for a big book is to him incomprehensible.

'If I might be so bold, sir,' said Jabez, an intelligent father of a family with some very bright children who are 'won'erful for'ard in their larning, 'If I might be so bold, might I ask if you've really *read* all these grit books?' 'No, Jabez; and I should be a bigger dunce than I am if I ever tried to. I keep them to *use*; they're my

tools, like your spade and hoe. What's that thing called that I saw in your hand the other day when you were working at the draining job? You don't often use that tool I think, do you?' 'Well, no. But then we don't get a job o' draining now same as we used. I mean to say as a man may go ten years at a stretch and never lay a drain-tile.' 'Well, then how about the use of his tools all this time?' Jabez smiled, slowly put his hand to his head, saw the point, and yet didn't see it. 'But, lawk sir! that's somehow different. I can't see what yow *can du wi'* a grit book like this here.' It was a massive volume of Littré's great dictionary, which I had just taken down to consult; it certainly did look portentous. 'Why, Jabez, that's a dictionary—a French dictionary. If I want to know all about a French word, you know, I look it up here. Sometimes I don't find exactly what I want; then I go to *that* book, which is another French dictionary; and if . . . ' I saw by the blank look in honest Jabez' face that it was all in vain. 'Want to know all about French words. Why you ain't agoing to fix no drain-tiles with them sort o' things. Now that du wholly pet me aywt, that du.'

I think no one who has not tried painfully to lift and lead others can have the least notion of the difficulty which the country parson has to contend with in the extreme thinness of the stratum in which the rural intellect moves. Since the schools have given more attention to geography, and since emigration has brought us now and then some entertaining letters from those who have emigrated to 'furren parts,' the people have slowly learnt to think of a wider area of *space* than heretofore they could imagine. Though even now their notions of geography are almost as vague as their notions of astronomy; I have never seen a map in an agricultural labourer's cottage. But their absolute ignorance of history amounts to an incapacity of conceiving the reality of anything that may have happened in past time. What their grandfathers have told them, that is to them history—everything before that is not so much as fable; it is not romance, it is a formless void, it is chaos. The worst of it is that they have no curiosity about the past. The same is true of their knowledge of anything approaching to the rudiments of physical science; it simply does not exist. A belief in the Ptolemaic system is universal in Arcady. I suspect that they think less about these things than they did. 'That there old Gladstone, lawk! he's a deep un he is! He's as deep as the Pole Star he is!' said Solomon Bunch to me one day. 'Pole Star?' I asked in surprise, 'Where is the Pole Star, Sol?' 'Lawks! I dunno; I've heerd tell o' the Pole Star as the deep un ever sin' I was a boy!'

It is this narrowness in their range of ideas that makes it so hard for the townsman to become an effective speaker to the labourers. You could not make a greater mistake than by assuming you have only to use plain *language* to our rustics. So far from it, they love

nothing better than sonorous words, the longer the better. It is when he attempts to make his audience follow a chain of reasoning that the orator fails most hopelessly, or when he comes to his illustrations. The poor people *know* so little, they read nothing, their experience is so confined, that one is very hard put to it to find a simile that is intelligible.

'Young David stood before the monarch's throne. With harp in hand he touched the chords, like some later Scald he sang his saga to King Saul!' It really was rather fine—plain and simple too, monosyllabic, terse, and with a musical sibilation. Unfortunately one of the worthy preacher's hearers told me afterwards with some displeasure that 'he didn't hold wi' David being all sing-songing and scolding, he'd no opinion o' that.' The stories of the queer mistakes which our hearers make in interpreting our sermons are simply endless, sometimes almost incredible. Nevertheless, no invention of the most inveterate story-teller could equal the facts which are matters of weekly experience.

'As yow was a saying in your sarment, 'tarnal mowing won't du wirout tarnal making—yow mind that! yer ses, an' I did mind it tu, an' we got up that hay surprising!' Mr. Perry had just a little misconceived my words. I had quoted from Philip Van Artevelde. 'He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend. Eternity mourns that.'

Not many months ago I was visiting a good simple old man who was death-stricken, and had been long lingering on the verge of the dark river. 'I've been a thinking sir, of that little hymn as you said about the old devil when he was took bad. I should like to hear that again.' I was equal to the occasion.

The devil was sick—the devil a saint would be;
The devil got well—not a bit of a saint was he!

[It was necessary to soften down the language of the original!]

'Is that what you mean?' Yes! it was that. 'Well I've been a thinking as if the old devil had laid a bit longer and been afflicted same as some on 'em, he'd a been the better for it. Ain't there no more o' that there little hymn, sir?'

The religious talk of our Arcadians is sometimes very trying—trying I mean to any man with only too keen a sense of the ludicrous, and who would not for the world betray himself if he could help it.

It is always better to let people welcome you as a friend and neighbour, rather than as a clergyman, even at the risk of being considered by the 'unco guid' as an irreverent heathen. But you are often pulled up short by a reminder more or less reproachful, that if you have forgotten your vocation your host has not; as thus:—

'Ever been to Tombland fair, Mrs. Cawl?' Mrs. Cawl has a

perennial flow of words, which come from her lips in a steady, unceasing, and deliberate monotone, a slow trickle of verbiage with never the semblance of a stop.

‘Never been to no fairs sin’ I was, a girl bless the Lord nor mean to ’cept once when my Betsy went to place and father told me to take her to a show and there was a giant and a dwarf dressed in a green petticoat like a monkey on an organ an’ I ses to Betsy my dear theys the works of the Lord but they hadn’t ought to be shewed but as the works of the Lord to be had in remembrance and don’t you think sir as when they shows the works of the Lord they’d ought to begin with a little prayer?’

There is one salient defect in the East Anglian character which presents an almost insuperable obstacle to the country parson who is anxious to raise the *tone* of his people, and to awaken a response when he appeals to their consciences and affections. The East Anglian is, of all the inhabitants of these islands, most wanting in native courtesy, in delicacy of feeling, and in anything remotely resembling romantic sentiment. The result is that it is extremely difficult, almost impossible, to deal with a genuine Norfolk man when he is out of temper. How much of this coarseness of mental fibre is to be credited to their Danish ancestry I know not, but whenever I have noticed a gleam of enthusiasm, I think I have invariably found it among those who had French Huguenot blood in their veins. Always shrewd, the Norfolk peasant is never tender; a wrong, real or imagined, rankles within him through a lifetime. He stubbornly refuses to believe that hatred in his case is blameworthy. Refinement of feeling he is quite incapable of, and without in the least wishing to be rude, gross, or profane, he is often all three at once quite innocently during five minutes’ talk. I have had things said to me by really good and well-meaning men and women in Arcady that would make susceptible people swoon. It would have been quite idle to remonstrate. You might as well preach of duty to an antelope. If you want to make any impression or exercise any influence for good upon your neighbours, you must take them as you find them, and not expect too much of them. You must work in faith, and you must work upon the material that presents itself. ‘The sower soweth the word.’ The mistake we commit so often is in assuming that because we sow—which is our duty—therefore we have a right to reap the crop and garner it. ‘It grows to guerdon after-days.’

Meanwhile we have such home truths as the following thrown at us in the most innocent manner.

‘Tree score?’ Is that all you be? Why there’s some folks as ’ud take you for a hundred wi’ that *hair* o’ yourn!’

Mr. Snape spoke with an amount of irritation which would have made an outsider believe I was his deadliest foe; yet we are really very good friends, and the old man scolds me roundly if I am long

without going to look at him. But he has quite a fierce repugnance to grey hair. 'You must take me as I am, Snape,' I replied; 'I began to get grey at thirty. Would you have me dye my hair?' 'Doy! Why that hev doyd, an' wuss than that—it's right rotten, thet is!'

Or we get taken into confidence now and then, and get an insight into our Arcadians' practical turn of mind. I was talking pleasantly to a good woman about her children. 'Yes,' she said, 'they're all off my hands now, but I reckon I've had a expense-hive family. I don't mean to say as it might not have been worse if they'd all lived, and we'd had to bring 'em all up, but my meaning is as they never seemed to die convenient. I had twins once, and they both died, you see, and we had the club money for both of 'em, but then one lived a fortnight after the other, and so that took two funerals, and that come expense-hive!'

It is very shocking to a sensitive person to hear the way in which the old people speak of their dead wives or husbands exactly as if they'd been horses or dogs. They are *always* proud of having been married more than once. 'You didn't think, Miss, as I'd had five wives, now did you? Ah! but I have though—leastways I buried five on 'em in the churchyard, that I did—and *tree on 'em beewties!*'² On another occasion I playfully suggested, 'Don't you mix up your husbands now and then, Mrs. Page, when you talk about them?' 'Well, to tell you the truth, sir, I really du! But my third husband, he *was* a man! I don't mix him up. He got killed, fighting—you've heerd tell o' that I make no doubt. The others warn't nothing to him. He'd ha' mixed them up quick enough if they'd interfered wi' him. Lawk ah! He'd 'a made nothing of 'em!'

Instances of this obtuseness to anything in the nature of poetic sentiment among our rustics might be multiplied indefinitely. Norfolk has never produced a single poet or romancer.³ We have no local songs or ballads, no traditions of valour or nobleness, no legends of heroism or chivalry. In their place we have a frightfully long list of ferocious murderers: Thurtell, and Tawell, and Manning, and Greenacre, and Rush, and a dozen more whose names stand out pre-eminent in the horrible annals of crime. The temperament of the sons of Arcady is strangely callous to all the softer and gentler emotions.

* A genuine Norfolk man never aspirates a *t* when followed by an *r*. It is always *trem* for through, *troat* for throat, *tree* for three, &c.

² I do not forget Crabbe—that sweet and gentle versifier. But the romantic element is wholly wanting in him. Very probably Sir Wilfrid Lawson would vehemently protest that Crabbe deserves to be reckoned among the greatest of the great. Was not his first poem entitled *Inebriety*? When a child I used to be told that Bloomfield's *Farmer's Boy* was equal to Spenser, but I concluded that Spenser must be very dull, and conceived a horror of the *Fairy Queen* in consequence.

There still remains something to say. In the minor difficulties with which the country parson has to deal, there is usually much that is grotesque, and this for the most part forces itself into prominence. When this is so, a wise man will not dwell too much upon the sad and depressing view of the situation ; he will try and make the best of things as they are. There are trials that are, after all, bearable with a light heart. Unhappily there are others that make a man's heart very heavy indeed, partly because he thinks they need not be, partly because he can see no hope of remedy. It is of these I hope to speak hereafter.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

THE DULNESS OF MUSEUMS.

OH! the dulness of museums!

I speak on behalf of the General Public. Full of interest to the expert, there is no concealing the fact that to the general public a museum, of whatever nature, is most intolerably dull, as I know by personal experience. To me, for example, a collection of blue china is dulness itself. I do not understand blue china, and its peculiar beauties are lost on me, while the experts cannot sufficiently feast their eyes on it, and are longing to nurse every teapot and stroke every plate in the collection.

Can anything be duller than a collection of coins when viewed by those who are absolutely ignorant of numismatics, know next to nothing of modern and nothing at all of ancient history, and can only appreciate a coin by its intrinsic value. They would perhaps admire a doubloon or a five-guinea piece, but would think very little of a daric.

A botanical collection would indeed be the driest of dry subjects to those who know nothing of botany, nor would an outsider be very much more interested if he were to walk for an hour in a botanical garden where the plants were absolutely growing.

Stay for a while in a geological museum, and watch the demeanour of those who pass through it. Putting aside the actual students of geology, who can be detected at a glance, there is not one in a hundred who is one whit wiser on leaving than on entering, nor, indeed, who has tried to be wiser. Stones, bones, and fossil shells, plants, and animals leave no further impression on the mind of the general visitor than that some of them are very big, and all of them are very ugly.

Even in art galleries, much of the same indifference prevails. Go to the National Gallery, or to the sculpture galleries of the British Museum, and watch the people as they wander among the priceless treasures of brush and chisel. The general visitors stroll listlessly through the building, utterly failing to appreciate a single beauty of canvas or marble, and sometimes openly avowing that they wonder why people should make such a fuss about faded pictures and battered statues. To their eyes the grand contours of the 'Theseus' torso and the divine grace of the Milo Venus are invisible,

while we have all read of the American visitors who derided the Medicean Venus as thick-waisted and splay-footed, their eyes having been accustomed to the distorted figures and crushed feet of their fashionable countrywomen.

The zoological galleries of a museum are scarcely less wearisome to the untrained eye. At first, perhaps, some amount of interest may be excited by the lions, tigers, leopards, some of the monkeys and a few eagles. But the interest soon cools, and the eye becomes painfully wearied by the monotony of long rows of beasts standing on flat boards, and of birds perched on short crutches, all 'looking intensely nowhere, and staring with extraordinary earnestness at nothing.'

Even the Zoological Gardens themselves soon pall upon the sight, and visitors abandon the beasts and gather round the band, tired even of watching the elephants and camels carry successive loads of children along the path and back again. There is, however, one exception, namely, 'feeding time,' when even the music yields to a greater attraction, and everyone rushes to see beasts and birds fed.

Now, this apparently unimportant proceeding gives a clue to the construction and organisation of museums which will attract the general public, and, after attracting the people, will arouse their attention, and excite and retain their interest. The creatures which are exhibited in a museum which will be acceptable to the public must be represented as doing something, not as staring straight in front of them. Note, for example, the crowd which will throng the window of a shop in which is a wheel doing nothing but turn round and round. 'Toddy's' demand to 'shee the wheels go wound' is the natural expression of this universal craving for action. Not only must the creatures be represented in action, but they must be shown as acting their natural life. Thus it is that people are soon tired of seeing the elephants and camels acting as beasts of burden, but they are never tired of seeing the animals feed.

I have long thought that in the management of our museums we have too much ignored the wants of the general public. If people only visited museums for the purpose of study, there would be no difficulty in the matter. But scarcely one in a thousand enters the door of a museum as a student, the remainder doing so simply for amusement, and interfering terribly with those who go there for study.

If the nine hundred and ninety-nine could be altogether ignored and excluded, as Horace objected to and excluded the **profanum vulgus*, the management of a museum would be simple enough. But we cannot and ought not to ignore them, but to welcome them, to interest them, and try to lead them on to systematic study. For this purpose, it is evident to my mind that we ought to have three,

if not more, absolutely different classes of museums, addressed to different mental conditions.

The first ought to be devoted entirely to purely scientific purposes, and to be secured from interruptions by outsiders, who should be considered as the *profanum vulgus*, and treated as such. Then there should be a second class of museum intended for those who are trying to learn the rudiments of science, and may in due time be promoted into the select band of regular students. Lastly, and quite as important as the two others, there should be a museum intended for the general public, and teaching them in spite of themselves.

Of the first kind of museum, we have magnificent examples in the collection of the College of Surgeons, and in the private departments of the British Museum and Natural History Museum at South Kensington, where all the scientific work is done in strictest privacy.

Of the second order of museums we have, or rather we shall have, a nearly perfect example in the new departments of natural history at South Kensington. The bays which surround the great central hall are being fitted up so as to exhibit the outlines of the comparative anatomy of the creatures which are found in the various galleries.

The first two bays are given to the mammalia. At the head there is a skeleton of man, as the type with which all other mammalia are to be compared. Then there is a skeleton of a baboon, and next to it another skeleton of the same species disarticulated and laid out flat for the convenience of reference. Following in due order are the skeletons of other mammalia, showing how the same limbs as those of man can, by simple modifications (or 'differentiations'), be employed for flying, running, leaping, climbing, and swimming. The examples given are the bat, the antelope (*Philantomba*), the sloth, and the porpoise. Then there is an admirably chosen and beautifully displayed series of preparations showing the progress of dentition in the various mammals. Next comes the series of objects which exhibit the integuments and epidermal growths, including fur, bristles, spines, scales, horns, hoofs, talons, and so forth.

Next come the birds, which are treated in like manner, and when the series is completed it will form an almost perfect epitome of the comparative anatomy of vertebrated animals. Each bay has a brief and intelligible compendium of its contents; there are type-charts of each organ, and, more important than all, the different bones and other elements of the body are labelled in exactly the same manner, so that there is not the least difficulty in tracing the homologies of structure throughout the whole vertebrated kingdom.

But where is the museum for the general public? We have none at present.

Professor Flower, to whose energy, guided by vast experience, we

owe the gigantic strides which are being made in our national collection of zoology, considers that this systematic arrangement teaches the A B C of the science. So it may seem to him, whose mind has for years been saturated with the subject. But it is not so to the ordinary visitor, who must have made some progress in anatomy before he can appreciate the teachings which are presented to his eyes.

For example, two of the most interesting and instructive series of preparations are those of the radius and ulna and the hyoid bones throughout the vertebrates. Now, what can Tom, Dick, and Harry (I exclude 'Arry as representing the *profanum vulgus*) know or care about the radius and ulna or the hyoid bones?

I may go farther. How many of the readers of this Review could point out the radius and ulna of a bat, a cow, a whale, or a sparrow? How many per cent. know where the hyoid bones are situated, why they are called by that name, or what are the parts which they play in the economy of the different vertebrates? So, instead of considering these invaluable preparations as being the A B C of comparative anatomy, I should be inclined to rank them as fifth or even sixth readers.

It is difficult for anyone who is master of a subject to realise the sublimity of ignorance which characterises the general public on behalf of which I am writing. It is equally difficult to realise the absolute incapacity of the untrained eye. I well recollect, when I was a lad, seeing an Oxford tutor (since deservedly promoted to very high rank in the Church) utterly astonished at learning that flowers had any connection with fruit, and another who could hardly be made to believe that the plummy leaves and green and scarlet berries of the asparagus could belong to the same plant that he was in the habit of consuming at table. He really thought that his informant was playing a practical joke upon him.

During the existence of the late lamented 'Colinderies' I paid several visits simply for the purpose of noting the comments of the visitors. Anyone would have thought that the most uneducated eye could distinguish between stripes and spots, and that no one could mistake a leopard for a tiger. Yet this mistake was not only repeatedly made, but was actually the rule. Even in the popular Indian hunting scene, where the tigers and leopards were shown close together, nearly everyone spoke of the leopards as 'young tigers,' or sometimes as 'small tigers.' In several other parts of the exhibition stuffed leopards were shown, and in almost every instance were called tigers by the spectators.

After hearing these remarks, I could almost pardon the South African colonists for their invariable custom of calling a large leopard by the name of tiger. Exactly the same crime is committed by the Guianan colonists, who call the jaguar a tiger, and the puma a lion.

In the same Indian group there were two wild boars making off

at their best speed. I did think that everyone would know swine by sight, if only by their tails, but I actually heard them called beavers, not once, but several times. I might fill an entire number with similar instances, and will only mention two of the most notable.

All those who visited the exhibition must have been struck with the groups illustrative of ostrich-breeding at the Cape. One group represented the parent birds, their eggs and young. Not far from this group was the admirable series of models of the diamond mines. These, as a lady explained to her offspring, were the holes in which the ostriches laid their eggs. She had actually taken no note of the model huts, washing machinery, steam-engines, tackle, travelling carriages for the soil, and the swarming human beings which thronged the quarries, and really thought that the models were the actual nests of the ostrich.

That anyone who was evidently well educated should have betrayed such absolute want of observation and hopeless ignorance seems almost impossible, but I heard another remark which equalled, if not surpassed, it in absurdity. A lady, evidently a schoolmistress, was passing through one of the galleries, dispensing information to her flock. One of them caught sight of a stuffed 'adjutant' in a case, and asked what that odd bird was. 'That, my dears,' said the instructress of youth, 'is a dodo,' and swept on benignantly as if dodos were as plentiful as barn-door fowls, and as if there were the least resemblance between the extant stork and the extinct dodo.

Now, it must be evident that to well-educated persons who cannot see the distinction between a tiger and a leopard, who believe wild boars to be beavers, and who can deliberately mistake the slender, long-legged, huge-beaked stork of India for the short-legged, fat-bodied, stumpy dodo of Mauritius, which has been extinct for at least two centuries, the wonderful modifications of the arm and tongue bones would convey no ideas whatever. Their eyes and their intellect would require a considerable amount of training before they could appreciate the treasures of knowledge which Professor Flower has offered to them.

It is easy enough to say that such persons have no business in museums, and that their opinion is of no consequence. In former days, I held that view myself, and was not very slow to express it as strongly as possible. I now advocate a very different theory, and would treat such persons as children, to be caught and taught. In most cases, their ignorance is not their own fault, but is due to the imperfection of their education.

If I were requested to take a number of children to the zoological galleries at South Kensington, I certainly should not try to interest their uninstructed minds by showing them the series of comparative anatomy, nor even weary their eyes and limbs by marshalling them along the rows of stuffed birds and beasts.

I should show them one or two of the monkey tribe, and point out the distinctions between the principal groups, giving at the same time a brief account of their distribution and life-history, so as to weave physical geography into the study of zoology. Then I should not allow them to range about as they liked, but should take them to the bats, carefully drawing their attention to the modifications of structure which enable a mammal to fly as swiftly as a bird. I should point out to them the common British bats which they may see on any summer evening, and then encourage them to find out for themselves the points wherein, putting size out of the question, the fruit bats and vampires differ from the bats of our own country.

Then I would show them the leading types of the cat tribe, followed by those of the dogs, and so on throughout the mammalia. Next, I would take them, in like fashion, through the typical birds, a task which would be much lightened by the beautiful series of birds and their nests which are now being placed in the galleries. The same plan could be pursued with the other branches of zoology, and so the young people would gain, without much trouble, a clear and systematic knowledge of the subject which they could scarcely compass in any other way.

To children of a larger growth, among whom must be reckoned all those whose eyes and minds have been untrained, such teachings would not only be valuable but most acceptable, as I have often experienced, and the interest once aroused would never afterwards fade from their minds. An analogous plan has been pursued for many years with the music at the Crystal Palace.

The general public is absolutely unable to appreciate the sublime works of the great masters, and to them a sonata by Beethoven or a fugue by Bach is simply wearisome in the extreme. They cannot appreciate any music that has not plenty of tune in it, and prefer a waltz or a polka to the masterpieces of the greatest composers. Yet these people are not ignored. On the contrary, they are encouraged, and every effort is made to attract them, so as to lead them to the appreciation of a better class of music. At certain hours there is dance music for those who like it, but interspersed with the dances are always pieces of a higher class, yet not so elaborate as to be above the heads of the audience. Then there are the Wednesday concerts where the music is of a mixed nature, and there are the daily concerts where selections from the highest class of music are always introduced.

Throughout all these varied styles of concert there runs one idea, namely, the development of musical taste. If Mr. Manns had begun by giving his audiences nothing but scientific music, he would soon have emptied the concert-room. Indeed, when he first introduced the compositions of Wagner, Raff, and the like, he had to contend with violent opposition, and many were the gibes, flouts, and sneers,

launched even by good musicians at the 'music of the future,' as it was contemptuously termed. Yet he carried out his principle consistently, until he succeeded in educating an audience, and teaching them that the 'music of the future' is really the music of the present. To my mind, this example is a most instructive and encouraging one, and might be followed in many other branches of science.

To return to our museums. Such teaching as I have mentioned would be very gratifying to the pupils, but would be horribly annoying to those who had passed the stage of pupilage and wanted the museum for the purpose of study. Moreover, the number of objects is greatly in excess of a pupil's requirements, and instead of helping him would only retard his progress. For pupils, of whatever age they may be, there ought to be a separate museum, where they could be interested and instructed without disturbing the regular students.

What kind of museum ought it to be? We all dwell in a small Utopia, and dream visions of perfection which we would fain see realised.

A very old Utopian dream of mine is a Natural History Museum for the public which would attract them and give them an interest in animal life. Attempts have been made in this direction, but they have all been on too small a scale, have little or no leading ideas, and are too often marred by errors so glaring that they convey false teaching and do actual harm to the science of which they are meant to be exponents. Nothing can be better than the beautiful series of bird life which has already been noticed, and which marks a distinct era in the history of museums. But they are widely scattered, and do not attract one tenth of the notice which they deserve.

As familiar examples of false teaching, I may mention the groups in the Wurtemberg Gallery in the Crystal Palace. As a rule the taxidermy is good, and the groups are spirited in their action, but they are marred by the most outrageous blunders. For example, there is a group representing a horseman carrying off some young tiger cubs and pursued by the infuriated parents. He has shot one of them and is turning round in the saddle to shoot the other. So far so good. But the man is a Moor, whereas the tiger is exclusively Asiatic, and is no more to be seen in Africa than in England. Nothing would have been easier than to have placed an Indian chief on the horse, or, if the Moor were retained, to have substituted lions for tigers; in either of which cases the group would have been just as spirited, and the teaching would have been true instead of false.

Another group represents a fight between a bison and a jaguar, the former animal being represented as crushing its antagonist against a tree. Now the jaguar is an inhabitant of South America, and is essentially arboreal in its habits, whereas the bison inhabits North America, and is essentially a creature of the plains, where not a tree

is to be seen. Here again a false impression is created, when it would have been just as easy to create a right one by substituting wolves for jaguars.

There are many other blunders quite as flagrant as those which I have mentioned, but our space is too limited for enumerating them; even in Ward's fine hunting group the taxidermist has represented a scene which never could occur in real life.

I believe that there is no instance known of a tiger attacking an elephant unless the latter were trained to tiger-hunting and ridden by sportsmen. But this elephant is unriden, and is not even guided by a mahout. It would not have cost much additional trouble to have put a howdah, or even a pad, carrying a couple of armed sportsmen on the elephant's back, and a mahout on the animal's neck.

Then, as a rule, stuffed snakes are absurdly wrong, the taxidermists, being ignorant of the peculiar manner in which the skeleton is constructed, twisting and coiling them in any direction as if they were mere ropes, without any vertebræ inside them. I have even seen snakes represented as undulating like the letter *o*, in happy defiance of anatomy. Again, the snakes are almost invariably furnished with birds' eyes, having circular pupils, instead of narrow slits like those of a cat's eye at midday. I have actually seen pink eyes inserted into a snake's head, the taxidermist evidently thinking that he was imparting an aspect of peculiar ferocity to the reptile.

There are just as absurd mistakes in the ethnological groups in the same building. The figures, etc., are admirable, but the clothes and weapons seem to have been distributed at random. Women, for example, are represented as carrying weapons instead of burdens, as is the invariable custom among all uncivilised people. Tribes from various parts of the world, even such essentially different races as Abyssinians, Dyaks, Botocudos, etc., are alike armed with Zulu assegais. The crowning absurdity, however, is attained in the group of North American Indian warriors in council, where the speaker is wearing on his breast the bead head-dress of a Bechuana woman. As to minor details, the feelings of an ethnologist are somewhat wounded by finding a group of Bosjesmans painted black as if they were negroes, and doubly hurt by seeing the great toes bent inwards as if they had been distorted by wearing tight boots.

Had I the good fortune to live in Utopia, I would construct a museum especially adapted to the despised Tom, Dick, and Harry, which should amuse them, should be of such a nature as to compel them to take an interest in the subject, and perchance to transform them into the Thomas H. Huxleys, Richard Owens, and P. Henry Gosses of the next generation. Men of science are not born ready made, or, if we wish to be classical, do not spring into the world fully armed, like Pallas from the head of Zeus. It is true that naturalists are, like poets, born, and not made, but both naturalists and poets

might have lived all their days without discovering their real vocation, had it not been revealed to them by accidentally meeting with some natural object or some piece of poetry to which their souls at once responded.

Museums occupy so vast a range, that I can only treat of those which illustrate the science of zoology. In the first place, such museums should be pre-eminently attractive. They should essentially deal with zoology in its true sense—i.e. the science of life—and not with necrology, or the science of death, as is too often the case.

For this purpose, four requisites are necessary. There must be plenty of space, plenty of money, time, and intimate knowledge of the subjects. I suggest then, on behalf of Tom, Dick and Harry, that their museum of zoology should consist not of isolated animals, but of groups, some large and some small, but all representing actual episodes in the life history of the animals exhibited. Neither scenery, trees, nor herbage should be conventional or evolved out of the inner consciousness of the maker. They should be truthfully copied from the many photographs or trustworthy sketches which are at our command. As far as possible, each group should be the reproduction of some scene which has actually been witnessed and described by travellers. Let us, for example, take a few African scenes as described by hunters such as Gordon Cumming, Anderson, Baldwin, and others.

Nothing could give a more vivid idea of animal life in South Africa, and of the country, than the mixed herds so often seen and admired by sportsmen. There would be giraffes, zebras, or quaggas, ostriches, and gnus, all mingled together, the gnus performing the extraordinary prancings, gyrations, and tail-whirlings wherewith they are accustomed to beguile the time. Some of the ostriches would be feeding, others resting in the quaint attitude common to all their kind, while others would be represented as running at full speed, with outstretched wings.

Care should be taken that each attitude should be studied from the living bird in actual action, as nothing is more common than for taxidermists to set up animals in attitudes which they could not possibly assume in life. There should be mimosa trees, on the leaves of which one of the giraffes should be browsing, coiling its long and flexible tongue round the twigs, and drawing them downwards within reach of its mouth. On the branches of the mimosa might be one of the enormous nests of the social grosbeak, together with specimens of the birds, some on the wing, others entering and leaving their nests, and others again bringing strips of grass wherewith to add to the compound nest. Some skulls of springboks and gnus should be lying about the ground, as actually seen by travellers, thus giving a good idea of the wealth of animal life produced by the country.

In all the large groups there should be a background representing faithfully a local landscape, actual objects being merged gradually

into the pictorial representations in the way which has of late years proved so effectual in the various panoramas representing the siege of Paris, the battle of Tel el Kebir, and similar scenes. In the present case a landscape should be selected which includes the Table Mountains, which are so characteristic a feature in South Africa.

Another scene might be composed from Baldwin and Anderson's graphic descriptions of the water side at dusk, with the lions and other wild beasts at the water, some lying down and drinking, and others beginning to move off, having taken alarm at the approach of elephants.

Among the smaller groups, which would require no background, might be given the death scene of the lion and gemsbok. More than once the skeletons of the two animals have been found lying together, the long, sharp, and nearly straight horns of the gemsbok having entered the breast of the lion. How the animals came by their death is easy to understand. The lion had sprung on the gemsbok, which instinctively lowered its head so as to present its horns at its adversary. The latter, not being able to check itself after making its spring, was impaled on the horns of the gemsbok, whose neck was of course broken by the shock. There might be two groups of this episode, one showing the lion making its spring, and the gemsbok lowering its head in defence; while the other would give the two skeletons as they were found.

Another attractive and picturesque group could be composed from Baines' graphic descriptions and sketches of the hippopotamus in the Nile. This would introduce the animal as swimming, as feeding ashore, as carrying its young on its back when in the water, and so forth. The papyrus thickets of the Nile could form a characteristic element in this group, and would not only be attractive to the spectator, but would convey a vivid idea of the hippopotamus at home. The effect would be heightened by the introduction of a crocodile or two, and some of the aquatic birds of the country. The celebrated monitor bird would add life and interest to the scene.

Borneo would afford a singularly interesting group by a family of orang-outans. They should be placed in a durian tree, that being highly characteristic of the country. One animal should be represented as swinging by its arms, so as to show the enormous proportions of the arms when contrasted with the legs. Another should be represented as walking along a horizontal branch, so as to illustrate the peculiar habit of 'knuckle walking' which characterises the whole of the great anthropoid apes. A male might be represented in the act of making a platform on which to rest, tearing down the branches with one hand and arranging them with the other. Then the female could be shown as hurling the heavy spike-covered durian on some enemy below, while a young one is squatting close to its mother, tearing off the durian rind with its teeth, and letting the fragments

drop, just as careless people fling away pieces of orange-peel. Some Bornean birds, especially the barbets, might be introduced with good effect, as might some of the more imposing ornithoptera butterflies.

South America would afford a magnificent group. One great danger in group-designing lies in crowding animals together in a way that is quite opposed to their natural habits. In the Indian hunting scene to which several references have been made this overcrowding is very conspicuous. No one ever saw tigers, leopards, and wild boars all within a few feet of each other. Nor did anyone ever see a family group of monkeys enjoying life within a few yards of tigers and leopards. On the contrary, the presence of monkeys is a sure sign that no tiger is near, and that the traveller can pass in safety. Whereas, if he should see a fruit tree with its crop still on the branches, he accepts it as a sign that a tiger is near the tree, so that the monkeys have not dared to gather the fruit.

But at the mouths of the Amazons a great opportunity may be found of gathering into one group a wonderful variety of animal life. When the waters have risen much beyond their usual extent, and have lasted for an abnormal period, vast quantities of fallen trees and broken branches drift towards the ocean, and by degrees become twisted and tangled together so as to form floating islands. Upon these islands gathers by degrees a strange assembly of animals which have taken refuge from the rising waters, so that one of them will contain representatives of almost the whole local terrestrial fauna, gathered together naturally, and therefore affording a striking and at the same time genuine subject for one of the large groups.

India could be well represented by a family party of tigers. The mother might be playing with her cubs, and the male bringing home an axis deer which he has killed. The cobra might find a place in the group, and so might the peacock and Argus pheasant, the former being represented as flying off, alarmed at the approach of the tiger.

Northern Europe might afford a fine group in action, representing a scene which was actually witnessed. Five or six wolves managed to drive a buffalo to the edge of a precipice. All, except one, formed a cordon, so as to prevent the animal from escaping. As long as he was still, they quietly sat on their haunches, but if he moved a step they closed in upon him and drove him back. One of them then dashed sharply at the animal, snapping at his nose fiercely and causing him to take a step or two backwards, the remaining wolves closing in as he gave ground. In this way they drove him close to the edge of the precipice, when they made a sudden dash, causing the animal to lose his balance and fall into the valley below. The closing scene of this episode would make a most effective group, the buffalo just beginning to lose his footing, one of the wolves flying at him with open mouth, and the others all eager, and preparing for their final rush.

The same stratagem is said to have been employed by the wolves

of America when they could manage to isolate a bison from his companions. The bison is, however, practically extinct, so that I do not venture to include it within the list of life-groups. To the wolf and buffalo group might be added a family of bears upon the rocks above, the young bears playing with each other and the parents watching the proceedings of the wolves below.

The Arctic regions would afford several fine groups. There might be, for instance, a group of the walrus upon an ice-floe, one of them being attacked by a polar bear after the extraordinary fashion employed by these animals—the bear springing on the back of the walrus, clinging to it with one paw, and battering its head with the other, so as to stun it before it can reach the sea, where it would be safe. A second bear could be shown coming to help the first in securing the walrus.

Other specimens of the walrus could be seen as swimming, others as scrambling to the water to avoid the bears, and another almost submerged, but hanging by the points of his tusks to the ice.

Many such subjects might be described, but I have only mentioned a few as examples of the life-groups which I would place in my Utopian museum. Attached to the building which contains them I would have a type-series of the vertebrates, so that in going through the galleries the visitors would recognise the creatures which they had seen grouped, and would realise the relationship in which they stood to other animals.

This, however, is not all. Putting aside the absolute ignorance with which we have to deal, we must remember that the faculty of observation is almost in abeyance in many individuals, while that of generalisation has never been developed. To each group, therefore, a placard should be attached, stating that it would be explained at a certain hour, and that the lecturer would remain for the purpose of answering questions. Such a course would attract thousands who otherwise would not set a foot inside a museum. I have often noticed that at museums, at the Zoological Gardens, and similar exhibitions, as soon as anyone begins to explain an object, an eager crowd begins to collect, all thirsting for information, and often showing themselves inconveniently unwilling to disperse.

Should such a course be adopted, the lecturers must be selected with the greatest care, none being appointed but those who have learned the difficult task of placing themselves in the mental condition of their hearers.

The most learned men are not necessarily the best teachers. On the contrary, they generally make the mistake of assuming that their hearers are already somewhat versed in the subject, and in consequence are unintelligible just where they wish to be especially lucid. Not long ago I heard a lecturer engaged in imparting the rudiments of comparative anatomy to a mixed audience. While so doing, he

spoke of the 'distal phalanx of the third digit,' thus conveying no more ideas to the minds of his hearers than if he had spoken in Sanskrit or Malagasy. To repeat a former illustration, while trying to teach them the A B C of the science he was acting as if they had passed the fifth standard. Had he, instead of using such words as 'distal,' 'phalanx,' and 'digit,' been content to say the 'last joint of the middle finger,' the information would have been the same, and all his hearers would have understood him.

The object of language is to convey ideas, and I have always held that words are valuable in proportion to their power of conveying thought from one brain to another. A word therefore which can be understood by ten thousand hearers should always be used in preference to one which only three or four individuals can be expected to comprehend. A lecturer should always bear in mind that his true object is to teach his hearers, and not to impress them with awe of his vast attainments. Nothing is easier than to employ the technical phraseology of science. The real difficulty lies in conveying the same information in language which everyone can understand. Could an institute such as I have sketched be established for the benefit of the general public, my dream would be realised. Would that it might take visible form among the permanent institutes which now seem likely to take the place of temporary exhibitions!

J. G. WOOD.

MR. GLADSTONE
ON 'THE IRISH DEMAND.'

THE article upon the Irish question which has lately been contributed to this Review by Mr. Gladstone will doubtless receive that attentive consideration which is due to its intrinsic merits as well as to the position and character of its author. It must be highly satisfactory to those Liberals who felt it their duty to resist the Irish legislation recently proposed by Mr. Gladstone to read his candid admission that such legislation was attempted by him before the 'reflective side' of the question had been exhausted. The announcement of the new policy undoubtedly took the country by surprise, and it may well be urged by Mr. Gladstone's opponents as well as by himself that during the whole of last year the question was approached 'on what may perhaps be termed its *impassioned* as opposed to its *reflective* side.' It is therefore with sincere pleasure that I find Mr. Gladstone advising us to betake ourselves to that 'reflective' process which might well have been recommended before legislation of a strange and startling character was proposed, but which even after the proposal and the defeat of such legislation cannot be otherwise than of good result.

One point, at least, has been gained by the publication of the article which I have now under review. Almost every portion of the Home Rule Bill of last year has been held to be 'an open question,' i.e. a question which might be settled by any compromise which should unite the different sections of the 'Liberal party' in its support. Now, however, we have it clearly and unmistakably laid down that the policy to which Mr. Gladstone is 'immutably attached' is that 'of establishing a statutory Parliament in Ireland, with its necessary consequence, a ministry responsible in the colonial fashion, and under proper conditions to secure the just interest of Ireland in Imperial concerns.' The importance of this statement consists in the fact that it enables us to see and recognise beyond all doubt the real, deep, fundamental difference between Mr. Gladstone and the Unionist party. The latter are perfectly ready to give to Ireland, as also to Scotland, Wales, and parts of England distant from the Metropolis, such extended municipal powers, under proper regu-

lations and with due security, as may remove the practical grievances attendant upon centralised administration, develop and enlarge the principles of local self-government, and confer the power of 'managing their own affairs' upon the people of every county or district in which such powers can be conferred with a due regard to the public safety and the maintenance of the law. The point of difference is in the statutory Parliament and separate Ministry. 'We who are attached, I believe immovably, to the policy' of maintaining England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales as a United Kingdom believe that to the existence of this union a United Parliament is a necessity, and that, in the words of Mr. Bright, 'to have two legislative assemblies in the United Kingdom would be an *intolerable mischief*.' To establish a separate Parliament for Ireland would be to encourage ideas in the Irish mind which would infallibly create confusion and disorder, and work evils which must be patent to the most ordinary foresight. Every restriction imposed upon such a Parliament would be represented as 'coming in a foreign garb' and imposed by a 'foreign' Power, and it is difficult to find a valid ground for dissenting from the concluding words of Mr. Bright's address to the electors of Birmingham, that 'no sensible man can wish for two legislative assemblies within the limits of the present United Kingdom who *does not wish the United Kingdom to become two or more nations entirely separate from each other.*'

There is one remarkable feature in Mr. Gladstone's article to which I desire to call attention, because it throws a vivid light upon the difference between him and his opponents. I allude to the manner in which, throughout the whole of his argument, he persists in speaking of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales as separate countries, and in virtually ignoring that common citizenship in which, according to our Unionist ideas, the inhabitants of these islands are happily blended. It is this craze with regard to individual nationalities, and the apparent inability to understand or recognise their absorption in the larger and nobler aspirations of a united country, which a quarter of a century ago misled Mr. Gladstone in his estimate of the probable outcome of the struggle between the Northern and Southern States of America, and is, I venture to think, misleading him to-day. Mr. Gladstone recognised the local autonomy of the Southern States, their presumed constitutional right to sever themselves from the American Union, and the determination, energy, and perseverance with which they attempted to enforce that right. That which he absolutely failed, on the other hand, to recognise and to appreciate was the intense belief of Americans in the larger nationality of their Union, their inflexible determination to preserve to their country that power and position among the nations of the world which would have been imperilled by the lopping off of the Southern States, and their consequent resolution to maintain at all hazards the

unity of their Republic. It is the same story to-day. Mr. Gladstone not only recognises (as indeed no one disputes) the existence of separate nationalities in Great Britain and Ireland, but he deems it wise and patriotic for ever to harp upon the fact of this existence, to stereotype any possible differences of race and feeling, and to encourage individual as against general nationality. This is a course precisely the reverse of that which commends itself to Unionists. We are far from desiring that either English, Scotch, Irish, or Welshmen should forget their several nationalities, or cease to be proud of whatever may be great, good, and glorious in the traditions of their past. But we contend that, for each and all, it is better and wiser to cling more and more closely to the common citizenship which unites us under one flag and one constitutional sovereign: we recognise the fact (admitted by Mr. Gladstone himself as regards the Irish people) that time has gone far to remove and obliterate the differences of race which formerly existed between us, and we, like our American brethren, are determined not to suffer those bonds of union to be relaxed which bind us together as one people. That is the real issue between us and Mr. Gladstone. To him individual nationality is a fetish to be worshipped, the British Empire the accidental outcome of a grouping of nationalities. To us the British Empire, existing for the general interests of our Home nationalities, and for the wider interests which are sheltered beneath its power or assisted by its influence, is something of greater importance than any individual nationality, too valuable to ourselves and to mankind to be trifled with or imperilled by any sentimental legislation. That this is also the view of the people was tolerably well proved at the last general election.

In the course of the article with which I am dealing the writer asks and answers eight questions upon the subject under discussion. I am glad to find myself in complete accord with him as regards one important matter—namely, 'the vast and solid strength of Great Britain.' Confining myself strictly to the point with which we are dealing to-day, I admit at once the possession of a giant's strength, and I recognise the force of the argument which seems to spring naturally from such an admission—namely, that if there should be given to Ireland those legislative powers which are demanded for her, Great Britain would be able effectually to prevent her abuse or misuse of the same. It appears to me, however, that the temptation to use her strength 'like a giant' hardly exists in this case, nor is it by any means necessary to appeal 'to the innate, ineradicable nobleness of English character.' The temptation is all the other way. Indeed, Mr. Gladstone himself admits and founds an argument upon this fact. He tells us that 'by blocking the way with Irish business we have effectually hindered the progress of British legislation,' and denies that we have any adequate 'com-

pensations,' for the 'grave and serious mischiefs' which are entailed by the present system. Surely, then, if this be the case, the 'temptation' to a country conscious of her own strength, and endowed moreover with that 'nobleness' of character which inclines the strong to be indulgent to the weak, is, not to use her strength 'like a giant,' but to yield to that which is put forth as a legitimate 'Irish demand.' The only reason why she has not so yielded, and why, in my judgment, she will not so yield, is because she believes that concession would be mischievous both to Ireland and to herself. Mr. Gladstone advises that the appeal to England should be made 'to her heart, her reason, and her conscience, not to her fears.' It is a pity that he should not have refrained from asserting, in a previous page, that 'it is undeniable' that Catholic emancipation, and other specified 'great measures' passed with reference to Ireland, '*were in the main due to the fears of England.*' The assertion is one which is certainly open to question; and with regard to the measure of 1829 it is to be remarked that, although words of the Duke of Wellington have been construed to bear the meaning attached to them by Mr. Gladstone, those words were never intended to imply that the concession to Catholic claims was made through fear, and the Duke himself gave a categorical denial to the charge in a speech of later date.¹ Compliance with popular demands may be at one time unwise and undesirable, and at another time prudent and politic, but to attribute the various 'concessions' or 'remedial measures' which have from time to time been given to Ireland by the British Parliament to the 'fears' of that Parliament or of the nation would be a mistake of a graver and more serious nature than to impute Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church Disestablishment measure to those outrages at Manchester and Clerkenwell which in his own words only 'made it possible' for him to give 'the Irish question precedence over other pending questions.'

It was recently my duty to demonstrate the inaccuracy of certain propositions of Mr. Gladstone which had been publicly put forward as facts of Irish history, and which bore materially upon the issues before the country. It is with regret that I find Mr. Gladstone still assuming, as the basis of an argument, statements which cannot bear the test of historical investigation. He speaks of 'the great series of measures which made the years between 1778 and 1795 almost a golden age of Irish history.'

It was not until 1782 that the new constitution, commonly known by the title of 'Grattan's Parliament,' was fairly launched. But if we take the period from 1782 to 1795 we shall find that in admitting it to be 'almost a golden age' we shall certainly run counter to the opinion of Grattan and those patriots of Grattan's school who held the views respecting Irish 'independence' which

¹ House of Lords, February 15, 1833.

Mr. Gladstone presumably holds to-day. The latter, however, has placed himself in a dilemma from which there is no escape. He has declared that Grattan's Parliament was 'a free parliament, with which Ireland was satisfied,' and on being confronted with the fact that this same Parliament was notoriously subservient to the British Government, he has fallen back upon a division of the period of this Parliament's existence, counting it as 'almost a golden age' up to the time of Lord Fitzwilliam's recall, and as something very much the reverse for the remainder of its existence. But does either picture correctly represent the truth? I am not for a moment denying that good measures were passed by the Irish Parliament between the years 1782 and 1795, although it must never be forgotten that they were so passed at the initiation and by the influence of the British Government. But just as recent British Governments have been taunted with passing alternate 'remedial' and coercive measures, so it will be found that the course of the Irish Parliament at the time of which we treat was of necessity in a similar direction. It cannot be too often impressed upon the public mind that it is absolutely untrue to state or to imply that Ireland was tranquil and loyal up to the time of Lord Fitzwilliam's recall, and that it was subsequent to and in consequence of that incident that rebellion was kindled in the country. It was eleven years *before Lord Fitzwilliam went to Ireland*, i.e. in 1784, that the 'Whiteboy' outrages became serious. In the three following years houghing, tarring and feathering prevailed, attacks upon Protestant clergymen were frequent, and riotous and disorderly meetings were sufficiently numerous to induce the Parliament to pass in 1787 an Act 'to prevent tumultuous risings and assemblies.' In 1791 the scene of violence shifted from south to north; murders and outrages still disgraced the country, and in that same year was inaugurated and established the Society of 'United Irishmen,' which was based upon hatred of England and admiration of French revolutionists.

Is it credible that, with all these facts before him, any one should calmly tell us that, during the period in which such a state of things existed, any measures of the Parliament could 'make it 'almost a golden age,' that 'Great Britain had to encounter a *united Ireland*,' and that 'when the critical year of 1795 opened religious animosities were at their nadir, because the spirit of nationality was at its zenith'?

It appears to me that the man must be wilfully blind who does not see and understand that Ireland was undermined by secret societies, demoralised by religious and political outrages, and infected with a spirit of active disloyalty long before the 'critical year of 1795,' and that although it is a fair subject for argument whether Lord Fitzwilliam's recall did not hasten the rebellion, yet it is beyond argument or doubt that the seeds of that rebellion had long before

been sown, and that the non-removal of Catholic disabilities was a pretext for that which had long been plotted and the authors of which only waited their opportunity.

But whether or no Mr. Gladstone is justified in his estimate of the effects of Lord Fitzwilliam's recall, the language in which he concisely relates the occurrences which immediately followed stands sorely in need of justification. Without discussing the reality of the 'holy alliance between Irishmen of different Churches,' I come to his charge upon the Executive of his country of having entered upon a 'headlong career,' to which he attributes *inter alia* 'the deplorable foundation of the Orange lodges' and 'the gradual conversion of the United Irishmen into a society of separatists.' With respect to the foundation of the Orange lodges, it may be observed that although their name was changed and their organisation improved and extended in 1795, the members were the same 'Peep o' Day Boys,' who had existed for years before Lord Fitzwilliam's viceroyalty, and whose existence, as well as that of the 'Defenders,' on the side of the Catholics, pretty conclusively proves that Mr. Gladstone's 'holy alliance' was of a very limited and uncertain character. Religious animosity had unhappily prevailed in Ireland too long to have been swept away at once by any remedial measure, and it was as the product and outcome of religious animosity that these societies existed, and not in consequence of any 'headlong career' on the part of the Executive. But what of the 'United Irishmen? The revelations of Wolfe Tone have amply proved that hostility to England and desire for separation from her were the main-springs and roots of the society in question, and that the 'gradual conversion into separatists' is a charitable offspring of Mr. Gladstone's own imagination. A hundred years hence, or possibly at a much earlier date, the world may be in possession of memoirs or diaries of some of the Home Rule leaders of to-day, which will enable it to judge more clearly than at present of the value of their protestations against that idea of separation from Great Britain which, up to the time of Mr. Gladstone's sudden avowal of his adhesion to Home Rule, had so often found expression in their public utterances upon the question. But, however this may be, we have ample material to-day from which to judge of the real character of the United Irishmen of 1798.

I am not pretending to maintain that the action of the British Government during the dark times of which we are writing was in all respects such as can be approved by the statesmen of to-day; but, in the first place, we must remember the enormous difficulties with which they had to contend, and, in the second, we must not confound the action of the British Government with the excesses of exasperated loyalists who met outrage by outrage, and only too closely imitated the crimes and cruelties which disgraced the rebellion. It is, or should be, com-

paratively easy for us to judge of events which we can calmly contemplate after so long an interval of time. Unfortunately, however, whatever has been spoken or written of Ireland, both before and after the particular epoch of which I write, has been almost invariably tinged with such a colour of partisanship and spirit of bigotry that it is in most cases still difficult to arrive at the exact truth. Mr. Gladstone, indeed, has no difficulty, for he pronounces against England upon every point, and attributes to her misgovernment and the 'headlong career' of the Executive all the misfortunes of the period. I cannot honestly retaliate by charging everything to the perversity of Ireland. But, because I admit that Ireland had a right to complain of several things connected with British administration, and perhaps most of all of the exclusion of the majority of her people from an equality of civil rights with their fellow-citizens upon the ground of their religious belief, I entirely refuse to allow that such complaints, however justifiable in themselves, either justified or were the principal causes of the rebellion of 1798 and the subsequent sufferings of the country. These things were, in my opinion, principally due to three causes—first, that the jealousies and bitterness caused by the old confiscations of Irish estates still rankled in the breasts of the people and were a perpetual source of discontent; secondly, that this element of mischief, as well as that of the religious differences between Catholic and Protestant, was constantly inflamed by the action of self-seeking agitators; thirdly, that the spirit of the French revolution, which had spread like wildfire over Continental Europe and threatened the existing constitution of every country, produced an immense effect in Ireland and fanned into a flame the smouldering embers of discontent. There were then—alas that there should still be!—men of character and ability who, instead of pointing out to Ireland that a closer union between Great Britain and herself and a more thorough identification of the inhabitants of both countries must result in an enormous benefit to both, preferred to appeal to the spirit of separate nationality, described Great Britain as an alien nation, represented her legislation as coming to Ireland 'in a *foreign garb*,' and so worked upon the feelings of an excitable people as to produce those deplorable results which a British statesman at the present time can reconcile it to his conscience to attribute to the policy of his own country and the action of those eminent men to whom fell the arduous task of guiding her destinies in those perilous times.

Mr. Gladstone is entirely right in his advice to Ireland 'not to rely upon obtaining what she desires from the fears of England;' he is as completely wrong in asserting that England ever was 'afraid,' or that her statesmen have ever been actuated by a desire less pure and generous than his own to show such favour to Ireland, and to act as much in accordance with her desires, as they have felt to be consistent with the general interests of that empire of which she forms

an integral part. Mr. Gladstone in his second question asks whether, in the recent controversy, Ireland, as the weaker party, has had the full benefit of equal treatment. I reply that, if the question had been one between two independent nations, about to enter upon an administrative agreement, the reasoning about 'securities' on one side or the other would be entitled to every consideration; but I contend that Great Britain and Ireland are as one country under one sovereign and one government, and that the matter under discussion is between the subjects of one sovereign as to the best and most convenient manner in which the government of a united country can be conducted. And if we decline to establish a separate Parliament in Dublin it is from no ill-feeling to Ireland or to Irishmen, but simply because we believe it to be highly inconvenient and prejudicial to the interests of the Empire that such a body should be called into existence for the transaction of the business of any separate portion of the thirty-six or thirty-seven millions which constitute the population of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

The third question put by Mr. Gladstone is one which I am scarcely concerned to answer at the present moment. It is founded upon the manner in which the Irish 'Nationalists' appear to undervalue the 'proper share of Ireland in Imperial concerns,' and to concentrate their efforts upon obtaining 'self-government at home.' Apart from the 'peculiar history' of Ireland, there is a possible solution of the enigma. If the 'Nationalists' are in reality looking forward to complete separation from Great Britain, it is not difficult to imagine that, eagerly grasping at the stepping-stone to that separation which would be given them by Mr. Gladstone's proposals, they would concentrate their efforts in his support, and neither profess nor feel much anxiety to secure to Ireland her 'proper share in Imperial concerns.' The prospect of a Parliament in which they would be omnipotent may well have induced them to think and care little about 'Imperial concerns' until these objects had been obtained.

I must transpose the order of Mr. Gladstone's next two questions, because upon the last one logically follows the fifth, which demands whether the establishment of a statutory parliament in Dublin will 'make over the government of Ireland to Mr. Parnell and his friends.' I must pass over the first paragraph of Mr. Gladstone's answer with a simple protest against its one-sided and anti-English reference to the history of the past. It is a little too bad to tell us, as a matter of undoubted historical fact, that a certain policy was in 1795 'abandoned in defiance of the Parliament, under orders from England, which orders were issued under the inspiration of an Irish faction,' and still worse to assert that 'the determination was taken to work the Government against the representative portion of the Parliament.' It would have been perfectly just to protest against a parliament being called 'representative' in Ireland from which Catholics were

excluded, but it is totally inaccurate to say that in the Protestant Parliament the 'representative' portion was all on one side, and that in opposition to the Government. But if Mr. Gladstone is unfair in his historical reference to 1795, what shall we say of his account of 1886? He says that 'the Irish policy approved by the majority of English voters in the election of 1886 was that we should have *the representation of the country one way and its administration another way.*' Is this a fair and true representation of the case? That which I conceive to have been the 'policy approved' was that, Great Britain and Ireland being bound together as one United Kingdom, the affairs of that kingdom should be administered by one Government, representative of the whole, and not by a double and divided administration. As an earnest supporter of this policy I accept Mr. Gladstone's proposal 'to take the future into view.' He asks (1), 'Is there the smallest chance of rescuing the representation of the country from the Nationalists?' (2) 'If not, is there a chance of our continuing for a generation or two with the representation of the country one way and its administration the other way?' I will reply with other questions. Is Mr. Gladstone prepared to see a Nationalist Government in Dublin, administering the affairs of Ireland in a spirit entirely contrary to that which Great Britain would sanction in her Parliament? If he is so prepared, and would further consider that Great Britain should stand aloof and allow such a government so to administer Irish affairs, by what argument of logic or reason could he oppose the total separation of the two countries if it were desired by the same Nationalist Government? If he is not so prepared, what other course is there to take in order to preserve the Union than to preserve intact that United Parliament in which the anti-Unionist Irish are a minority, though a minority sufficiently strong to make their power felt whenever they have any real cause of complaint? Mr. Gladstone tells us that when once a statutory parliament had been established in Dublin the 'basis as a party' of Mr. Parnell and his friends 'would disappear, just as the basis of the Anti-Corn Law League disappeared with the repeal of the Corn Law.' Is this so? The position of Mr. Parnell and his friends would be entirely different from that of the Anti-Corn Law League. In that case a principle triumphed, and there was virtually no more cause of battle. But the concession to the Irish Nationalists of a separate parliament, with limited powers, would be an entirely different matter, and would leave ample basis for the continued existence of the party whose 'disappearance' is contemplated by Mr. Gladstone.

I will point out, without particularising, that Mr. Gladstone proposed in his Bills of last year to impose certain restrictions upon the statutory Parliament of Ireland from which 'Grattan's Parliament' was free. Can any one doubt that whilst one of these restrictions remained, the 'basis' would still exist? Mr. Gladstone believes that

'the leisured and landed classes' will establish friendly relations with all other classes, and will represent the people of Ireland in the future. But almost in the same breath he tells us that 'the leisured class has abandoned and excommunicated Nationalism,' which consequently 'now seeks and finds very efficient representatives, who to a considerable extent are not of the leisured class.' Does he, then, expect these men to stand aside, or to be thrown overboard by those whom they have led 'to victory'? Does he expect the men who have thriven upon agitation, lived upon foreign subsidies, denounced 'landlordism,' 'the Saxon,' 'English rule,' and everything connected with the British connection to disappear quietly from the scene as soon as 'a statutory parliament shall have been established in Dublin'? This would be an incredible result.

Mr. Gladstone's first question is whether the political question as to Irish government can be disposed of 'by means of what is termed firm government, or by some improved action of the Executive in Ireland.'

An affirmative answer to this question has doubtless been rendered vastly more difficult by Mr. Gladstone's own action. It is not too much to say that from the time of the passing of the Act of Union down to the Christmas of 1885 no leading British statesman had ever sanctioned the idea of that practical repeal of the Union of which Mr. Gladstone unexpectedly posed as the advocate. I readily admit that his new attitude changed the whole aspect of affairs, because he effectually broke up the unanimity with which the two great political parties in Great Britain had previously regarded the fundamental principles by which this question should be ruled. The country, however, having emphatically condemned Mr. Gladstone's proposal to abrogate these principles, his question must still be answered in the affirmative. The Irish difficulty must be met by 'firm government' and by such 'improved action of the Executive' as experience may have shown to be desirable. No concession to Irish demands will be grudged so long as those demands are consistent with the interests of the Empire; but attempts to weaken the connection between Great Britain and Ireland by legislation in the direction of a severance of interests and an administrative separation must, in the interests of Ireland herself quite as much as in those of Great Britain, be encountered by a stern resistance.

I will not dwell upon Mr. Gladstone's sixth question, which relates to foreign contributions, but pass at once to the seventh and eighth, which practically embrace the whole problem which is before us for solution. They relate to the 'intentions' with which Great Britain has legislated for Ireland.

I must once more notice with deep regret the persistent manner in which Mr. Gladstone refuses to credit his country, from first to last, either with good intentions or kindly action towards Ireland. From the earliest connection between the two countries he condemns

the policy of England towards Ireland alike in its intention and its results. It is impossible to answer vague and wholesale accusations except in general terms; but when Mr. Gladstone once more refers to Mr. O'Connell as a witness who has 'demonstrated the wicked conduct of England towards Ireland in the first four centuries of their connection,' I must warn the public against accepting Mr. O'Connell as a reliable authority. His book, published in 1843, declares that 'the Irish people are determined to insist on the restoration of their *Native Parliament*,' which historical truth proves to have never existed save as an institution founded by the English colonists, for the more important part of its existence inaccessible to the adherents of the 'native' religion, and in no sense to be termed 'native' as against England, or capable of being restored in the same form and under the same conditions of existence which obtained at the time of its extinction. But the narrative of Mr. O'Connell, extending from the year 1172 to 1660, has but one object and intention—namely, to extol to the utmost the character of his Catholic fellow-countrymen, to deny their guilt in any instance, and to impute first to the English and, after the reign of Henry the Eighth, specially to the Protestants all the evils which came upon Ireland. It is quite true, as Mr. Gladstone takes care to inform us, that Mr. O'Connell employs 'citations from authority' to prove the cruelties practised by the Protestants—too frequently, I grieve to say, with direct sanction from those who were responsible for the government of England—upon the Catholics of Ireland.

No Englishmen worthy of the name can read such a recital without shame and sorrow. But is there no other side to the picture? Mr. O'Connell relates in minute detail every murder and outrage committed by Protestants upon Catholics. Unfortunately it is beyond all doubt that the greater part of the cruelties to which he refers were practised in retaliation for the atrocities committed by Catholics upon Protestants at the outbreak of the rebellion of 1641. I am quite aware that Mr. O'Connell denies that any massacre occurred at this period. His inspiration is apparently derived from a book published in Philadelphia in 1823, entitled '*Vindiciæ Hibernicæ*,' the author of which, Mr. Carey, states that his object is 'to develope and expose a few of the multifarious errors and misrepresentations respecting Ireland in the Histories of May, Temple, Whitelock, Borlace, Rushworth, Clarendon, Cox, Carte, Leland, Warner, Macaulay, Hume, and others; particularly in the *legendary tales of the pretended conspiracy and massacre of 1641*.' Mr. O'Connell, faithfully following the example set him by this writer, imputes unscrupulous falsehood to all Protestant writers.

Upon this point I will content myself with these general remarks: First, that writers who begin by accusing all those who have preceded them of falsehood and errors, do not deserve to be

accepted by the discerning reader as impartial historians ; secondly, that, so far as the events of 1641 are concerned, I refer my readers to the first volume of Mr. Froude's *English in Ireland* for the authorities upon which rest the history of the rebellion and the massacre of Protestants, and to the Parliamentary history of 1641-3 ; thirdly, that these events must not be judged of from the accounts of any one historian, Catholic or Protestant, but from a fair comparison of the writings on either side. It is hardly possible to conceive a more bitter and one-sided partisan spirit than that which pervades Mr. O'Connell's publication ; and whilst I utterly detest the persecution of Catholics, and heartily rejoice in their present equality with their Protestant fellow-countrymen before the law, I say that no man can impartially read the terrible and melancholy history of Ireland from the accession of Charles the First to the Treaty of Limerick without coming to the conclusion that upon Catholic as well as Protestant, upon Irish as well as English, rests the blame and the responsibility for the deeds of that miserable epoch. But, to my mind, there is a serious responsibility and blame resting also upon those statesmen of to-day who aggravate the present difficulties of the Irish question by appeals to a past over which both sides would do well to draw a veil. During the times of which Mr. O'Connell writes religious animosity was inflamed to the utmost pitch ; but, in addition to this fearful element of discord, there raged a civil war which greatly complicated the differences and confused the issues of the day. The old issues between the English colonists and the native Irish had in reality to a great extent passed away, and become merged in the battle between Royalist and Parliamentarian and, alas ! between Catholic and Protestant. This is a fact which ought to be borne in mind, but which is too often forgotten by the controversialists of the present day. It suits the orator who appeals to passion and sentiment to represent the difficulties of Irish government as proceeding from the differences of race and the oppression of the Celtic by the Saxon nation. In reality, such has been the fusion of the two races, that even in the days of Sir John Davies it was true, and to-day it is still more true, to say (as Mr. Gladstone himself has said) that 'the greater part of the Irish people are descended from British extraction.' The real differences between Great Britain and Ireland which still exist are differences founded upon the events of the Civil War, upon the confiscations which preceded and followed that war, and upon the religious divisions which, in bigotry and bitterness, have been of a magnitude and duration unequalled in the history of the world. Mr. Gladstone would apparently join with Mr. Carey and Mr. O'Connell in throwing all the blame upon Protestantism and England. I cannot retaliate by casting it entirely upon Ireland or upon Catholicity. I maintain that any man of impartial mind must admit that there has been

blame upon both sides, and that the true way in which to approach the question to-day is by a free admission of this fact, a mutual determination to exchange forgiveness for the past, and a hearty resolution to recognise the wisdom, the righteousness, and the advantage of greater forbearance, more kindly feeling, and closer union in the future.²

Pursuing his continuous indictment against Great Britain, Mr. Gladstone declares that no one will 'dare to assert' that 'the intention of England and of the Parliament was good, even from the legislative union onwards.' No doubt we may find much to blame in the policy pursued after the Union, but in the first place it is unfair to say that it was founded upon any evil 'intention' towards Ireland; and, in the second place, it terminated with the triumph of Catholic emancipation in 1829. Since that year I do not think that any man can fairly maintain that the 'intention' of Great Britain towards Ireland has been anything but good, or that there has been any want of sympathy with Ireland, any disinclination to listen to her complaint and to remove her grievances. When Mr. Gladstone comes to deal with times more recent, he speaks of course with the authority of one who has been an active participator in the legislation of which he is now the critic. To deny 'good intention' would be an act of self-inculpation which could not be expected. But when he tells us that in 1847 'the want of information and care' on the part of the British Parliament was 'gross,' and that, even so late as 1880, the British Government was not 'well-informed' by 'local officialism,' may we not deem it possible that something even less reliable may misinform and mislead Mr. Gladstone himself in 1887? He tells us that 'we are treating of the *local concerns of Ireland*, which, as distinct from Imperial concerns, hold a position *quite different from any that belongs to those of Scotland or of Wales*.' It is well to note those words, because Mr. Gladstone will have to explain them away when hereafter he comes to ask for the application of the 'Home Rule' principle to Scotch and Welsh 'local concerns' which he foreshadows in some later expressions. But what is the difference which Mr. Gladstone declares to exist? 'On this side the Channel public authority administers the law in sympathy with the people, on the other it does not.' Well, but why not? Is the law or are the people in fault? If the law, is the British Parliament unable or un-

² At p. 385 of his book Mr. O'Connell asks his readers to join him 'in blessing Providence, who gave the Irish nation *a soul so full of humanity, a disposition so replete with mercy*, that, excepting in the actual civil war itself, the Irish *shed no blood, committed no crime, perpetrated no barbarity, exhibited no intolerance, exercised no persecution*.' As the rebellion and massacre of 1641, however some of the details may have been exaggerated (as is doubtless the case), are facts which rest upon a mass of evidence which place them beyond doubt, I must ask the public to pause before they endorse Mr. Gladstone's recommendation of the author of the above passage as a reliable authority and his book as one of the 'best works' on Irish history.

willing to alter it? If the people, are they, being wrong, to be encouraged to hold themselves superior to the law or to be made to obey it?

Again does Mr. Gladstone repeat the phrase, so hateful and, I must add, so unpatriotic from an Englishman, that 'the law wears in Irish eyes a *foreign garb*.' Why? What law? Is it the law which forbids to steal, to murder, to mutilate, to violate legal contracts, and to prevent loyal citizens from following their peaceful avocations and discharging their lawful obligations? Is the breach of such laws to be excused by Mr. Gladstone or tolerated in Ireland because certain persons say they come 'in a foreign garb'? And does or can any one say so who is a loyal subject of Queen Victoria and who honestly desires this to be a United Kingdom? Let us have no cant and equivocation in this matter. Are Irishmen to steal, murder, and commit outrage because such things are forbidden by the laws of Great Britain? The men who encourage such doings are the men who give countenance to such absurd ideas as that of the 'foreign garb,' well knowing that if the words have any meaning at all they signify that Ireland is, or ought to be, no part of the United Kingdom, and, more than this, a country to which the ordinary laws of civilisation ought not to be applied. 'The first necessity of government,' says Mr. Gladstone, 'is to have the law in harmony with the people.' Grand words indeed, but what do they mean? Laws should surely be founded upon principles of justice and morality. If, being so founded, they are broken by the people, are they to be made unjust and immoral in order to meet the popular view? The Irish people, as a people, are not unjust or immoral, but they are a people of a peculiar and impulsive character, and they have been subjected of late years to influences and temptations of no ordinary kind. If they have in too many instances succumbed to these, and if evils of great magnitude and extent have consequently followed, it is not so much the people to whom blame is to be attached as their teachers and those statesmen who, by weak concession and irresolute and vacillating action, have placed power in the hands of those teachers. But we have surely not yet arrived at such a point that we must consider, not whether laws are just and right, but whether, being just and right, they are 'in harmony with the people.' The duty of a government is to govern—to frame just laws and see that they are obeyed—and the government which fails in this duty is unfit for its office. No doubt I shall be told that Mr. Gladstone only intends to propound that laws relating to the local affairs of Ireland should be 'in harmony' with the views of the Irish people. But what proposal relative to such laws has been brought before the British Parliament in which the principles of justice and honesty have not been directly in question? Justice is not the monopoly of any one country. British and Irish interests are interwoven with

each other, and anything which distinctly militates against the principles of justice in the one country cannot be tolerated in the other so long as the two countries are part and parcel of one united kingdom.

Mr. Gladstone complains of 'the inconveniences of legislative arrears.' Which has more reason to complain, Great Britain or Ireland?

The consumption of Parliamentary time upon Irish affairs has been great, and rendered greater by the action of those who have avowed their desire and intention to bring the Parliament of Great Britain into contempt. Is the remedy of necessity to be found in separation? May it not be more effectually found in the alteration of the procedure in Parliament itself?

It may be that Mr. Gladstone is right in affirming that the machinery of our Imperial legislation 'is ill adapted for the despatch of purely Irish concerns,' but the same may be said with regard to the 'concerns' of any particular part of Great Britain, and the defect in a vast machine may often require its repairing without necessitating its destruction. I will not follow Mr. Gladstone in his comparison between the Scotch and Irish Union further than to call attention to his repetition of the historical inaccuracy that there was in Ireland 'no independent national party which favoured the Union.' The petitions from the Irish Catholics (which may be found by reference to Plowden's History), the evidence given during Lord Cornwallis's progress, and, above all, the division lists, which include among the supporters of the Union many representatives of the larger and more independent constituencies, prove Mr. Gladstone to be entirely in error.

With regard to the bribery I must again remind those who care to recur to the subject that by far the greatest part of the expenditure incurred at the time of the passing of the Union was employed in the payment of compensation to the owners of Parliamentary seats, which had been to them and their families a source of income for generations. The system was undoubtedly bad; the payment may have been wrong, but it was made alike to supporters and opponents of the Union, and it is unfair to represent it as 'bribery' in the sense in which the word is usually employed.

We are asked by Mr. Gladstone whether our present relations with regard to Ireland exhibit a state of things so desirable that it is worth our while to run a risk in money or any other risk in order to maintain them? I reply that the truer form of the question is this: whether a separation between the two countries is not so *undesirable* in the interests of *both* that each will do well to tax its resources in order to avoid such a calamity?

We are told that 'in a matter where Ireland has an integral and England a partial concern' we are expecting the Irish to

consent to substitute 'the English conviction for their own.' My comment upon Mr. Gladstone's words is that they again express his old fallacy—namely, that our country is not united, but divided into four nations. We claim that, as a united people, we have, *all* of us, an 'integral' concern in the affairs of every part of our united country, and that our legislation must be determined by the majority of the whole representation. If we are to enter into an argument as to the relative amount of representation enjoyed by each part of the United Kingdom, Mr. Gladstone would find that it is England who might with justice complain that her population and relative amount of contribution to Imperial taxation entitle her to a larger share of representation than that which she enjoys. This, however, is at the moment beyond the scope of the question which has to be answered. That question is practically whether we are to grant that which, under the name of 'Home Rule,' Mr. Gladstone designates as 'the Irish demand.' Let us consider, first, whether the Irish demands of past years have been granted or refused, and what has been the result; secondly, what is the actual 'Irish demand' now, and what it implies and involves. I take Mr. Gladstone's own favourite work—namely, Mr. O'Connell's 'memoir'—and I find that his plain and straightforward 'demand' was for 'the repeal of the Union.' He termed the Union 'a Living Lie,' and he did so for the following reasons:—

First, because 'the Union entitled the Catholics of Ireland to religious equality with the English and Scotch.'

Can any one deny that this equality, though too long delayed, has now been given?

Secondly, 'the Union entitled the people of Ireland to the same elective franchise with the people of England.' In this respect the last Reform Bill has given that equality which Mr. O'Connell demanded for his countrymen.

Thirdly, 'the Union entitled the people of Ireland to an adequate portion of the representation in Parliament.' This, says Mr. O'Connell, has been scornfully and contemptuously refused.' It has now been granted to such an extent that complaints come from Great Britain of the over-representation accorded to Ireland.

Fourthly, 'the Union entitled the people of Ireland to an identity of relief with England from corporate monopoly, bigotry, plunder, and abuse of every other kind.' These words are rather vague, and I own that I am unable to say whether they include a complaint concerning any grievance which has not yet been removed, but I am sure that there is none which they can comprehend to the removal of which, when once shown to be an inequality and a grievance, the British Parliament would not freely consent.

Add to this that the Protestant Church Establishment in Ireland for good or evil, been abolished, and how does the matter stand?

O'Connell declared that Ireland demanded the repeal of the

Union *because* she had been refused 'Equality—Identity.' The first has been fully granted; the latter has been more than granted, because the only point of non-identity consists in the Irish branch of the Established Church having been disestablished in accordance with what was supposed to be the 'Irish demand.' What, then, is that demand to-day? Under the specious title of 'the privilege or the right for Ireland to manage her own affairs' the practical demand is not only for the repeal of the Union but for a great deal more. It is perfectly true that Mr. Gladstone speaks of 'a Union of heart and soul' to replace the 'paper Union,' at which he sneers; but let us look a little closer into the matter. This is not the 'demand' which is really made by those who claim to represent the Irish nation. Under cover of the demand to 'manage their own affairs' they desire to overthrow the settlements made by British parliaments in the past, and to introduce principles of legislation which can only be called 'principles' by courtesy at the expense of truth. It is not only that they would permit tenants, far and wide, to break their legal contracts, and would subject landlords to an arbitrary reduction of rent, which would entail misery and ruin upon those who may have hitherto escaped those too frequent results of recent legislation. If words mean anything they would sweep away the present race of landlords altogether. This is no idle assertion. In the recent Parliamentary debates Mr. Parnell deliberately stated that 'almost every title to Irish land is founded on wholesale robbery and embezzlement.' In the same debate Mr. Redmond declared himself the determined 'enemy of landlordism,' and in the *Freeman's Journal* of January 3 Mr. Dillon was reported to have said: 'The soil of Ireland was the property of the children of Ireland, and not the property of the contemptible, rack-renting, ascendancy landlords, *whose fathers had robbed it from their fathers and from whom they would now take it.*' No doubt it would be difficult at the present time to discover the children of these plundered fathers, or to restore the lands to descendants of former possessors who themselves would be hard of discovery. No doubt also that the abolition of landlordism would be a difficult task, since the land must be owned by somebody, and a change of landlords is all that could be accomplished. But the words above quoted—only samples of expressions which might easily be multiplied a hundredfold—are ample evidence of the spirit in which Mr. Gladstone's Irish allies are prepared to deal with the question. The settlement of land 200 years ago is to count for nothing; the fact that probably three-fourths of the land of Ireland has, since that period, been bought and sold in open market is to be held of no account; the circumstance that the British Parliament has legislated again and again upon the subject of Irish land, and has given a Parliamentary title to its purchasers, is to stand them in no stead. Landlordism—or, to put it in the real sense in which the expression is intended, the race of landlords with a title derived from British

influence and British legislation—is to be abolished, and the past settlement of Irish land to be swept away like a spider's web if it stand in the way of the 'Irish demand.' Are the British people prepared for this? Will the British democracy be ready to resist the calls for aid which will be made upon them by their brethren who have trusted to the faith of British parliaments, to bargains made under and according to the law, and to a settlement 200 years old? Will it be said that I am dealing in exaggeration? Hear another sample of what language is used in Ireland and what are the expectations which her people are taught to entertain. I have before me the *Dundalk Examiner* of January 15, containing the report of 'A Lecture on Irish Freedom,' delivered by the Rev. Eugene O'Sheehy, P.P., in the town of Dundalk. He justified his appearance by stating that 'so long as Ireland was torn, ground down, and despised as a province by a *foreign and alien Government* Irishmen expected the priests to come into line with them and to struggle and work until this island of ours takes her *rightful place for evermore among the nations of Europe.*' He stated that 'for 700 years *Ireland had maintained the combat against England,*' and that 'the struggle was *for the restoration of land and property,* and was continued at present by twenty millions of the Clan-a-gael.' From these interesting observations of a general character the reverend speaker presently condescended to particular statements, in one of which he justified the conduct of Father John Murphy in the rebellion of 1798 (for an account of whose murderous proceedings I refer my readers to Mr. Froude's *English in Ireland*, vol. iii., p. 434), and remarked that at that time '20,000 of the King's troops perished in Wexford alone, and *how would it have been if thirty-two counties had taken united action?*'

I think I have said enough to show that concession in Mr. Gladstone's fashion to that which he designates 'the Irish demand' involves far more than the simple granting that permission to manage local affairs which, under proper conditions, may and will be granted to every portion of the United Kingdom. The real point upon which the whole controversy turns is the question whether we are to be henceforward a united people, under one sovereign and under one parliament, or whether the claims of each of the nationalities which at present constitute our Union are to be advanced and pressed in such a manner as, commencing with a separation of Parliaments, must inevitably tend to separation of a still more vital character, and eventually either to a civil war or to the breaking up at once of our Union and our monarchy. To this question the people have given their answer at the last general election, and when the whole of the issues are more clearly before them and more certainly understood I confidently believe that the same answer will be repeated in a louder and more decisive tone.

BRABOURNE.

CYRIL TOURNEUR.

‘THEY, shut up under their roofs, the prisoners of darkness, and fettered with the bonds of a long night, lay exiled, fugitives from the eternal providence. For while they supposed to lie hid in their secret sins, they were scattered under a dark veil of forgetfulness, being horribly astonished, and troubled with sights. . . . Sad visions appeared unto them with heavy countenances. No power of the fire might give them light: neither could the bright flames of the stars endure to lighten that horrible night. Only there appeared unto them a fire kindled of itself, very dreadful: for being much terrified, they thought the things which they saw to be worse than the sight they saw not. . . . The whole world shined with clear light, and none were hindered in their labour: over them only was spread an heavy night, an image of that darkness which should afterwards receive them: but yet were they unto themselves more grievous than the darkness.’ In this wild world of fantastic retribution and prophetic terror the genius of a great English poet—if greatness may be attributed to a genius which holds absolute command in a strictly limited province of reflection and emotion—was born and lived and moved and had its being. The double mainspring of its energy is not difficult to define: its component parts are simply adoration of good and abhorrence of evil: all other sources of emotion were subordinate to these: love, hate, resentment, resignation, self-devotion, are but transitory agents on this lurid and stormy stage, which pass away and leave only the sombre fire of meditative indignation still burning among the ruins of shattered hopes and lives. More splendid success in pure dramatic dialogue has not been achieved by Shakespeare or by Webster, than by Cyril Tourneur in his moments of happiest invention or purest inspiration: but the intensity of his moral passion has broken the outline and marred the symmetry of his general design. And yet he was at all points a poet: there is an accent of indomitable self-reliance, a note of persistence and resistance more deep than any note of triumph, in the very cry of his passionate and implacable dejection, which marks him as different in kind from the race of the great prosaic pessimists whose scorn and hatred of mankind found expression in the contemptuous and ran-

corous despondency of Swift or of Carlyle. The obsession of evil, the sensible prevalence of wickedness and falsehood, self-interest and stupidity, pressed heavily on his fierce and indignant imagination : yet not so heavily that mankind came to seem to him the 'damned race,' the hopeless horde of millions 'mostly fools' too foolish or too foul to be worth redemption, which excited the laughing contempt of Frederic the Great and the raging contempt of his biographer. On this point the editor to whom all lovers of high poetry were in some measure indebted for the first collection and reissue of his works has done much less than justice to the poet on whose text he can scarcely be said to have expended an adequate or even a tolerable amount of pains. A reader of his introduction who had never studied the text of his author might be forgiven if he should carry away the impression that Tourneur, as a serious or tragic poet, was little more than a better sort of Byron ; a quack less impudent but not less transparent than the less inspired and more inflated ventriloquist of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* : whereas it is hardly too much to say that the earnest and fiery intensity of Tourneur's moral rhetoric is no less unmistakable than the blatant and flatulent ineptitude of Byron's.

It seems to me that Tourneur might say with the greatest of the Popes, 'I have loved justice, and hated iniquity : therefore I die in exile ;' therefore, in other words, I am cast aside and left behind by readers who are too lazy, too soft and slow of spirit, too sleepily sensual and self-sufficient, to endure the fiery and purgatorial atmosphere of my work. But there are breaths from heaven as surely as there are blasts from hell in the tumultuous and electric air of it. The cynicism and egotism which the editor already mentioned has the confidence to attribute to him are rather the outer garments than the inner qualities of his genius : the few and simple lines in which his purer and nobler characters are rapidly but not roughly drawn suffice to give them all due relief and all requisite attraction. The virtuous victims of the murderous conspirator whose crimes and punishment are the groundwork of *The Atheist's Tragedy* have life and spirit enough to make them heartily interesting : and the mixed character of Sebastian, the high-hearted and gallant young libertine whose fearless frankness of generosity brushes aside and breaks away the best-laid schemes of his father, is as vividly and gracefully drawn as any of the same kind on the comic or the tragic stage.

In this earlier of the two plays extant which preserve the name of Cyril Tourneur the magnificent if grotesque extravagance of the design may perhaps be partly accounted for by the didactic or devotional aim of the designer. A more appalling scarecrow or scarebabe, as the contemporaries of his creator would have phrased it, was certainly never begotten by orthodoxy on horror than the figure of

the portentous and prodigious criminal who here represents the practical results of indulgence in free thought. It is a fine proof of the author's naturally dramatic genius that this terrific successor of Vanini and precursor of Diderot should be other than a mere man of straw. Huge as is the wilful and deliberate exaggeration of his atrocity, there are scenes and passages in which his daring and indomitable craft is drawn with native skill as well as force of hand ; in which it is no mere stage monster, but a genuine man, plausible and relentless, versatile and fearless, who comes before us now clothed in all the cajoleries of cunning, now exultant in all the nakedness of defiance. But indeed, although the construction of the verse and the composition of the play may both equally seem to bear witness of crude and impatient inexperience, there is no lack of life in any of the tragic or comic figures which play their part through these tempestuous five acts. Even so small a figure as the profligate Puritan parasite of the atheist who hires his hypocrisy to plead against itself is bright with touches of real rough humour. There is not much of this quality in Tourneur's work, and what there is of it is as bitter and as grim in feature and in flavour as might be expected of so fierce and passionate a moralist : but he knows well how to salt his invective with a due sprinkling of such sharply seasoned pleasantry as relieves the historic narrative of John Knox ; whose 'merry'¹ account, for instance, of Cardinal Beaton's last night in this world has the very savour of Tourneur's tragic irony and implacable disgust in every vivid and relentless line of it.

The execution of this poem is singularly good and bad : there are passages of such metrical strength and sweetness as will hardly be found in the dramatic verse of any later English poet ; and there are passages in which this poet's verse sinks wellnigh to the tragic level of a Killigrew's, a Shadwell's, or a Byron's. Such terminations as 'of,' 'to,' 'with,' 'in,' 'and,' 'my,' 'your,' preceding the substantive or the verb which opens the next verse, make us feel as though we were reading *Sardanapalus* or *The Two Foscari*—a sensation not easily to be endured. In a poet so far superior as Tourneur to the author of those abortions we must seek for an explanation of this perverse error in a transient and tentative theory of realism rather than in an incurable infirmity or obliquity of talent : for no quality is more remarkable in the execution of his masterpiece than his mastery of those metrical properties in which the style of this play is so generally deficient. Whether in dialogue or in monologue, *The Revenger's Tragedy* is so equally admirable for instinctive obedience to nature and imaginative magnificence of inspiration, so equally perfect in the passionate harmony of its verse and the inspired accuracy of its locution, that years of study and elaboration

¹ 'These things we wreat mearelie.'

Works of John Knox, vol. i. p. 180.

might have seemed necessary to bring about this inexpressible improvement in expression of yet more sombre and more fiery thought or feeling. There are gleams in *The Atheist's Tragedy* of that clear light in which the whole Shakespearean world lay shining, and here and there the bright flames of the stars do still endure to lighten the gloom of it by flashes or by fits; the gentle and noble young lovers, whose patient loyalty is at last rescued from the toils of crime to be crowned with happiness and honour, are painted, though rapidly and slightly, with equal firmness of hand and tenderness of touch; and there is some vigorous and lively humour in the lighter action of the comic scenes, however coarse and crude in handling: but there is no such relief to the terrors of the maturer work, whose sultrier darkness is visible only by the fire kindled of itself, very dreadful, which burns in the heart of the revenger whom it lights along his bloodstained way. Nor indeed is any relief wanted; the harmony of its fervent and stern emotion is as perfect, as sufficient, as sublime as the full rush and flow of its diction, the fiery majesty of its verse. There never was such a thunderstorm of a play: it quickens and exhilarates the sense of the reader as the sense of a healthy man or boy is quickened and exhilarated by the rolling music of a tempest and the leaping exultation of its flames. The strange and splendid genius which inspired it seems now not merely to feel that it does well to be angry, but to take such keen enjoyment in that feeling, to drink such deep delight from the inexhaustible wellsprings of its wrath, that rage and scorn and hatred assume something of the rapturous quality more naturally proper to faith and hope and love. There is not a breath of rant, not a pad of bombast, in the declamation which fills its dazzling scenes with fire: the language has no more perfect models of style than the finest of its more sustained and elevated passages. The verse is unlike any other man's in the solemn passion of its music: if it reminds us of Shakespeare's or of Webster's, it is simply by right of kinship and equality of power with the most vivid and sonorous verse that rings from the lips of Coriolanus or of Timon, of Brachiano or the duchess of Malfy; not by any servility of discipleship or reverberation of an imitative echo. It is so rich and full and supple, so happy in its freedom and so loyal in its instinct, that its veriest audacities and aberrations have an indefinable harmony of their own. Even if we admit that Tourneur is to Webster but as Webster is to Shakespeare, we must allow, by way of exception to this general rule of relative rank, that in his noblest hours of sustained inspiration he is at least the equal of the greater dramatist on the score of sublime and burning eloquence, poured forth in verse like the rushing of a mighty wind, with fitful breaks and pauses that do but enhance the majestic sweetness and perfection of its forward movement, the strenuous yet spontaneous energy of its triumphant ardour in advance.

To these magnificent qualities of poetry and passion no critic of the slightest note or the smallest pretention to poetic instinct has ever failed to do ample and cordial justice: but to the truthfulness and the power of Cyril Tourneur as a dramatic student and painter of human character, not only has such justice not generally been done, but grave injustice has been too generally shown. It is true that not all the agents in the evolution of his greater tragedy are equally or sufficiently realized and vivified as active and distinct figures: true, for instance, that the two elder sons of the duchess are little more than conventional outlines of such empty violence and futile ambition as might be inferred from the crude and puerile symbolism of their respective designations: but the third brother is a type no less living than revolting and no less dramatic than detestable: his ruffian cynicism and defiant brutality are in life and death alike original and consistent, whether they express themselves in curses or in jeers. The brother and accomplice of the hero in the accomplishment of his manifold revenge is seldom much more than a serviceable shadow: but there is a definite difference between their sister and the common type of virginal heroine who figures on the stage of almost every dramatist then writing; the author's profound and noble reverence for goodness gives at once precision and distinction to the outline and a glow of active life to the colour of this pure and straightforward study. The brilliant simplicity of tone which distinguishes the treatment of this character is less remarkable in the figure of the mother whose wickedness and weakness are so easily played upon and blown about by every gust of penitence or temptation; but there is the same lifelike vigour of touch in the smallest detail of the scenes between her children and herself. It has been objected that her ready avowal of weakness as common to all her sex is the undramatic epigram of a satirist, awkwardly ventriloquizing through the mechanism of a tragic puppet: but it is really quite in keeping with the woman's character to enlarge and extenuate the avowal of her own infamy and infirmity into a sententious reflection on womanhood in general. A similar objection has been raised against the apparent change of character implied in the confession made by the hero to the duke elect, at the close of the play, that he and his brother had murdered the old duke—'all for your grace's good,' and in the cry when arrested and sentenced to instant execution, 'Heart, was't not for your good, my lord?' But if this seems incompatible with the high sense of honour and of wrong which is the mainspring of Vindice's implacable self-devotion and savage unselfishness, the unscrupulous ferocity of the means through which his revenge is worked out may surely be supposed to have blunted the edge of his moral perception, distorted his natural instinct, and infected his nobler sympathies with some taint of contagious egotism and pessimistic obduracy of imagination. And the

intensity of sympathy with which this crowning creation of the poet's severe and fiery genius is steadily developed and displayed should make any critic of reasonable modesty think more than twice or thrice before he assumes or admits the likelihood or the possibility of so gross an error or so grave a defect in the conception of so great an artist. For if the claim to such a title might be disputed in the case of a claimant who could show no better credentials than his authorship of *The Atheist's Tragedy*—and even in that far from faultless work of genius there are manifest and manifold signs, not merely of excellence, but of greatness—the claim of the man who could write *The Revenger's Tragedy* is questionable by no one who has any glimmering of insight or perception as to what qualities they are which confer upon a writer the indisputable title to a seat in the upper house of poets.

This master work of Cyril Tourneur, the most perfect and most terrible incarnation of the idea of retribution impersonate and concentrated revenge that ever haunted the dreams of a tragic poet or the vigils of a future tyrannicide, is a figure as original and as impossible to forget, for any one who has ever felt the savage fascination of its presence, as any of the humaner figures evoked and immortalized by Shakespeare. The rage of Swift, without his insanity and impurity, seems to utter in every word the healthier if no less consuming passion of a heart lacerated by indignation and envenomed by contempt as absolute, as relentless, and as inconsolable as his own. And in the very torrent of the man's meditative and solitary passion, a very Phlegethon of agony and fury and ravenous hunger after the achievement of a desperate expiation, comes the sudden touch of sarcasm which serves as a momentary breakwater to the raging tide of his reflections, and reveals the else unfathomable bitterness of a spiritual Marah that no plummet even of his own sinking can sound, and no infusion of less fiery sorrow or less venomous remembrance can sweeten. The mourner falls to scoffing, the justicer becomes a jester: the lover, with the skull of his murdered mistress in his hand, slides into such reflections on the influence of her living beauty as would beseem a sexless and malignant satirist of her sex. This power of self-abstraction from the individual self, this impersonal contemplation of a personal wrong, this contemptuous yet passionate scrutiny of the very emotions which rend the heart and inflame the spirit and poison the very blood of the thinker, is the special seal or sign of original inspiration which distinguishes the type most representative of Tourneur's genius, most significant of its peculiar bias and its peculiar force. Such a conception, clothed in mere prose or in merely passable verse, would be proof sufficient of the mental power which conceived it; when expressed in such verse as follows, it proves at once and preserves for ever the claim of the designer to a place among the immortals.

Thou sallow picture of my poisoned love,
 My study's ornament, thou shell of death,
 Once the bright face of my betrothed lady,
 When life and beauty naturally filled out
 These ragged imperfections;
 When two heaven-pointed diamonds were set
 In these unsightly rings;—then 'twas a face
 So far beyond the artificial shine
 Of any woman's bought complexion
 That the uprightest man (if such there be,
 That sin but seven times a day) broke custom
 And made up eight with looking after her.

The very fall of the verse has a sort of fierce and savage pathos in the note of it; a cadence which comes nearer to the echo of such laughter as utters the cry of an anguish too deep for weeping and wailing, for curses or for prayers, than anything in dramatic poetry outside the part of Hamlet. It would be a conjecture not less plausible than futile, though perhaps not less futile than plausible, which should suggest that the influence of Shakespeare's Hamlet may be responsible for the creation of Tourneur's Vindice, and the influence of Tourneur's Vindice for the creation of Shakespeare's Timon. It is a certainty indisputable except by the blatant audacity of immedicable ignorance, that the only poet to whose manner and style the style and manner of Cyril Tourneur can reasonably be said to bear any considerable resemblance is William Shakespeare. The more curt and abrupt style of Webster is equally unlike the general style of either. And if, as his first editor observes, 'the parallel' between Tourneur and Marston, 'as far as it goes, is so obvious that it is not worth drawing,' it is no less certain that the divergence between the genius which created Andrugio and the genius which created Vindice is at least as wide as the points of resemblance or affinity between them are vivid and distinct. While Marston's imaginative and tragic power was at its highest, his style was crude and quaint, turgid and eccentric; when he had cured and purified it,—perhaps, as Gifford suggests, in consequence of Ben Jonson's unmerciful but salutary ridicule—he approved himself a far abler writer of comedy or tragicomedy than before, but his right hand had forgotten its cunning as the hand of 'a tragic penman.' Now the improvement of Tourneur's style, an improvement amounting to little less than transfiguration, keeps time with his advance as a student of character and a tragic dramatist as distinguished from a tragic poet. The style of his earlier play has much of beauty, of facility, and of freshness: the style of his later play, I must repeat, is comparable only with Shakespeare's. In the superb and inexhaustible imprecations of Timon there is a quality which reminds us of Cyril Tourneur as delightfully as we are painfully reminded of John Marston in reading certain scenes and passages which disfigure and deface the magnificent but incomprehensible composition of *Troilus and Cressida*.

Of Tourneur's two elegies on the death of Sir Francis Vere and of Henry Prince of Wales, it may be said that they are about as good as Chapman's work of the same order : and it may be added that his first editor has shewn himself, to say the least, unreasonably and unaccountably virulent in his denunciation of what he assumes to be insincere and sycophantic in the elegiac expression of the poet's regret for a prince of such noble promise as the elder brother of Charles the First. The most earnest and fervent of republicans, if not wanting in common sense and common courtesy, would not dream of reflecting in terms of such unqualified severity on the lamentation of Lord Tennyson for the loss of Albert the Good : and the warmest admirer of that loudly lamented person will scarcely maintain that this loss was of such grave importance to England as the loss of a prince who might probably have preserved the country from the alternate oppression of prelates and of Puritans, from the social tyranny of a dictator and the political disgrace of the Restoration.

The existence of a comedy by the author of *The Revenger's Tragedy*, and of a comedy bearing the suggestive if not provocative title of *Laugh and Lie Down*, must always have seemed to the students of Lowndes one of the most curious and amusing pieces of information to be gathered from the *Bibliographer's Manual* ; and it is with a sense of disappointment proportionate to this sense of curiosity that they will discover the non-existence of such a comedy, and the existence in its stead of a mere pamphlet in prose issued under that more than promising title : which yet, if attainable, ought surely to be reprinted, however dubious may be its claim to the honour of a great poet's authorship. In no case can it possibly be of less interest or value than the earliest extant publication of that poet—*The Transformed Metamorphosis*. Its first editor has given proof of very commendable perseverance and fairly creditable perspicacity in his devoted attempt at elucidation of this most astonishing and indescribable piece of work : but no interpretation of it can hope to be more certain or more trustworthy than any possible exposition of Blake's *Jerusalem* or the Apocalypse of St. John. All that can be said by a modest and judicious reader is that any one of these three effusions may unquestionably mean anything that anybody chooses to read into the text ; that a Luther is as safe as a Loyola, that a Renan is no safer than a Cumming, from the chance of confutation as a less than plausible exponent of its possible significance : but that, however indisputable it may be that they were meant to mean something, not many human creatures who can be trusted to go abroad without a keeper will be likely to pretend to a positive understanding of what that significance may be. To me, the most remarkable point in Tourneur's problematic poem is the fact that this most monstrous example of senseless and barbarous

jargon that ever disfigured English type should have been written—were it even for a wager—by one of the purest, simplest, most exquisite and most powerful writers in the language.

This extraordinary effusion is the single and certainly the sufficient tribute of a great poet, and a great master of the purest and the noblest English, to the most monstrous and preposterous taste or fashion of his time. As the product of an eccentric imbecile it would be no less curious than Stanihurst's *Virgil*: as the work of Cyril Tourneur it is indeed 'a miracle instead of wit.' For it cannot be too often repeated that in mere style, in commanding power and purity of language, in positive instinct of expression and direct eloquence of inspiration, the author of *The Revenger's Tragedy* stands alone in the next rank to Shakespeare. Many if not most of their contemporaries could compose a better play than he probably could conceive—a play with finer variation of incidents and daintier diversity of characters: not one of them, not even Webster himself, could pour forth poetry of such continuous force and flow. The fiery jet of his molten verse, the rush of its radiant and rhythmic lava, seems alone as inexhaustible as that of Shakespeare's. As a dramatist, his faults are doubtless as flagrant as his merits are manifest: as a writer, he is one of the very few poets who in their happiest moments are equally faultless and sublime. The tone of thought or of feeling which gives form and colour to this splendid poetic style is so essentially what modern criticism would define as that of a natural Hebraist, and so far from that of a Hellenist or Latinist of the Renaissance, that we recognize in this great poet one more of those Englishmen of genius on whom the direct or indirect influence of the Hebrew Bible has been actually as great as the influences of the country and the century in which they happened to be born. The single-hearted fury of 'unselfish and devoted indignation which animates every line of his satire is more akin to the spirit of Ezekiel or Isaiah than to the spirit of Juvenal or Persius: though the fierce literality of occasional detail, the prosaic accuracy of implacable and introspective abhorrence, may seem liker the hard Roman style of impeachment by photography than the great Hebrew method of denunciation by appeal. But the fusion of sarcastic realism with imaginative passion produces a compound of such peculiar and fiery flavour as we taste only from the tragic chalice of Tourneur or of Shakespeare. The bitterness which serves but as a sauce or spice to the meditative rhapsodies of Marston's heroes or of Webster's villains is the dominant quality of the meats and wines served up on the stage which echoes to the cry of Vindice or of Timon. But the figure of Tourneur's typic hero is as distinct in its difference from the Shakespearean figure which may possibly have suggested it as in its difference from the Shakespearean figure which it may not impossibly have suggested. There is perhaps too much

play made with skulls and crossbones on the stage of Cyril Tourneur: he cannot apparently realize the fact that they are properties of which a thoughtful poet's use should be as temperate and occasional as Shakespeare's: but the graveyard meditations of Hamlet, perfect in dramatic tact and instinct, seem cool and common and shallow in sentiment when set beside the intensity of inspiration which animates the fitful and impetuous music of such passages as these.

Here's an eye

Able to tempt a great man—to serve God;
A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot now to dissemble.
Methinks this mouth should make a swearer tremble,
A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.
Here's a cheek keeps her colour let the wind go whistle;
Spout, rain, we fear thee not: be hot or cold,
All's one with us; and is not he absurd,
Whose fortunes are upon their faces set
That fear no other God but wind and wet?

Hippolito. Brother, y've spoke that right;
Is this the face that livin' shone so bright?

Vindice. The very same.

And now methinks I could e'en chide myself
For doting on her beauty, though her death
Shall be revenged after no common action.
Does the silk-worm expend her yellow labours
For thee? for thee does she undo herself?
Are lordships sold to maintain ladyships
For the poor benefit of a bewitching minute?²
Why does yon fellow falsify high-ways
And put his life between the judge's lips,
To refine such a thing, keeps horse and men
To beat their valours for her?
Surely we're all mad people,³ and they
Whom we think are, are not: we mistake those:
'Tis we are mad in sense, they but in clothes.

Hippolito. Faith, and in clothes too we, give us our due.

Vindice. Does every proud and self-affecting dame
Camphire, her face for this? and grieve her Maker
In sinful baths of milk,—when many an infant starves,
For her superfluous outside—all for this?

What follows is no whit less noble: but as much may be said of the whole part—and indeed of the whole play. Violent and extravagant as the mere action or circumstance may be or may appear, there is a trenchant straightforwardness of appeal in the simple and

² This is not, I take it, one of the poet's irregular though not unmusical lines: the five short unemphatic syllables, rapidly run together in one slurring note of scorn, being not more than equivalent in metrical weight to three such as would take their places if the verse were thus altered—and impaired;

For the poor price of one bewitching minute.

³ Perhaps we might venture here to read—'and only they.' In the next line, 'whom' for 'who' is probably the poet's own license or oversight.

spontaneous magnificence of the language, a depth of insuppressible sincerity in the fervent and restless vibration of the thought, by which the hand and the brain and the heart of the workman are equally recognizable. But the crowning example of Cyril Tourneur's unique and incomparable genius is of course to be found in the scene which would assuredly be remembered, though every other line of the poet's writing were forgotten, by the influence of its passionate inspiration on the more tender but not less noble sympathies of Charles Lamb. Even the splendid exuberance of eulogy which attributes to the verse of Tourneur a more fiery quality, a more thrilling and piercing note of sublime and agonising indignation, than that which animates and inflames the address of Hamlet to a mother less impudent in infamy than Vindice's, cannot be considered excessive by any capable reader who will candidly and carefully compare the two scenes which suggested this comparison. To attempt the praise or the description of anything that has been praised or described by Lamb would usually be the veriest fatuity of presumption: and yet it is impossible to write of a poet whose greatness was first revealed to his countrymen by the greatest critic of dramatic poetry that ever lived and wrote, and not to echo his words of righteous judgment and inspired applause with more or less feebleness of reiteration. The startling and magical power of single verses, ineffaceable and ineradicable from the memory on which they have once impressed themselves, the consciousness in which they have once struck root, which distinguishes and denotes the peculiar style of Cyril Tourneur's tragic poetry, rises to its highest tidemark in this part of the play. Every other line, one might almost say, is an instance of it; and yet not a single line is undramatic, or deficient in the strictest and plainest dramatic propriety. It may be objected that men and women possessed by the excitement of emotions so desperate and so dreadful do not express them with such passionate precision of utterance: but, to borrow the saying of a later and more famous bearer of the name which Cyril sometimes spelt as Turner, 'don't they wish they could?' or rather, ought they not to wish it? What is said by the speakers is exactly what they might be expected to think, to feel, and to express with less incisive power and less impressive accuracy of ardent epigram or of strenuous appeal.⁴

⁴ It is, to say the least, singular to find in the most famous scene of a play so often reprinted and re-edited a word which certainly requires explanation passed over without remark from any one of the successive editors. When Gratiana, threatened by the daggers of her sons, exclaims—

Are you so barbarous to set iron nipples
Upon the breast that gave you suck?

Vindice retorts, in reply to her appeal—

That breast

Is turned to quarled poison.

This last epithet is surely unusual enough to call for some attempt at interpreta-

There are among poets, as there are among prose writers, some whose peculiar power finds vent only in a broad and rushing stream of speech or song, triumphant by the general force and fullness of its volume, in which we no more think of looking for single lines or phrases that may be detached from the context and quoted for their separate effect than of selecting for peculiar admiration some special wave or individual ripple from the multitudinous magnificence of the torrent or the tide. There are others whose power is shown mainly in single strokes or flashes as of lightning or of swords. There are few indeed outside the pale of the very greatest who can display at will their natural genius in the keenest concentration or the fullest effusion of its powers. But among these fewer than few stands the author of *The Revenger's Tragedy*. The great scene of the temptation and the triumph of Castiza would alone be enough to give evidence, not adequate merely but ample, that such praise as this is no hyperbole of sympathetic enthusiasm, but simply the accurate expression of an indisputable fact. No lyrist, no satirist, could have excelled in fiery flow of rhetoric the copious and impetuous eloquence of the lines, at once luxurious and sardonic, cynical and seductive, in which Vindice pours forth the arguments and rolls out the promises of a professional pleader on behalf of aspiring self-interest and sensual self-indulgence: no dramatist that ever lived could have put more vital emotion into fewer words, more passionate reality into more perfect utterance, than Tournour in the dialogue that follows them.

Mother. Troth, he says true.

Castiza.

False: I defy you both:

I have endured you with an ear of fire:

Your tongues have struck hot irons on my face.

Mother, come from that poisonous woman there.

Mother. Where?

Castiza. Do you not see her? she's too inward then.

I could not count the lines which on reperusal of this great tragic poem I find apt for illustrative quotation, or suggestive of a tributary comment: but enough has already been cited to prove

tion. But none whatever has hitherto been offered. In the seventh line following from this one there is another textual difficulty. The edition now before me, Eld's of 1608, reads literally thus:—

Vind. Ah ist possible, *Thou onely*, you powers on hie,

That women should dissemble when they die.

Lamb was content to read,

Ah, is it possible, you powers on high,

and so forth. Perhaps the two obviously corrupt words in italics may contain a clue to the right reading, and this may be it.

Ah!

Is't possible, you heavenly powers on high,

That women should dissemble when they die?

beyond all chance of cavil from any student worthy of the name that the place of Cyril Tournour is not among minor poets, nor his genius of such a temper as naturally to attract the sympathy or arouse the enthusiasm of their admirers; that among the comrades or the disciples who to us may appear but as retainers or satellites of Shakespeare his rank is high and his credentials to that rank are clear. That an edition more carefully revised and annotated, with a text reduced to something more of coherence and intelligible arrangement, than has yet been vouchsafed to us, would suffice to place his name among theirs of whose eminence the very humblest of their educated countrymen are ashamed to seem ignorant, it would probably be presumptuous to assert. But if the noblest ardour of moral emotion, the most fervent passion of eager and indignant sympathy with all that is best and abhorrence of all that is worst in women or in men—if the most absolute and imperial command of all resources and conquest of all difficulties inherent in the most effective and the most various instrument ever yet devised for the poetry of the tragic drama—if the keenest insight and the sublimest impulse that can guide the perception and animate the expression of a poet whose line of work is naturally confined to the limits of moral or ethical tragedy—if all these qualities may be admitted to confer a right to remembrance and a claim to regard, there can be no fear and no danger of forgetfulness for the name of Cyril Tournour.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE PROSPECT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

IN two articles which appeared in the numbers of this Review for April 1879 and December 1880, I endeavoured to show that, unless a policy were adopted with regard to South Africa very different from that which had been followed for several years by successive administrations, the native tribes in that country would be exposed to grievous wrongs and oppression, while the true interests of the British colonists must also suffer. More than seven years have gone by since the first of these articles was written, and during that time the African policy of the Imperial Government has continued to be of the same character as before, and with results even more unsatisfactory than I anticipated. Changes in the Ministers holding the seals of the Colonial Department have, indeed, more than once led to changes of measures, and these changes have been productive of much mischief, but amidst all the vacillation and instability of purpose which have marked the policy of the British Government in South Africa, in one respect it has for a long time been the same—it has continued to be a policy of indifference to the welfare of the coloured race, and its main object has been to repudiate for this country any responsibility on their account.

The adoption of this policy dates from the establishment of what is called 'Responsible Government' in the Cape Colony; in other words, from the time when the authority formerly exercised by the Governor acting under the orders of the Secretary of State, and assisted by permanent civil servants appointed by the Crown, was transferred to Ministers holding power only so long as they could command a majority in the Assembly. This change of system, as I have shown in a former article, was forced upon the colony by the Home Government in the vain hope of reducing our military expenditure, which, on the contrary, it in the end very largely increased, and it formed part of a policy of which the apparent aim was to reduce to a minimum the responsibilities of the mother country towards the colonies, and which, if followed out to its legitimate consequences, would have led to the separation of the Queen's colonial dominions from the British Empire. This policy was at that time in high favour with several of our leading statesmen, and with a powerful party in Parliament and in the

country; happily there has since been a great reaction against what I always regarded as a most mistaken view of the true interest of the nation, though as yet this reaction is only to be observed in public opinion, not in the measures of the Government. These, so far as South Africa is concerned, seem to be still directed under the present as under preceding administrations by the same views on colonial policy as before, while they also continue to show the influence of the opinion which, under Mr. Gladstone's teaching, seems of late years to have gained some acceptance, that every extension of British authority over new territories is in itself an evil, and that it is no part of the nation's duty to exert its power to prevent wrong and injustice from being inflicted on a population not under its rule. This opinion I believe to be erroneous. I do not doubt that nations are justly condemned when they strive to obtain possession of additional territories from motives of ambition or cupidity, or that it would be a great mistake for this country to undertake, except for special reasons and under special circumstances, the protection of an independent people that may be in danger of being oppressed. Still, I hold that there are cases in which the extension of British authority over new territories is imperatively required both for the welfare of their inhabitants and in order to guard important British interests; and I likewise hold that a great nation like our own is not justified in looking with absolute indifference on the sufferings which may be inflicted on helpless portions of the great family of mankind, but ought in certain circumstances to regard it as a duty to make use of the power Providence has conferred upon it in order to prevent cruelty and oppression.

Till lately, this view of the obligations imposed upon the nation by the power it possesses was very generally accepted, so much so that, during many years, most of our leading statesmen, to whatever party they belonged, concurred in thinking it the duty of England to use her naval forces in the endeavour (which was at last successful) to put down the slave trade between Africa and the tropical regions of America. As England, in former times, had, perhaps, been the most active of all the European nations in establishing and carrying on this abominable traffic, it was justly regarded as right that she should be also foremost in trying to suppress it when its iniquity came to be understood. If, rejecting this view of its duty, and the traditions of the two centuries in which it won its high place in the world, the nation should now adopt a policy I can only describe as one of short-sighted selfishness, it must suffer still more than it has already done in reputation and influence, and is also likely to incur injury to its interests of a more obvious kind.

In saying that this country has already suffered in reputation and influence from the policy pursued by its Government in recent years, I refer more especially to what has*been done in South Africa.

England has much reason to be ashamed of the policy of its rulers with regard to other parts of the world also, and this is a subject well worthy of being discussed, but I do not now wish to enter into it, and in this article I mean strictly to confine my attention to what is now going on in South Africa, and to the probable effect of the policy with regard to its affairs which Her Majesty's Ministers are now pursuing. The character of this policy may be learnt from the speech made by Mr. Stanhope, who was then Secretary of State for the Colonies, in reply to a deputation which waited upon him some weeks ago, to press upon him the necessity of taking measures to guard the Colony of Natal from the danger it is exposed to by the present state of Zululand, and by a large number of Boers from the Transvaal having established themselves in that territory. Mr. Stanhope in this speech explained what has been already done with regard to Zululand by Her Majesty's Government, what further steps are contemplated, and the reasons for the course that has been resolved upon. From this statement it is not difficult to gather what are the general views of the Government on South African policy. The deputation were informed that the Boers in Zululand, after some negotiation, had agreed to an arrangement with Her Majesty's Government by which Zululand was to be divided into Western and Eastern Zululand. The former was to be made over to the Boers, who were to be at liberty to establish in it an independent State under the name of 'the New Republic.' A large territory, including much valuable land, was to be thus assigned to them, and in consideration of this concession they were to withdraw from all the farms they have occupied in Eastern Zululand, and to engage not to interfere with the Zulus within its limits. The exact boundaries between Eastern and Western Zululand do not appear to have been then determined, but Mr. Stanhope said that sufficient land was to be retained for the occupation and settlement of the Zulus, and that the Boer settlements were not to be allowed to approach the sea. Lastly, the deputation were told that Her Majesty's Ministers would be prepared to declare the Zulus in the Eastern division of the territory under Her Majesty's protection, when satisfied that this is their wish.

Such is the scheme laid before the deputation by Mr. Stanhope. I shall presently have to notice the objections it is open to as being generally injurious to British interests in South Africa, but I must first remark that, looking only to its primary object of pacifying Zululand, the arrangement he has explained seems to be wanting on two most important points. He has not said that any steps are to be at once taken for putting an end to the existing anarchy, and for maintaining order and security in Eastern Zululand, but, on the contrary, he has rather implied that none are in contemplation. And, secondly, he gave no information to his hearers as to the means by

which the performance of their agreement by the Boers is to be secured. But, unless on both these points provision is made for meeting the difficulties that are sure to arise, it is impossible that a satisfactory settlement can be effected.

With regard to the first, the anarchy that now prevails and the bloodshed occasioned by the quarrels of the chiefs have been acknowledged by both Lord Derby and Mr. Stanhope. Mr. Stanhope said in his speech 'that since the death of Cetewayo Zululand ceased to have even a nominal leader,' and one of Lord Derby's despatches says that 'the condition of Zululand since 1879 has been one of chronic war, carried on by barbarous reprisals.' This deplorable state of things seems still to continue, and there is no prospect of its being brought to a close until some strong authority is established in Zululand to replace that which we destroyed by the overthrow of Cetewayo. His stern rule with all its faults effectually secured his subjects both from attack by the Boers and from the evils of intestine wars, and it was preparing the way for better things by the security it afforded to missionaries and to traders.' If we had not interfered, the civilising influences of Christianity and commerce would in no long time have worked a happy change in the condition of the Zulus. These tribes, without our help and in the midst of the difficulties by which they are now surrounded, are incapable of creating for themselves a government strong enough to maintain order among them.

The second omission in Mr. Stanhope's statement to which I have alluded is equally or more important. The experience we have had of the utter disregard by the Boers of the engagements they entered into by the unhappy convention we concluded with them after the disaster at Majuba Hill, and their equally shameless violation of the second convention, which they were weakly permitted to substitute for the first, ought to teach us that it would be nothing short of childish folly to trust to their fairly executing the agreement that is now being made, unless some effectual means are provided for enforcing it. This can only be done by maintaining an armed force of some kind strong enough promptly to put down any acts contrary to the stipulations they have made. Without this they will assuredly treat their promises to respect the rights of the Zulus just as they did their similar promises with regard to the Bechuanas. Not long ago the Cape newspapers contained accounts of a recent incident which shows that the spirit of rapine and bloodshed is as strong among the Boers as ever. It is stated that two or three Boers had been guilty of the deliberate murder of a Zulu chief for no other offence but that of having refused to submit to a gross act of spoliation, and having claimed that the demand he resisted should be submitted to a British officer. It is not stated that any steps have been taken to cause the criminals in this case to be punished.

Perhaps Mr. Stanhope, though he has given no hint of such an

intention, may contemplate taking measures for maintaining order and security in what is to be left to the Zulus of a territory of which the whole is rightfully theirs, and also for putting down with a strong hand any attempt on the part of the Boers to violate the stipulations of the agreement the Governor of Natal has been authorised to conclude with them. I trust that this may be what Mr. Stanhope meant to do, and that his successor in the Colonial Office will not neglect to adopt the precautions which are necessary for this purpose, since otherwise the early destruction of the Zulus is certain, and will bring upon this country even deeper disgrace than it has already incurred by having been the cause of so much misery to that unhappy people by the vacillation and weakness of its policy.

In what I have already said I have only attempted to show that, unless Mr. Stanhope's plan includes means of which he said nothing to the deputation, it cannot succeed even in putting an end to the difficulties which have arisen in Zululand and on the frontiers of Natal. I have now further to observe that these difficulties are inseparably connected with a much larger question which requires immediate attention, but with which it is to be feared from Mr. Stanhope's statement that Her Majesty's Ministers do not mean to deal. This larger question is whether, in the present state of South Africa, it is not necessary, as well for the protection of British interests as for the welfare of its inhabitants, both white and coloured, that better arrangements than now exist should be made for the preservation of order and security, and for the maintenance of that paramount authority which Mr. Stanhope rightly claimed for Her Majesty in his recent speech.

The want of any sufficient means for preserving order is now much felt not only in Zululand but in the country occupied by the Pondos, the Bassutos, the Bechuanas, and some other tribes. The absence of any properly constituted authority for this purpose both exposes the coloured people to wrong from unscrupulous white men, and also encourages them to be guilty of cattle-stealing and other depredations on their white neighbours. A great opportunity for organising a good system for the government of all these territories was thrown away when, after a million of money had been spent in sending a force under Sir C. Warren to drive the intrusive Boers out of the territory of the Bechuanas, he was recalled and the force he commanded was broken up as soon as the immediate object of the expedition was accomplished, instead of allowing him to use the irresistible power then in his hands to make such permanent provision for the future government of the country as his thorough knowledge of it would have enabled him to suggest. But though the best opportunity for adopting measures for this purpose has been lost, it is not too late to do so, and it is the more important that they should be attempted as they would also tend to secure Her Majesty's paramount authority in this part of

Africa against the designs to set it aside which there is good reason to think are entertained.

The ignominious peace we made with the Boers after having been signally defeated in the war we had waged for the maintenance of the Queen's authority over the Transvaal, seems to have encouraged them to form much more serious designs of hostility to this country than had previously been thought of. Till lately there seemed to be no ground for fearing anything from these people except that in their unscrupulous 'hunger for land' they might be guilty of such oppression of the native tribes as to compel our interference. But since the re-establishment of their independence, clear signs have been observed that they are seeking to raise up by degrees a power to supplant the authority of the Queen in South Africa.

Perhaps this may seem too absurd a scheme to excite apprehension, and I believe it may justly be so regarded provided it is wisely dealt with; but I also believe that if it is neglected, and if nothing is done to make our position in Africa more secure, it may grow before long into a very formidable danger. Unfortunately the arrangement announced by Mr. Stanhope, instead of giving increased security to the British position in South Africa, will have precisely the opposite tendency. One of the main provisions of this arrangement is that the British Government is to give its consent to the creation of a 'New Republic' in Western Zululand, with the rights of an independent State. With these rights, and the geographical position they will hold, the Boers of the New Republic can hardly fail to be from the first inconvenient neighbours to Natal; before long they will probably be not only inconvenient but formidable neighbours. When they are established as the acknowledged masters of the territory, their numbers will soon be largely increased by a swarm of reckless adventurers from Europe and elsewhere, generally bitter enemies to England, who will flock to a place that offers, as they will think, a promising field for the enterprise of men seeking to gain wealth by unscrupulous violence. Already adventurers of this sort are beginning to join the various settlements of the Boers, and with an increase of numbers will come an increase of power. The Boers of Western Zululand are the same people with those of the Transvaal and the Orange State, and these three Republics thus united by blood would naturally seek to draw closer their political connection for mutual assistance in seeking to advance their interests. And with the experience we have of their past conduct we can hardly doubt that one of their first objects will be to get possession of more and more land. With their accustomed disregard of the rights of the African race they will assuredly before long (unless they are restrained by superior force) wrest from their owners whatever valuable lands within reach of invasion are held by still independent tribes. And probably Eastern Zululand would very soon be invaded. Mr. Stanhope told the gentlemen who

brought the subject before him 'that the interests of Natal, of South Africa, and of the Empire require that the Boer settlements should not be allowed to approach the sea.' But the very reasons which make Mr. Stanhope object to their approaching the sea will make them especially anxious to do so. They will hope by gaining free access to the coast to promote their own at the expense of British trade, and they may look for support in this design from European nations among which there is so much commercial jealousy of England. This may lead to very embarrassing questions being raised between these nations and our Government. Nor is this the only danger to British trade which will arise from the growing up of a powerful Boer confederation in the position these republics hold in relation to our colonies. The commercial intercourse of the colonies with the interior of Africa is already by no means inconsiderable, and ought to become highly important, but it may be much impeded if not arrested by the Boer Republics. The evil that may arise from the growth in power of these Republics may go far beyond the difficulties they will probably throw in the way of our trade; it is not impossible that the time may come when we shall have to fight with them for the very existence of British authority in South Africa.

For these reasons I regard Mr. Stanhope's assent to the formation of the New Republic as unwise and dangerous, as well as unjust to the Zulus, and, judging from the speech in which he explained the arrangement he has made to the gentlemen he received, I much doubt whether he himself considers it to be a good one. Instead of boldly defending it on its merits, his tone in that speech was one of apology for having assented to an arrangement he seemed to feel to be unsatisfactory, but which he excused as having been rendered necessary by the acts of his predecessors. He said he could not ignore the fact that the Boers were in *de facto* possession of a large territory in Zululand, and had established a *de facto* government. Undoubtedly this is a fact that could not be ignored, but, considering how the Boers obtained this position, it ought surely to be regarded rather as affording good reasons for compelling them to desist from their encroachments on the Zulu territory, than as conferring upon them rights which ought to be recognised, and to be allowed to stand in the way of such a settlement of the affairs of Zululand as would be most fair to its native inhabitants and most favourable to British interests. A short review of what has occurred there in the past few years will be sufficient to explain this view of the question.

Ten years ago the Zulus were a powerful state ruled by Cetewayo. The nation was strongly organised, and their king had a formidable army, which for some years he had been anxious to use against the Boers of the Transvaal, against whom he had some just grounds of complaint, but had been restrained from doing so by the British authorities. At this time the Boers, far from being able to oppress

the Zulus, were in great peril from them and from another warlike tribe under Secocoeni, with whom they had been waging an unsuccessful war. Their government in the Transvaal was reduced to extreme weakness, the treasury was empty, and no money could be raised either by taxes or by loans to meet the most necessary expenses. If the Zulus had been allowed then to attack the Boers, little resistance could have been made to them, but by the earnest remonstrances of our colonial authorities, Cetewayo was induced to refrain from an invasion of the Transvaal, which could hardly have failed to destroy the power of the Boers, and soon after possession was taken of that territory for the Queen. Then came our war with the Zulus, which has always appeared to me to have been as contrary to good policy as to justice. But passing by the question it would now be useless to discuss—whether that war was right or wrong—it is certain that it utterly destroyed not only the military power of the Zulus, but their organisation as a nation, and left them helpless either to defend themselves against attacks from without, or to maintain order and peace within their own territory. This result has been rendered still more calamitous than it would otherwise have been, by the action of the British Government with regard to the Transvaal. I have shown that when that territory was declared to be part of the dominions of the Queen, the Boers by whom it was held were in extreme difficulty and danger; indeed it appears that one of the main reasons for calling upon them to accept British authority was the belief that it was the only certain way of averting some great catastrophe which would have had a bad effect on the minds of the coloured population, and have encouraged them in hostility to the whites throughout South Africa.

The difficulties the Boers had had to struggle with in governing and defending the Transvaal ceased to be felt as soon as the dominion of the Queen over it was proclaimed. There was no longer the slightest apprehension of the settlers being attacked by any of the neighbouring tribes when there were English troops at hand to protect them. British rule was accepted with joy by the large African population within the territory as securing them from the grievous oppression they had suffered from the Boers. English money and credit put an end to the pecuniary embarrassments which had paralysed the previous government, and the administration of British officers, by making life and property secure, attracted settlers to take advantage of the great natural resources of the country. During the short time that the Transvaal was governed under the authority of the Queen a great improvement was thus taking place in its condition, and it was rapidly advancing in prosperity. But, with a want of foresight and of judgment which is hardly intelligible, no steps were taken for creating a permanent and strong government able to do equal justice to the white and coloured population, and to put down at

once every attempt to resist its authority. Instead of this, promises were made to the Boers that powers of self-government should be conferred upon them, without taking thought, apparently, of the fact that self-government, according to the understanding of the Boers, meant that they were to be allowed to manage the affairs of the territory as they thought best for themselves, without regard to the interests of its coloured inhabitants. The coloured inhabitants were clearly not sufficiently advanced in civilisation to take part in any system of popular government. The effect, therefore, of creating such a government would have been to place considerably more than half a million of the African race under the uncontrolled authority of less than a tenth of their number of Boers, whose use of their power was sure to be oppressive. The ill-judged promise to give the Boers greater power in the government was not performed as soon as they had been led to expect, and in consequence they began to demand the restoration of their independence. This demand was peremptorily rejected, but, with the same want of judgment and foresight which had been shown throughout these transactions, the number of British troops in South Africa and in the Transvaal was reduced by Her Majesty's Ministers after the wars with the Zulus and Secocoeni were over, without their taking any measures to support the Queen's authority, which they had determined not to relinquish, against the hostility of the Boers. There would have been no difficulty in doing this, since the whole native population earnestly desired this authority to be maintained, and it would have been easy to form from them a police force under British officers strong enough to make resistance to the government by the Boers too hopeless to be attempted. No such measure was adopted, nor any other for the same purpose, and, contrary to what the most ordinary prudence would have dictated, while it was determined to resist the wishes of the Boers for independence, the officers entrusted with the government of the Transvaal were left without any sufficient means of enforcing obedience to their authority. As might have been expected, the Boers took arms, and easily wrested the virtual possession of the country from a government too weak to contend with them.

Mr. Gladstone's Government then ordered troops to advance from Natal to the Transvaal, and advised Her Majesty to inform Parliament that the rising there 'had imposed upon her the duty of taking measures with a view to the prompt vindication of her authority.' But the ill-planned and ill-conducted operations undertaken for that purpose led to the defeat of the British troops by the Boers, which was soon followed by a peace yielding to them all that they had before asked for, and had been peremptorily refused. The strongest assurances were given in this country by Her Majesty's Ministers, and in Africa by those who acted by their authority, that the convention which put an end to the war provided ample securities

against the oppression of the natives by the restored government of the Boers, and also against any ill-treatment of the settlers in the Transvaal who had been loyal to the Crown during the insurrection. From the first nearly all who were acquainted with the affairs of Africa declared with one voice that these securities were quite illusory, and the event proved only too clearly that they were right. I need not, however, dwell on the miserable story of the wrongs done elsewhere by the Boers, nor on the disgrace brought upon England by having allowed them to be so long committed in spite of the promises of protection that had been made to the sufferers. My object at present is to call attention to the bearing of what has been done in the Transvaal on the question whether the Boers ought to be allowed to retain the territory of which they have obtained possession in Zululand.

When, by the convention which followed the disaster of Majuba Hill, they became again masters of their former territory, their position in it was totally different from what it had been when their authority was superseded by that of the Queen. The many difficulties of their state had been removed at the cost of England, and its resources of all kinds greatly increased, and instead of having to fear for their very existence from strong and well-organised native powers, they found that not only the military force of the natives, but their social organisation, had been shattered by British arms, so that while their own power had been largely increased, that of the natives was so diminished that they could oppose little resistance to their encroachments. This was more particularly the case in Zululand. The arrangements which were, with the sanction of Her Majesty's Ministers, made for its government after the fall of Cetewayo having totally failed, the Boers from the Transvaal soon availed themselves of the confusion which ensued to make encroachments on the lands of the Zulus. In some cases perhaps by *bona fide* purchases, much oftener by nominal ones, accomplished by fraud or by force, they acquired farms on which they established themselves. What was worse, they made use for their own purposes of the rivalries of the different Zulu chiefs, and encouraged, if they did not stir up, the bloody wars which followed our destruction of the only authority which was strong enough to keep all these chiefs in order as subjects of the Zulu kingdom.

There was no successor to the power of Cetewayo, but a chief, who was striving to attain the position he had held as ruler of all Zululand, obtained by the promise of a large concession of land the aid of the Boers in destroying his principal competitor for power. When this object had been accomplished, a dispute arose as to the extent of land to be assigned to the Boers in payment of their services. This dispute was eventually settled by an agreement described as 'of a very fraudulent character,' which was come to in 1884, and

made over to the Boers a large extent of valuable territory. The claims of the Boers to the territory of Western Zululand rest mainly on this agreement, and it is difficult to understand upon what ground it can be held to be valid. Their right to farms which they could show that they had fairly bought from those who were entitled to dispose of them might have been admitted, though, knowing as we do the manner in which such purchases have usually been made, each case should have been carefully scrutinised. But neither the chief who assented to the fraudulent agreement, nor any other with whom the Boers claimed to have dealt, had the smallest right to surrender to them the sovereignty over any part of the territory which belonged to the Zulu nation. And as it is not yet three years since this agreement was made, its deficiency in all that would have been necessary to make it binding cannot be compensated by the prescription arising from long possession, and there is nothing to support Mr. Stanhope's argument that the arrangement he had assented to was justified by the position the Boers had *de facto* obtained for themselves.

In saying that the position of the Boers in Zululand could not be ignored, perhaps Mr. Stanhope may not have intended to admit that possession acquired by the means they have used for that purpose gives them any right to the land they occupy, but was only adverting to the difficulty there would be in depriving them of the position they actually hold, however wrongfully it may have been obtained. If this is the meaning Mr. Stanhope's words were intended to convey, they amount to a confession that he has consented to the arrangement he has made with the Boers, not because he is convinced that it is just to the Zulus, or free from danger to British interests, but because it will for the present avert the necessity of taking measures to compel the Boers to relinquish a position they have wrongfully seized. They are not likely long to respect an arrangement obviously made by the British authorities from a sense of weakness, and it will probably be found that a short respite from an inevitable contest with them has been purchased by concessions which will make that contest much more serious when it comes.

In urging these objections to Mr. Stanhope's scheme for the settlement of Zululand, I have not forgotten that it is probably now too late to draw back from his agreement with the Boers, but this only renders it more necessary to consider what evil effects it is likely to produce, and how they may be averted. And the subject is one urgently demanding attention, for, as I have endeavoured to show, the recent agreement with the Boers has much increased the serious dangers to British interests which had arisen before it was concluded, from the state of affairs created in South Africa by the weak and undecided policy of this country under successive administrations for several years. These dangers are so grave that, though I see no reason for doubting that they may still be effectually guarded against,

I am convinced* that they cannot be so without very prompt and vigorous action, applying not only to Zululand, but to the whole of that part of South Africa which has relations, more or less intimate, with the British dominions. Throughout most of this wide region the want of some authority to maintain peace and order is, as I have already said, greatly felt, and that it should be supplied is a matter of vital importance to the inhabitants of South Africa, whether white or coloured, and to those living within the colonial frontiers, as well as to those without, since the former necessarily suffer from the prevalence of violence and lawlessness beyond their borders.

* This need for the existence of some strong authority to maintain order in the territory beyond the frontiers of the British colonies in South Africa can only, as I believe, be met by making the paramount authority over it which has long been claimed for the Queen real and effective for the repression of violence and wrong, and this, I believe, might and ought to be done. But in saying this I do not mean that so large a territory, inhabited by a population generally in so low a state of civilisation, ought to be added to the African dominions of the Crown; on the contrary, I should deprecate its being so. If this territory were declared to be a part of the British dominions, its government would have to be provided for, either by its being annexed to our present colonies of the Cape and Natal, or by its being organised as one or more Crown colonies, and there are insurmountable objections to either plan. Experience, and more especially the deplorable history of the Bassuto war, too clearly proves that the government of the Cape, entrusted to ministers who only hold power so long as they retain the confidence of the Assembly, is quite unfit to rule over a large uncivilised population unrepresented in that Assembly. The Government of Natal, though differing in character from that of the Cape, is likewise ill qualified to exercise authority over African tribes outside its present boundaries. It would be scarcely less inexpedient to attempt to govern the territory in question by creating in it one or more new Crown Colonies, because the expense of governing and protecting so large a territory on this system would be far too heavy, and still more because the change in the social condition of the native tribes would be so violent that they would be unlikely to submit to it except under the pressure of force. But, though I believe that difficulties too great to be overcome stand in the way of governing the territory in question in a satisfactory manner as an integral part of the Queen's dominions, I am satisfied that under British guidance the tribes by which it is inhabited might be enabled to carry on a government under their own chiefs sufficiently good to meet the wants of their present social condition, and to lead to a gradual improvement in that condition with a corresponding improvement in their laws and institutions.

The tribes of Kaffir race, who form the population of this part

of Africa, are not, it is to be remembered, savages like the aboriginal inhabitants of Australia; they have a well-understood system of government by their chiefs, controlled by customs which have the force of laws, and they have evinced great capacity for improvement under favourable circumstances. They are remarkable for their bravery; like most uncivilised people they are somewhat averse to steady and continuous industry, but will often make great exertions to gain any object they wish for, and in some employments soon become skilful under good instruction. They are also obedient and faithful to leaders they trust and respect, of which the devotion of the Zulus to Cetewayo affords a striking example. Such a people under judicious British guidance might be expected to make a rapid advance in civilisation. Their being under British guidance necessarily implies that they must be placed in some degree under British authority, to which they ought not to be made subject unless with their own free consent. But they are so well aware of their need of British protection that they would in general be glad to obtain it by becoming obedient to British authority if care were taken to avoid needless interference with the existing organisation of their tribes, and all attempts to effect hasty changes in their present mode of life and in their long-established customs, even when they may be much at variance with our ideas of what is right. Patience in introducing even much required improvement would be indispensable, but with this it might be confidently anticipated that few of the tribes would reject British protection and authority. The Zulus, it appears, are earnestly praying to be allowed this advantage. Some years ago the Bassutos were, at their own request, accepted as subjects of the Queen, and as long as they remained under the direct authority of Her Majesty's Government, and were treated with justice and proper consideration, they were loyal and obedient, and it was only when they were ruled in a very different spirit by the Ministers of the Cape Colony that the Bassuto war, which cost so much blood and money, was brought on by their resistance in arms to measures they justly regarded as oppressive. The Pondos are still almost, if not entirely, independent, and from recent intelligence it seems that their relations with the Cape Government have of late been far from satisfactory. There is reason to fear that this may not be entirely their fault, and that, like the Bassutos, they may have had some just grounds for complaint which might be removed if they were dealt with by officers acting under the direct order of the Imperial Government, instead of under the Colonial Ministers. The Bechuanas are already, I believe, under British protection and authority, though it would seem from the intelligence received from time to time that the government of their territory is as yet but imperfectly provided for.

With these signs that the African tribes are generally well

disposed to accept the rule of the Imperial Government (though much less ready to yield obedience to the Cape Ministers), there is great encouragement for an attempt to repress disorder in the territory they occupy by organising a system of government, to be mainly carried on by the natives themselves, but under British guidance and protection. This is no new idea; for many years there has been a High Commissioner appointed by Her Majesty to manage the relations of the British Government and the British colonists with the independent African tribes, and when such an officer was first appointed it was hoped that by his aid peace and order might be maintained amongst these tribes. Hitherto this hope has not been fulfilled, but its disappointment may be accounted for by the fact that the High Commissioner has been too much hampered, and has had too little support in the execution of his duties. He has been hampered by holding with his office of High Commissioner that of Governor of the Cape Colony, and being bound as such to act by the advice of Ministers responsible to the Assembly. It is true that he is nominally free to follow his own judgment in his measures as High Commissioner beyond the borders of the colony, and that his Ministers have no right to interfere with these measures. But he is nevertheless practically hampered with regard to them by the extreme difficulty he would find in carrying on his duties as Governor, if as High Commissioner he did not succeed in maintaining agreement with his Ministers as to his policy beyond the frontier. This accounts for the fact that the powers of the High Commissioner have almost always been exercised in accordance with the views and opinions which have guided his advisers in administering the internal affairs of the colony. Thus the policy of the High Commissioner has not entirely escaped the influence of the feeling entertained by a considerable proportion of those who elect the Assembly, that the coloured population is to be regarded as an inferior race, whose interests are not entitled to the same consideration as those of the whites.

I do not mean to imply by what I have just said any censure of the present very able and distinguished Governor of the Cape, the great value of whose services I fully recognise as well as the high character he deservedly bears. Still, in the events of the last few years, and more especially in what has taken place respecting Bechuanaland, I see what I consider to be clear proof of its being desirable that British relations with the African tribes and also with the Dutch Republics should be kept under the immediate direction of the Imperial Government, and entirely separate from the administration of the Cape. To effect this separation it would be necessary that the office of High Commissioner should no longer be held by the Governor of the Cape, but should be placed in the hands of a different person corresponding directly with the Secretary of State, and acting

under his instructions. Probably the best arrangement would be that the appointment of High Commissioner should be conferred on the general in command of Her Majesty's troops, because his holding the military command would cause the High Commissioner to be regarded with greater deference by the native tribes, and his authority over them would be of use to him in the measures he might have to take as General for the defence of Her Majesty's African dominions. To make this clearer I will venture to offer some suggestions as to steps which might be taken to meet the wants which are now most felt in South Africa.

The wants I refer to are, first, that some regular authority should be constituted, where none as yet exists, for maintaining order by the punishment of all acts of violence and wrong; and, second, that some armed force should be created to support the authorities entrusted with the preservation of the public peace. There are primary wants of human society which appear to be very imperfectly, if at all, provided for in some parts of South Africa. Among the tribes themselves, the place of a regularly constituted government and of laws is to a certain degree supplied by the ill-defined authority of the chiefs, and by long-established customs which are generally respected and are regarded as conferring certain rights on individuals. But this ill-defined authority and these customs are very insufficient to meet the wants of society when civilisation begins to appear, and lead to the cruel punishment of imaginary offences like witchcraft, of which those who have got possession of greater wealth than their neighbours are often accused, really for the purpose of gratifying the cupidity of the chiefs who are entitled to 'eat up' those who are declared guilty of sorcery. And neither the power of the chiefs nor the law of custom is of much avail for preventing acts of wrong being committed either by violence or by fraud by white men, who find their way for various purposes into native territories, still less to enforce obedience to regulations made by the chiefs, such as those prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors. The Acts of Parliament which have been passed to empower British judges to try British subjects for crimes committed beyond the boundaries of the Queen's dominions are quite insufficient to remedy this evil, and would, I presume, be held inapplicable to crimes committed by Boers and others who are not subjects of Her Majesty. Some more effectual mode of dealing with those who are guilty of offences in the territories of native tribes is therefore required, and this object, as well as that of gradually improving their system of government and their laws, might, I think, be found without annexing these territories to the Queen's dominions, by concluding treaties with the tribes that inhabit them. I will explain what I mean by referring to the case of Zululand.

In that territory it is more urgently necessary than elsewhere to

put an end to anarchy and the terrible evils it is now producing, by creating some regularly constituted authority. For this purpose the British protection the Zulus are so anxious to obtain might be offered to them on the condition of their concluding a treaty by which they should become vassals of the Queen. This would not imply that Zululand would cease to be a distinct nation, forming no part of the Queen's dominions. In becoming vassals of Her Majesty, the Zulus would retain all their present rights except so far as these were modified by the conditions laid down in the treaty. There are many examples of one State exercising a certain qualified authority over another without their being united together. One of these is to be found in the relation established between this country and the Ionian Islands, under the treaty by which they were formed into the republic of the seven islands under the protection of the Sovereign of the United Kingdom. The inhabitants of these islands did not become British subjects, and were not entitled to the privileges they would have had as such. Their State had its separate flag, and the British Parliament claimed no authority to legislate for it. But by the conditions of the treaty the protecting sovereign was invested practically with the power of ruling the protected State. In the same way the Zulus, by a treaty making them protected vassals of the Queen, might consent to invest Her Majesty with as much authority as it would be desirable that she should exercise. The main advantage of establishing this sort of relation between the Crown and the Zulus, instead of annexing their country to the British dominions, is that the necessity of making too sudden a change in the laws and in the social organisation of a still barbarous people would be avoided. This object would be gained by inserting in the treaty provisions for declaring that the existing laws and customs should remain in force until altered by competent authority, and that the right of the several chiefs to govern their tribes should be maintained. To this should be added stipulations that the chiefs and people should obey the commands of the Queen signified to them by her High Commissioner or any Assistant Commissioner appointed by him, and that he should be entitled with the consent of the chiefs to make from time to time such new laws, and such regulations to guard against the abuse of their power by the chiefs as he might judge to be expedient, and also to impose such taxes as might be required. The Zulus should further engage not to form any armed bodies of their own, but to furnish recruits for any police or other force established by the authority of the Queen.

In this very slight sketch I need not enter into further particulars as to stipulations it would be proper to make, nor need I say much of the various new laws and changes in existing customs it would be expedient to introduce. As I have already said, great caution and great patience would be necessary in making such changes, and especially in effecting the improvement in the laws of marriage and in

the position of women, which is so much wanted. It would be most dangerous in these matters to go faster than would be consistent with the feelings of the people, and the spread of Christianity by the efforts of the missionaries must be waited for to accomplish all that is desired. I will mention only one or two more of the many improvements that should be attempted as soon as may be practicable without departing from the caution I have insisted upon as indispensable. The chiefs ought by degrees to be converted into salaried officers of the Government. They are at present enabled to maintain their social position by various exactions sanctioned by custom, but often exceedingly oppressive. The means of paying these salaries might be obtained by extending to Zululand the hut tax which is cheerfully paid by those Zulus who are now settled in Natal, and some other taxes, which I need not now point out, would probably have to be imposed to defray the very moderate cost of such a simple government as would for the present be sufficient. In addition to such taxation as it might be found expedient to impose, a considerable addition to the resources of the State might be obtained by a measure which for other reasons it would be advisable to adopt. Any alienation of the land of the tribes should be peremptorily forbidden unless with the approval of the High Commissioner or his Assistant. The unjust acquisition of land by white men by fraud or by violence has from the earliest days of the settlement of Europeans in Africa been one of the main causes of quarrel between the white and coloured races, and the only effectual way of preventing such abuses for the future in Zululand would be to prohibit the alienation of the lands of the tribes by sale or otherwise, except with the sanction of the British officer in charge of the district. But the sale, and still more the leasing, of land to white farmers if the terms were fair would afford in many cases an important item of revenue not only without injury but with advantage to the Zulus.

Some addition to this revenue might be obtained with great benefit to the Zulus if portions of the land now held in common by the tribes were allowed to be sold or let under proper conditions to individual members of these tribes. Like almost all other uncivilised men, the native Africans till within a comparatively short period had no idea of individual ownership of land. The different tribes claimed to have rights to certain lands, and these rights were strenuously maintained by them against intruders, but the land of each tribe was held in common by all its members, no idea of individual ownership having entered their minds. To lead them to adopt the system of the individual ownership of land under well-considered conditions would be to make a great step in civilisation, which could only be accomplished by degrees. Though of late it has been vehemently asserted that to make land private property is a robbery of the community, this assertion is entirely opposed to the general

opinion and the experience of mankind. The services to the human race by which the heroic founders of Greek and Roman civilisation won the places in the temples of the gods assigned to them after their death by popular gratitude are enumerated in the well-known lines :

Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
Componunt, *agros assignant*, oppida condunt—

showing how much importance was attached in ancient times to the establishment of the right of property in land, and the opponents of this right may be safely challenged to produce any instance of a nation having risen to greatness and prosperity without having encouraged the cultivation of the soil by the stimulus to improvement created by individual ownership.

Another object which would require to be provided for is the creation of some means for promptly trying and punishing persons, whether white or coloured, who may be guilty of offences. As to the coloured people little difficulty is likely to arise; more may be expected as to the whites, but it is absolutely necessary that the impunity with which they have too often committed very atrocious crimes should cease, and that some mode should be established of inflicting adequate punishment on white offenders. The Zulus as a nation under British protection would have an undoubted right to make such laws as they thought fit to punish offences committed by all residents in their country, and perhaps this right might be best exercised by providing that minor offences should be tried before a British officer, assisted by two or three native chiefs, while for the trial of serious offences an arrangement might be made for obtaining the services of a colonial judge.

Though there would be several other important points to be considered but which I will not advert to, as this is not a proper occasion for entering into details, I hope that what I have said may be sufficient to explain my proposal that an attempt should be made to govern the still independent tribes of South Africa by their own chiefs, advised and controlled by British officers. Treaties should be made with as many of these tribes as possible, their details being varied to suit the special circumstances of each tribe, but the main principle always being the same, that, namely, of granting them British protection on condition of their engaging to act under the advice of British officers, and to abstain from making war on their own account, trusting to the military power of England to secure them from wrong.

I have next to make some remarks on that which I have mentioned as the second great want of Africa, that, namely, of a sufficient military force to make British protection to those of the natives to whom it is promised a reality, and also to secure the interests of the colonists and of the empire in South Africa from the grave dangers with which I have

tried to show that they are threatened. In order to perform its duty of maintaining order and security in the country subject to its rule, every government must have sufficient physical force at its disposal to maintain its authority against any resistance likely to be made to it. In South Africa the nature of the country, and the habits of cattle-stealing and committing other disorders which prevail in some tribes, seem to make an effective armed police force indispensable for this purpose. And it is not only internal tranquillity but security against aggression from without which it is necessary to provide for. The events of the last few years, including the signal defeat inflicted on Her Majesty's troops by the Boers, with the subsequent surrender to them of independence on terms which the Queen's Government has been afraid to enforce, and the position they have been allowed to obtain, have rendered it necessary that a far more powerful force should be available in South Africa than would formerly have been required. It has also become necessary that there should be a much better organisation for maintaining British authority than has hitherto existed, unless we are prepared to allow this authority to be gradually supplanted by another. The question then arises, Can a military force sufficient to meet the probable demands upon it be provided in this part of Her Majesty's dominions without adding to the cost to this country of the troops habitually kept there? I have the strongest conviction that this might be done by the means I suggested some years ago in the articles in this Review to which I have already referred, that is to say, by forming a Kaffir force under British officers.¹ A force of this kind, properly trained as a military police, well commanded, and of sufficient numbers, would have no difficulty in maintaining order against all internal disturbances. It would also be able to take a large part in the defence of the territory against external enemies. The fact that the force would be a single one, acting under the sole direction of the High Commissioner throughout the whole territory under his authority, would greatly increase its power by affording the means of speedily concentrating large bodies of men on points where danger might be apprehended, and would also make it easy to imitate the old policy of Rome, by taking care to employ the different divisions of the force in districts remote from those in which they had been raised, so that the men might never be required to act against their own tribe. With this precaution, Kaffirs serving under English officers might be as safely trusted as the Sepoys in India; but as in India, so also in Africa, there must be a British force to support, and if necessary to control, the native force. With the aid of volunteers from the Cape Colony and from Natal which might be reckoned upon in an emergency, the number of troops of the regular army usually stationed in South Africa would probably be sufficient for this purpose. The proposed force might also be rendered

¹ See the *Nineteenth Century* for April 1879, p. 595, and for December 1880, p. 947.

highly useful for other purposes besides their police and military services. They ought all to be trained not only in the use of arms but to the duties of pioneers, and in times of tranquillity all the men composing the force should give half of their time to these latter duties. It is well known how deficient this part of Africa is in roads, and how costly the carriage of goods becomes when it can only be effected by the huge wagons that are used with their long spans of oxen creeping along at the snail's pace at which they are obliged to travel. By the labour of Kaffir pioneers roads practicable for less cumbrous conveyances might by degrees be made, and would do much to promote trade and advance civilisation. A large Kaffir force of the kind I have described, of which the men would do duty alternately as military police and as pioneers, might be raised and maintained at a comparatively small cost, of which a large part would be repaid by the value of the work done by them as pioneers. •

The control of this force would be in the hands of the High Commissioner to the native tribes, that office, as I have suggested, being held by the General commanding Her Majesty's forces in South Africa, instead of by the Governor of the Cape, whose duties should be strictly confined to the administration of the internal affairs of the colony. Whatever authority he now exercises beyond its boundary, as for instance over Griqualand, should be transferred to the High Commissioner. A different arrangement would be preferable, if, with the consent of the Cape Parliament, the mode of governing the colony which existed before 'responsible government' was established could be reverted to, since if the Governor was now in possession of the power he then had, there would be some obvious advantages in allowing him to retain the office of High Commissioner, and giving him also authority as Governor-General over the whole of the Queen's dominions in South Africa. There is some reason to think that a few years ago such an arrangement might not have been found impracticable; but a change in the system of 'responsible government' is not now to be thought of, while serious disadvantages are inseparable from requiring a Governor whose duty it is in all that relates to the internal affairs of the colony to take the advice of Ministers responsible to the Cape Parliament, to act on his own judgment in exercising authority beyond the frontier. The only way, therefore, of escaping these disadvantages is to transfer to the High Commissioner all the powers now exercised by the Governor of the Cape beyond its boundaries. And it would be highly for the interests of the Cape itself that these boundaries should be reconsidered with the view of excluding from the colony any districts in which the population is almost entirely of the coloured race. If these districts are to be considered as forming part of the colony, to be governed by its Ministers and Parliament, it is obvious that they cannot long be excluded from the right of being represented in the Parliament by which they are

to be ruled, and the inconvenience, not to say the danger, of allowing a population in so low a state of civilisation to send members to the Cape Parliament ought not to be risked. I do not know what is the present arrangement with regard to British Kaffraria and the country of the Bassutos, and I have not at hand the means of obtaining information on the subject. With regard to the Bassutos, after the deplorable war with them caused by the mismanagement of the Cape authorities, I believe it was proposed that they should cease to be regarded as under the government of the colonial Ministers and Parliament, but I am not aware whether this change has been made. If not, these territories ought in future to be governed under the direction of the High Commissioner.

From what I have said, it will be perceived that the object of the arrangements I have described would be to preserve order throughout all the territory which can be brought under British influence beyond the boundaries of our present colonies, and to guard these colonies from attacks or depredations from without. But as to their internal government no change whatever would be made, the Governors of the Cape and of Natal would be left with the aid of their respective legislatures to exercise precisely the same powers as at present; even with regard to their police the High Commissioner would not act unless they applied to him for assistance. But while the internal affairs of the colonies would not be meddled with, the High Commissioner, acting under the direct orders of the Secretary of State, would be responsible for the military protection of the whole of the British dominions, and for the management of their relations with their neighbours. That there should be one steady policy pursued towards the natives throughout the whole of this part of Africa is a matter of very pressing necessity for the welfare of its inhabitants of all races and colours, and I am persuaded this can only be accomplished by the impartial authority of the Imperial Government, exercised by means of officers free from the influence of party contests and from the prejudice of colour, which cannot be prevented from affecting the local legislatures and the executive officers who depend upon them.

I venture to affirm that England will signally fail in its duty and that the Englishmen of this day will show themselves to be sadly degenerated from their ancestors if in the present state of South Africa nothing is done by this country to put a stop to the evils its conduct has helped so much to produce. If England stands coldly aloof there can be little doubt that terrible calamities will fall on the African population. On the other hand, that population may be rescued from the dangers that threaten it, and be raised from barbarism to civilisation by the right use of British power and influence. And this advantage might gradually extend far beyond those tribes with which we have now relations. Such an opportunity of conferring a great benefit on mankind is not to be thrown away without national guilt.

I had intended to add some further suggestions as to the means it would be advisable to adopt for meeting the cost of the arrangements I have described, but I find that I could not do so without adding unduly to the length of this article. I will therefore content myself with observing that some part of the money required might be obtained from the customs revenue by a measure which would in other ways be of advantage to South Africa. Already some inconvenience seems to arise from the fact that the duties on imports levied in the Cape Colony and in Natal are not always the same, and that each has its separate revenue derived from this source. For this reason, when goods intended for Natal come first to Capetown (as they often do), they have to be kept there in bond until they can be sent on to Natal where the duties charged in that colony have to be paid. In order that each colony may receive the proper amount of duty for goods consumed within its territory, it is necessary that the conveyance of goods liable to duty from the one to the other should be placed under regulations which may not be very inconvenient at present, but which must become so as the country between the two colonies becomes more settled, and their communications with each other more frequent both by land and sea. Some difficulties have also been already raised, if I am not mistaken, as to the levy of duties on goods imported into territories not incorporated with either colony. In this state of things there would be a manifest advantage in the creation of a customs union, including the whole of that part of South Africa which is, or can be, brought under British authority. To effect this object it would have to be enacted, either by Parliament or by the local legislatures, that the same duties which are now charged by law on goods imported into the Cape Colony should be payable in all parts of South Africa subject to British authority, that the levying of these duties should be entrusted to a Board of Commissioners, on which both colonies should be represented, and that each should receive a share of the net revenue so raised as nearly as possible in proportion to its consumption of the goods on which duties are levied. This arrangement being made, absolutely free communication both by sea and land should be allowed through the whole of South Africa, so far as British authority is or may be extended. As the natives are not inconsiderable consumers of some of the goods on which duties are levied, it would be only just that some contribution should be made from the revenue they yield towards the cost of the government of the High Commissioner, and to this should be added such an annual sum as it might be considered reasonable that the colonies should pay for the guarding of their frontiers. If internal trade were thus relieved from inconvenient restrictions, while roads, and eventually railroads, were pushed forwards from our colonies farther and farther into Africa by the aid of the proposed corps of pioneers, a very important extension of British commerce

into the interior of the continent might be looked for. This development of our trade would be much assisted if the Dutch republics should consent to be included in the proposed customs union, receiving their just share of the revenue it would produce. Their being so would be equally for the advantage of all parties, and it would be most desirable that admission into the union should be offered to them as a proof of good-will, and of a readiness on the part of the British authorities to cultivate amicable relations with them. For though I believe it to be absolutely necessary to take effectual measures to restrain the Boers from all conduct injurious either to the coloured or to the British inhabitants of South Africa, I see no reason for supposing that this restraint, if exercised with firmness, but at the same time in a spirit of justice and conciliation, would tend to keep up permanent hostility to us in their minds, and I am sure that no pains ought to be spared in trying to make them our cordial friends. Nothing would tend so much to this end as establishing free commercial intercourse between the British dominions and the Dutch republics.

In conclusion, I desire to remark that, although from want of space I have only been able to touch very slightly on the financial part of the subject, I believe that the adoption of the policy I have recommended, instead of being costly to the country, would tend to diminish its military expenditure. Some small addition to the sums now annually voted for the troops in South Africa would probably be needed while measures for rendering its own resources available were being brought into operation, but there are sufficient grounds for trusting that in a short time a system of local government supported by a local force might be organised which would make it safe to bring back the sums asked from Parliament to their present amount, and probably to reduce them. And what would be most important, the country would be guarded against such heavy demands as it has during the last few years been repeatedly called upon to meet for African wars. The Under Secretary of State for the Colonies said a few years ago in the House of Commons that nearly six millions had been spent in these wars up to the 30th of September, 1879. I have seen no account of what has since been spent in the same manner, but it must amount to a large sum, as it would include the cost both of the disastrous war by which the Boers reconquered their independence from us, and of the successful expedition of Sir C. Warren, of which the expense was stated to have been about a million. As I have endeavoured to show, the present state of South Africa affords ample grounds for anticipating fresh disturbances there, unless timely and effective measures are taken to ward off the danger. What these measures ought to be, whether those I have suggested or some different ones, is a question which it is the duty of Her Majesty's Ministers speedily and carefully to consider, bearing in mind that to do nothing

in so threatening a state of affairs till events render longer inaction impossible, is the way to bring upon the nation in the end calls for far more money and for far greater exertions than would be needed in order to take due precautions against approaching evils. If one-twentieth part of the million expended in Sir C. Warren's expedition had been used two or three years sooner to put a stop to the outrages committed against the Bechuanas, no expedition would have been required, and the nation would have been saved from much disgrace.

GREY.

*TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN A
NEWSPAPER OFFICE.*

ALL persons connected with newspaper enterprise are subjected to much questioning, which is well meant, and which may come from fairly intelligent people, but which because of misconception and ignorance is ridiculous in the ears of those to whom it is addressed. Those who hold the more responsible positions in newspaper management are subjected to more serious annoyance, from the fact that friends of their own or of the paper make requests that seem simple to the suppliant, but are so impossible of fulfilment that they cannot even be considered. Finally, the publisher or editor, or both, find their skill depreciated and their management impugned because of things over which they can exercise no more control than over the course of the tides. For these reasons and for some others, the writer proposes to explain how a morning newspaper is produced, in the hope that better knowledge may conduce to a more intelligent apprehension of the conditions by which a daily paper is surrounded.

The chief person in a newspaper office should be the manager, and as there is usually a managing-proprietor, he is the chief person. Where there is not a proprietor actively engaged in the work of the office, then the manager and the editor are frequently of co-ordinate power, and somewhat jealous of each other. The joint management, however, works fairly well because the editorial department of a morning newspaper is to a large extent a self-dependent machine that will work alone, if the manager understands that he has to honour the requisitions of the editor however much these may cost. If the paper cannot afford that, the dual control will lead to friction. But it is a remarkable example of the evolution of things, that the dual control prevails chiefly in old and wealthy offices where money is no object, while the younger adventures are usually under the control of a proprietor-manager, who may or may not be styled editor, but who is the chief of the whole enterprise. In a strictly dual-control office the manager usually controls everything but the editorial department. He has a publisher who issues the paper, grants agencies, collects the money from the sales, and so on. He has a chief of the advertisement department, who arranges rates, and receives payment of the sums due. These departments are the two sources of revenue, and that revenue is paid to a cashier who is

responsible to the manager. The manager also controls the case-room, where there will be from fifty to a hundred men engaged in setting type under a case-room manager, and he also controls the machine-room and foundry, where there are a number of mechanics engaged in stereotyping and printing the paper. All these persons may be appointed or dismissed at the manager's pleasure, and their remuneration is fixed by him. Through his subordinates he receives and pays all money. If there be negotiations for joint enterprise with other papers, as for a war correspondent, or for fresh telegraphic or train facilities, or for anything savouring of money, he conducts them. He is the soul of everything save of the editorial department, which has its own chief, who does not usually consent to be responsible to any one, save to the proprietors as a body, or to a manager who is a proprietor.

But besides this equally divided system of dual control there are numerous others of varying character. There are offices where the editor is chief, and the manager is only a publishing superintendent. There are others where the manager is everything, and the editor is only a chief of a department. Each office has its own system, and that system varies from time to time with the quality of the men engaged, the deciding condition being the force of character and moral influence of the editor and manager respectively. Seniority of service is also of much weight. A newly appointed editor, for instance, often owes his appointment to a manager's recommendation, while again an editor in occupation may have had a considerable say in the appointment of a new manager. There are really no rules, but a sort of understanding that in the end the best man is likely to have most control.

The editor has an assistant editor, who is usually charged with the care of the leader columns, and who will probably be responsible to his chief for all other opinionative matter, such as book reviews, special articles, art critiques, and so forth. The assistant editor obviously has to deal with a numerous body of writers, many of whom will not be journalists by avocation, and over whose productions he ought to exercise a keen control, especially in the leader columns, where the same subjects are handled again and again, and where a continuity of policy must be maintained. He may also aid in the general editorial supervision of the staff, but that is a matter that depends on his relations to the editor, or his own force of character and self-assertiveness, and on other things. The editor has also a sub-editor, who is responsible to his chief for the columns of the paper containing reports and other news. Inasmuch as the first object of a newspaper is to supply the news of the day, this post is of great importance. The sub-editor has offered to him each night a great deal more news than his columns can possibly hold, and his duty is to accept what is good, reject what is bad, and cut down what is too long. He does not write for the paper, and he need not be

(although he may be) a man of high education, nor need he necessarily possess any considerable literary skill, or capacity of literary expression. But he ought to be a shrewd and judicious man, with a wide knowledge of affairs, a ready brain, and an enormous capacity for wearisome work. He has from three to six sub-editors subordinate to him, several of whom will have special departments, while others will be available for miscellaneous sub-editing. He is the hardest worked man on the paper, and withal he gets less thanks or credit than anybody else on the staff. An archangel could not sub-edit a newspaper to please every one.

There is also attached to the editorial staff a chief reporter, who will have from four to twelve subordinates who are answerable to him. There are offices in which the reporting staff are strictly confined to reporting and are outside of and indifferent to the general work of the office. Then they become reporting machines. There are others in which they attempt or are encouraged to have some share in the life of the office, and then they may become journalists. A good deal depends on themselves, something on the attitude of the editor, and much on the disposition of their own chief and the sub-editor. I have heard of an important office in which they say the chief reporter objects to the sub-editor fixing the length that a report is to be, while the sub-editor would as soon think of commanding the assistance of an angel as of using the reporting staff for anything but reports. The positions of sub-editor and chief reporter in such a case want definition, and do not get it. The attitude, which may be consistent with sufficient friendliness, is that each considers himself as good as his neighbour, and a great deal better. It may be noted in passing that a chief reporter and a chief sub-editor have reached the limits of promotion in the departments which they have elected to fill, and if they are to go higher it must be on new lines.

The day's work of a newspaper office extends over about twenty hours. At about ten o'clock in the morning the managerial and advertisement staff assemble in the counting-house, which is usually on the street floor, and during the day they transact general business and receive advertisements for the next day's paper. It is probable that the editor-in-chief will spend three or four hours in the editorial rooms looking over the past issue, receiving visitors, and so forth, and a few men will be at work in the case-room, which is on the top-flat, setting the advertisements as they come in. But save the counting-house the building will be deserted in a general way. At six o'clock in the evening the telegraph clerks arrive and begin to receive news over the wires from the London office. At seven o'clock one of the sub-editors arrives, and the others follow in quick succession, until by nine o'clock they are all engaged at work considering reports of afternoon meetings, and news paragraphs, and reports arriving by train from country correspondents. About eight or nine the assistant editor arrives, and probably begins by asking the sub-editor what news he

has or expects to get. Accustomed leader-writers of the staff will probably come in about ten o'clock, by which hour the editor or the assistant editor, singly or together, have presumably arrived at some conclusion as to what are the subjects on which articles should be written.

The common practice is that the editor appears as a consultative authority during the night, but if he is to be of use in that capacity he will have no specific duties to demand his appearance at a fixed hour. From ten o'clock onwards the reporters hurry in with reports of evening meetings to be extended from shorthand notes. Meanwhile telegrams from all quarters, more train letters, and commercial, and shipping, and sporting news pour in. On the top flat the case-room is filled with compositors, some of whom began to work at seven o'clock, while others have just come in. From ten o'clock P.M. till two o'clock A.M. the office will be at its busiest. At midnight, for instance, there should be about a hundred and fifty people at work in a first-class newspaper office. Take the editorial flat first. The assistant editor is engaged in getting a general grasp of the news of the night, in estimating its relative importance, in considering how it should be treated, and in revising editorial matter. He may or may not be writing anything, a matter which depends on the character of the news and the time he has to spare. In other rooms there will probably be several editorial writers deep in telegraphic reports of political or Parliamentary proceedings, or whatever other subject they have been detailed to explain and criticise. Other men are compiling, revising, or writing sporting, commercial, or agricultural news. The reporters are writing out their reports. The messengers and telegraph boys rush in with train parcels and telegraphic despatches. The telegraph wires in the office emit a continual click, as page after page is transcribed, and the long tape winds on the floor in uncounted yards. All this matter, save only the small portion of editorial or opinionative writing designed for the assistant editor's consideration, is hurried into the sub-editor's room.

There the work centres, and the business of the sub-editor and his staff is to revise all this copy, and delete, cut down, alter and reject without delay or hesitation. At the hour of midnight the sub-editor receives from the case-room a report of the number of columns of advertisements that are in type, and which must go in, and deducting this from the total area of the size of paper it is intended to print, he finds that he has at his own disposal a fixed number of columns—forty, forty-five, fifty, or whatever it may be. Into that space the news of the night must go, and his business is to get it in. It will be observed that news to a sub-editor is not of absolute or abstract value, but that its importance is strictly conditioned by the other news in hand or expected, and the space available for it all. He has to work a perpetual sum in proportion. 'How much space shall I give to the first speech of the probable candidate

for Mudshire, remembering that the advertisements are high, that the Irish Government Bill is being debated in the House, that a personal discussion has sprung up between the Orangemen and the Home Rulers, that Salisbury is making an explanation in the Lords, that Hartington is addressing a meeting in the provinces, that there has been a row in the Muddleton Town Council, and a local divorce suit before the Courts?' The sum is worked out and the candidate gets thirty-five lines, whereupon his friends say that the editor has been influenced by an opposition clique. As a matter of fact no human being interfered with the sub-editor's discretion, and if the candidate had held his meeting twenty-four hours later, when the House was counted out in the dinner-hour and no political celebrity was on the stump, he would have had a verbatim report and a full platform list. Probably the editor will be asked a few days afterwards at his club, or at some social function, why he 'snuffed out poor so-and-so; a very promising young man, I assure you.' The editor knows nothing about it, but when he says so he will not be believed, because everybody knows that an editor revises every line that gets into his paper and writes all the leaders himself.

The upper flat of the building is as busy as the editorial and more thronged. In a great hall, extending usually over the whole of the site on which the office is built, an army of compositors are at work. As the 'copy' comes up the sub-editor's shoot it is seized by an assistant overseer, numbered, and given out in sheets to the men, each of whom comes to the desk when he has finished his previous 'take.' These men are on piece-work, and they work much quicker than men usually do in what is called a jobbing office. Simultaneously a number of 'readers' are comparing the proofs of type with the copy from which it was set, and other compositors are making corrections; other men again are 'making-up' the 'takes' into columns and the columns into pages. It is about midnight that the earliest pages, usually full of advertisements, are finished, and as each page is finished it is hurried to the foundry adjoining. The composing-room is at its busiest from midnight till about three o'clock in the morning, and as it nears that hour the haste becomes painful. The last three or four pages must be sent to the foundry at specified hours, which cannot be exceeded or the early trains will be lost. If therefore Parliament has sat until an unduly late hour, or if telegraphic reports of a great provincial political meeting are delayed by insufficient postal telegraph arrangements, or if leaders are late, or indeed if any department is behind time, the burden, gathering as it rolls, falls back on the case-room. But the case-room, although it can do a great deal at a pinch, cannot do impossibilities, and when matter comes very late it must either be omitted or be made up in pages without having been subjected to due revision—and the latter is the reason of the extraordinary collection of blunders that sometimes are seen massed in perhaps one column of

a paper. These blunders are purely mechanical, and occur chiefly through the type having been wrongly distributed, so that when the compositor puts his hand to the compartment where A is kept he takes out a T, or otherwise. The letter goes into the word, and the result is frequently a most ludicrous change of sense. The reader's business is to correct these mechanical mistakes, and if one issue of a newspaper were sent out 'unread,' it would be a compilation far funnier than any jest book.

Meanwhile the foundry, which is all dark till after midnight, is the scene of equal pressure. The business of the foundry is to receive the pages of the newspaper, consisting each of a number of columns of type bound together by a metal frame, and to produce from that surface a cast in hot metal in a half-circle which is then cooled, planed, and placed on the cylinder of a printing machine in the basement flat. The process is of the ordinary foundry kind with variations of detail only from that of any iron-founder's establishment. But there is this to be considered, that as the hour of going to press approaches the work of a newspaper foundry is done at a speed that would set an ordinary foundry manager aghast. From the time that the last page of type arrives in the foundry till the time that the first machine is running is only ten minutes, and in that time the men have taken a papier-mâché mould from the type, a metal cast from the mould in a perfect half-circle, and have sent it down a hoist to the sunk flat where it is put on the printing machine cylinder. This obviously includes a number of mechanical processes, to fulfil which in the time requires that each man shall always be ready and shall not waste one moment. From the moment that the plate is adjusted on the cylinder the first machine begins to run, and others follow as they also are supplied with plates. Eight page sheets are now being printed and folded at any rate from twelve to fifty thousand an hour as the machining capacity of the establishment may determine, and every few minutes they go upstairs in a hoist to the next flat, where the despatch-room is waiting to receive them.

The despatch-room is a hall with no furniture but long bare counters, and some pigeon-holes for railway labels. It has been lit up since midnight, and from that hour until the paper comes up, the staff has been preparing parcel wrappers, and getting everything so arranged and laid out that the papers can be most easily packed for the country agents.

The time of pressure in the despatch-room lasts only for about an hour, and so soon as all the early trains are supplied things go more easily. These trains are not the ordinary passenger trains, few of which start till six o'clock in the morning. They are in part luggage trains, leaving various goods depôts between four and five o'clock, and charged with the duty to throw off parcels at wayside stations, and they are in part early newspaper specials, that consist only of an engine

and van running express for long distances. The necessity to catch them is a continual worry to those engaged in producing the paper, but they are necessary evils because they are essential to a wide-spread circulation. Even to the members of the staff they may be a blessing in disguise, because they force the work through early and let folks get home to bed.

It is probable that the first men to leave the office are those who have arrived last—the writers of the editorial staff. About the same time, that is at two o'clock in the morning, the earliest sub-editor and a batch of the early compositors will go. At that time or shortly afterwards the business of the editor or the assistant editor is over, and there is no occasion for them to remain. The reporters have of course gone long before, save one or two who may be on some specially late work. After three o'clock the editorial flat will be deserted by every one save the late sub-editor and the telegraph clerks. These clerks are especially busy from about four till six o'clock taking extracts from the London press, to be published in the latest, or town, edition dated six A.M., and when that edition is provided for everybody goes, and the office is deserted save on the publishing flat, where it becomes busy again for a little in despatching the papers to the City news-agents. For twelve hours thereafter the upper flats will again become deserted unless the office produces an evening paper, when the same rooms will be filled up with a fresh relay of workers, engaged in much the same fashion although with considerable difference of detail. As most leading provincial papers do have an evening 'tender,' it follows that they take double use out of their buildings, plant, machines, type, and agencies—an economical way of working which may in part account for the great numerical increase of provincial evening papers.

It may perhaps occasion surprise that in these details of the production of the paper so little work is credited to the editor. It must not, however, be supposed that because he is outside of the routine of duty he is therefore inactive. He is, or he ought to be, the guiding spirit and director of the whole. But the more he is so, the less he must be fettered with details. His real success is achieved when things go on equally well whether he is present or absent.

To this purely narrative account of the manner in which a morning newspaper is produced it may be well to add how this mode of life affects the staff. In the first place it will be seen that for all, save the reporters, the life is a regular one. It turns night into day certainly, but it does so with an undeviating regularity that makes the habit a second nature. The writer has had charge of an evening paper, where he usually came to the office at eight o'clock in the morning and stayed till three o'clock in the afternoon; and he has had charge of a morning paper, when he usually came to the office at eight o'clock in the evening and stayed till three o'clock in the morning. The work of the evening paper was the more hurried and physically

exhausting, and the work of the morning paper the more severe and intellectually wearing. In each case there was at first a 'pull' because previous to working on the evening paper the writer had not been accustomed to a sedentary life, and there was much the same 'pull' on taking up the morning paper duties and changing from habitual early rising to habitual night-work. But the absolute regularity of the work is such that one becomes accustomed to it quickly, and, so far as can be judged, it is comparatively unimportant at what hours men eat and sleep and work, if so be they adhere to them regularly.

The truth is, that a journalist habitually engaged in night work is freed from those social fatigues that tell so heavily on men who give their days to business, and their nights to society. If he is prudent, and does not permit himself to be overpressed by need of money, he can arrange that his work at night shall be the only routine work that he shall do, and then his position is just as good as the position of those men who work at commerce, or law, or science during the day, close their desks before dinner, and go to bed at midnight. It is immeasurably better than that of the other man, who with interests to push, or for vanity or pleasure, permits himself to work all day, and to engage in an equally exhaustive social routine at night. But journalists are no wiser than other people, and they frequently attempt to superadd day work to night work, and the pleasures of the evening to both, and then they ought to break down. Sometimes, however, they are unreasonable enough to do all this and not to break down. 'Unreasonable, because to one who lives by rule, and takes sufficient rest, exercise, fresh air, and sleep, and who eats and drinks in moderation, it is aggravating to find that those who do precisely the reverse appear as strong as he is.

As a matter of fact, however, a careless-living journalist will always go to the wall. The strain is so continuously severe that only one in good health can endure it without stimulants, and so soon as these come to be used as stimulants the end is at hand. Only with a clear brain, a sound frame, and a vigorous will, can a journalist rise to the head of his calling. The same qualities equally well used would probably have taken him to the head of any calling not absolutely uncongenial to his bent of mind, and in almost any other intellectual calling the prizes, honours, and pecuniary rewards are greater. The writer would never recommend any one to train a lad for a journalistic life. That is so fully recognised that very few persons are trained for it. The calling of journalism shares with the sister calling of literature this peculiar distinction, that only those engage in it who feel 'called' to it in the true sense of the word, and against such it has no regulations, no fees, no term of apprenticeship, no artificial barriers of any kind. The one essential feature of a good newspaper is the one that conduces to that state of freedom. Its conductors are eager to take anything that suits them from any one who offers it.

THE GREATER GODS OF OLYMPOS.

I.

POSEIDON.

IN the combined view of dignity and importance, the greater gods of the Homeric Olympos are five, namely: Zeus, Herê, Poseidon, Apollo, and Athenê. These five deities are all of them strongly marked in individual character, widely different each from all the rest, and yet each effectually subordinated to the fundamental conditions of the system, in which the Poet has assigned to them commanding positions. They are also particularly associated in this important respect, that each of them is based upon a single leading idea. It is not very easy to find in every case an English word, which shall satisfactorily express this idea. For the present I would state the case as follows. The leading idea of Zeus is polity, taking this word as the rendering of the Greek *Politikê*. The leading idea of Poseidon is physical, not mental, force; of Herê, nationality; of Athenê, mental force; and of Apollo, obedience, or conformity to the will of Zeus. On this basis is erected in each case a structure of material more or less diversified; but the idea is for all the five, as I believe, the true key to the Homeric conception.

In the following pages, I have endeavoured to trace the development in the instance of Poseidon, who, perhaps, of the five, is the least interesting as a character, but nearly or altogether the most important with a view to a comprehensive interpretation of the Poems.

The Poseidon of the Iliad and the Odyssey is a great, original, independent figure, of which the characteristic outlines have been run down and fused, by mixture with the promiscuous traditions of other centuries and other lands than Homer's, so as to sweep away all his individuality, and extinguish interest about a personage who awakens in our minds hardly an idea except that he carries in his hand a three-pronged fork, and that he is in some close way connected with the sea. This Neptune—for as such he has been commonly known—bears about the same relation to the Poseidon of the Achaian Poet as that which would subsist between a statue, wrought with care by a master's hand, and shown in bronze or marble, and the same figure re-cast to order with leaden material in a leaden mould.

Yet his ideal is not one that will satisfy catholic and aspiring sympathies. He is indeed essentially of the earth, earthy. He is strong and self-asserting, sensual and intensely jealous and vindictive. There is perhaps nothing in him properly divine, excepting strength. On this basis little interest could attach to him as a personal character, apart from his environment.

But much interest attaches to an examination of the principles on which Homer has constructed the character of this deity, and assigned to him his position. Yet more important do we find him on account of the many-sided aspects in which he is to be viewed, and of the ethnical considerations which they open up. Under the Achaian system, he is at first sight simply the Sea-god. But he has a group, even a crowd, of other relations, which give to him a greater multiformity than attaches to any other deity of the Poems. Besides being the god of the sea, and possessor of the trident, he is the god of the horse (himself a most important personage in Homer); he is the god of earthquakes, the god of the building art, the god of special Achaian families, the god of the Aithiopes, the god of the Phaiakes, the god of the Dardanians, the god of the South, the principal god of the Outer Zone in the Odyssey, the god who stands personally related to rebellious Powers. Some of these functions he does not possess exclusively, yet he has all in a peculiar manner. Their first effect is to give diversity and complexity to the delineation of him. But, as they are all connected with the ethnography of the Poems, the result is, first, that he has a very many-sided Olympian position; and next, that he becomes a key, in a greater degree than any other personage, to the composition and formation of the Achaian nationality.

I. HIS STATION.

Let us first examine into his station in the Thearchy.

As the second of the three Kronid brothers, he shares in the process by which the terrestrial reign was divided among them. This process essentially involved the idea of their equality in the abstract. For the division was made, not by authority, nor by deliberation, but by lot. Zeus had the wide heaven with its clouds and its ethereal sky; Aidoneus had the underworld; Poseidon had the grey sea to occupy, or inhabit¹ permanently. He slightly lifts himself in the recital by saying 'Zeus and I, and Aides the third.' The earth and Olympos were common to them all—an arrangement so singular, inasmuch as it excludes from the lottery the most precious part of the inheritance, that it can hardly have been adopted without some peculiar and extraneous reason: perhaps this, that the acknowledged dominion over earth would have created too palpable an inequality in the Triad.

¹ πολλὴν ἔλα ναίμεν αἰεὶ.—*Il.* xv. 190.

He claims expressly the same rank with Zeus (*homotimos*, II. xv. 186; *isomoros*, 209); he nowhere admits expressly even a seniority against himself; and he disclaims all subserviency (194). On the other hand, he never enters upon or glances at actual resistance except in combination with others (II. i. 400; xv. 212-17); and when Iris gently reminds him that he ought to withdraw from the field at the command of Zeus, because the *Erinnes*, guardians of the moral order, ever side with the senior, he admits that she speaks well.

He unyokes and puts up the horses of Zeus upon their arrival in Olympos (viii. 440). This, however, is not perhaps to be regarded as a note of inferiority any more than Herê's harnessing the horses to her own chariot, and driving it for Athenê. It was Poseidon's prerogative to deal with the horse, and this must be taken into account.

He engages himself for the Theomachy, matched against Apollo (xx. 67); but, when it comes to the point, he artfully lays the ground (xxi. 436) for Apollo to propound (462-67) that it is better they should not fight. Athenê, on the express ground of respect for her uncle, refrains from making herself known to Odysseus when entering the city of the Phaiakes (*Od.* vi. 329). Again, Zeus never threatens him personally in the violent manner which he uses even to Athenê and Herê (viii. 399-424); and when Poseidon expresses to him apprehension about his loss of repute among the gods if he does not punish the Phaiakes (xiii. 128), Zeus replies, 'Never can this be; it would be a serious affair to dishonour you, the oldest and the best of gods,' and points out to him that he is free to work his will upon them (140-45). Zeus, however, signified to him through Iris, that if he did not desist from aiding the Achæians, he must prepare for a single-handed fight with his elder brother there and then (xv. 179); but the terms used are nearer those of a challenge between equals than such as he employs in the simple assertion of superior power. So that it is not altogether an extravagance when Poseidon says, 'Let him not bully me, as if I were a coward, with his threats of force, but let him keep his big words for his own sons and daughters, who have no choice but to obey him' (xv. 197-99).

Such, as a whole, is the provision made for the dignity of Poseidon; a provision so adequate that it has taxed the skill of the Poet to prevent it from slightly impairing the majesty of Zeus.

II. HIS CHARACTER.

Next, as respects the qualities or character of Poseidon, pure strength is his grand and central characteristic. In Troas, and there only, he appears in conjunction with Apollo, the only deity of the Trojan party who could have any pretension to be entered on the list against him. On two great occasions they have an actual partnership; once in the covenant of a year's hiring to Laomedon (II.

xxi. 442-57), once on the removal of the rampart built by the Achaïans (*Il.* xii. 110-55). On both occasions the heavy labour was given to Poseidon. He built the walls of Troy 'beautiful and broad,' while Apollo fed the herds. So in *Il.* xii., Apollo, apparently by a pure exercise of power without a medium, turned the rivers from their mouths upon the rampart, Zeus adding a torrent of rain; but Poseidon, employing his trident, has the moving away of the mass of stones and logs (24-30). This ascription of vast physical strength is uniform, and seems to be deliberately selected by the Poet as the fundamental characteristic. He passes in four strides from Samothrace to Aigai. He breaks away the rocks for the destruction of Oilean Aias (*Od.* iv. 506). He changes the ship of the Phaiakes to stone, and roots it in the ground by a stroke of his hand (*Od.* xiii. 163). He infuses strength into the greater and the lesser Aias, by striking each of them with a staff (*Il.* xiii. 60). He uses intermediate action for what other deities of finer quality accomplish by pure volition. Everywhere his force is paraded; but everywhere it is purely physical force.

Considering that he has a comparatively limited relation to the Achaïans, his relations to women, and to Nymphs, are almost as remarkable as those of Zeus. The hundred-handed Briareus was his son (*Il.* i. 404). Thoosa, daughter of Phorcus, bears for him Poluphemos (*Od.* i. 71). From Periboia he has Nausithoos and the royal line in Scheriê (*Od.* vii. 56 *seqq.*). From Turo he has Pelias and Neleus (*Od.* xi. 240-54). From Iphimedeia he has Otos and Ephialtes (*Od.* xi. 306). He is the father of the House of Actor among the Epeians. Each one of these legends, it will be remembered, represents a separate line of descent from Poseidon, who has no rival in this respect, except his elder brother. On the single occasion of the conversation with Iris (*Il.* xv. 206) he rises as high (on his own behalf) as to the standard of an enlightened prudence. And he is not devoid of the parental feeling. He gave a special care to Antilochos his descendant on the field of battle (*Il.* xiii. 554). But we can hardly rank this above a brute instinct, since he pursued Odysseus with unrelenting vengeance for a necessary act of self-defence against the savage and unbelieving cannibal, his son Poluphemos (*Od.* i. 20 *et al.*). As a general rule, all his tendencies are subordinated to simple strength of hand, united with so much only of intelligence as is necessary to save dignity. By a single touch Homer has fastened on his canvas this dominant characteristic of sheer power. Agamemnon, equipped for the great Array, resembles Zeus in his countenance and his head, Arês in his girth, Poseidon in his chest. He comes between the imperial brain of Zeus and the sheer animalism of Arês.

On the other hand, high as is the rank of Poseidon, he is excluded from the loftier class of prerogatives attaching to Athenê and Apollo. He uses instruments, while they work without them. He nowhere

appears in the character of a Providence, as they do in Troas and in Ithaca. His motion (*Il.* xiii. 29) is measured, not instantaneous. Prayer is not offered to him by Achaians, except at the sea-side, and in the sacrifice, also on the beach, of Nestor. They have no physical wants; he is moved by the appetite for hecatombs (*Od.* i. 25). They signify the future by signs and omens; he does not. In *Il.* xx. 300-8 he refers to the coming dynasty of Aineiadaï; I understand him, however, here to be speaking not from his personal knowledge of the future, but of the decree which had been settled in the Olympian Court, and was matter of common knowledge among its members. Athenê alters the course of external nature, as in the transformations of Odysseus; he only in an inferior instance, one lying within his special domain (*Od.* xiii. 162-4), the petrification of the Phaiakian ship. He can see a long way; for from the Soluman mountains of Lycia he discerns the raft of Odysseus on the great tract of sea, now central Europe; but it is by the sense of vision that he obtains knowledge of events, not by an act of mind (*Od.* v. 282). In a less conspicuous example, he learns the military reverses of the Achaians by seeing them from the height of Samothrace (*Il.* xiii. 11-15). In one instance only is there a trace of any divine action on the human mind: it is in *Il.* ix. 182-4, when the Envoys to Achilles beseech Poseidon, as they walk along the beach, that the great chieftain may be easily persuaded. Lastly, picked sacrifice is offered to him by the Phaiakes to avert his wrath (*Od.* xiii. 184-7) without reparation by amendment of conduct; but the Achaians find from Calchas that nothing can be effected to appease Apollo except when the moral wrong done by their rulers shall have been redressed through the restoration of Chryseis to her father (*Il.* i. 93-100).

The choice of physical strength as the basis of construction for the character of Poseidon may have been suggested to the Poet by the connection, evidently belonging to his exotic character, between him and many of the huge unruly beings in whom, according to Homer and to general tradition, it was pre-eminently incorporated: the Giants, children of Eurumedon in the Outer Circle; the monster Poluphemos; Otos and Ephialtes, who built a mountain stair to Heaven; and Aigaion, mightier even than his sire (*Od.* vii. 55-9; i. 68; xi. 305; *Il.* i. 404). Possibly these relationships may suggest that our exotic Poseidon was in some of his earlier seats an elemental deity; but the Poems throw no direct light upon the subject, and the etymology of the name has not as yet been discovered.

Nor is it difficult to conceive the poetical necessity, which recommended to Homer this basis of delineation. If we look at the facts under their legendary vest, he had to compose a Triad, all the three members of which were by birth equal. If we penetrate beneath it, and search out its basis of fact, mythological birth designates historical origin; and Poseidon and Aidoneus are not only unintelligible but

absurd, unless each of them had been in his own time and place worshipped as supreme. Dealing at present with Poseidon, and assuming for the moment that he somewhere exercised, or had exercised, the functions of the highest god, the Poet had before him an Olympian problem as difficult, as it was in Troas to differentiate Trojan from Achaian chieftains, and yet to maintain the vast superiority of his countrymen. He had so to fashion his Poseidon, that he should not interfere nor compete with the principal figure, and yet should retain so much of majesty and might as never to be made the subject of disparaging incident. This he has effectually done, by assigning to him a vast amount of force, carefully kept out of collision with Zeus, never palpably baffled or defeated, and embellished with such an elaborate display of visible splendour in the famous progress from Aigai to the ships (xiii. 17-31) as is nowhere detailed even for Zeus himself. All the impressiveness of Zeus is derived from a mental source, his possession of governing qualities. All the impressiveness of Poseidon is drawn from a visible source, in external magnificence and corporal strength. Thus they claim for majesty under different titles; and the risk of inconvenient competition is avoided.

III. HIS ATTRIBUTES—SEA FUNCTIONS.

We come next to the attributes of Poseidon in Homer.

It has often been attempted to treat Poseidon as an elemental god;² and derivations have even been assigned to his name, associating it with liquid. As there is no Olympian personage whom it is more essential rightly to apprehend, I observe with satisfaction that this error is dying out. There is but a single word among his various titles and epithets, namely *gaieochos*, that so much as allows of an elemental meaning; and even here it is in no way required, for Poseidon, by the obedience of the sea to his will, holds or embraces the earth. We never hear of Poseidon as dwelling in the sea, except at Aigai, which may be called his Hellenic or Achaian residence. It may be asked whether the Poet does not designedly weaken even this degree of elemental association in the following ways. First, by placing him in a palace (*Il.* xiii. 21), whereas the true sea-god Nereus³ dwells in the hollows of the salt element itself. Secondly, by the use of the word *limné* for the sea, which commonly means either the surface of the sea (*Il.* xxiv. 79), or a shallow sea, lake, or pool (*ii.* 711, 865 *et al.*). And thirdly, by specifying (xiii. 30) that his axle was not wetted.

² Smith's excellent *Dictionary of Biography* fairly represents the average condition of opinion at the time when it was produced (1849). It says (art. Poseidon) that he seems to have been 'originally a personification of the fertilising power of water,' and from this to have become god of the sea.

³ The Nereids of *Il.* xviii. 39-50 are in a silver cave. Of these I shall speak elsewhere.

Poseidon is indeed in some sort an interloper. It is Nereus who is the prior lord and occupant of the sea, and never quits it. But he has been submerged, that he may not clash with the new comer. He is the pure unmitigated god of the old Nature cult; and of his elemental nature we have the strongest and simplest evidence. He supplied not the literature but the people of Greece with their name for water, which is *neron* to this day. Most artfully has Homer treated him, for he is never named, and we arrive at his designation only through the patronymic of the Nereids. As he never moves, so he never speaks: the pure Nature-power in Homer has not the privilege of speech, at least within the Achaian circle. On the other hand, this 'greybeard of the sea' (*Il.* i. 556) enjoys a quiet independence in the spaces of the watery element with which he seems to drip, and appears to be in no relations with Poseidon, but in happy ignorance of the revolution by which he has been deposed.

The sensibly Achaian character of Poseidon's sea-godship is further marked by this, that it scarcely passes beyond the Greek waters. It is true indeed that Proteus, who dwells in the waters about Pharos and is a Phœnician 'greybeard of the sea,' is called his subordinate (*ὑποδμῶς*, *Od.* iv. 386), and that Thoosa, the mother of Poluphemos, is also a personage of Phœnician-colouring. But then it is her father, Phorcûs, who is declared himself to be in these outer regions (*Od.* i. 72) the ruler of the sea (*ἄλδς ἀτρυγέτιοι μέδων*). Thus then, as we change our latitude, the maritime relations of Poseidon are either extinguished or thrown into the shade. Not only is he not an elemental god, but he is hardly a sea-god except under the Kronid trichotomy, which is an Achaian arrangement. He does not, in short, represent to us a Nature-force, or aggregate of Nature-forces, shaped by fancy or by superstition into a personality, but is a person proper, and his conventional relation to a great domain of nature is that of sovereign to subject.

In truth his relations to the sea, even as between governor and governed, are not drawn with very great depth or decision. I present first a summary view of them from the *Iliad*. First he has for Achaian purposes the standing residence at Aigai; which, as we shall find reason to suppose, is in some way balanced in the outer world by another place of resort. There is the prayer of the Envoys by the seaside already noticed. Again, Achilles refers to him (*ix.* 362) as the deity who can give him a good passage homewards; but it is worthy of observation that the only sea voyage actually made in the Poem, that from the Camp to Chrusê, is effected without naming him; and when the forward breeze arises it is Apollo who sends it (*Il.* i. 479). It is true that the action of the *Iliad* does not afford good openings for storms. Yet it must surely be felt that a great opportunity was offered for exhibiting Poseidon in the active exercise of his sovereignty over the sea when, after he had taken objection to

the construction of a rampart by the Achaians, it was agreed in the council of the gods (*Il.* vii. 459-64) that subsequently to the war the work should be destroyed and the traces of it effaced. As an instrument, the sea was close at hand; and as an agent Poseidon seemed to be specially marked out. We have seen, however, that the work was a joint one, and that Poseidon did not take the leading part. Whatever may have been the Poet's reason for introducing the partnership of Apollo and the co-operation of Zeus, with the river and the rain moved by them respectively, it seems to show not only how ill this deity corresponded with the idea of an elemental power, but how even his government of the sea was subject to limitations and conditions under the Olympian scheme.

What may be called the commonplaces of sea-dominion, assigned to Poseidon in the *Iliad*, are more pointedly given in the *Odyssey*. In the prophecy of Teiresias (*Od.* xi. 129), contemplating a voyage of Odysseus to a land where the sea and sea-traffic are not known, on reaching that land, and thus as it were bidding the sea farewell, he is to plant his oar in the ground, and to offer sacrifice to Poseidon. When he inquires from Agamemnon as to the manner of his death, and whether it had been by water, the form of asking is whether Poseidon overcame him when afloat; and the answer is, that he did not (*Od.* xi. 399, 406). And when Kirké warns the hero against Charybdis, she says, 'Not even Poseidon could deliver you from her absorbing power' (xii. 107). Once more, Odysseus, in the fiction he frames to hoodwink Poluphemos, says that Poseidon (*Od.* ix. 223) had destroyed his ship.

As regards action on the sea of a more positive kind, it is plain that the *Odyssey* offers the widest possible openings. Nor is Poseidon wholly inactive. He first kept the Oilean Aias safely on his homeward voyage, although Athenê had a grudge against him (*Od.* iv. 499); and then, for an impious declaration, broke off with his trident a piece from the Guræan rock, cast it into the sea, and thus destroyed him (510). He raised the storm in the Outer Zone which shattered the raft of Odysseus; and this by letting loose all the Winds (*Od.* v. 291-93). Now this is the only storm raised by him in the Poems. In breaking the Guræan rock he trespassed on the earth; but this province had in the great partition been left common to all the three (*Il.* xv. 193). So the raising of the winds is not a sea-power but an air-power, and seems in the strictest sense to belong to Zeus.

If, however, Poseidon is not careful to observe strictly the boundaries of his province, the invasions which he suffers from other great divinities are far more serious.

In the great business of the Return from Troas, Poseidon is scarcely seen so far as regards the general arrangements. It is Zeus (*Od.* iii. 132, 152) who had planned that it should be calamitous. It

is *Theos*, the divine power, which scattered the fleet (131). It was the wrath of Athenê (144) which Agamemnon was, in vain, set upon propitiating. It is again *Theos*, the deity generalised, who gives a smooth sea at starting; it is the body of the gods, to whom sacrifice is offered at Tenedos; it is the mind of Zeus, that made the offerings vain. (158-60). It is again 'the deity' (173) who grants a sign; and only on arriving at Geraistos, after traversing the open sea, are many thighs of bulls sacrificed to Poseidon (177-79). The wind, says Nestor, continued from the time when *Theos* first bid it blow, and this must, by the general rule of the trichotomy, be Zeus. Further, the fleet of Menelaos (286-90) is dispersed because Zeus sent upon it a tempest, with the waves mountain-high. And the King when safe in his palace says, speaking of that time, 'Had but Zeus granted us our return over the sea' (*Od.* iv. 172).

Again, it was Herê, not Poseidon, who brought Agamemnon safely to the shore of his country (iv. 513). It is the gods at large who finally conduct Menelaos home (iv. 535). It is Zeus (v. 131, and xii. 405-7) who raises the storm against Odysseus after the sacrilege of Trinacriê, and who then destroys the ship by thunderbolt. Even the storm of Poseidon near Scheriê is ascribed to Zeus by Odysseus (v. 304).

Not only then do we find that the relation of Poseidon to the sea is that of sovereignty and not relationship, but also that the lines of this sovereignty are not so precisely marked as to exclude the encroachments of other divinities.

IV. HIS ATTRIBUTES—LAND FUNCTIONS.

If we find this to be the true view of Poseidon when we have looked exclusively at his marine functions, much more shall we hold to it when we observe, first, that, on the face of the Poems, his land-offices are most numerous and weighty; and secondly, that when we examine the connection in which these land-offices are presented to us, we find him, the stalwart Poseidon of Olympos, to be more even than any other Homeric deity a race-god and a region-god; and more, perhaps, than all put together to supply us with some sort of key to the ethnography of the Poems.

The first of these land-offices that I will examine is that indicated by the terms *Ennosigaios* and *Enosichthon*.

These are words of great significance, for they are not mere epithets but titles, according to the usage of both the Poems. The test of this classification is, that they are used repeatedly to designate the god, without any other designating word. Besides these names, and the name of Poseidon, he is also called *Gareochos* (in *Il.* xiii. 59, 83, 125, only), and more frequently *Kuanochaïtes*. These titles jointly almost balance in frequency of use the principal name; and

viewing the obvious sense of two among them, we may say that Poseidon is eminently the Earthshaker.

Now surely any attempt to refer these titles to the marine office of Poseidon (somewhat enfeebled, too, as it stands after minute examination), is untenable. It may be that a correspondence has been sometimes observed between volcanic action, and swelling of the sea in the neighbourhood.* But a volcano is not an earthquake. And if in a limited way it is a sea-shaker, this does not make the sea an earth-shaker. All the action of Poseidon upon the sea is, as we have seen, through the Winds. Homer has supplied us in a passage of singular grandeur with one case of an earthquake; and it has no connection whatever with the sea. When the gods of Olympos were preparing for the Theomachy, all earth was shaken by Poseidon; Aidoneus trembled beneath, and leapt from off his throne, alarmed lest he should burst through the crust of earth, and disclose those dismal regions of the Underworld, at which the very gods are wont to shudder (*Il.* xx. 65). In a minor instance, a similar effect is produced. On his journey from Samothrace to Aigai, the mountains and their forests tremble under his immortal feet (*Il.* xiii. 20). In neither case is there so much as an inkling of maritime disturbance, and to allege it would be to foist ideas into the text of Homer.

Another yet more marked and significant title of Poseidon is *Kuanochaites*.

There is nothing to draw remark in the fact that, when the Poet has to describe the nod of Zeus, he should refer to the accompanying movement of his hair (*Il.* i. 429). But it does seem to call for particular attention when he gives to one great divinity, and only one, over and over again, a title drawn from the colour of his hair. This might have supplied a standing epithet, but hardly a title, even for a goddess.

In dealing with men, Homer uses the colours of hair in special connection with nationality and race. No Trojan chief has auburn hair. We thus have opened to us the probability of a special meaning in the use of this title for Poseidon.

It is sometimes held that the colour, which Homer intends to signify in this epithet, is taken from the sea as being dark blue. But the total want of an elemental character in Poseidon at once and seriously discredits this interpretation. It has, in truth, no countenance whatever from the text of Homer. There are various passages, indeed, which, as they do not contain in themselves conclusive evidence on the meaning of *kuanos* and its derivatives, would leave the field open to speculation. There is one, which at first sight suggests elemental interpretation; for Amphitritê, who is certainly much more elemental than Poseidon, is once called (*Od.* xii. 60) *kuanopsis*; has a countenance of the hue of *kuanos*. But that this

has nothing to do with dark blue (and the blue of the sea is in truth a light rather than a dark blue) becomes plain from the fact, that *kuanoproros* is a stock epithet of the forepart of ships, to which there is not the faintest reason for assigning a blue colour. Granting that it is not every passage which by itself fastens a distinct meaning upon *kuanos*, there are many passages which show that it indicates what may be called a dense or very dark colour, and excludes all notion of brightness and of true blueness. We are told, in *Il.* xx. 223-24, that Boreas was captivated by the beautiful mares of King Erichthonios, and he presented himself to them in the guise of a *hippos kuanochaites*. Can we be asked to construe this a bright blue horse? The epithet *kuaneos* is given to the cloud which precedes a tempest in *Od.* xii. 405, and xiv. 303. And to the garment which Thetis wears by way of mourning in *Il.* xxiv. 94. Here the expression is remarkable; 'no vest is darker, or blacker':

τοῦ δ' οὐ τι μελάντερον ἔπλετο ἔσθος.

It describes the beard of Odysseus when restored to beauty in *Od.* xvi. 176, and is here associated with *melanchroies*; 'he became at once of dark complexion.' The eyebrows of Zeus are *kuaneari* in *Il.* i. 428, and though the word may be poetically rendered blue-black, this simply means black with the faintest *sourçon* of blue. Let it have the same meaning for Poseidon. When once we get rid of the incubus of elemental meaning, the unravelling of the sense becomes direct and easy; for the point at which we now stand is this. Homer is describing this god alone among all the gods, by a title drawn from his hair as blue-black. For this he must have some reason; and the natural interpretation, unless discredited from other sources, is that he is the dark god, the god of the Southern races, the Southern god.

But that system of forced interpretations, which could only have arisen in days of lax attention to the 27,500 lines of Homer's text, perhaps reached its climax in connection with the remaining tie between Poseidon as a land-god and external nature. That tie is found in his relation to the horse. We have been told to believe that Poseidon is in Homer (not quite, but almost, exclusively) the god of the horse, because he is the god of the sea, and because the white foam of the curling wave is like a horse's mane—though we have no sign that Homer thought so—or again because in a single passage (*Od.* iv. 708) ships are the horses of the sea. But this would have been a reason for making him as sea-god also the god of ships, which he is not. Or because we may make a metaphor of it, and try to find that ships are at sea what horses are on land. But this is too hasty an inference from our butchers' carts and draymen's wagons to the chariots of Homer. For Homer and his day, this analogy will not stand. The ship of Homer was for traffic and not for fight: the horse of Homer was for fight and not for traffic. He was a glorious

creature, fed by princesses, harnessed upon occasion by goddesses; the aristocrat of the animal world, he neither bore the yoke nor drew the plough, but only the chariot of war, and of those Games, in which, three thousand years ago, he was already winning high honours for his lord.

Yet, as he was a symbol of speed, it is with a beautiful propriety that Penelopê in this special passage, painfully dreading, and almost with despair, the removal of her son, hopes he has not ventured into a ship; for the ship is the horse of the sea, and would bear him far away, and he would no more be heard of.

These explanations, then, are partly launched at a venture, partly woven of the thin fibre of the gossamer, which parts upon the slightest touch. Let us see whether we have not sounder and independent material on which to work.

Why is it Boreas, who is chosen to produce a noble progeny of horses? Probably because he was one of the two mightier Winds; and Zephuros, the other, has already been turned to account in begetting the immortal horses of Achilles (*Il.* xvi. 150). But why did he come as a black (or nearly black) horse? Now we might suppose the Poet would give this animal, out on his love-errand, the most winning colour. But black is not a favourite colour with Homer for the horse. He nowhere else mentions a black horse. Fond as he is of all horses, he manifestly prefers chestnut, or bay, or piebald, or white; and he very distinctly gives his suffrage for the brighter colours. He must have a reason, then, in this peculiar affair, for sending the black or very dark horse to the mares of Erichthonios. May it not most naturally be that Poseidon is the god of the horse, and that the dark coat corresponds with the colour of Poseidon? So that in his wooing Boreas might peradventure pass (since disguises were common on these occasions) for the great divinity himself.

There is nothing in the whole text of Homer, which in any way approaches the relation between Poseidon and the horse. The unyoking of the horses of Zeus, and putting them up (*Il.* viii. 440), is the only act performed by this divinity in Olympos. When Antilochos is challenged by Menelaos to clear himself of the suspicion of cheating in the chariot-race, he is to do it by laying his hands upon the animals, and then invoking Poseidon (*Il.* xxiii. 584-85), as he swore. The Achaians had a word, for which we still want an equivalent, namely, *hipposunê*. It embraces everything relating to the use, and the care, of the horse. This *hipposunê* in its widest range was taught to Antilochos by Zeus and Poseidon (*ib.* 306-8), showing that Zeus also had a concern in horses; and perhaps, if only as principal instruments of war, they could hardly be excluded from his care. But how subordinate his concern was is shown in two remarkable instances. First, the case of the oath by Poseidon is of itself conclusive; because the oath touches the special prerogative of Zeus.

Oaths are *Dios horkia* (iii. 107). Zeus is invoked alone in vii. 411, but there is no case except this where any deity other than Zeus is invoked singly in swearing. And secondly, it was part of the illustrations of Achilles that he should be provided with immortal horses. Now the relations of his family are with Zeus, not with Poseidon; for Aiakós, his grandfather, is the son of Zeus (*Il.* xv. 189). Yet these deathless horses are presented to Peleus, not by Zeus, but by Poseidon. Sometimes, indeed, in a manner common with Homer, they are described as the gift of the gods (xvi. 381), though a particular deity is in view. But, when Achilles himself enters into particulars about them, he states expressly that Poseidon gave them to Peleus, and that Peleus made them over to him (xxiii. 276-77).

I will give but one other example. We find from *Il.* xi. 698-704 that public racing with the four-horse chariot had been established in the time of Neleus. For, when he went to run his team in Elis, Augeius the king seized it, and sent away only the driver. But Neleus was the son of Poseidon (*Od.* xi. 248-54). Nestor in the *Odyssey* celebrates the solemn sacrifice of the god (*Od.* iii. 5-8), and Neleus himself, in his retaliatory expedition, related by Nestor who took part in it, halted, for the night apparently, on the frontier, and offered sacrifice to Alpheios, the Elian River, to Athenê, who was held in honour by all Achaians, and to Poseidon. Thus again we have Poseidon associated with the horse, through his descendant.

It has been suggested by Mr. Brown, in his monograph on Poseidon, that he is, in all likelihood, the god of the earthquake, from being specially worshipped in a region where earthquakes were common; and he quotes Strabo (xii. 8), who considers that the reason of the Poseidon-cult in the interior of Asia Minor was because earthquakes were common there.⁴ On the same principle I understand the Homeric connection between Poseidon and the horse, fortified by the relations shown to subsist between that deity and certain countries, to signify that he was worshipped in regions known or reputed, among Achaians principally, to afford them a supply of horses. In truth this question of Poseidon and the horse illustrates a great, probably the greatest, principle of sound interpretation for the Homeric theurgy, namely, that we are to seek for the meanings of Olympian arrangements in human and historic facts.

Such a principle can of course only be sustained by evidence from the text. And such evidence is abundant. I know of no way to escape from it except by the assertion that Homer sang very much at random; that he has no meaning in multitudes of particulars which he presents; that he has chanced to put them in one way, and might have ~~chanced~~ ^{chosen} to put them in another way. But the notes of chance are variability and inconsistency, and this assertion is shivered by consistency, which demonstrates law. The force of the evidence, no

⁴ Brown's *Poseidon*, p. 74. Longmans, 1872.

doubt, depends upon the great number as well as force of concurrent presumptions. But multitude cannot here be exhibited as in Hyde Park: it can only be shown in a succession of units. Let us take a single unit here.

Homer does not provide his divinities with locomotion uniformly; for Aphroditê, wishing to retire to Olympos, has to borrow the horses of Arês. Nor does he provide them according to dignity; for Athenê and Apollo have no chariots, while this appendage is given to Arês, who is greatly their inferior. Nor is it provided for Arês because he is the god of war. For Athenê in Homer is yet more the divinity presiding over fighting than Arês, and in the Theomachy she lays him prostrate accordingly (*Il.* xxi. 403-9). Nor is it because he is slow in motion: for he is the fleetest of all the gods (*Od.* viii. 330-2). At last ethnography, and that alone, provides us with a solution. Arês is pre-eminently the Thracian god (*Od.* viii. 361, *et alibi*) and Thrace is, pre-eminently among European countries, the land of horses. To the Thracians and to them alone the Poet gives the title of *hippopoloi*, 'conversant with horses' (*Il.* xiii. 4; xiv. 227). The Thracian king Rhesos, arriving in Troas, has horses whiter than snow and equal in swiftness to the wind (*Il.* x. 437). So the Poseidon-cult was established in Greece, or Achaia, before the *Troica*, and was in close connection with the horse race; though, accepting the aid of tradition outside Homer, we find that it did not take root there except after conflicts for supremacy with the worship of Athenê at Athens, and with that of Apollo at Corinth, which, historically interpreted, yet further tend to mark it as exotic.

And indeed the list of Poseidon's points of geographical contact outside the Achaian region is a long one. His hostility to the line of Priam is grounded on an ancient transaction with king Laomedon, in which faith had been broken with him after he (that is to say his worshippers, the great Building race) had constructed the walls of Troy. But he retains a close attachment to the elder branch of the family in Dardaniê, and he blinds Achilles with a mist in order that he may bear away Aineias from the unequal fight to a place of safety (*Il.* xxi. 318-40). We find him again in Scheriê, where the Phaiakes have built the place of market and Assembly around his temple (*Od.* v. 266), and where Athenê, respecting his local jurisdiction, keeps herself invisible (*ib.* 329). We find him on the coast of Libya^a as the father of Poluphemos (*Od.* i. 68-72), and probably of all the Kuklopes, because they are akin to the gods (*Od.* vii. 205-6), as are the Giants; but these races are not placed in relation to any deity except Poseidon. He is connected with Libya, near Egypt, by the abode there off Pharos of Proteus, who, as we have seen, is his subordinate (*Od.* iv. 354, 386). He examines the plain of Troy from Samothrace (*Il.* xiii. 10-14), which was by no means on his way

^a Such is Brown's conclusion in his *Poseidon*.

from Aigai his ordinary abode, but then it was a Phœnician settlement. He had a lodgment of some kind on the Soliman mountains, continuous with Lycia; for it was from them that he saw, when on his journey north and westwards (*Od.* v. 282) the raft of Odysseus. But the most remarkable of all his local ties is that with the Aithiopes. Of the Aithiopes we know that they were remote, so says the *Odyssey* (i. 22). And so says the *Iliad*, in other words (i. 423) by stating that they were on the Ocean River, the rim of the world. This was to the south. They were visited by Menelaos in his seven-years' tour among the Southern peoples (*Od.* iv. 84). They were *amumones* (*Il.* i. 423), distinguished (for such, rather than blameless, seems to be the true meaning of the word), and their distinction seems to lie in their abundant sacrifices, for Zeus with all the gods travel thither (*ibid.*) for a feast eleven full days in duration. This marks the country as a fountain-head of religious observance. But Poseidon also has a very special connection with them. He visits then without companions (*Od.* i. 22). Evidently for the purpose of explaining this special relation, by the side of one common to the whole Court, the Poet informs us that they were divided into Eastern and Western, and dwelt under the sunrise and the sunset. The Soliman mountains, being on the line of return, mark the Eastern Aithiopes as specially his people. Eleven days seem to constitute a liberal allowance of time for an entertainment. But it was not enough for the present case. At the time of the first Olympian discussion of the *Odyssey*, he was away, feasting in that region (i. 26). After this comes the appearance of Athenê as Mentès in Ithaca, the Assembly there, and the voyage of Telemachos. It is when he is expected back, and the ambush has been arranged (v. 19), that Hermes is sent to Calupso. On the day after his arrival Odysseus begins the building of the raft (228, 43), and finishes it on the fourth day (262). He sets sail, and on the eighteenth day he is in sight of Scheriê (277), where Poseidon, in the act of return from the Aithiopes, beholds him (282), having then only got so far as the Soliman mountains. These dates indicate a sojourn of the god in that quarter far beyond the merely sacrificial visit of eleven days recorded in *Iliad* (i. 423; v. 493), and such as to suggest that that country was a favoured residence; which, divested of mythical clothing, means, at the least, that it was a country where he was especially worshipped. Surprised at the unwelcome sight, Poseidon exclaims against the change in the Olympian counsels⁶ 'while I was staying among the Aithiopes,' a phrase which does not point to anything transitory in the occasion of the visit.

After this survey it may I think be sufficiently clear that the mighty Poseidon of Olympos, acclimatised among the Achæians, was an exotic, and that he retained the darkness of his hair as a significant note of his southern and eastern extraction.

⁶ ἀμείβομαι Ἀθηναίων ἔδρας.—*Od.* v. 287.

- Besides the *hipposunai*, there is another and still greater art, with which Poseidon had a connection too important to be altogether omitted in this examination.

It was in 1834 that Henry Dodwell published his *Views and Descriptions of Cyclopiian or Pelasgic Remains in Greece and Italy*; and the wide-spread operations of a great building race in prehistoric times have long been among the most familiar facts of archæology.

The Pelasgic name was blindly appropriated to these remains upon no affirmative evidence, but probably in order to indicate a very remote antiquity. The words treated as equivalents in Dodwell's title are in truth irreconcilables. What is Pelasgic is not Cyclopiian, and what is Cyclopiian is not Pelasgic. Pelasgians and Poseidon have no point of contact beyond the initial letter. Early evidence concerning the *Kuklopes* is rare. The post-Homeric tradition tends to confound them with the Giants and the war against Heaven. The Homeric account, which records their impiety, seems to make them the children of Poseidon. Their rude manners and the pastoral stage of life would not admit of their being lodged in palaces: they dwelt on the mountain tops (*Od.* ix. 113); but round the mouth of the cavern of Poluphemos there was a court or yard built with quarried stones.⁷ At this point therefore a connection is established between Poseidon, the Cyclopiian name, and the art of building, which is repeated again and again in the Poseidonian notices of Homer. His temple in Scheriê is *kalon*, the beautiful temple (vi. 266), and Odysseus, passing through the city, passes great walls (vii. 44), and so reaches the splendid palace⁸ of the king. So in the *Iliad*, Poseidon (that is to say, workmen who were among his votaries) built the wall of Troy 'solid and grand.'⁹ The complaint of Poseidon to the Olympians when the Achaïan rampart is being built is *motivé* by the two considerations, that the sacrifice of inauguration has been omitted (this to draw in his colleagues) and (this to guard his own prerogative) that the new structure will outshine the old (viii. 448-453). And not even the perverseness of volatile criticism will be able to refer this building office to the sea, or teach us that Poseidon is the Builder, because a rising wave is like a block of stone set on edge. It may perhaps be held that this function of building cleaves to Poseidon more closely than any other. His worshippers in Scheriê have no horses. His descendants in the Cyclopiian land have no horses and no ships (*Od.* ix. 126). But wherever, as an art, building is, there is Poseidon. That is to say, he was the god of the builders.

⁷ καταρρυχέσσι λίθοισιν.—*Od.* ix. 195.

⁸ ἀγακλυτὰ δώματα.—*Od.* vii. 46.

⁹ εὐρύ τε καὶ μάλα καλόν.—*Il.* xxi. 447.

V. GROUND OF THE SEA-GODSHIP.

If, as between sea-god and land-god, a distinction is to be drawn for the Poseidon of Homer, it is in the character of sea-god that we find the work of art, the poetical invention and embellishment, but in the land-god that we are introduced to an historical personage, a true governing divinity of regions and of men.

It will require an examination of much that cannot properly be included in this paper to trace out fully the character of Poseidon as the god from overseas. Now as a general rule, whatever came from overseas is connected, for Homer and the Achæians, with the name of Phoinikes, as everything that came from the West was long represented among the Ottomans by the name of Franks. And the pet people, so to call them, of Poseidon, the Phæiakes, who are covered with the notes of Phœnician affinity, are above all things navigators, and their chief men demonstrate this as their leading pursuit by the etymologies of their names (*Od.* viii. 111-19). And the poems everywhere show that all the regular maritime intercourse between Achæian Greece and countries far overseas was conducted by Phœnicians. Whether it was the Poet, or whether it was the people, nothing could be more natural than that as their mythology grew into a scheme, and that scheme included the tradition of a Triad, the offices of its three members should be assigned according to some strong pre-existing association. So far as Poseidon is concerned, the distribution is to all appearance alike natural and politic. It was natural that the god of the seafarers should become the god of the sea. It was politic that those to whom the Achæians owed the arts of life, and who were obviously a great power in the nation, should see the divinity, who may have been to them ancestrally supreme, established in that rank of the Olympian Court which had no superior, and this without any shock to the other, and wider, religious traditions of the country.

VI. THE POSEIDON OF THE OUTER ZONE.

But no account of the Homeric Poseidon could approach to adequacy unless it took some account of the difference between the Poseidon of the *Iliad* and the Poseidon of the *Odyssey*: the one under the yoke of the Olympian system, the other exhibiting mainly the less hampered freedom of his original existence.

I assume it to be admitted, apart from particulars, that Homer has an Inner and an Outer circle of geography: the first of Achæian experience, the second of Phœnician report. And that we are in that Outer circle between (1) the time when Odysseus is carried by Boreas beyond Cape Malea and Kutheraï (Cerigo) through a nine days' voyage, and (2) some point in the passage between Scherîê and

Ithaca where the Phaiakian rowers land him. The former of these I call the Inner, and the latter the Outer Zone. Now the Poseidon of the *Odyssey* is, for all practical purposes, the Poseidon of the Outer Zone. He acts not at all in Ithaca; and though we have a vivid picture of his worship in Pulos, it is more dynastic than (if the word may be allowed) regional: he is the recipient of sacrifice, but as to action is null.

Any reference to the principal counts of the narrative will show us that, in the action of the *Iliad*, this divinity, though a powerful divinity, is everywhere 'cabined, cribbed, confined.' The great 'counts' of the story which touch him are four in all: (a) The erection and destruction of the Achaian rampart; (b) his visit to the Ilian Plain in Books XIII., XIV., XV.; (c) his part in the Theomachy; (d) his concern for Aineias against Achilles, and for Achilles against the River Xanthos. In the first of these he had, as we have seen, a special, or what I would call a departmental, concern; yet he would not act except after an appeal to Zeus in council, and in his speech (vii. 445-53) he tries to show that it is matter of common concern. In the second, while Zeus is otherwise occupied (viii. 8), he undertakes single-handed action, and efficaciously assists the Achaians, but has to retire under the sole command of Zeus conveyed by Iris, and, in his allusion to possible resentment, associates himself with the powerful body of the Hellenising divinities, and threatens anger, but not action, only in case Troy were saved. In the third, he accepts a pacific arrangement, while Herê and Athenê respectively inflict signal chastisements. In the fourth, he acts in furtherance of the known decisions of Olympos, and is careful to inform Achilles that Athenê and he have come to give him aid with the approval of Zeus.¹⁰ All this time he dwells in Aigai beneath the surface of the sea, and comes up from thence when he is wanted (xiii. 14; xx. 14).

Turn we now to the *Odyssey*, and we find his position changed and elevated. Not indeed that Zeus and his supremacy altogether disappear; but he is as it were relegated into a remoter heaven, while the path of Odysseus remains in a certain region, that region being so much of the Outer Zone as is not in the East, where the solar legends come more clearly into view. Zeus has now more of the ultimate Providence, less of the Olympian leader. He is a Zeus of reference, rarely if ever of action. The references to *theos* and *theoi* become more frequent than in the *Iliad*; and the apparent conflict of the references to divine action in the account of the great raft-storm may possibly be reconciled by the supposition that Zeus is here only the synonym of *theos*, and indicates that remoter and supreme power which for Homer lay so largely within and behind the action of his particular deities.

¹⁰ Ζηὺς ἐπαίνισσας.—*Il.* xxi. 290.

Be this as it may (and it is only a conjecture), the Olympian character of Poseidon is altered and enlarged. There are three Councils of the assembled gods in the *Odyssey*, indicated respectively at i. 27; v. 3; and xii. 376, in each of which Zeus as usual presides. In none of them is Poseidon present. During the two first he is in active enjoyment of his Ethiopian perquisites. The gods collectively determine (i. 20-7; comp. v. 21-7) that the Return shall be accomplished, notwithstanding the persistent vengeance of Poseidon, and that from Scheriê onwards (v. 35-42) it shall be prosperous. This, however, does not prevent the extreme wrath of Poseidon on finding what the gods had decided 'behind his back' (v. 82-90), a strain which we never find taken in the *Iliad* against matured Olympian decisions. Nor does it prevent his executing vengeance, with the express consent of Zeus, on the ship, and apparently the crew (xiii. 145, 163), for doing the very thing which the Olympian Court had determined should be done. Nor do we even know that the matter ended there. The plan of Poseidon was to roll a mountain on the city and bury it (*ibid.* 152). They sought to avert the impending ruin by a sacrifice of twelve picked bulls; and we are left in uncertainty (xiii. 184-87) whether they succeeded in appeasing him. So near could he go towards defiance of an Olympian decision, to which in the *Iliad* Zeus himself quietly succumbs. It may be added that the voluntary abstention of Athenê from all open action in Scheriê is a very striking recognition of his regional jurisdiction and authority.

But the most curious and significant indication of the rank he held among races and in countries beyond the Achaian circle, is supplied by that Lay of Demodokos in the Eighth *Odyssey*, which carries us to a point very remote from Achaian manners and associations. Odysseus himself, representing (as I hope elsewhere to show) the Phœnician side of the Hellenic character, is a guest among the Poseidon-worshippers of Scheriê. Demodokos sings of the lusts of Aphroditê and Arês, two of the exotic deities, belonging to the Olympian Court, but of whose recognition in Achaian lands Homer has nowhere given us a sign. Hephaistos invokes Zeus and the other gods to witness the same, and to avenge the wrong. They listen to the call, but with a very marked difference. Commonly the place of divine resort is the copper-built palace of Zeus (*Il.* i. 426; xxi. 438, 505). Here they gather in the copper-built palace, but the name of Zeus does not appear. Nor, in the discussion which follows, does Zeus appear to have been present, for there is no sign of him; whereas in all other gatherings he takes a commanding, or a leading, part. But Poseidon, in his place, assumes the kingly care, and even exhibits something of an ethical vein, difficult to discern elsewhere in his proceedings. The other gods were torn with inextinguishable laughter at the scene. Hermes and Apollo (this is an Apollo of

Phœnician colouring) jest upon it. But, says the Poet, Poseidon did not laugh. He took upon him to accommodate the matter, and by going security for Arês that he should pay the adulterer's fine, he obtains the removal of the spider-woven steel, and allows the guilty pair to retire to their respective homes in Cyprus and in Thrace. So, on the occasion of this foul Southern legend, we have Poseidon assuming the gravity and responsibility of a Zeus, of the working Zeus of the Outer Zone.

So far then we have Poseidon, the Poseidon of Homer; a work of much poetic, much historic art: a portrait finished with hundreds of touches, every touch having a meaning. He cannot indeed be fully understood or fully exhibited without an examination of a multitude of ethnographical signs, which, upon careful comparison, are found to clench his identity. I have here presented what stands in connection with his name at the various points of reference to him in the two Poems. The diversities of shading, in the Poseidon of the one compared with the Poseidon of the other, will perhaps be thought by some to sustain the threadbare and out-at-elbows theory of the Separators, which gives to that remote age, that narrow country, and to a population which could hardly have reached the figure of Liverpool or Glasgow, the honour of producing not one only of the most marvellous beings ever numbered with the sons of men, but two. It goes to prove, not diversity of authorship, but how far-seeing, subtle, and many-sided, authorship in Homer really was. I admit that the fulness of the conception is not rendered in the literature of classical Greece. He was a creation of the Achaian epoch, and he went down with the rest of the Achaian civilisation in the barbarising flood of the Dorian conquest. The Poseidon of the later age is not the Poseidon of Homer: but neither is the Achilles, the Odysseus, or the Helen. Then comes the Latin time, with its wilful dislocation and falsification of Homeric events and characters, and with that coarse and earthy mythology which built up an opaque medium between our vision and the wonderful creation of the Greeks. The true sense was almost as much hidden from us, as the sense of the Egyptian monuments, or the contents of the cuneiform inscriptions. It was needed, first to tear away the dense coating of the Latin tradition, then the degenerated presentation of the classical age. Gradually we learned the facts. From Döllinger, that he was a god of foreign and Asiatic original, distinct from the old water-gods of Greece.¹¹ From Nägelsbach,¹² that he was mostly the god and ruler of the sea, standing apart from it. From Buchholz,¹³ that the Sea is simply that province of the World-all over which he exercises sovereign authority. It would be easy to multiply references. But no one

¹¹ Döllinger, *Judenthum und Heidenthum*, ii. 2, p. 68.

¹² *Homeric Theologie*, 2. Auflage, p. 83.

¹³ *Realien*, Band III. 2. Abth. s. 237.

known to me has thrown so wide a flood of light upon the mysterious Poseidon as our own countryman Mr. Brown in his monograph.¹⁴ His broad and comprehensive though brief survey touches Poseidon at large, and all that is connected with Poseidon. It does not dispense with, and it is, I think, sustained by, an examination, which cannot be too minute, of the Poseidon of the Homeric text.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

¹⁴ *Poseidon: a Link between Semite, Hamite, and Aryan*. Longmans, 1872.

POSTSCRIPT.

There is much more to say on the subject of *kuanos* and *kuanochaites*, which connects itself with the Babylonians of the black race on whom see Sayce, *Chaldean Account of Babylon*, p. 81. What I have inserted in the text may suffice for the present purpose.—W. E. G.

*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake
to return unaccepted MSS.*

THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY.

No. CXXII.—APRIL 1887.

SCIENCE AND PSEUDO-SCIENCE.

IN the opening sentences of a contribution to the last number of this Review, the Duke of Argyll has favoured me with a lecture on the proprieties of controversy, to which I should be disposed to listen with more docility if his Grace's precepts appeared to me to be based upon rational principles, or if his example were more exemplary.

With respect to the latter point, the Duke has thought fit to entitle his article 'Professor Huxley on Canon Liddon,' and thus forces into prominence an element of personality which those who read the paper which is the object of the Duke's animadversions will observe I have endeavoured, most carefully, to avoid. My criticisms dealt with a report of a sermon, published in a newspaper, and thereby addressed to all the world. Whether that sermon was preached by A or B was not a matter of the smallest consequence; and I went out of my way to absolve the learned divine to whom the discourse was attributed from the responsibility for statements which, for anything I knew to the contrary, might contain imperfect, or inaccurate, representations of his views. The assertion that I had the wish or was beset by any 'temptation to attack' Canon Liddon is simply contrary to fact.

But suppose that if, instead of sedulously avoiding even the appearance of such attack, I had thought fit to take a different course; suppose that, after satisfying myself that the eminent clergyman whose name is paraded by the Duke of Argyll had really uttered the words attributed to him from the pulpit of St. Paul's, what right would any one have to find fault with my action on grounds either of justice, expediency, or good taste?

Establishment has its duties as well as its rights. The clergy of a State Church enjoy many advantages over those of unprivileged and unendowed religious persuasions, but they lie under a correlative responsibility to the State, and to every member of the body politic. I am not aware that any sacredness attaches to sermons. If preachers stray beyond the doctrinal limits set by lay lawyers, the Privy Council will see to it, and, if they think fit to use their pulpits for the promulgation of literary, or historical, or scientific errors, it is not only the right, but the duty, of the humblest layman, who may happen to be better informed, to correct the evil effects of such perversion of the opportunities which the State affords them and such misuse of the authority which its support lends them. Whatever else it may claim to be, in its relations with the State, the Established Church is a branch of the Civil Service; and, for those who repudiate the ecclesiastical authority of the clergy, they are merely civil servants, as much responsible to the English people for the proper performance of their duties as any others.

The Duke of Argyll tells us that the 'work and calling' of the clergy prevent them from 'pursuing disputation as others can.' I wonder if his Grace ever reads the so-called religious newspapers. It is not an occupation which I should commend to any one who wishes to employ his time profitably; but a very short devotion to this exercise will suffice to convince him that the 'pursuit of disputation,' carried to a degree of acrimony and vehemence unsurpassed in lay controversies, seems to be found quite compatible with the 'work and calling' of a remarkably large number of the clergy.

Finally, it appears to me that nothing can be in worse taste than the assumption that a body of English gentlemen can, by any possibility, desire that immunity from criticism which the Duke of Argyll claims for them. Nothing would be more personally offensive to me than the supposition that I shirked criticism, just or unjust, of any lecture I ever gave. I should be utterly ashamed of myself if, when I stood up as an instructor of others, I had not taken every pains to assure myself of the truth of that which I was about to say; and I should feel myself bound to be even more careful with a popular assembly, who would take me more or less on trust, than with an audience of competent and critical experts.

I decline to assume that the standard of morality, in these matters, is lower among the clergy than it is among scientific men. I refuse to think that the priest who stands up before a congregation as the minister and interpreter of the Divinity is less careful in his utterances, less ready to meet adverse comment, than the layman who comes before his audience as the minister and interpreter of nature. Yet what should we think of the man of science who, when his ignorance or his carelessness was exposed, whined about the want of

delicacy of his critics, or pleaded his 'work and calling' as a reason for being let alone?

No man, nor any body of men, is good enough, or wise enough, to dispense with the tonic of criticism. Nothing has done more harm to the clergy than the practice, too common among laymen, of regarding them, when in the pulpit, as a sort of chartered libertines, whose divagations are not to be taken seriously. And I am well assured that the distinguished divine, to whom the sermon is attributed, is the last person who would desire to avail himself of the dishonouring protection which has been superfluously thrown over him.

So much for the lecture on propriety. But the Duke of Argyll, to whom the hortatory style seems to come naturally, does me the honour to make my sayings the subjects of a series of other admonitions, some on philosophical, some on geological, some on biological topics. I can but rejoice that the Duke's authority in these matters is not always employed to show that I am ignorant of them; on the contrary, I meet with an amount of agreement, even of approbation, for which I proffer such gratitude as may be due, even if that gratitude is sometimes almost overshadowed by surprise.

I am unfeignedly astonished to find that the Duke of Argyll, who professes to intervene on behalf of the preacher, does really, like another Balaam, bless me altogether in respect of the main issue.

I denied the justice of the preacher's ascription to men of science of the doctrine that miracles are incredible, because they are violations of natural law; and the Duke of Argyll says that he believes my 'denial to be well founded. The preacher was answering an objection which has now been generally abandoned.' Either the preacher knew this or he did not know it. It seems to me, as a mere lay teacher, to be a pity that the 'great dome of St. Paul's' should have been made to 'echo' (if so be that such stentorian effects were really produced) a statement which, admitting the first alternative, was unfair, and, admitting the second, was ignorant.¹

Having thus sacrificed one half of the preacher's arguments, the Duke of Argyll proceeds to make equally short work with the other half. It appears that he fully accepts my position that the occurrence of those events, which the preacher speaks of as catastrophes, is no evidence of disorder, inasmuch as such catastrophes

¹ The Duke of Argyll speaks of the recent date of the demonstration of the fallacy of the doctrine in question. 'Recent' is a relative term, but I may mention that the question is fully discussed in my book on 'Hume;' which, if I may believe my publishers, has been read by a good many people since it appeared in 1879. Moreover, I observe, from a note at page 89 of *The Reign of Law*, a work to which I shall have occasion to advert by-and-by, that the Duke of Argyll draws attention to the circumstance that, so long ago as 1866, the views which I hold on this subject were well known. The Duke in fact, writing about this time, says, after quoting a phrase of mine: 'The question of miracles seems now to be admitted on all hands to be simply a question of evidence.' In science we think that a teacher who ignores views which have been discussed *coram populo* for twenty years, is hardly up to the mark.

may be necessary occasional consequences of uniform changes. Whence I conclude, his Grace agrees with me, that the talk about royal laws 'wrecking' ordinary laws may be eloquent metaphor, but is also nonsense.

And now comes a further surprise. After having given these superfluous stabs to the slain body of the preacher's argument, my good ally remains, with magnificent calmness: 'So far, then, the preacher and the professor are at one.' 'Let them smoke the calumet.' By all means: smoke would be the most appropriate symbol of this wonderful attempt to cover a retreat. After all, the Duke has come to bury the preacher, not to praise him; only he makes the funeral obsequies look as much like a triumphal procession as possible.

So far as the questions between the preacher and myself are concerned, then, I may feel happy. The authority of the Duke of Argyll is ranged on my side. But the Duke has raised a number of other questions, with respect to which I fear I shall have to dispense with his support—nay even be compelled to differ from him as much, or more, than I have done about his Grace's new rendering of the 'benefit of clergy.'

In discussing catastrophes, the Duke indulges in statements, partly scientific, partly anecdotic, which appear to me to be somewhat misleading. We are told, to begin with, that Sir Charles Lyell's doctrine respecting the proper mode of interpreting the facts of geology (which is commonly called uniformitarianism) 'does not hold its head quite so high as it once did.' That is great news indeed. But is it true? All I can say is that I am aware of nothing that has happened of late that can in any way justify it; and my opinion is, that the body of Lyell's doctrine, as laid down in that great work, *The Principles of Geology*, whatever may have happened to its head, is a chief and permanent constituent of the foundations of geological science.

But this question cannot be advantageously discussed, unless we take some pains to discriminate between the essential part of the uniformitarian doctrine and its accessories; and it does not appear that the Duke of Argyll has carried his studies of geological philosophy so far as this point. For he defines uniformitarianism to be the assumption of the 'extreme slowness and perfect continuity of all geological changes.'

What 'perfect continuity' may mean in this definition, I am by no means sure; but I can only imagine that it signifies the absence of any break in the course of natural order during the millions of years, the lapse of which is recorded by geological phenomena.

Is the Duke of Argyll prepared to say that any geologist of authority, at the present day, believes that there is the slightest evidence of the occurrence of supernatural intervention, during the long ages of which the monuments are preserved to us in the crust of

the earth? And if he is not, in what sense has this part of the uniformitarian doctrine, as he defines it, lowered its pretensions to represent scientific truth?

As to the 'extreme slowness of all geological changes,' it is simply a popular error to regard that as, in any wise, a fundamental and necessary dogma of uniformitarianism. It is extremely astonishing to me that any one who has carefully studied Lyell's great work can have so completely failed to appreciate its purport, which yet is 'writ large' on the very title-page: '*The Principles of Geology, being an attempt to explain the former changes of the earth's surface by reference to causes now in operation.*' The essence of Lyell's doctrine is here written so that those who run may read; and it has nothing to do with the quickness or slowness of the past changes of the earth's surface; except in so far as existing analogous changes may go on slowly, and therefore create a presumption in favour of the slowness of past changes.

With that epigrammatic force which characterises his style, Buffon wrote, nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, in his famous *Théorie de la Terre*: 'Pour juger de ce qui est arrivé, et même de ce qui arrivera, nous n'avons qu'à examiner ce qui arrive.' The key of the past, as of the future, is to be sought in the present, and only when known causes of change have been shown to be insufficient have we any right to have recourse to unknown causes. Geology is as much an historical science as archæology; and I apprehend that all sound historical investigation rests upon this axiom. It underlay all Hutton's work and animated Lyell and Scrope in their successful efforts to revolutionise the geology of half a century ago.

There is no antagonism whatever, and there never was, between the belief in the views which had their chief and unwearied advocate in Lyell and the belief in the occurrence of catastrophes. The first edition of Lyell's *Principles*, published in 1830, lies before me; and a large part of the first volume is occupied by an account of volcanic, seismic, and diluvial catastrophes which have occurred within the historical period. Moreover, the author over and over again expressly draws the attention of his readers to the consistency of catastrophes with his doctrine.

Notwithstanding, therefore, that we have not witnessed within the last three thousand years the devastation by deluge of a large continent, yet, as we may predict the future occurrence of such catastrophes, we are authorised to regard them as part of the present order of Nature, and they may be introduced into geological speculations respecting the past, provided that we do not imagine them to have been more frequent or general than we expect them to be in time to come (vol. i. p. 89).

Again:—

If we regard each of the causes separately, which we know to be at present the most instrumental in remodelling the state of the surface, we shall find that we

must expect each to be in action for thousands of years, without producing any extensive alterations in the habitable surface, and then to give rise, during a very brief period, to important revolutions (vol. ii. p. 161).²

Lyell quarrelled with the catastrophists, then, by no means because they assumed that catastrophes occur and have occurred, but because they had got into the habit of calling on their god Catastrophe to help them when they ought to have been putting their shoulders to the wheel of observation of the present course of nature, in order to help themselves out of their difficulties. And geological science has become what it is chiefly because geologists have gradually accepted Lyell's doctrine and followed his precepts.

So far as I know anything about the matter, there is nothing that can be called proof, that the causes of geological phenomena operated more intensely or more rapidly, at any time between the older tertiary and the oldest palæozoic epochs, than they have done between the older tertiary epoch and the present day. And if that is so, uniformitarianism, even as limited by Lyell,³ has no call to lower its crest. But, if the facts were otherwise, the position Lyell took up remains impregnable. He did not say that the geological operations of nature were never more rapid, or more vast, than they are now; what he did maintain is the very different proposition that there is no good evidence of anything of the kind. And that proposition has not yet been shown to be incorrect.

I owe more than I can tell to the careful study of the *Principles of Geology* in my young days; and, long before the year 1856, my mind was familiar with the truth that 'the doctrine of uniformity is not incompatible with great and sudden changes,' which, as I have shown, is taught *totidem verbis* in that work. Even had it been possible for me to shut my eyes to the sense of what I had read in the *Principles*, Whewell's *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, published in 1840, a work with which I was also tolerably familiar, must have

² See also vol. i. p. 460. In the ninth edition (1853), published twenty-three years after the first, Lyell deprives even the most careless reader of any excuse for misunderstanding him: 'So in regard to subterranean movements, the theory of the perpetual uniformity of the force which they exert on the earth-crust is quite consistent with the admission of their alternate development and suspension for indefinite periods within limited geographical areas' (p. 187).

³ A great many years ago (Presidential Address to the Geological Society, 1869) I ventured to indicate that which seemed to me to be the weak point, not in the fundamental principles of uniformitarianism, but in uniformitarianism as taught by Lyell. It lay, to my mind, in the refusal by Hutton, and in a less degree by Lyell, to look beyond the limits of the time recorded by the stratified rocks. I said: 'This attempt to limit, at a particular point, the progress of inductive and deductive reasoning from the things which are to the things which were—this faithlessness to its own logic, seems to me to have cost uniformitarianism the place as the permanent form of geological speculation which it might otherwise have held' (*Lay Sermons*, p. 260). The context shows that 'uniformitarianism' here means that doctrine, as limited in application by Hutton and Lyell, and that what I mean by 'evolutionism' is consistent and thoroughgoing uniformitarianism.

opened them. For the always acute, if not always profound, author, in arguing against Lyell's uniformitarianism, expressly points out that it does not in any way contravene the occurrence of catastrophes.

With regard to such occurrences [earthquakes, deluges, &c.], terrible as they appear at the time, they may not much affect the average rate of change: there may be a *cycle*, though an irregular one, of rapid and slow change: and if such cycles go on succeeding each other, we may still call the order of nature uniform, notwithstanding the periods of violence which it involves.⁴

The reader, who has followed me through this brief chapter of the history of geological philosophy, will probably find the following passage in the paper of the Duke of Argyll to be not a little remarkable:—

Many years ago, when I had the honour of being President of the British Association,⁵ I ventured to point out, in the presence and in the hearing of that most distinguished man [Sir C. Lyell] that the doctrine of uniformity was not incompatible with great and sudden changes, since cycles of these and other cycles of comparative rest, might well be constituent parts of that uniformity which he asserted. Lyell did not object to this extended interpretation of his own doctrine, and indeed expressed to me his entire concurrence.

I should think he did; for, as I have shown, there was nothing in it that Lyell himself had not said six-and-twenty years before, and enforced three years before; and it is almost verbally identical with the view of uniformitarianism taken by Whewell, sixteen years before, in a work with which one would think that any one who undertakes to discuss the philosophy of science should be familiar.

Thirty years have elapsed since the beginner of 1856 persuaded himself that he enlightened the foremost geologist of his time, and one of the most acute and farseeing men of science of any time, as to the scope of the doctrines which the veteran philosopher had grown grey in promulgating; and the Duke of Argyll's acquaintance with the literature of geology has not, even now, become sufficiently profound to dissipate that pleasant delusion.

If the Duke of Argyll's guidance in that branch of physical science, with which alone he has given evidence of any practical acquaintance, is thus unsafe, I may breathe more freely in setting my opinion against the authoritative deliverances of his Grace about matters which lie outside the province of geology.

And here the Duke's paper offers me such a wealth of opportunities that choice becomes embarrassing. I must bear in mind the good old adage '*non multa sed multum*.' Tempting as it would be to follow the Duke through his labyrinthine misunderstandings of the ordinary terminology of philosophy, and to comment on the curious unintelligibility which hangs about his frequent outpourings of fervid language, limits of space oblige me to restrict myself to those points,

⁴ *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, vol. i. p. 670. New edition, 1847.

⁵ At Glasgow in 1856.

the discussion of which may help to enlighten the public in respect of matters of more importance than the competence of my Mentor for the task which he has undertaken.

I am not sure when the employment of the word Law, in the sense in which we speak of laws of nature, commenced, but examples of it may be found in the works of Bacon, Descartes, and Spinoza. Bacon employs 'Law' as the equivalent of 'Form,' and I am inclined to think that he may be responsible for a good deal of the confusion that has subsequently arisen; but I am not aware that the term is used by other authorities, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in any other sense than that of 'rule' or 'definite order' of the coexistence of things or succession of events in nature. Descartes speaks of 'règles, que je nomme les lois de la nature.' Leibnitz says 'loi ou règle générale,' as if he considered the terms interchangeable.

The Duke of Argyll, however, affirms that the 'law of gravitation' as put forth by Newton was something more than the statement of an observed order. He admits that Kepler's three laws 'were an observed order of facts and nothing more.' As to the law of gravitation, 'it contains an element which Kepler's laws did not contain, even an element of causation, the recognition of which belongs to a higher category of intellectual conceptions than that which is concerned in the mere observation and record of separate and apparently unconnected facts.' There is hardly a line in these paragraphs which appears to me to be indisputable. But, to confine myself to the matter in hand, I cannot conceive that any one who had taken ordinary pains to acquaint himself with the real nature of either Kepler's or Newton's work could have written them. That the labours of Kepler, of all men in the world, should be called 'mere observation and record,' is truly wonderful. And any one who will look into the *Principia*, or the *Optics*, or the *Letters to Bentley*, will see, even if he has no more special knowledge of the topics discussed than I have, that Newton over and over again insisted that he had nothing to do with gravitation as a physical cause, and that when he used the terms attraction, force, and the like, he employed them, as he says, '*mathematicè*' and not '*physicè*.'

How these attractions [of gravity, magnetism, and electricity] may be performed, I do not here consider. What I call attraction may be performed by impulse or by some other means unknown to me. I use that word here to signify only in a general way any force by which bodies tend towards one another, whatever be the cause.*

According to my reading of the best authorities upon the history of science, Newton discovered neither gravitation, nor the law of gravitation; nor did he pretend to offer more than a conjecture as to the causation of gravitation. Moreover, his assertion that the

* *Optics*, query 31.

notion of a body acting where it is not, is one that no competent thinker could entertain, is antagonistic to the whole current conception of attractive and repulsive forces, and therefore of 'the attractive force of gravitation.' What, then, was that labour of unsurpassed magnitude and excellence and immortal influence which Newton did perform? In the first place, Newton defined the laws, rules, or observed order of the phenomena of motion, which come under our daily observation, with greater precision than had been before attained; and, by following out with marvellous power and subtlety the mathematical consequences of these rules, he almost created the modern science of pure mechanics. In the second place, applying exactly the same method to the explication of the facts of astronomy as that which was applied a century and a half later to the facts of geology by Lyell, he set himself to solve the following problem. Assuming that all bodies, free to move, tend to approach one another as the earth and the bodies on it do; assuming that the strength of that tendency is directly as the mass and inversely as the squares of the distances; assuming that the laws of motion, determined for terrestrial bodies, hold good throughout the universe; assuming that the planets and their satellites were created and placed at their observed mean distances, and that each received a certain impulse from the Creator; will the form of the orbits, the varying rates of motion of the planets, and the ratio between those rates and their distances from the sun which must follow by mathematical reasoning from these premisses, agree with the order of facts determined by Kepler and others, or not?

Newton, employing mathematical methods which are the admiration of adepts, but which no one but himself appears to have been able to use with ease, not only answered this question in the affirmative, but stayed not his constructive genius before it had founded modern physical astronomy.

The historians of mechanical and of astronomical science appear to be agreed that he was the first person who clearly and distinctly put forth the hypothesis that the phenomena comprehended under the general name of 'gravity' follow the same order throughout the universe, and that all material bodies exhibit these phenomena; so that, in this sense, the idea of universal gravitation may, doubtless, be properly ascribed to him.

Newton proved that the laws of Kepler were particular consequences of the laws of motion and the law of gravitation—in other words, the reason of the first lay in the two latter. But to talk of the law of gravitation, alone, as the reason of Kepler's laws, and still more as standing in any causal relation to Kepler's laws, is simply a misuse of language. It would really be interesting if the Duke of Argyll would explain how he proposes to set about showing that the elliptical form of the orbits of the planets, the

constant area described by the radius vector, and the proportionality of the squares of the periodic times to the cubes of the distances from the sun, are either caused by the 'force of gravitation' or deducible from the 'law of gravitation.' I conceive that it would be about as apposite to say that the various compounds of nitrogen with oxygen are caused by chemical attraction and deducible from the atomic theory.

Newton assuredly lent no shadow of support to the modern pseudo-scientific philosophy which confounds laws with causes. I have not taken the trouble to trace out this commonest of fallacies to its first beginning; but I was familiar with it in full bloom, more than forty years ago, in a work which had a great vogue in its day—the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*—of which the first edition was published in 1844.

It is full of apt and forcible illustrations of pseudo-scientific realism. Consider, for example, this gem serene. When a boy who has climbed a tree looses his hold of the branch, 'the law of gravitation unrelentingly pulls him to the ground, and then he is hurt,' whereby the Almighty is quite relieved from any responsibility for the accident. Here is the 'law of gravitation' acting as a cause, in a way quite in accordance with the Duke of Argyll's conception of it. In fact, in the mind of the author of the *Vestiges*, 'laws' are existences intermediate between the Creator and his works, like the 'ideas' of the Platonisers or the Logos of the Alexandrians.⁷ I may cite a passage which is quite in the vein of Philo:—

We have seen powerful evidences that the construction of this globe and its associates; and, inferentially, that of all the other globes in space, was the result, not of any immediate or personal exertion on the part of the Deity, but of natural laws which are the expression of his will. What is to hinder our supposing that the organic creation is also a result of natural laws which are in like manner an expression of his will? (p. 154, 1st edition).

And creation 'operating by law' is constantly cited as relieving the Creator from trouble about insignificant details.

I am perplexed to picture to myself the state of mind which accepts these verbal juggleries. It is intelligible that the Creator should operate according to such rules as he might think fit to lay down for himself (and therefore according to law); but that would leave the operation of his will just as much a direct personal act as it would be under any other circumstances. I can also understand that (as in Leibnitz's caricature of Newton's views) the Creator might have made the cosmical machine, and, after setting it going, have left it to itself till it needed repair. But then, by the supposition, his personal responsibility would have been involved in all that it

⁷ The author recognises this in his 'Explanations.'

did, just as much as a dynamiter is responsible for what happens when he has set his machine going and left it to explode.

The only hypothesis which gives a sort of mad consistency to the Vestigiarian's views is the supposition that laws are a kind of angels or demiurgoi, who, being supplied with the Great Architect's plan, were permitted to settle the details among themselves. Accepting this doctrine, the conception of royal laws and plebeian laws, and of these more than Homeric contests in which the big laws 'wreck' the little ones, becomes quite intelligible. And, in fact, the honour of the paternity of those remarkable ideas which come into full flower in the preacher's discourse, must, so far as my imperfect knowledge goes, be attributed to the author of the *Vestiges*.

But the author of the *Vestiges* is not the only writer who is responsible for the current pseudo-scientific mystifications which hang about the term 'law.' When I wrote my paper about 'Scientific and Pseudo-Scientific Realism,' I had not read a work by the Duke of Argyll, *The Reign of Law*, which, I believe, has enjoyed, possibly still enjoys, a wide-spread popularity. But the vivacity of the Duke's attack led me to think it possible that criticisms directed elsewhere might have come home to him. And, in fact, I find that the second chapter of the work in question, which is entitled 'Law; its definitions,' is, from my point of view, a sort of 'summa' of pseudo-scientific philosophy. It will be worth while to examine it in some detail.

In the first place, it is to be noted that the author of the *Reign of Law* admits that 'law,' in many cases, means nothing more than the statement of the order in which facts occur, or, as he says, 'an observed order of facts' (p. 66). But his appreciation of the value of accuracy of expression does not hinder him from adding, almost in the same breath, 'In this sense the laws of nature are simply those facts of nature which recur according to rule' (p. 66). Thus 'laws,' which were rightly said to be the statement of an order of facts in one paragraph, are declared to be the facts themselves in the next.

We are next told that, though it may be customary and permissible to use 'law' in the sense of a statement of the order of facts, this is a low use of the word; and indeed, two pages further on, the writer, flatly contradicting himself, altogether denies its admissibility.

An observed order of facts, to be entitled to the rank of a law, must be an order so constant and uniform as to indicate necessity, and necessity can only arise out of the action of some compelling force (p. 68).

This is undoubtedly one of the most singular propositions that I have ever met with in a professedly scientific work, and its rarity is embellished by another direct self-contradiction which it implies. For on the preceding page (67), when the Duke of Argyll is speaking of the laws of Kepler, which he admits to be laws, and which are

types of that which men of science understand by 'laws,' he says that they are 'simply and purely an order of facts.' Moreover he adds: 'A very large proportion of the laws of every science are laws of this kind and in this sense.'

If, according to the Duke of Argyll's admission, law is understood, in this sense, thus widely and constantly by scientific authorities, where is the justification for his unqualified assertion that such statements of the observed order of facts are not 'entitled to the rank' of laws?

But let us examine the consequences of the really interesting proposition I have just quoted. I presume that it is a law of nature that 'a straight line is the shortest distance between the points.' This law affirms the constant association of a certain fact of form with a certain fact of dimension. Whether the notion of necessity which attaches to it has an *à priori* or an *à posteriori* origin is a question not relevant to the present discussion. But I would beg to be informed, if it is necessary, where is the 'compelling force' out of which the necessity arises; and further, if it is not necessary, whether it loses the character of a law of nature?

I take it to be a law of nature, based on unexceptionable evidence, that the mass of matter remains unchanged, whatever chemical or other modifications it may undergo. This law is one of the foundations of chemistry. But it is by no means necessary. It is quite possible to imagine that the mass of matter should vary according to circumstances, as we know its weight does. Moreover, the determination of the 'force' which makes mass constant (if there is any intelligibility in that form of words) would not, so far as I can see, confer any more validity on the law than it has now.

There is a law of nature, so well-vouched by experience, that all mankind, from pure logicians in search of examples, to parish sextons in search of fees, confide in it. This is the law that 'all men are mortal.' It is simply a statement of the observed order of facts that all men sooner or later die. I am not acquainted with any law of nature which is more 'constant and uniform' than this. But will any one tell me that death is 'necessary'? Certainly there is no *à priori* necessity in the case, for various men have been imagined to be immortal. And I should be glad to be informed of any 'necessity' that can be deduced from biological considerations. It is quite conceivable, as has recently been pointed out, that some of the lowest forms of life may be immortal, after a fashion. However this may be, I would further ask, supposing 'all men are mortal' to be a real law of nature, where and what is that to which, with any propriety, the title of 'compelling force' of the law can be given?

On p. 69, the Duke of Argyll asserts that the law of gravitation 'is a law in the sense, not merely of a rule, but of a cause.' But this revival of the teaching of the *Vestiges* has already been examined

and disposed of; and when the Duke of Argyll states that the 'observed order,' which Kepler had discovered, was simply a necessary consequence of the force of 'gravitation,' I need not recapitulate the evidence which proves such a statement to be wholly fallacious. But it may be useful to say once more that, at this present moment, nobody knows anything about the existence of a force of gravitation apart from the fact; that Newton declared the ordinary notion of such force to be inconceivable; that various attempts have been made to account for the order of facts we call gravitation, without recourse to the notion of attractive force; that, if such a force exists, it is utterly incompetent to account for Kepler's laws, without taking into the reckoning a great number of other considerations; and, finally, that all we know about the 'force' of gravitation, or any other so-called 'force,' is that it is a name for the hypothetical cause of an observed order of facts.

Thus, when the Duke of Argyll says: 'Force, ascertained according to some measure of its operation—this is indeed one of the definitions, but only one, of a scientific law' (p. 71), I reply that it is a definition which must be repudiated by every one who possesses an adequate acquaintance with either the facts, or the philosophy, of science and relegated to the limbo of pseudo-scientific fallacies. If the human mind had never entertained this notion of 'force,' nay, if it substituted bare invariable succession for the ordinary notion of causation, the idea of law, as the expression of a constantly observed order, which generates a corresponding intensity of expectation in our minds, would have exactly the same value, and play its part in real science, exactly as it does now.

It is needless to extend further the present excursus on the origin and history of modern pseudo-science. Under such high patronage as it has enjoyed, it has grown and flourished, until, now-a-days, it is becoming somewhat rampant. It has its weekly 'Ephemerides,' in which every new pseudo-scientific mare's-nest is hailed and belauded with the unconscious unfairness of ignorance; and an army of 'reconcilers,' enlisted in its service, whose business seems to be to mix the black of dogma and the white of science into the neutral tint of what they call liberal theology.

I remember that, not long after the publication of the *Vestiges*, a shrewd and sarcastic countryman of the author defined it as 'cauld kail made het again.' A cynic might find amusement in the reflection that, at the present time, the principles and the methods of the much-vilified Vestigiarian are being 'made het again;' and are not only 'echoed by the dome of St. Paul's,' but thundered from the castle of Inverary. But my turn of mind is not cynical, and I can but regret the waste of time and energy bestowed on the endeavour to deal with the most difficult problems of science, by those who have neither undergone the discipline, nor possess the information,

which are indispensable to the successful issue of such an enterprise.

I have already had occasion to remark that the Duke of Argyll's views of the conduct of controversy are different from mine; and this much-to-be-lamented discrepancy becomes yet more accentuated when the Duke reaches biological topics. Anything that was good enough for Sir Charles Lyell, in his department of study, is certainly good enough for me in mine; and I by no means demur to being pedagogically instructed about a variety of matters with which it has been the business of my life to try to acquaint myself. But the Duke of Argyll is not content with favouring me with his opinions about my own business; he also answers for mine; and, at that point, really the worm must turn. I am told that 'no one knows better than Professor Huxley' a variety of things which I really do not know; and I am said to be a disciple of that 'Positive Philosophy' which I have, over and over again, publicly repudiated in language which is certainly not lacking in intelligibility, whatever may be its other defects.

I am told that I have been amusing myself with a 'metaphysical exertion or logomachy' (may I remark incidentally that these are not quite convertible terms?), when, to the best of my belief, I have been trying to expose a process of mystification, based upon the use of scientific language by writers who exhibit no sign of scientific training, of accurate scientific knowledge, or of clear ideas respecting the philosophy of science, which is doing very serious harm to the public. Naturally enough, they take the lion's skin of scientific phraseology for evidence that the voice which issues from beneath it is the voice of science, and I desire to relieve them from the consequences of their error.

The Duke of Argyll asks, apparently with sorrow that it should be his duty to subject me to reproof:—

What shall we say of a philosophy which confounds the organic with the inorganic, and, refusing to take note of a difference so profound, assumes to explain under one common abstraction, the movements due to gravitation and the movements due to the mind of man?

To which I may fitly reply by another question: What shall we say to a controversialist who attributes to the subject of his attack opinions which are notoriously not his; and expresses himself in such a manner that it is obvious he is unacquainted with even the rudiments of that knowledge which is necessary to the discussion into which he has rushed?

What line of my writing can the Duke of Argyll produce which confounds the organic with the inorganic?

As to the latter half of the paragraph, I have to confess a doubt whether it has any definite meaning. But I imagine that the Duke is alluding to my assertion that the law of gravitation is nowise

'suspended' or 'defied' when a man lifts his arm; but that, under such circumstances, part of the store of energy in the universe operates on the arm at a mechanical advantage as against the operation of another part. I was simple enough to think that no one who had as much knowledge of physiology as is to be found in an elementary primer, or who had ever heard of the greatest physical generalisation of modern times—the doctrine of the conservation of energy—would dream of doubting my statement; and I was further simple enough to think that no one who lacked these qualifications would feel tempted to charge me with error. It appears that my simplicity is greater than my powers of imagination.

The Duke of Argyll may not be aware of the fact, but it is nevertheless true, that when a man's arm is raised, in sequence to that state of consciousness we call a volition, the volition is not the immediate cause of the elevation of the arm. On the contrary, that operation is effected by a certain change of form, technically known as 'contraction' in sundry masses of flesh, technically known as muscles, which are fixed to the bones of the shoulder in such a manner that, if these muscles contract, they must raise the arm. Now each of these muscles is a machine, in a certain sense, comparable to one of the donkey-engines of a steamship, but more complete, inasmuch as the source of its ability to change its form, or contract, lies within itself. Every time that, by contracting, the muscle does work, such as that involved in raising the arm, more or less of the material which it contains is used up, just as more or less of the fuel of a steam-engine is used up, when it does work. And I do not think there is a doubt in the mind of any competent physicist or physiologist, that the work done in lifting the weight of the arm is the mechanical equivalent of a certain proportion of the energy set free by the molecular changes which take place in the muscle. It is further a tolerably well-based belief that this, and all other forms of energy, are mutually convertible, and therefore that they all come under that general law or statement of the order of facts, called the conservation of energy. And, as that certainly is an abstraction, so the view which the Duke of Argyll thinks so extremely absurd is really one of the commonplaces of physiology. But this Review is hardly an appropriate place for giving instruction in the elements of that science, and I content myself with recommending the Duke of Argyll to devote some study to Book II. chap. v. section 4 of my friend Dr. Foster's excellent text-book of Physiology (1st edition, 1877, p. 321), which begins thus:—

Broadly speaking, the animal body is a machine for converting potential into actual energy. The potential energy is supplied by the food; this the metabolism of the body converts into the actual energy of heat and mechanical labour.

There is no more difficult problem in the world than that of the

relation of the state of consciousness, termed volition, to the mechanical work which frequently follows upon it. But no one can even comprehend the nature of the problem who has not carefully studied the long series of modes of motion which, without a break, connect the energy which does that work with the general store of energy. The ultimate form of the problem is this: Have we any reason to believe that a feeling, or state of consciousness, is capable of directly affecting the motion of even the smallest conceivable molecule of matter? Is such a thing even conceivable? If we answer these questions in the negative, it follows that volition may be a sign, but cannot be a cause, of bodily motion. If we answer them in the affirmative, then states of consciousness become undistinguishable from material things; for it is the essential nature of matter to be the vehicle or substratum of mechanical energy.

There is nothing new in all this. I have merely put into modern language the issue raised by Descartes more than two centuries ago. The philosophies of the Occasionalists, of Spinoza, of Malebranche, of modern idealism and modern materialism, have all grown out of the controversies which Cartesianism evoked. Of all this the pseudo-science of the present time appears to be unconscious; otherwise it would hardly content itself with 'making het again' the pseudo-science of the past.

In the course of these observations I have already had occasion to express my appreciation of the copious and fervid eloquence which enriches the Duke of Argyll's pages. I am almost ashamed that a constitutional insensibility to the Sirenian charms of rhetoric has permitted me, in wandering through these flowery meads, to be attracted almost exclusively to the bare places of fallacy and the stony grounds of deficient information which are disguised, though not concealed, by these floral decorations. But, in his concluding sentences, the Duke soars into a Tyrtæan strain which roused even my dull soul.

It was high time, indeed, that some revolt should be raised against that Reign of Terror which had come to be established in the scientific world under the abuse of a great name. Professor Huxley has not joined this revolt openly, for as yet, indeed, it is only beginning to raise its head. But more than once—and very lately—he has uttered a warning voice against the shallow dogmatism that has provoked it. The time is coming when that revolt will be carried further. Higher interpretations will be established. Unless I am much mistaken, they are already coming in sight (p. 339).

I have been living very much out of the world for the last two or three years, and when I read this denunciatory outburst, as of one filled with the spirit of prophecy, I said to myself, 'Mercy upon us, what has happened? Can it be that X. and Y. (it would be wrong to mention the names of the vigorous young friends which occurred to me) are playing Danton and Robespierre; and that a guillotine is

erected in the courtyard of Burlington House for the benefit of all anti-Darwinian Fellows of the Royal Society? Where are the secret conspirators against this tyranny, whom I am supposed to favour, and yet not have the courage to join openly? And to think of my poor oppressed friend, Mr. Herbert Spencer, "compelled to speak with bated breath" (p. 338) certainly for the first time in my thirty-odd years' acquaintance with him! My alarm and horror at the supposition that, while I had been fiddling (or at any rate physicking), my beloved Rome had been burning, in this fashion, may be imagined.

I am sure the Duke of Argyll will be glad to hear that the anxiety he created was of extremely short duration. It is my privilege to have access to the best sources of information, and nobody in the scientific world can tell me anything about either the Reign of Terror or the Revolt. In fact, the scientific world laughs most indecorously at the notion of the existence of either; and some are so lost to the sense of the scientific dignity, that they descend to the use of transatlantic slang, and call it a 'bogus scare.' As to my friend Mr. Herbert Spencer, I have every reason to know that, in the *Factors of Organic Evolution*, he has said exactly what was in his mind, without any particular deference to the opinions of the person whom he is pleased to regard as his most dangerous critic and Devil's Advocate-General, and still less of any one else.

I do not know whether the Duke of Argyll pictures himself as the Tallien of this imaginary revolt against a no less imaginary Reign of Terror. But if so, I most respectfully but firmly decline to join his forces. It is only a few weeks since I happened to read over again the first article which I ever wrote (now twenty-seven years ago) on the *Origin of Species*, and I found nothing that I wished to modify in the opinions that are there expressed, though the subsequent vast accumulation of evidence in favour of Mr. Darwin's views would give me much to add. As is the case with all new doctrines, so with that of Evolution, the enthusiasm of advocates has sometimes tended to degenerate into fanaticism, and mere speculation has, at times, threatened to shoot beyond its legitimate bounds. I have occasionally thought it wise to warn the more adventurous spirits among us against these dangers, in sufficiently plain language; and I have sometimes jestingly said that I expected, if I lived long enough, to be looked on as a reactionary by some of my more ardent friends. But nothing short of midsummer madness can account for the fiction that I am waiting till it is safe to join openly a revolt, hatched by some person or persons unknown, against an intellectual movement with which I am in the most entire and hearty sympathy. It is a great many years since, at the outset of my career, I had to think seriously what life had to offer that was worth having. I came to the conclusion that the chief good, for me, was freedom to learn, think, and say what I pleased, when I pleased. I have acted on that

conviction and have availed myself of the '*rara temporum felicitas ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet*,' which is now enjoyable, to the best of my ability; and though strongly, and perhaps wisely, warned that I should probably come to grief, I am entirely satisfied with the results of the line of action I have adopted.

My career is at an end—

I have warmed both hands at the fire of life;

and nothing is left me, before I depart, but to help, or at any rate to abstain from hindering, the younger generation of men of science in doing better service to the cause we have at heart, than I have been able to render.

And yet, forsooth, I am supposed to be waiting for the signal of 'revolt,' which some fiery spirits among these young men are to raise before I dare express my real opinions concerning questions about which we older men had to fight, in the teeth of fierce public opposition and obloquy—of something which might almost justify even the grandiloquent epithet of a Reign of Terror—before our excellent successors had left school.

It would appear that the spirit of pseudo-science has impregnated even the imagination of the Duke of Argyll. The scientific imagination always restrains itself within the limits of probability.

T. H. HUXLEY.

A 'FRIEND OF GOD.'

THERE has lately been published ¹ a pretty little volume entitled *The Following of Christ*, by John Tauler; done into English by J. R. Morell. It is not certain that the work is by Tauler; the weight of authority and of probability is, it seems to me, against his being its author. The book has many repetitions, and a manner formal and sometimes tiresome of conducting its argument. Mr. Morell's translation is written in an English occasionally slovenly and even inaccurate. Still, this little volume—which is cheap, let me say, as well as pretty—should certainly not be suffered to pass unnoticed. If it does not proceed from Tauler himself, it proceeds from one of that remarkable group of German mystics—'Friends of God,' as they called themselves—amongst whom the great Dominican preacher of Strasburg lived and worked. And the contents of the little book, notwithstanding its forms and repetitions, are full of value. Therefore we may well say in this case with the *Imitation*,—which itself, also, issued from the deep religious movement felt in the Germanic lands along the Rhine in the fourteenth century:—'Ask not who wrote it, but attend to what it says.' Mr. Morell's translation, finally, in spite of its occasional inaccuracy and slovenliness, is on the whole a sound and good one, with the signal merit of faithfully reproducing the plain and earnest tone characteristic of the original.

Every one is familiar with the *Imitation*, attributed to Thomas à Kempis. Tauler however, and his immediate group, are to most of us names and nothing more. *Tauler's History and Life and Twenty-five of his Sermons*, translated by Miss Winkworth, were published in 1857, with a preface by Charles Kingsley. The book is out of print and can hardly be obtained. Some of the sermons are interesting, but in general the book, even if obtained, will disappoint, I think, those who have been attracted to it by Tauler's reputation, and to reprint it as it stands would be unadvisable. Much more interesting is the *Theologia Germanica*, also translated by Miss Winkworth, a work not by Tauler himself, but by one of his group who shared his spirit. On this short book Luther set the

¹ By Burns & Oates, London and New York.

very highest value, and justly. But this book likewise is out of print, and scarcely obtainable.

Its merit is of like kind with that of the book translated by Mr. Morell to which I now wish to call attention. Each of the two is an answer of the sincere and deeply religious German nature to the need felt, by itself and by others, in a time such as was the middle of the fourteenth century, a time 'of famine' (to use the words of the prophet Amos) 'of hearing of the words of the Eternal.' We read in the *Following of Christ*: 'It is often said, He who suffereth a man to die of bodily hunger when he might have helped the sufferer, would be guilty of the death of that man. Much more is a man guilty towards souls when he letteth them die of hunger. For just as the soul is much nobler than the body, so much more are you guilty if you allow the soul to suffer hunger.' To this hunger and suffering of the soul the *Following of Christ* is a response, but a response with a special character of its own. The *Imitation* is also a response to the same hunger, but a response of a different character. 'No way to life and peace but the way of the cross!' that, in sum, is the response of the *Imitation*. Tauler and his group would have sincerely professed that they likewise adopted it; and yet the real and characteristic response of the 'Friends of God' and of such works as the *Following of Christ* and the *Theologia Germanica* is far rather this, which I quote from the first-named work: 'Sin killeth nature, but nature is abhorrent of death; therefore sin is against nature, therefore sinners can never have a joy.' That is the negative side of the response, and its positive side is this: 'They who have left sins and come to grace have more delight and joy in one day than all sinners have ever gained.'

It is the natural truth of religion and of Christianity which occupies these 'Friends of God.' The truly natural thing is virtue, Christian virtue; and that it is so is proved by the peace and happiness ensuing from it. 'It is much more according to nature to work virtue than vice; for virtue places nature firmly and supports it, while vice displaces it. A thoroughly natural man is a pure man. That which maketh nature impure is a faulty accident of nature and is not the essence of nature. But in order to be 'a thoroughly natural man,' one who 'enters into himself, listens to the eternal word, and has the life full of ecstasy and joy,' a man must 'set aside all things and follow Christ. Christ is the everlasting aim of all men.'

I have mentioned Luther as a lover of the *Theologia Germanica*. Luther too, some hundred and fifty years after our mystics, had to provide for 'a famine of the words of the Eternal.' Vinet has said with perfect truth that 'the reformers did not separate morals from dogma; Calvin, the most dogmatic of them all, is the one who most efficaciously and most constantly preached morals.'

Undoubtedly the reformers preached morals; undoubtedly, too, Calvin and Luther produced an immeasurably greater effect than Tauler and his group. But how was the effect obtained? After laying down the *Following of Christ*, I took up Luther's famous *Commentary on Galatians*. The Commentary deserves its reputation; it has clearness, force, unction. But on what thought does Luther rest with all his weight, as Tauler rests with all his weight on the thought: 'Sin is against nature; they who have left sins have more delight and joy in one day than all sinners have ever gained'? Luther rests with his whole weight on the article of justification, that Gospel doctrine which, he says, is *suavissima et consolationis plenissima*. 'All heretics have continually failed in this one point, that they do not rightly understand or know the article of justification; do not see that by none other sacrifice or offering could God's fierce anger be appeased, but by the precious blood of the son of God.'

The article of justification has been made arid and obnoxious by formalists; let us take it from the mouth of this man of genius, its earnestly convinced and unrivalled expositor. *Christ has been made a curse for us!*—that is the point; Christ has assumed, in our stead, the guilt and curse of sin from which we could not otherwise be delivered, but are delivered by believing in his having so done. 'When the merciful Father saw us to be so crushed under the curse of the law, and so bound by it, that we could never through our own strength get free from it, he sent his only begotten Son into the world and laid on him the sins of all men, saying: "Be thou that Peter the denier, that Paul the persecutor, that David the adulterer, that sinner who ate the apple in Paradise, that thief on the cross; in a word, be thou the person who has done the sins of all men; consider then how thou mayest pay and make satisfaction for them." Then comes in the law and says: "I find him a sinner, and a sinner who has taken unto himself the sins of all men, and I see no sin besides except in him, therefore let him die on the cross!" and so the law falls upon him and slays him. By this transaction the whole world has been purged and purified of all sins, and at the same time, therefore, been set free from death and from all evil.' By giving our hearty belief to this transaction we are admitted to its benefits.

Here we have the *Cabala vera*, says Luther, the true mystery of Christianity—here, in the transaction just recorded. I will not now discuss the misunderstanding of St. Paul which Luther's message of comfort involves. I will not discuss its faults as a religious conception. I will admit that it has indeed been a message of comfort to thousands, and has produced much good and much happiness. I will simply point out that it is mythology, and that this is daily becoming more and more evident; as sheer mythology, at bottom, as Saturn's devouring his children or Pallas springing from the head

of Zeus. The transaction between the magnified and non-natural man, whom Luther calls 'the merciful Father,' and his Son, never really took place ; or what comes to the same thing, its having taken place can no more be verified, and has no more real probability in its favour, than Saturn's devouring his children or Pallas springing from the head of Zeus. This character of mythology is a disadvantage to Luther's message of comfort now. But it was an advantage to it when the message was delivered. It gave to it an immense superiority in effectiveness over such a message of comfort as Tauler's. The one leavened a group, and individuals ; the other created the Protestant Churches.

To the mass of those who seek religion, an element of mythology in it, far from being an objection, has hitherto been a recommendation and attraction ; and they hold to this element as long as ever they can. Only, to moral and serious people, such as were the Germanic races who made the Reformation, it must be a moral mythology, and moreover a mythology receivable and approvable by them in the intellectual stage at which they are then arrived. The serious Germanic races, visited by that *soul-hunger* which Tauler describes, could easily be brought to recognise that much of the mythology presented to them by mediæval religion, with its machinery of Virgin and saints, Pope and priest, was unscriptural and immoral ; and that good works in the current conception of them as 'fasts, pilgrimages, rosaries, vows'—to adopt Luther's list—were unfruitful. A powerful spirit who went to the Bible and produced from it a new and grave mythology with a new and grave conception of righteousness, was the man for that moment. Luther's doctrine of justification, Calvin's doctrine of election, were far more effective to win crowds and found churches than Tauler's *Following of Christ* just because the doctrines of Calvin and Luther are mythology, while the doctrine of Tauler is not. Luther's doctrine and Calvin's were a mythology appealing directly and solely to the Bible for support, and they professed, also, to deepen men's conception of righteousness ; they were therefore acceptable to thousands of serious people in the intellectual and moral stage of that time. They were, however, a mythology. But as such they enlisted in their favour those forces of imagination, wonder, and awe, which men love to feel aroused within them ; and they enlisted these in an immeasurably greater degree than Tauler's doctrine of the *Following of Christ*, which is not a mythology at all. Hence their immeasurably greater scale of effect and number of adherents.

And so it has been ever since, up to this day. Let us confine our view to our own country. Hitherto an element of mythology, the stronger and the more turbid the better, has been a help rather than a hindrance to what are called religious causes. To the Calvinists, to the Methodists, to the Revivalists, to the Salvation Army, have been

the striking effects and the heavy numbers ; to the Latitude Men, to Leighton, to Erskine of Linlathen, as to Tauler and his friends in the fourteenth century, action on a group merely, or on individuals. Men such as Butler, or Wilson of Sodor and Man, who have had far wider influence in our religious world than the mystics, and who yet at the same time were true 'Friends of God' at heart, have owed their wide influence not to this character but chiefly to something else. The true grandeur of Butler is in his sacred horror at the thought 'of committing the dreadful mistake of leaving the course marked out for us by nature, whatever that nature be ;' his reputation is from his embarrassed and unsatisfying apologetic. The true glory of Wilson is his living and abiding sense that 'sin is against nature, therefore sinners can never have a joy ;' his reputation is as the most exemplary of Anglican Churchmen.

The immense, the epoch-making change of our own day, is that a stage in our intellectual development is now declaring itself when mythology, whether moral or immoral, as a basis for religion is no longer receivable, is no longer an aid to religion but an obstacle. Our own nation is not specially lucid, it is strongly religious, we have witnessed in the Salvation Army the spectacle of one of the crudest and most turbid developments of religion with the element of mythology in full sway ; and yet it is certain that, even amongst ourselves, overall which is most vigorous and progressive in our population mythology in religion has lost or is fast losing its power, and that it has no future. The gross mob has ever been apt to show brutality and hostility towards religion, and demonstrations of this spirit we have often enough still. But mingled with the mere ignoble and vicious enmity against any discipline to raise, restrain, and transform, there is also in the common people now a sense of impatience and anger at what they think futile trifling with them on the part of those who offer to them, in their sore need, the old mythological religion—a thing felt to be impossible of reception and going if not quite gone, incapable of either solving the present or founding the future.

This change is creating a situation much more favourable to the mystics. Whole libraries of theology have lost their interest when it is perceived that they make mythology the basis of religion, and that to take seriously this mythology is impossible. But for those groups and individuals, little regarded in their day, whom their heart prompted to rest religion on natural truth rather than on mythology, the hour of hearing and of well-inclined attention has at last come. For a long while it was heavily against them that they merely preached the following of Christ, instead of the article of justification, the article of election ; now at last it is in their favour.

Let me be candid. I love the mystics, but what I find best in them is their golden single sentences, not the whole conduct of their argument and result of their work. I should mislead the

reader if I led him to suppose that he will find any great body of discourse in the work attributed to Tauler, *The Following of Christ*, which Mr. Morell has translated, of like value with the detached sentences from it which I have quoted above. But the little book is well worth reading if only for the sake of such sentences. The general argument, too, if not complete and satisfying, has an interest of its own from the natural, or, as we nowadays say, the *positive* point of view taken by the author, without regard to mythology, or conventions, or *shams*, in Carlyle's phrase, of any kind.

For instance, the book develops the idea of following Christ, and teaches how for him who would follow Christ, poverty, both inward and outward, is necessary. Christ's is emphatically a '*poor* life.' Yet to follow him and his life is really to follow nature, to be happy. And to enter into the kingdom of heaven is really nothing else than this following him, this following nature, this being happy. When Jesus said: 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven,' this was, in our mystic's view, but another way of saying: 'How hardly shall they that have riches follow me and my life, live naturally, be happy.' The life poor in external goods, as Christ's was, is therefore, concludes our mystic, the happy, natural life, the life to be preferred.

But the official and current religion interprets Christ's words, as we all know, in quite another fashion, and makes him in fact say: 'If you trust in riches, if you make a bad use of riches, you cannot enter after death into the paradise above the sky.' Now I do not at present inquire whether the doctrine of our mystic is right or wrong, adequate or inadequate. But it is well to remark how much nearer, at any rate, he comes to the mind of Christ, how much more sincerely and faithfully he interprets it, than our official religion does. For undoubtedly what Jesus meant by the kingdom of God or of heaven was the reign of saints, the ideal future society on earth. 'How hardly shall they that have riches be fit for the society of the future,' was what he in fact said. One who is unfit for this ideal society does not follow Christ; he is also in conflict with nature, cannot be happy. This is the doctrine of Jesus, and our mystic has rightly seized it. Jesus threw out the doctrine and left it to bear fruit. It has worked in many and many an individual mind since, and will work more and more. The worldly themselves have to deal with it. They can free themselves from all concern about the paradise above the sky, but from concern about the society of the future they cannot. It will arrive, its beginnings are even now. No one yet, however, has disengaged the doctrine from difficulty, has so set it forth as to make it useable and serviceable; certainly our mystic has not. But to have rightly seized it is something.

Christ's sentence on riches is but a corollary from what we call his *secret*: 'He that loveth his life shall lose it, he that will lose his

life shall save it.' Now the infinite progress possible in Christianity lies in the gradually successful application, to doctrines like this secret of Jesus and the corollary from it, of what we call his *epieikeia*, his temper of sweet reasonableness, consummate balance, unerring felicity. Although the application has here not yet been successfully made, and the mystics have not made it, yet the secret and its corollary are unceasingly felt to have in them something deeply important, and to be full of future; at the same time that mythology, like Luther's article of justification or Calvin's article of election, is felt to be passing quite away and to have no future at all. The mystics, then, have the merit of keeping always before their minds, and endeavouring earnestly to make operative on their lives, just that in Christianity which is not perishable but abiding.

But I ought before I end to let our mystic, whether he be indeed Tauler as Mr. Morell thinks, or another, to speak for himself at more length than I have let him speak hitherto. I have mentioned his insistence on external poverty; let us hear him on internal poverty, poverty of spirit, 'a going out of yourself and out of everything earthly.' A man 'must perceive and listen to the eternal word, and this hearing bringeth him to everlasting life.'

Through the outer word that men hear, they attain to the inner word, which God speaketh in the essence of the soul. They who have not come to this should hear preaching, and learn and follow what they hear or read; thus they come to the real truth, and to life, which is God. Even if a man is so advanced that he hear the word in himself, he is yet not at all times prepared for it, for bodily nature cannot bear it, and a man must sometimes turn to his senses and be active; but he ought to direct this work of the senses to the best end. If preaching is useful to him, he can hear it; if an outward virtue is useful to him, he can work it; and he ought to exercise himself in what he recognises as the best. But this by no means hindereth him from hearing the everlasting word, but it furthers him to what is best. And he should drop and drive out with violence all that hindereth him in this. Then he doeth as Jesus did in the Temple, when he drove out buyers and sellers and said: 'My house is a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.' A pure heart is a temple of God; the tradesmen whom Jesus drove out are the worldly furniture and goods that rust in the heart and are hurtful to it. If now the heart keepeth the useless thoughts and tarrieth over them, it is no longer a house of prayer but a den of thieves, for the evil thoughts drive out God from his dwelling and murder him. But the man who resisteth all thoughts that keep him apart from God, receiveth from God living, divine power. This impouring is God's inspeaking, and that is the life full of ecstasy and joy.

The reader will recognise the strain of homage which from age to age successive generations of mystics have ever loved to uplift to 'the eternal word.' I will not say that it is entirely satisfying, but at least it is always refreshing, consoling, and ennobling.

Whoever turns to the little volume which Mr. Morell has translated will find plenty in this strain to give him refreshment. But he will find more than this, he will find sentences such as those of which I spoke in beginning, and to which in ending I would return;

isolated sentences fitted to abide in the memory, to be a possession for the mind and soul, to form the character. 'Sin killeth nature, but nature is abhorrent of death; therefore sin is against nature, therefore sinners can never have a joy.' 'They who have left sins and come to grace have more delight and joy in one day than all sinners have ever gained.'

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE CLOSER UNION OF THE EMPIRE.

THE time has surely come when there should be an end of mere sentimental philandering with the question of Imperial Federation, and when the discussion of the difficulties in the way of any practical action, and of plans to meet and overcome them, may well take its place. The continuance of a feeble agitation that shrinks from coming to the point is only too likely to end in gaining for the proposals of the Imperial Federation League the reputation of being mere fads apart from the serious business of life. As long as proposals are kept aloft on the platform at a judicious distance, unanimity will be wonderful ; but something more is required if they are to stand the wear and tear of political strife and to hold their own amid the battle of conflicting interests.

Nearly every one is agreed, or at any rate professes to be agreed, that the closer union of the British Empire on some systematised plan giving to the several self-governing colonies a share in the continuous national life is desirable, yet every year makes it less and less probable that those communities will for any length of time continue to form part of the same political system. The statesman must be blind who refuses to read the lesson that is daily taught by the adoption by one colony after another of protective tariffs for the express purpose of shutting out the manufactures of Great Britain, regardless of the fact that by doing so they are stopping at its source the trade that constitutes the lifeblood of the mother State. The reason given for the policy that prompts the action is in every instance the same—to create and foster industries which shall render the colony that is wise enough to lean on protection independent of ‘foreign,’ that is of British, supplies ; and it forms a curious commentary on the imperial policy of union that finds such favour everywhere except in practice. The utter indifference on the part of many colonial communities to immigration, and in some cases the positive opposition by the governing democracy to the introduction of fresh settlers to share their privileges and to lower their wages, tell the same tale—that it is useless to believe that colonists are prepared out of mere brotherly love to find homes for their starving kindred across the sea, however ready they may be to welcome those

who can bring some money in their pockets to increase the colonial store.

Other causes there are in progress that tend to set the younger communities further away from the old country, but they are less apparent perhaps than those mentioned above, and more difficult to deal with in proportion as their development is gradual and obscure. The growing dissimilarity of all social relations arising out of the altered basis of society, and the varying effect of climate on the physical and moral nature of the citizens in different colonies, are in themselves causes of divergence which tend to widen the gulf fixed by nature itself between the antipodes. It is true that, to some extent, the same causes of divergence exist in the United States, and that there, for a very limited period as yet, be it remembered, they have been overborne by the federal tie, binding elements apparently dissimilar in one national life.

In the United States, however, apart from the fact that the successful experiment is only twenty years old, and that it follows upon eighty years of constant wrangling, wound up by the bloodiest civil war on record, we have the element of propinquity, which in some degree softens and shades off the physical elements of climate and distance. In a certain sense the New-England man is a neighbour of his fellow-citizen who lives in Mississippi, and it is possible for them to meet on common ground; but in the case of the distant and scattered portions of the British Empire the tide of circumstance sets the other way. They have not a common origin, they have not the same laws, and in many other respects they are separated by social differences as wide as the oceans that roll between them. Canada is to some extent French, Australia is English, and South Africa is Dutch, and at the end of a hundred years hence it is difficult to believe that much common-national feeling will be possible between a citizen of Canada with its social and national life based on conditions arising out of a rigorous climate and a six months' winter, and an Australian accustomed to perpetual summer, or between a South African, a member of an aristocracy of colour accustomed to have all labour performed by a race of hewers of wood and drawers of water, and a citizen of New Zealand, which will by that time have developed into a democracy of working men. Strong will the bond of union have to be to overcome the centrifugal tendency of nature itself, and skilfully contrived the federal pact which is to call into being a national life among elements so dissimilar. Yet if we put these difficulties on one side as concerning the future rather than the present, and if we manage to turn the British Empire into the British Commonwealth, we are only on the fringe of the obstacles that beset this great question.

It is of no sort of use to go about preaching to the British taxpayer that a federation of the British Empire means a continuance

and a development of the manufacturing supremacy of Great Britain, or, to adopt the expression generally used, that it will secure her a market in her own possessions, for it will do nothing of the kind. Canada and New Zealand, to say nothing of Victoria, mean to secure their own markets and to compete in others, and with cheap material, cheap food, and cheap land, who shall say them nay? At any rate anything that could alter this determination, anything like free trade among British communities, will have to be accompanied by protection against the rest of the world, and will involve a recasting of the fiscal system, and an abandonment of cherished theories little dreamed of in the philosophy of its advocates.

Neither is it wise to insist overmuch on arguments drawn from the bigness of the British Empire and from its wonderful growth and expansion, for that growth, confined as it has been almost entirely to the last forty years, presents some strange features that may well call for serious consideration. During that time the population of the self-governing dependencies of Great Britain has increased from three million to nine million souls, and in certain directions the achievements of this handful of people have been prodigious. They have produced gold and precious stones to the value of 350,000,000*l.* (three hundred and fifty million pounds sterling), they have managed to borrow in addition to this adventitious source of wealth 160,000,000*l.*, and they have disposed of public lands to the value of 40,000,000*l.* more. In all, over and above the proceeds of the ordinary industries of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, and in addition to the vast sums granted on private credit, they have derived from other sources the gigantic sum of five hundred and fifty millions sterling (550,000,000*l.*), which has had quite as much as the protecting and fostering care of the mother country to do in building up that fabric of greatness that we are all so proud of.

It must not be forgotten that to the production of gold and gems, the borrowing of money, and the lavish disposal of land, there is a limit which may possibly be approaching, and that the drying up or even the considerable contraction of these sources of revenue, both in the colonies and by reaction in the mother country, will create economical questions of the greatest importance in their bearing on the prosperity and development of the Empire.

It is a poor thing, however, if we are driven to find in the mere size and wealth of the British Empire the best and strongest reasons for its continuance, and it is somewhat strange that those who base the strength of their cause on a sentiment should try to support it almost entirely by arguments founded on the material side of the question. This attempt to combine sentiment and business is doomed to failure, for unfortunately it cuts both ways; and to colonists the idea of union for the purpose of securing the manufac-

turing monopoly of Great Britain by preserving the colonial markets does not in any respect strike a popular keynote, and is in fact far more likely to make for discord than for union.

Fortunately there are other features belonging to the British Empire more worthy of admiration, though perhaps less striking, than the tables of exports and imports which record the ebb and flow of its material wealth, or even than the long list of loans which speak for the enterprise of colonists and the confidence of the mother country.

It is the true glory of England to have planted over the face of the world communities, growing into nations, where English ideas of public duty and of justice to all classes of men are the model and the rule of life. She has given to her children forms of government which, however much they may, on occasions, give only too good cause to the enemies of freedom to blaspheme, do however, at the same time, give promise of rational orderly freedom, and secure, for those who enjoy them, a mean between autocracy and socialism for the future. To have done this is surely England's chiefest work, and it is one the record of which will never die though the colonies separate from her to-morrow, and she herself become the second Holland that the prophets of evil are fond of foretelling as her doom. To continue the good work of the establishment of rational freedom and peaceful development in the hope that the mother country may renew her youth in her colonies, and that the sober common sense of the English people may derive some lessons from kindred communities, where the great social problems which press for settlement in the old country are unknown, is a result that may be hoped for from the continued union of the British Empire; and it is one from which both the mother State and her dependencies will reap much advantage. The material arguments upon which the advocates of Imperial federation rest their case will scarcely hold water.

Possibly in certain respects the colonies would be better off as independent communities. Their material resources would be the same, and they would have an independent national life which in certain respects would be an advantage to them. Great Britain would lose little trade, and would shake off vast responsibilities. Even in the matter of defence it is an open question, from the colonial point of view, whether the protection now afforded by the British fleet is not dearly purchased by the risk of being dragged into some ruinous quarrel about matters in which the colonies have neither part nor lot, while to Great Britain it is doubtful whether the assistance which might possibly, in the event of a great war, be afforded by her colonies compensates her for the perpetual drain that their defence in time of peace involves. Putting, however, the material arguments in *favour* of federation on one side, there can be no question that, in the true interests of humanity and for the production of the greatest good to the greatest number, the maintenance of the

united British Empire, or rather the creation of a British Commonwealth which shall inherit all the traditions of the English race, and improve and enlarge them by the joint influence of all its members, is a thing to be desired and to be worked for.

There is nothing unpatriotic or disloyal to the English race in the proposal to substitute a number of self-governing democracies for the present Empire, and the glory of England and her material prosperity might well be as great under one arrangement as under the other. At any rate the tendency and drift of events is in that direction, for, however much words may seem to go one way, deeds certainly go the other. To stay the centrifugal impulse is the task to which all who really believe in the importance of the question should address themselves before it has gone too far to be arrested. It is not indeed that people do not talk about it enough; but amid all the profusion of goodwill and enthusiasm there is a steady avoidance of any practical measures even of the most tentative kind, and a determination to let things slide that causes the faith of many of the followers of the creed of federation to wax cold.

Laudable attempts have been made to break through this evil custom. It has been proposed that, 'as there is just now a tendency to give over the executive affairs of England, Ireland, Scotland, and India to separate ministers, so the Secretary of State might have the assistance of separate secretaries for Canada, for Australia, and for South Africa. Such a step would at once secure responsible representation in the Imperial Government of the three great groups of colonies, and it might be hoped that from the first these offices would be filled by members of Parliament, whether in the Upper or Lower House, specially selected by those portions of the Empire, and if possible personally connected with the colonies represented.' In other words, a remedy for the policy of drift is to be found in the appointment of more Parliamentary under-secretaries, selected not by the ministry of the day, but by communities who have no sort of interest in its existence. A very little consideration will serve to show the impracticability of the proposal. It would not be a representation in the government of the country, for the function of Parliamentary under-secretaries being 'to make a House, to keep a House, and to cheer the minister,' they would have neither weight nor influence in the councils of a ministry. It is true that permanent under-secretaries exercise great power, and in the case of the colonies perhaps the greatest; but the first condition of this scheme provides that the under-secretaries would not be permanent, for if they were, what would become of their representative character? If they are to represent their colonies, they would have to change with every change of colonial administration, in which case they would be without any influence as far as the Imperial Government is concerned. If, on the other hand, they are to have any real weight with the Imperial Government, they would

have to be permanent, in which case they would very imperfectly represent the colonies. We are told, it is true, that 'so soon as the Imperial Parliament becomes again Imperial in nature as well as name, there will be little difficulty in securing within it the representation, direct and responsible, of our great self-governing colonies, for in those days the Imperial Parliament will busy itself only with Imperial affairs.' Passing by the question whether the British Parliament ever was 'Imperial' in the sense described, and whether at any period of its history it busied itself only with 'Imperial affairs,' there is room for wonder whether the matter of representation will be quite such an easy matter as it has been supposed to be. Representation must mean, in some shape or other, taxation—common duties as well as common privileges—and there will be more than a little difficulty in arranging for contributions from the colonies for such Imperial affairs as the occupation of Egypt, the maintenance of the Indian Empire, or the settlement of Ireland; and there will perhaps be still more in inducing the people and the Parliament of Great Britain to consent to occupy the position of a State Legislature, which is the real meaning of colonial representation if it is to be a reality and not a sham.

It is much easier, however, to dismiss such suggestions than to put any other in their place. The change of the British Empire into the British Commonwealth will not be speedily effected, if, indeed, it is brought about at all, and the task will be one of difficulty commensurate with the magnitude of the result. Much will be done if anything can be brought forward that will in any practical way stay the centrifugal tendency that now makes for disruption. The proposal to improve and enlarge the office of the agents-general, and to create them into a council of advice for the Secretary of State for the Colonies, has been scarcely sufficiently considered. It is, indeed, not likely to find much official favour; for, as has been justly pointed out, it will diminish the office of governor of a colony to that of a mere ornamental sinecure, and will proportionately lessen the power of his masters in Downing Street. The Secretary of State for the Colonies for the time being, advised by the colonial ministry, would in all important matters govern the colony. The colonial ministry would be brought into touch with the Imperial Government without going through an official intermediary, and without having to rely on a casual ambassador who approaches the Secretary of State on sufferance. To some extent the change has already taken place, and every year makes the necessity for it more apparent. In any important matter involving the external relations of the colony—those, in fact, which are reserved for the Imperial authorities—it is found necessary and convenient to deal with the colonial minister directly. This mode of doing business is growing into a custom, but at present it is only adopted by favour

and out of courtesy. A slight alteration would convert it into a right, but the change, small though it would be in form, would effect a revolution in the relation of the colonies to the mother country. The people of the colonies would be enabled by it to elect in an indirect manner the adviser of the Crown as regards their own affairs, and though they would gain thereby the privilege of offering authoritative counsel without the power of enforcing the advice so given, it would still be a step in advance towards giving them, either as independent communities or as parts of a greater whole, the complete control of the matters which concern them. Theoretically, of course, such an arrangement would fall short of representation, but practically an agent-general or resident minister speaking in the name of his government to the Imperial minister would have more real weight on affairs than the voices of elected members speaking in an assembly utterly indifferent to them, and in which they would, numerically speaking, be completely swamped.

Upon the further question as to whether the representative agents for the colonies should be formed into some council, analogous to the Indian Council, for the purpose of bringing joint influence to bear on the Secretary of State, there is room for much difference of opinion. It is asked with much force by many of those who are ready enough to see and allow the necessity for some change in the present position of agent-generals, what possible common interest the different colonies could have in the affairs of each other which would render their common counsel upon any particular subject of any value. It must be admitted that there is some ground for this objection, and those who put it forward undoubtedly hit the weakest point in the whole case for Imperial union or Imperial federation, and that is the complete absence of any common feeling of sympathy or interest among the members who are to form the future nation. Their knowledge of each other's concerns at present scarcely goes beyond a vigorous rivalry and a war of tariffs, which might even be less pronounced if instead of dependencies of one empire they were as independent communities, allowed to arrange reciprocal treaties. The colonial council, if it did nothing else, might be a valuable agency for giving some practical proof that its component parts were all really members of one body, and for teaching the colonies that there were subjects on which united action carried weight.

The arguments drawn from the supposed failure of the Indian Council, even if they are perfectly correct in their assumption, hardly apply to the council for the colonies. The Colonial Office is not the India Office, and it has a very different task to perform, and the dignified ex-officials who compose the council in the one have little in common with the self-made politicians who would of necessity constitute the council of representative agents. In the case of the India Office, the agents of the minister are responsible for the

execution of the policy that he may sanction; in the case of the colonies the policy is in the hands not of the agents of the minister, but of the representatives of the people who would elect the council of advice. The advice of a representative agent would differ from that which now reaches the Secretary of State from the governor of a colony in being the counsel of one not responsible to the person he was advising, but to the people of the colony to whom he owes his position, and who must in the end bear the brunt of any mistakes made by him.

Upon the agent himself the influence of the council could scarcely fail to be beneficial, bringing him, as it would, into official contact with others similarly situated, and teaching him that the affairs of the dependency he might happen to represent were not so important and all-absorbing as they might appear to him; while, as a means of promoting a unity of feeling, a colonial council would be of even more value than as an actual agency of government.

There is one matter, however, in connection with the question of the future of the Empire which is of almost equal importance with the absence of any common feeling of unity between the members, and in the question of tariffs and the whole range of subjects connected with its consideration we find perhaps the most powerful obstacle to any practical scheme of federal union. There is no need to enlarge on the importance of the subject. It was with good reason that the German statesmen of the century paved the way for German unity by means of the Zollverein, and that Bismarck hailed the North German Customs Parliament of 1867 as the precursor of the Empire which followed so closely on its steps. The whole history of the United States tells the same story. Even the effect that the tariff differences had in bringing about the great civil war ought to be a warning to convince us that in the present tariff arrangements of Great Britain and her dependencies we find the most solid and effectual bar to the hope of any lasting and permanent union.

All the tariffs of the self-governing colonies differ from that of the mother country, and there are scarcely two framed on similar lines. Several—as, for instance, those of Canada, Victoria, and possibly South Australia—are avowedly framed on the basis of protection, with the object of hostile exclusion, and there are not wanting signs that elsewhere the same cry will find an echo in every democratic community. In New Zealand and at the Cape of Good Hope the tariff rate is so heavy that in itself it might be thought to give protection enough, yet in the latter colony at any rate there is a strong party which advocates the encouragement of native manufactures by still heavier duties.

In the incidence of the customs revenue throughout the Empire there are still greater anomalies. In Great Britain the proportion that the revenue bears to the imports is only five per cent., and that

chiefly collected from articles of drink and from tobacco; in the colonies it ranges from nine per cent. in New South Wales to eighteen per cent. in New Zealand and twenty-four per cent. in the Cape of Good Hope. In Great Britain the proportion borne by the customs revenue to the whole revenue raised by taxation is twenty-seven per cent.—little more than one quarter—while in the colonies it ranges from sixty to ninety per cent. of the gross taxation. A uniform tariff for the British Empire would mean in most cases a diminution of revenue from this source, and a necessity for the governments interested to raise the deficiency by some other means, which can scarcely fail to be more obnoxious. Whether it is possible by means of a commission or a conference to thrash out the tariff question and to approach, at any rate, some common understanding, is well worth the consideration of those who have the matter of Imperial unity at heart. Rightly looked at, it is the very root and groundwork of the whole, for it is difficult to see how any sort of close union is possible among communities whose fiscal systems are framed for the express purpose of rendering them independent of the mother country and of each other; and it must be added that the absence of any self-interest, or of any natural feeling of mutual convenience like that which prompted and led up to the German Zollverein, is in itself a discouraging sign that the future of the British Empire is destined to be shaped, on other lines, from those of the German Empire or the great American Federation.

The proposition for common action between the mother country and her dependencies in the matter of defensive organisation seems at first sight to be more feasible, and to offer the best way of approach to the solution of the larger question. The navy of Great Britain is kept up to a very great extent to protect the trade of Great Britain and to defend her outlying possessions. It acts as the police of the seas, and without it the infant communities which she has called into being would be open to attack and capture. Nothing could be fairer than that those who benefit by the navy, and in whose peace and prosperity it is an essential factor, should contribute their share to the cost of its maintenance; and it is argued with fairness that the habit of contribution for a common object in which all were interested would create a feeling of unity between the mother country and her dependencies which would lead to other and more perfect developments.

There are more difficulties surrounding the proposal than perhaps at first sight appear. A common fleet, to form a factor of any real value in national unity, would involve some form of common control which would be extremely difficult to arrange. Anything short of this would be a mere tribute paid by the colonies for the sake of a certain protection, over the amount of which wrangles would inevitably arise.

The experience of history certainly shows that such an arrange-

ment carries within it the seeds of decay. If carried out to the fullest extent, England would occupy with regard to her colonies the same position that Athens did to hers before the outbreak of the Peloponnesian war; and, allowing for the difference between ancient and modern civilisation, there would be the same causes of disintegration of the Empire at work. Without going so far back in the world's history, it may be useful to remember that the quarrel with the North American colonies arose out of a contribution levied for the defence of the colonies and a proposal to locate imperial troops in North America for colonial service, and that the dispute, with all its bitter consequences, had its rise only a few months after the colonial and imperial arms had jointly fought a glorious campaign carried on in a great measure at the cost of the mother country.

In both the cases mentioned, amid the less obscure causes of disruption, the insolence, or perhaps it would be better to say the air of conscious superiority, of the imperial agents had a great deal to do with wounding the susceptibilities of colonists, and with keeping alive a feeling of bitterness which grew into hostility. However this may be, the experiment of some common action in national defence seems to be at present the direction that any practical outcome of the aspirations for continued national unity must take; and if it is not to be shortlived, the question of control must speedily follow.

It is impossible at the same time for any one to discuss even in the most fragmentary way the possible future of the Empire without feeling disheartened by the unreality and the impracticability of the professions of interest which evoke the vague and imposing idea of a national life that is to be in some way bigger and grander than that which has lasted so long. The question has not yet got beyond the debating-club stage. No statesman either in England or the colonies¹ has been bold enough to approach the discussion of even the most obvious difficulties surrounding the subject, or to suggest the smallest practical measure in the direction of progress. Those who have made profession of their faith have done so in platform utterances of the most provoking vagueness, and the reason is not far to seek. This is the day when the people and not the rulers shape the policy, and the cleverest politician is he who can manage to catch and interpret the murmur of the *vox populi*, and find out which shout is the loudest amid the confused roar. Certainly it will be a new departure in history if democracies are found willing to abandon their own interests, to make sacrifices, and to undergo privations for the promotion of the good of their rivals in pursuit of an ideal even so grand and lofty as the unity of the British Empire.

JOHN MERRIMAN

(Member of the Cape Legislative Assembly).

¹ [The writer had not seen the article by the Prime Minister of New Zealand in the March number of this Review.—ED.]

ATHLETES

OF THE PRESENT AND PAST.

THE most remarkable thing with regard to athleticism of all descriptions at the present time, is the continued surpassing of former achievements, or, as it is technically called, 'the cutting of records.'

As perhaps all my readers may not be thoroughly acquainted with the subject, it will be as well to explain what a 'record' is. A 'record' is doing the very best that has ever been known to be done in anything; and although the term is more often applied to matters connected with sport than to other subjects, it is not necessarily confined to them, and a 'record' may be made in every line of life.

A man who runs a mile in faster time than, so far as is known, it has ever been run in before, is said to 'establish a record' of that time. For some while past the 'record' for this distance has been 4 min. 16½ sec., but recently it has been run in 4 min. 12¾ sec., and the record was then said to be 'cut,' and it now stands at the latter time. And so with everything else, whether in sport or in more serious business. Records are of two kinds—those that are reliable, and those about which there is a certain degree of doubt. Naturally the older ones are open to the greater suspicion, for it is only in comparatively recent years that 'records' have been taken, and accounts kept of them, with care and precision; and so far as regards what are called 'times'—that is the time occupied in doing a certain thing—the means were not in existence until modern days to take them with the exactness that is now possible. The ancients did not possess watches, and no accounts whatever are preserved of whether, or how, they reckoned the time taken in running the various foot or chariot races that took place at the Olympic Games, or on other occasions. And long after watches were in constant use, it would have been impossible to register the minute fractions which are now daily noted by the aid of the modern chronographs.

Since 'records' have been registered with methodical exactitude, it has been found, as was only likely, that every now and again some athlete has been able to surpass what has been done before in the various branches of sport. Particularly has this been the case in recent years, but the last one has been most remarkable for the

numerous 'records' which have been 'cut.' Week after week some fresh achievement has been accomplished, and there is scarcely a single branch of athletics in which one or more have not been registered. This has been so in every description of contest, and has caused astonishment to the older generation of athletes, who have seen the performances, which they had been in the habit of thinking approached the marvellous, exceeded again and again.

Does this indicate that the men of the present day are vastly superior in physical power to those of the past?

Taking the modern past first into consideration, I should say that in the majority of cases it certainly does not; the increased result of their exertions being in a great measure due to the improvements of the machines they use. This, however, is not always so; for, although in rowing, shooting, bicycling, &c., it may be, it can hardly be altogether so in running, cricket, jumping, &c.; though even in these cases to a certain extent it is, as the improvement in the condition of the ground where the contests take place has something to do with the greater performances now accomplished.

As regards bicycling, that is an entirely modern invention, and the records of it have been kept with exactness almost from the very first. The improvements in the machines and the increase in the skill of the riders for some time were equally accountable for the faster times in which distances were continually being performed, as everything had to be discovered as to the most effectual way of utilising a man's power, and of course that was only done gradually. But I am disposed to think that now almost everything that a man can do is known, and that the faster and faster times which are continually being made are principally due to the improvements in the machines themselves and the tracks on which they are used, and that little further can be expected in the way of increased skill on the part of the riders. It certainly cannot be that those who make these faster times are as a body physically stronger than the first exponents of the art, for it is only during the present generation that the bicycle has been brought into use, and yet we find that 'records' are week by week being 'cut.'

With reference to the ancients, we know very little of the real performances of their athletes. It is only very occasionally that any of the classical historians relate details, and some of those are obviously incorrect. For instance, it is recorded that the Grecian Phayllos, with the aid of 'hálteeres' (*ἀλτήρες*), leaped a distance of 55 ft. 'Hálteeres' were something similar to our dumb-bells, which the Greeks held in their hands when leaping. They put their arms back, and, swinging them forwards with a sudden motion, ~~took~~ the leap. There is no doubt their use enabled them to jump farther than they could have done without them. This has been proved by experience, 29 ft. 7 in. having been covered in

1854 by an athlete with weights in his hands, whereas the 'record' for the long jump at the annual Inter-University sports is only 22 ft. 10½ in., which was made in 1874; and the longest distance ever known to have been jumped without the aid of weights is the 'record' of 23 ft. 2 in., made in 1883. But, after allowing everything for the superior skill which the ancient Greeks probably possessed in the application of the power of these 'hálteeres,' they being in the habit of constantly using them, it is incredible that they could have succeeded in jumping with them nearly double the distance that it has been possible to cover in modern times.

Nearly all the performances which are mentioned in ancient history are mythical, and less definite than that last referred to; but occasionally we find one, such as the account of Leander swimming the Hellespont, by which we can gauge their reputed acts, and then we generally find them, as in this instance, what would be thought nothing of at the present time. Years ago Byron, writing of this feat, says, 'as Mr. Ekenhead and I did;' and there are dozens of swimmers, if not hundreds, who would be ready to perform it to-day at a moment's notice. The late Captain Webb some few years back created an immense sensation by swimming from England to France across the Straits of Dover—a feat infinitely greater than Leander's. So far he is the only person who has ever done so, and his record still stands. But he lost his life in attempting to swim down the Niagara Rapids, a feat which has just been successfully accomplished by an American. Not, however, that I look upon this as a test of athleticism, as they were simply foolhardy attempts, one of which chanced to succeed when the other failed.

Take again running, to which I incidentally alluded before. It would seem that our modern athletes are able to accomplish more than those of ancient Greece.

The foot-races at the Olympic Games were of three lengths—namely, once over the course, or 'stadion' (*στάδιον*), as it was called, and which became the unit of the Greek road measure, being 600 Greek feet, equal to 606 feet 9 inches English, according to Dr. W. Smith's comparative tables¹ (other authorities, however, differing slightly from them); twice over it—that is, from one end to the other and back again; and the third 12, 20, or 24 times over, for the various reports are not clear as to which it was. Taking the longest distance, this would only be 14,562 English feet, or just over two and three-quarter miles; and yet, when the Spartan Ladas dropped down dead on completing this course, apparently it was not considered a matter of great surprise, for it was evidently thought a wonderful performance for an athlete to be able to run so far. Now our runners would make light of such a distance, and races for twenty miles and more continually take place. I am quite aware of the saying that

¹ *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.*

'It is the pace that kills,' and we have no means of telling at what pace the competitors at the Olympic Games went—possibly at one so great that no person at present living could emulate; and of course it would be possible to use so much exertion in running a much less distance than two and three-quarter miles that nature could not stand the strain. But it is only reasonable to suppose that a Grecian athlete would consider the distance he had to run, and regulate his pace accordingly, and would not attempt to 'sprint'—that is, to run at the highest possible speed—for the whole way; and I am rather disposed to the view that the men of the present day have greater physical power than the ancients.

To return to the moderns. No matter to what branch of athletics one looks, with a single exception to which I will refer later on, the same increase in results is found as that described in bicycling. In running at nearly every distance have 'records' been recently 'cut;' the same with rowing, swimming, cricket, &c.

How is this to be accounted for? Training, no doubt, has something to do with it. The system of diet and work which tends most to develop a man's muscular powers is far better understood now than it was in the past, and the quite recent past too; but there is a great deal yet to be learnt, and there is too much tendency, even now, to respect traditional ideas that have nothing but their age to recommend them. When I speak of the past in this connection, I only refer to comparatively modern times, for we know very little with certainty of the mode of training that the ancients resorted to—less, if possible, than we do of their performances. From what little we can gather, it would seem that the notion, which has not even yet quite vanished, and which was in full force very few years ago, that meat half-cooked developed strength and muscle, was accepted by some of them as a true one. Not universally, however; for we find that many of the Grecian athletes in training did not eat meat, but principally lived on fresh cheese and dried figs and wheat. Others consumed large quantities of pork and beef, and one, a Theban, who lived upon goat's flesh, became so strong that he was enabled to overcome all the athletes of his time. The idea of eating half-raw meat, which was more particularly held by the Romans, dies very hard, but is now almost exploded, together with that by which men in training were kept in a state of raging thirst. No doubt the drinking of large quantities of liquids does not tend to improve one's capacity for violent or sustained exertion, but that it can possibly be good to keep men who are living highly in a state which makes them feverish and irritable I cannot believe, and the number of those who do is continually decreasing.

Then, again, even if the men of the present are not so much physically superior to their modern predecessors, they may, and probably

do, use their powers to greater advantage, for they have the benefit of better instruction than those received who have gone before. More particularly is this the case in rowing, where the 'coaching,' as it is called, is much more efficient than that in force not many years ago. Year after year distances are covered more quickly than previously. In this case it is without doubt the boats, as well as the improved 'coaching,' that are to a very great extent the cause. Besides which, the whole system of boat-racing has undergone a change during the present century. For instance, as late as 1824 the mode of starting the boats for the college races at Oxford was to shut them up in Iffley Lock,² and 'on the signal being given, the lock gates were opened, and the boats scrambled out as best they could. The usual method was for the stroke oar to stand at the bows with a boathook, and, when the gates were opened, to run down the middle of the boat on a plank or gangway, which separated the rowers on one side from those on the other, jump into his seat and begin to row; or else the stroke would push the boat out with his hands, going down the side of the boat just inside the gunwale, in which case the crew sat with their oars tossed.' Then they raced up the river to the barge that marked the end of the course.

We know that the ancients had matches in their galleys and various other descriptions of craft, although we have no definite particulars of them; but when we come to modern times, there is scarcely more difference between the warships of the Grecians and our ironclads than between the racing boats of fifty years ago and those of to-day. A reference to statistics, however, shows the curious fact that in 1845, the first time that the Oxford and Cambridge Universities rowed their race between Putney and Mortlake, which course they have adopted ever since, the time occupied was only 23 min. 30 sec., the boats rowed in being inrigged skiffs. This time has been exceeded since boats of the present pattern have been used, with outriggers, sliding seats, absence of keel, and every other improvement, and would not be considered so *very* bad even now, with the 'record' standing at 19 min. 35 sec. But this is possibly one of those times which are not reliable, and, even if it is correct, the crew may have been an exceptionally good one; and besides, so much more depends on the state of the elements in rowing than in any other sport, that, unless one knows every circumstance, mere 'times' are often deceptive. For instance, the fastest time in which the championship course between Putney and Mortlake has ever been covered by a sculler was made by a quite inferior professional one, who would have had no chance whatever of beating any of the best men, although none of them have ever been able to scull the distance in the time that he did: the fact being that on the day in which

² *Boat Racing, or the Arts of Rowing and Training*, by E. D. Brickwood. Horace Cox, 346 Strand, London, 1876.

this 'record' was made everything was in favour of fast time, perfectly smooth water, no wind, and, most important of all, an exceptionally strong tide. Although no sculler has been able to lower this 'record' over the whole course, which was made in 1883, several times during the last year have portions of it been covered faster than previously, particularly that between Putney and Hammersmith. Here, again, outside circumstances come strongly into play; for the removal of Old Putney Bridge, the piles of which greatly obstructed the tide, enables it to rush up with greater force than formerly, and thus of course to assist a sculler in 'cutting a record.' But still there is no doubt that boats are propelled over the water faster than they were. At Henley Regatta last year, race after race resulted in a fresh record being established. As most people at all interested in aquatics are aware, the course at Henley was altered on this occasion for the purpose of making it a fairer one for the competitors. The length was exactly the same as the old one, but as the boats, which are always rowed against the stream, were kept more out in it than formerly, one would have anticipated that longer time would have been taken to cover the course. This was not the case, however: one reason probably being that, under the new arrangement, the crews had to contest every inch of the way, whereas, under the old one, the inside boat had so much advantage for the last quarter of a mile that its occupants, if leading, could take matters comparatively easy; and that was the reason for the alteration being made.

In shooting, we find that the score which was good enough to win the Queen's Prize when the National Rifle Association first established their meeting at Wimbledon is now of no value at all. This is caused to a great extent by the improvement of the rifle, but the main reason I believe to be the knowledge that has come from practice. Rifle shooting was a new sport when the volunteer movement commenced. I call it a sport advisedly, for I do not consider that because a thing is followed mainly with the idea of its being useful, that therefore it is not a sport; besides which, rifle shooting is by many only indulged in for pleasure. At the first it was comparatively few of the volunteers who had any previous knowledge of shooting, but for years past there have been butts in nearly every town, large or small, in the kingdom, at which practice is constantly going on, with the natural result that year by year greater proficiency is attained.

With cricket, where phenomenal scores have recently been made, it can hardly be said that the machinery employed is the principal cause. Bats, balls, and stumps are practically what they have been for many years, and I do not think that on the whole there has been much alteration in the grounds. They may be sometimes a little smoother and better kept, but that is as much, or more, to the advantage of the bowler as to the batsman, and which of them has the

mastery depends a great deal on the state of the weather. On what are called 'bowlers' days,' when rain has made the ground suitable for them to make the most of their powers, they have been as phenomenally successful with the ball as the batsmen have with the bat when the weather has been in their favour. The real reason is to be found in the more scientific practice of the game, and in the very keen competition that exists in it, causing all to use their utmost to excel. It may be objected that many of its followers have no knowledge of science as applied to cricket, and this is no doubt true; but, although they have none themselves, they see what is done by those that have, and learn to make use of its principles without thoroughly understanding them. The game has greatly changed in its character during the last half century, the principal cause being the introduction of round-arm bowling. But the round-arm bowling of to-day is as different from that which was first practised as that was from the underhand. This bowling has increased the pace, and enabled much more 'break' to be put on the ball. 'Break,' I may explain, is giving a twist or spin to the ball as it leaves the bowler's hand, which causes it to go off at a tangent, instead of in a straight line, after having come in contact with the ground. Thus, bowlers do not aim directly at the wicket, but at some distance off, and endeavour to make the ball fly from the spot they hit to the batsman's stumps. Balls that were simply bowled straight would never get out the first-class cricketers of the present day, who would play them from the beginning to the end of the season; but when they have a 'break,' the batsman does not know exactly where they are coming. The Australians, who are most enthusiastic followers of cricket, have had a great deal to do with its altered character, the various representative teams that they have sent over here having taught many a lesson to our home cricketers.

Let us turn to another branch of athletics, in which certainly those who follow it have no better means for its use than their predecessors. I allude to walking, more particularly to walking on the open roads; for, of course, as regards doing so on tracks there is the same advantage on them that there now is for runners. For many years past, the favourite course for road walking, when an athlete wished to try his powers, has been from London to Brighton, and for a long time the 'record' was 10 hr. 52 min. A year or two back this was 'cut,' and stood at 9 hr. 48 min., and last year it was again reduced, and now stands at 9 hr. 25 min. 8 sec. It must also be remarked that this last was made under exceptionally disadvantageous circumstances, the weather being of the very roughest description—so bad that several of the competitors were obliged to retire from the contest. If the elements had not been so unpropitious, probably faster time would have been made; but no one can for a moment say that the roads of the country are more favourable for making it than

they were years ago. The reverse is the case, for, since the introduction of railways, the roads have not been attended to with the same care as formerly, and consequently are not in such good condition for travelling. What was done many years ago we have no means of knowing, as history does not tell us; but this increase in pace in the last few years is very remarkable. And it is not only in long-distance walking that there is this increase. Twenty years ago, a man who could walk a mile in eight minutes was considered to be able to do a very fair performance; but now, unless he could cover the distance in considerably under seven minutes, he would have no chance whatever of winning any prize at an athletic meeting. I am quite aware that many of the last generation of walkers object to the present style in which it is accomplished, on the ground that it is really a disguised form of running, and very often I agree with them. But it is not so in all cases; and there are many scrupulously fair walkers who can hopelessly beat most times made a quarter of a century ago, even if they cannot equal those made by the semi-runners of the present day. There is, however, an old 'record' of 52 min. 43 sec. for a distance of seven miles that stood for some years, and has never been beaten by more than a few seconds, if we except one occasion, when it is said³ to have been covered in 51 min., which is a little singular, considering by how much those at other distances have been 'cut.'

When we come to consider feats of strength and agility, and to compare as far as possible those performed now and in earlier times, the advantage appears to lie with the moderns. There are really no definite accounts of what the ancient Greeks and Romans were able to do. There are many mythical ones, and even when there are any that may possibly be statements of facts, there is nothing to gauge what they may be really worth. We have a little more knowledge of what was done in the middle ages, but not much. For instance, King Teutobach of the Teutons is said⁴ to have vaulted over six horses standing side by side; and another king, Olaf Tryggesson of Norway, according to an old chronicle of that country, was

stronger and more nimble than any man in his dominions. He could climb up the rock Smalsærhorn, and fix his shield upon the top of it; he could walk round the outside of a boat upon oars, while the men were rowing; he could play with three darts, alternately throwing them in the air, and always kept two of them up, while he held the third in one of his hands; he was ambidexter, and could cast two darts at once, and he excelled all men of his time in shooting with the bow, and he had no equal in swimming.

What amount of skill and exertion might be required to place his

³ *A New Book of Sports*. London, 1885.

⁴ *A Handbook of Gymnastics and Athletics*, by E. G. Ravenstein and John Hulley. London, 1867.

shield on Smalserhorn it is impossible to say ; and as we do not know the powers of shooting with the bow, or of swimming, that the men of his time had, we cannot judge of his ability from the fact that he excelled them ; but there is nothing extraordinary in his being able to keep three darts alternately in the air. Hundreds, probably thousands, of people at the present time could do that, and many professors of sleight-of-hand would play with a much larger number. The walking outside the boat on the oars while the men were rowing certainly shows that he was possessed of a good deal more than an average amount of agility, and it must have required a considerable amount of practice and power of balancing, but scarcely more than every rider of a bicycle must attain before he can work his machine ; and if inducement were offered, no doubt before many weeks were over, walkers on oars would be plentiful.

With regard to King Teutobach's vaulting feat, it is not stated in what manner it was performed, and therefore we can hardly judge of it. But the mere vaulting over six horses, if placed on convenient ground, is nothing, and similar feats are daily exhibited by acrobats at almost every circus.

Froissart relates a story that shows the hero of it to have certainly been very powerful, and it would be difficult to find a man of the present who could execute a similar act, though I have no doubt he could be found. The story is as follows :—

On one Christmas day, the Earl of Foix, according to his usual custom, held a great feast, and after dyner he departed out of the hall, and went up into a galarye of twenty-four stayres of heyght. It being exceedingly cold, the Erle complained that the fire was not large enough, when a person named Ervalton of Spayne, went down stayres, and beneth in the court he saw a great many of asses laden with woode to serve the house, that he went and tooke one of the greatest asses with all the woode, and layde him on hys back, and went up al the stayres into the galary, and dyd caste downe the asse with al the woode into the chimney, and the asse's fete upward, whereof the Erle of Foix had great joye, and so hadde all they that wer ther, and had mervels of his strength.

The joy no doubt was shared in by the poor ass, who apparently, as well as the wood, was devoted to increasing the size of the fire. It is characteristic of the times that nothing seems to have been thought of the cruelty to the poor beast, it not being considered worthy of the slightest notice.

I stated earlier in this article that there was one branch of athletics in the practice of which the moderns are decidedly inferior to their predecessors : I refer to archery. This is now entirely followed as an amusement, principally by ladies, who so far back as the seventeenth century are said to have been fond of it, and by gentlemen of the country ; whereas in ancient times it was a serious business, and the archers were a most important portion of the armies of those days. The discovery of gunpowder and the introduction of firearms are of course the causes of its decline. Now 100 or 120

yards is usually the extreme distance at which shooting takes place, 60 or 80 yards being more general; but 240 to 400 yards were once no uncommon ranges. Sometimes, it is true, the shorter of these is still used, a leading modern society of toxophilites, 'The Woodmen of Arden,' occasionally shooting for their principal prize at it, but not often; 200 yards—at which distance it was shot for last year, on the occasion of the members celebrating their centenary—and even 180 yards—at which range they also shoot for the prize which is second in importance—being the more usual; and there are very few clubs who have contests at so great a distance as this one.

As early as the sixteenth century an inclination was shown on the part of the people to discontinue shooting at the longer ranges,⁵ and before then, in the reign of Edward the Third, complaint was made that the practice of archery was much neglected; that monarch and succeeding ones making various regulations insisting on its being followed. As the distances at which the shooting takes place are less than formerly, so also has the accuracy of the aim decreased, if we are to believe the stories that are told of the deeds of the archers of former times. There has always been a halo of romance around them, and it is impossible to separate with certainty the truth from the fable. Robin Hood and William Tell are heroes of our childhood, but there are sceptics who assert that neither ever really existed. Certainly the story of the latter's adventure is told of several others; as by Saxo Grammaticus of a Danish king named Harold,⁶ and also of one Toko, and in the Wilkima Saga a similar one is mentioned. Our own country is not without its claimant, as there is an old account of how 'William Cloudesle shooting before the king,' presumably Edward the Fourth, 'clave the Wande in two' at a distance of 400 yards; and the king, being much surprised at the performance, told him he was the best archer he ever saw. Cloudesle then proposed to show him a more extraordinary proof of his skill, and tied his eldest son, a child of only seven years old, to a stake, and placed an apple upon his head. One hundred and twenty yards were measured from the stake, and Cloudesle, going to the end of the measurement, first entreated the spectators to be silent, and, charging his son not to move, turned his face from him that he might not be intimidated by seeing the arrow directed towards him.

And then drew out a fayre brode arrowe
Hys bow was great and longe
He set that arrowe in his bowe
That was both styffe and stronge
Then Cloudesle cleft the apple in two
As many a man might se

⁵ *The Book of Archery*, by G. A. Hansard London, 1840.

⁶ *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

⁷ *Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, by Joseph Strutt.

Over Gods forbode sayde the Kynge
That thou shold shote at me.

This story is not so picturesque as that of William Tell, for in this instance the life of the boy was risked simply as a piece of bravado on the part of his father, who was certainly a marvellous archer; his hitting the wand at 400 yards being a greater performance than that attributed to Robin Hood, who is reported to have struck a willow twig, no thicker than a thumb, at a fourth of this distance. In fact, Cloudesle's shooting at the wand was of a more wonderful character than at the apple, and he might well have rested content with that, instead of, as would be now said, 'playing for the gallery.'

There are many games and athletic exercises that are practised now, which, although considered modern inventions, were in a different form in use among the ancients. Even lawn tennis, the most fashionable of them all, and the one which more than any other seems to have taken a permanent hold on the people of this country, appears to be merely a variation of a form of ball played by the Romans; one great difference being that with them the ball had always to be returned before it struck the ground—in fact 'volleyed.' There is no very definite description of it, but it would seem that, although there was no actual net as now, there was practically an imaginary one; and at the present time the Italians play a game called *Pallone*, that is probably derived from the same source.

Further, a contest that within the last few years has had a place in the programme of most athletic meetings is even more directly one in which the ancients took part. The 'tug of war' is quite a modern institution, but it is very nearly the same as a Grecian trial of strength, which appears to have been arranged in two ways, in one of which the only difference between it and the present 'tug of war' is that fewer persons took part in it, and that they stood up instead of partly sitting as they do now. In the other, the rope was passed over an upper branch of a tree, or through a hole in a high post, and the competitors took hold of the rope, with their backs to the tree, and tried to pull up the opposite side.

Of course there is absolutely no means of judging of the relative powers of the ancients and the moderns in games of this description, any more than there is in the case of what used to be called the 'noble art of self-defence.' That the ancients, especially the Greeks, did box, and that most savagely, we know. So far from using gloves to lessen the damaging effects of their blows, or even from using simply the power that nature and training had given to their bare fists, they increased this by tying strips of hard bull's hide round them when clenched, and sometimes even attached nails and lead buckles to these, to make their blows more deadly. They also

usually, but not always, fought continuously until one of the combatants gave in, 'rounds' apparently not being to their taste. But although there seems to have been this savagery about the contests, it by no means follows that a 'scientific boxer' of the present day would not be able to hold his own in one, if a trial were possible.

One more exercise of the ancient Greek *athletæ* I will refer to, for while we do not practise it in the form they did, there is some resemblance between it and the game of skittles, which recently has come into fashion again, after being for many years relegated to the 'Good dry skittle ground' which a quarter of a century ago was a frequent legend on the walls of beerhouses, and soon after that date extinguished altogether by an edict of the police. This Grecian pastime, which formed one of the Pentathlon (*πεντάεθλον*) at the Olympic Games, was throwing a heavy piece of cast-iron or stone, called a 'diskos' (*δίσκος*), which was in shape much like the 'cheese' with which the skittle-pins are knocked down; the object of the Greeks being to propel it in a curve to the greatest possible distance. Nevertheless, although the object to be attained was not the same as the 'cheese' is now used for, being more akin to the modern exercise of 'putting the stone,' it is recognised that the origin of skittles is to be found here, and a fashionable social club which has been established principally for the purpose of the practice of this game, has taken the name of 'Diskos' as its title.

'Diskos' is usually translated as meaning a 'quoit'—Liddell and Scott so rendering it—but this is an error. There is no resemblance whatever to the game of quoits in that of 'throwing the diskos,' neither are the instruments used alike. The statues of the *Discobolus* (*δισκοβόλος*), or thrower of the diskos, in the British Museum and the Vatican, and some of which are reproduced at the Crystal Palace, represent the diskos, exactly as described by Lucian, in *Anacharsis seu de Gymn.*, without handle, aperture, or loop, and it is therefore a mistake to name them 'Quoit players,' as is done at the latter place. The object of the thrower was, as before stated, to propel the diskos as far as possible, and the distance to which it was ordinarily sent was called 'Ta Diskoura' (*τὰ δίσκουρα*), and became, according to Dr. W. Smith, a Greek measure of length; but it does not seem to have been a definite one, and Liddell and Scott's rendering of the expression as equivalent to the modern saying of 'a stone's throw' is probably more correct.

To return to the question, Are the athletes of the present superior to those of the past?

It certainly seems to me, from consideration of the various matters referred to, that our modern ones are decided physically stronger and capable of greater exertion, and also that, independently of that, they are able to obtain more result from their exertions than the ancients. This appears only reasonably to be expected. We

have gone forward in everything, despite the parrot-cry of 'Good old times;' and why not in the powers of our athletes? The men of the present day, we know, are larger than they were in bygone years, and therefore they should be more powerful; for it is an acknowledged axiom in sport that, other things being equal, a 'big one will always beat a little one.'

But that the cause of the great and extraordinary succession of 'record cutting' that has taken place recently, and, as said in the beginning of this article, more especially during last year, is a consequence of a large increase in the physical powers of the present generation, I do not believe. The power has been there before, but it has not been utilised. Of course the increase from that of the ancients to that of the moderns, which I think has taken place, has been gradual; and it may probably be that this increase is still going on, and in the course of time may show some effect. But the real cause of the present state of affairs is to be found, according to my view, when not the result of improved appliances, in the great revival during recent years of the interest taken in athletics, which has caused the schoolboy generation to commence early to develop their powers, and has also brought many healthgiving institutions in its train, such as the daily bath, which had become a thing of the past; to the superior training and instruction an athlete receives; to the extra power which he is able to bring to bear from the accurate knowledge that he has of what has previously been done (and it must not be forgotten that he has, in many cases, an equally accurate knowledge of what he himself is doing at the moment, which has only been possible comparatively recently, since the chronograph has been perfected; and he is thus sometimes able to know that a trifling more exertion on his part, if he can only force it from himself, will give him a 'record'); and last, but by no means least, to the severe competition which exists at the present day—a competition unconfined, as it was not many years ago, to one town, or one district, or even one country, but worldwide in its character, and which brings the ablest exponents in each branch of athletics in contact one with the other, no matter where their home, to the advantage of all.

H. ELLINGTON.

London Rowing Club.

AN ACT FOR THE
SUSPENSION OF PARLIAMENT.

March 3, 1899 (2 A.M.)—Home from the House. Second reading carried by a majority of over 100. Our illustrious leader literally surpassed himself in the speech with which he closed the debate, and when he sat down every one felt that the success of the Bill was assured. Well, the struggle has been a long and obstinate one, and we, the old and faithful supporters of the policy which seems at last within sight of victory, have indeed good reason to rejoice. For years we have laboured in Parliament, on the platform, in the press, to indoctrinate the people with the principles now about to prevail. For months we have borne the brunt of the hottest electoral conflict ever waged in this country, and stemmed manfully the fiercest and foulest tide of obloquy that ever threatened a politician's foothold. And now—now the victory is as good as won. It is beyond a doubt that ere many weeks are past the Quinquennial Bill will have become law. The Quinquennial Bill! Yes, the style and title of the measure will rather puzzle the future student of English history when he first meets with it in connection with the furious strife which it has aroused. I can imagine it bothering the New Zealander not a little. That is, of course, supposing him to have already met in his historical studies with the Triennial Act and the Septennial Act, and to have noted that the promotion and passing of both those statutes, though attended with a certain amount of political controversy, produced nothing like the convulsion with which the country has been rent in the fight over this Bill. He will no doubt wonder how it came about that, though the duration of Parliaments could be limited to three and again extended to seven years without very profoundly agitating the country, the proposal, as he will at first assume it to be, to fix that period at five years had so disturbing an effect. But when that New Zealander has been informed by his 'coach' that the Quinquennial Act takes its name not from the periods for which Parliaments are to exist but from the intervals at which they are to assemble, our inquiring young Australasian will perhaps begin to get a glimmering of the truth. If in point of intelligence he be a fairly typical specimen of the highly developed race, as no doubt it will then be, to which he belongs, he will at once perceive that the difference

in political significance between these two meanings of the word Quinquennial as applied to a Bill of this kind is no unimportant one. It is to be hoped that his tutor will succeed in conveying to him a fairly correct notion—completely adequate—it cannot be—of the events which have led to this new departure, as I suppose we must call it, in English political history.

March 31.—As I anticipated, the Bill is going through Committee with perfect ease. The neck of the opposition to it seems broken; and the Old Radicals, who curiously enough are now the only genuine upholders of the present system, are fighting without any heart. We expect the Report stage of the Bill by the end of next week at latest.

April 15.—Third reading agreed to last night without a division, the Opposition being too dispirited to challenge the Speaker's declaration that the Ayes had it. What a collapse! And what a victory! Now that its full accomplishment is so near, I begin, as a good citizen should, to feel a tremor or two of doubt. Is it for the best? But why ask that question of the inevitable? If ever in the world's history any measure has demonstrated its own necessity, it is this.

April 16.—Bill read a first time in the Lords, and second reading fixed for the 1st of May. No one can say that the nation has acted precipitately. It is just ten years ago to-day that the Royal assent was given to the Bill for the disfranchisement of Ireland, and it will be eight years on Monday next since we passed the Act which enables us to readmit Irish representatives by sessional resolution of the House—a compromise worthy, as we all agreed at the time, of the best traditions of English statesmanship. That resolution—except of course for the two sessions of the Imperial Parliament six and five years ago, during which the brief and disastrous experiment of Home Rule was being tried in Dublin—has been regularly renewed. Ever since the Battle of Trim and the rout of the Nationalist army and party in Ireland, we have readmitted Irish representatives to the House under this sessional order almost as a matter of course. In common justice, in fact, it had to be done. Over two years of relief from the presence of the Irish proved to demonstration that palaver in Parliament has no special nationality. The vacuum created by the expulsion of the Irish members did not remain a vacuum for twenty-four hours. English, Scotch, and Welsh garrulity poured into it as water would pour in through a hole in a diving-bell. Since then, what experiment has not been tried to check chatter and promote work? First there was 'the fifteen minutes rule.' Ah! how well I remember the high expectations with which we added that to the standing orders, and the douche of cold water that poor old Tommy Noddings threw over our ardour. 'What do you think will be the average length of debates, now, Tommy?' one of us asked him. 'Fifteen minutes a speech,' growled the dear old boy; 'that's four speeches an hour.'

Fours in six hundred and seventy, or, to be very liberal, say fours in six hundred. Come, you can do that sum for yourselves.' Poor old Tommy! It wasn't quite so bad as that, but he was nearer the mark than we were by a good deal. It got to be more like a hundred and fifty hours, than a hundred, did the 'average length of debate;' and at last the four score or so of ministers and silent members found the state of things intolerable. Well, then we tried applying the closure regularly night after night, and with that we just managed to get along for a little while until at last the members who had been long waiting their turn to speak, and had found themselves repeatedly shut out, would stand it no longer and refused to vote for putting the question. Motions for the closing of debates were lost again and again, and at last ministers endeavoured in despair to pass a rule for the 'automatic closure' of every debate of one evening's duration. Then came the revolt, the defeat, the dissolution, the general election, the cry of 'No Gag,' the rout of the ministerialists, and the return of a Parliament pledged to 'abolish all unconstitutional restraints on the expression of national opinion by the duly delegated representatives of the nation.' They made short work of the proposal of automatic closure, and repealed the fifteen minutes rule in the first week of the session. It is true that they afterwards had to pass a ten minutes rule on their own account; only as there were nearly thirty per cent. more talkers in this Parliament than in the previous one, the new rule came to much the same as the old. But 'when the tale of bricks is doubled Moses is at hand.' The country owes much to the last Parliament; for its six years' life of incessant babble gradually built up that solid Fifth Party throughout the country, that party of Sense and Business, pledged to the suppression, or virtual suppression, of Parliamentary institutions which is now on the eve of its final triumph. Of course we owe something to good luck. What conquerors have not? Fate favoured us in the Indian Mutiny of last year. The spectacle of a House of Commons not fiddling but chattering, making not even music but mere noise, while the Empire was blazing disgusted and, what is better still, alarmed the people; and our illustrious chief, seeing his opportunity and suddenly transferring the whole of his influence to the anti-Parliamentary side, must have the remaining credit of the achievement. He caught the constituencies 'on the hop' as the boys say, and they gave him his mandate to pass a Quinquennial Bill, almost before they had time to think about it.

April 28.—A new and unexpected move impending in the Lords. The Duke of Inverlochy intends on the motion for the second reading to propose an amendment exempting the House of Lords from the operation of the Bill. I confess I have a good deal of sympathy with it, but it would of course be impossible for ministers to accept it. It would set up the democratic back at once, and

provoke the cry—unreasonable perhaps, but still plausible—that we are proposing, not simply to delegate authority conferred by and held in trust for the people to certain designated persons for a fixed term of years, but to hand it over to a non-elective and irresponsible body.

May 2.—The Bill was read a second time last night in the Lords without a division, the Duke consenting, at the strong instance of ministers, to withdraw his amendment. His speech, however, was a most powerful and, to me at least, a most convincing one. He began by asking what, according to the admissions of its authors themselves, were the arguments by which the Bill was being pressed upon Parliament, and he went on to point out in detail that not one of these arguments was applicable to the Upper House. The Lords, he contended, neither chattered nor wrangled, nor obstructed, nor bandied the public welfare to and fro like a shuttlecock between the battledores of party. They have no local intrigues to promote, no sectional crotchets to air, no private axes to grind. Individually considered, they have the faults with which God and nature marred them, but none of those artificial failings which are the offspring of political circumstances. They are exposed to none of the influences which make men prigs, or pedants, or busybodies, or time-servers. They are under no factitious temptation to meddle in unwise law-making, and have only the natural weaknesses of humanity to disincline them to the acceptance of such wise laws as may be proposed to them. On the latter score they are and ever have been entitled, even by the admissions of their adversaries, to a high degree of credit. It is allowed that they approach all questions of new legislation, if not without some bias of class interest and caste prejudice, yet on the whole with an openness of mind and an independence of criticism to which the average member of the House of Commons is a total stranger; and their mode of discussing such questions has long been of such a character as puts the wordy and irrelevant bickerings of the popular chamber to signal shame. The Duke went on to argue that the Lords should at least remain in session as a consultative body, and discharge the functions which it was proposed to entrust to the reconstituted Privy Council under the Bill—a provision of the measure on which he looked, he said, with considerable distrust. His speech was certainly an admirable one, and Lord Paddington's reply, I thought, weak. The general feeling of the House was distinctly in the Duke's favour, and I don't feel at all sure that he would not have won if he had gone to a division. But the pressure upon him to withdraw was too strong.

May 3.—Curious the indirect support which so many of the newspapers give to the Duke's speech this morning. Even those which do not exactly commit themselves to the advocacy of his proposal to allow the House of Lords to remain in session, insist that the body, whatever it be, to which ministers are in future to submit

their legislative plans, should be a publicly deliberative instead of a privately consultative body. They are strangely unanimous in their dislike to the idea of having the public discussion of all proposed measures carried on in the newspapers alone. Their diffidence is really touching; but what does it mean? Is it the critic's natural shrinking from initiative? Or is it mere professional anxiety about 'subjecta'? *Nous verrons*. Meanwhile, how humorous a revenge has the whirligig of time brought round! Some of the noisiest vociferants for the abolition of the House of Lords a dozen years ago are now compelled to look respectfully on at, if not to take actual part in, a serious national debate on the question whether that House ought not to be expressly exempted from an abolition scheme. The legislative chamber which has so often meditated its brother's destruction now lies prostrate, and might well address its intended victim in the sullenly submissive words of Edmund: 'The wheel is come full circle; I am *here*.'

May 4.—Quite a warm argument at dinner last night with young Pencuick on the functions of journalism under the new *régime*. He contended strongly that though its political criticisms were not without their value under the present Parliamentary system, it would yet be most unsafe to constitute the newspaper the sole representative of the interests of the public, as concerned with the wisdom of legislation and with administrative efficiency. It was a duty, he maintained, for which the press was totally unfit. My answer, put as delicately as I could put it, was in effect that my young friend was speaking of the press as it is and not as it might and will be. The press, I said, was not wanting either in ability or common sense; all it lacked was independence and reflection. Its conductors and professional contributors merely required time to think and liberty to speak. At present the necessity of following hot-foot on the nightly chatter of Parliament deprived them of the one advantage, and the exigencies of the party system excluded them from the other. Once set them free from these two incumbrances and they would speedily rise to the height of their mission. Pencuick took my remarks in good part, but I don't think he was convinced.

May 31.—Parliament formally prorogued to-day for five years.

June 1 (8 A.M.).—It is difficult to describe my feelings as it gradually dawned upon my half-awakened mind this morning that Parliament would not meet to-day, or, except in certain very unlikely contingencies, any day for the next five years. What a blessed calm seems shed over all things! What a Sabbath stillness! It seems impossible to believe that that clatter of tongues is silenced, not for the brief Easter or Whitsuntide, or the longer but all too fleeting autumnal recess—not for a week, but for two hundred and sixty weeks; not for six months, but for sixty! Is it a dream or a reality? Whatever it be, let it last! Fervently do I echo the words of the

Ancient Mariner. 'O let me be awake,' I cry, 'Or let me sleep alway.'

10 A.M.—The first check to my satisfaction has been given me by the morning papers. All of them, without exception, have a 'first leader' on yesterday's ceremony at Westminster. They most of them give as an excuse that the first prorogation of Parliament for five years under the Quinquennial Act is a 'memorable event.' Yes, so memorable that we are not likely to forget it the next morning without half a dozen newspaper articles to remind us of it. However, beyond the half-column account of yesterday's formal proceedings, there is, thank Heaven! no Parliamentary report.

June 2.—Newspapers still disappointing. Most of them have got another 'first leader' on the dispersed Parliament. One begins, 'We make no apology for returning to the subject of,' &c. But, confound him! he *ought* to make an apology. Nothing short of a very abject apology could atone for so wanton an act. What was the good of shutting up the talking-shop at Westminster if the press is to open a fresh one in Fleet Street. Still I don't suppose they really contemplate any step so wickedly perverse as that. Their continuing to publish Parliamentary leaders after there has ceased to be a Parliament is merely an effect of the force of habit. Indeed, I dare say the act has become almost automatic with them, poor devils! just as a limb of one of the lower organisms goes on twitching after it has been severed from the trunk. There is a certain kind of purposeful ingenuity about it too, for here is one man who smuggles in his commentary under the disguise of a forecast, and gravely sets to work to discuss what political and social changes we may expect to have taken place when Parliament meets again in 1904. With what desperation these writers seem to cling to their old 'peg'! Perhaps some of them can't write on any other subject, though that would be rather surprising, for any man who could make a readable article on the sort of stuff that has been talked at Westminster for years past ought to be able, like Swift, to write beautifully on a broomstick. Anyhow it is a deplorable waste of energy, for when a real question of politics comes on for discussion—that is to say, when the Government publish the draft of some proposed provisional decree in the *Gazette*, or communicate the text of some important despatch just addressed to a foreign Power, the newspapers will want the best political writing they can get. Meanwhile they will be compelled, conservative as they are, to alter their bill of fare. The public, after shutting up the House of Commons, will *not* allow the rubbish they thought they had carted away for good to be just shot as usual on their breakfast-table in the form of two or three stodgy 'political' leaders *per diurnam per diem*. Our newspapers will have to give us shorter comments on more varied subjects. They must do so, even if they have to condescend to the sort of topics which people actually do discuss among themselves.

June 5.—Really the versatility of the newspapers is wonderful. They have now actually got hold of a subject which is political and yet of interest—of so much interest, indeed, that it was thoroughly threshed out six months ago at every intelligent dinner-table in the kingdom, while the ‘little victims’ of the last Parliament were playing ‘unconscious of their doom,’ and discussing every unimportant question in the world except that of their own right to continue in existence. In other words, the newspapers are now eagerly debating whether the suspension of Parliamentary government really portends what it superficially seems to imply, viz. a complete return to arbitrary and autocratic methods of government. Most of our journalists, including even some of the Democratic school, reject the superficial view with considerable confidence. To some people’s surprise perhaps—not to mine. I have always held, at the risk of rebuke for paradox, that journalists are not such fools as they look; and that if they were permitted to discuss political questions independently of party obligations, they would do so at least as intelligently and unconventionally as the man with the white hat in the Bayswater omnibus. They have at any rate got at the truth of the matter here, I think. Parliamentary government, down to the period of its corruption and decline, has, as they say, been an admirable schoolmaster of the people in the art of politics. It has left an ineffaceable impression on the minds both of the rulers and the ruled in this country. To suppose, then, that the virtues of moderation, justice, patriotism, devotion to national as distinguished from sectional interests—the one sound and valuable ingredient in the Democratic ideal—to suppose, I say, that these virtues will at once disappear from our public life because we have agreed to stop chattering, would be as irrational as it would be to imagine that the graces which Christianity has imparted to human character would perish instantly on the rejection of its dogmas. As to the *perpetuation* of either the one or the other—either the political virtues or the spiritual graces—that is a different matter. Special preservatives may have to be devised hereafter; it is with the present that we are immediately concerned. Besides, we anti-Parliamentarians are far from admitting that the abolition of the Parliamentary system will remove any genuine check to which ministers are now subject. On the contrary, we hold that it will strengthen these checks to a point of much more real efficiency.

September 8.—The complete collapse of the land agitation in Ireland has been most instructive. For years past there has been the utmost difficulty in obtaining punctual payment of the land tax or land tribute—for they can’t apparently make up their minds which of the two is the more offensive name to give to the instalments of their purchase-money—from the peasant proprietors; and just before the Quinquennial Act passed we were threatened with an actual strike

against this charge almost all over Ireland. An archbishop had blessed the movement and everything seemed to promise favourably for it. A few months of firm government, however, has wrought a marvellous change. Only three or four of the more violent agitators have had to be arrested and imprisoned; the rest are simply powerless. They can hardly muster audiences, and those who do attend make little or no response to the orator's appeals. Yet there is nothing particularly severe in the new administrative régime. Agrarian outrages are, it is true, more successfully hunted out than they used to be, and the summary procedure in cases of intimidation works well. But the real cause of the improvement is the impotence of the agitator, and the cause of *that* is simply the suppression of Parliamentary government under the party system. What can he promise his former dupes now? Nothing, or nothing that even the most credulous among them will believe. They know—for they see—that if the agitator goes one step beyond a certain point in his personal attempt to coerce the Government, he is clapped into gaol; and other means of coercion he has none. He can no longer pledge himself, as he virtually could in the old days, to wring this or that concession from England whether English public opinion approved of it or not. Ministers will consider his demands fairly enough, but if they do not approve of them, and if they see that English public opinion by its demeanour does not approve of them, why on earth *should* they give way? They cannot be subjected to any sort of embarrassment as a consequence of refusal. Their administration of the law cannot be obstructed; their tenure of office cannot be imperilled. Of course their lives can be threatened by dynamite or the dagger; but that danger they had to face under the Parliamentary system, and it is one which English public servants, from the highest to the lowest, are accustomed to face with composure. Fear of Parliamentary difficulties has always a more potent influence for the deflection of Irish policy than any other, and now that is removed the agitator is absolutely unable to bring the slightest pressure to bear upon the English Government without first converting the English people to their creed of violence and spoliation. That being hopeless, the agitator is powerless, and the people know it. Everywhere throughout Ireland they are returning to the ways of order and industry. The strike against the tribute, which by this time would probably have been universal over Ireland if Parliament had remained sitting, is everywhere breaking down. Payments, and even payments of arrears, are rapidly coming in; for instead of believing that he is about to wring from the Imperial Government a remission of the future instalments of his debt as well as of that now due, the Irish peasant has conceived a lively fear of being ejected from his holding and losing all the benefit of his seven or eight years' instalments unless he promptly makes good his past defaults.

September 20.—It really looks as if we should get non-collapsible bayonets at last. And all through one of the newspapers having in despair taken up the subject of the supply of defective weapons to the army. The editor took the report of the last commission as his text, and asked how much longer we meant, in the face of those revelations, to arm our soldiers with skewers which would double up against the back of a well-stuffed easy chair. He did it very well, and the public took the alarm. Correspondence poured into his columns from every side. Other newspapers were forced to take up the subject on competitive principles, and in less than a week there was as pretty a storm raging about the ears of the Secretary for War as any one could wish to hear. At first he seemed inclined to brave it; but this show of obstinacy rekindled the hopes of the Parliamentarians, who protested that a case had arisen for a special summons of Parliament under section 6 of the Quinquennial Act. The prospect of *that* calamity, however, was too much for the equanimity of the public. The outcry swelled into a roar, and the Prime Minister promptly intimated to his hesitating colleague that he must either satisfy the national demand at once or resign. He himself was now thoroughly alarmed, for there is now no chance for a minister to shelter himself behind a Cabinet, while they shelter themselves behind their party, and ride off upon a whitewashing vote of confidence. Ex-chiefs and ex-officials of the War Department, moreover, who under the old system would have been looking forward to mal-administering the service once more themselves, at the next turn of the party wheel, have now no longer an interest in hushing up departmental abuses, and have therefore become their most formidable assailants. An inquiry was held, *such* an inquiry as the oldest permanent inhabitant of the office had never witnessed; and with quite unprecedented results. Two officers of the department have been dismissed, and a contractor has been prosecuted to a conviction. So that we may fairly hope to hear no more of such scandals for some time to come.

October 5.—It is difficult to believe that more than four months have passed since Parliament separated, and yet that the Government have not promulgated a single Bill. Or rather it is difficult to believe that this should have happened, to the apparently universal satisfaction of the public. The Old Radicals, I remember, had prepared a list of as many as thirty-one measures, all of them declared urgent. Let me see: there was the Readjustment of Incomes Bill, the Compulsory Benvolence Bill, the Ginger Beer Prohibition (Peckham) Bill, the Inhuman Mousetraps Bill, the Inconvenient Contracts Abrogation Bill, the Heating and Lighting of Sentry-boxes (Woodwich) Bill, and a host of others. Every one of them was made a 'test' at the last election but one, and the Old Radical leader himself very nearly lost his seat because he was falsely charged with

having once said at a public meeting that a man ought in some cases to pay what he has agreed to pay, even if he finds that he has not got the best of the bargain. Well, it was prophesied that the denial or delay of these measures would cause a violent outbreak of popular impatience. Even those of my own party who ridiculed the supposed demand of the public for these precious legislative boons were rather inclined to take the same view. Habits were not easily changed they said, and the itch for legislation had become so inveterate that it would insist upon relief in the only possible way. People would begin to *imagine* that they wanted new laws on this, that, and the other subject, and the illusion, aptly fostered by agitators, would soon become invincible. Well, we shall see how that may be, but there are certainly no signs of it at present.

October 6.—It is unlucky to boast. This morning the text of a new Bill, issuing from the Home Office, has appeared in all the newspapers. It is to lie before the Council for six weeks, during which time of course it will be subjected to every sort of public criticism. ‘Now,’ said one of my Parliamentary friends to me to-day, rubbing his hands in malicious anticipation of triumph, ‘Now you will see what government by newspapers means, my boy.’ Of course I replied that if the expectations of my party were realised, it would not be a case of government *by* newspapers at all, but simply *through* them, just as a vital force is exerted through a bodily organism; and of course he replied that the bodily organism contributed nothing of its own, whereas the newspapers might contribute a great deal to the result, and that the whole question was, How much, and of what sort?

October 28.—I have not met my Parliamentary friend for some days, and I should think he must be glad of it. For a more signal refutation of his evil prophecies than he has witnessed during the last few weeks it would be difficult to conceive. The newspaper Parliament, as he contemptuously called it, has worked admirably. All the ablest men in both Houses have contributed to the discussion of the Bill—most of them more weightily, all of them more grammatically than they would have done from the green or the red benches. The bores and the pretenders, the prigs and the pedants, have, as I foresaw, been excluded by a natural process of selection. The best newspapers have evidently found that they simply cannot *afford* with their limited space to print the letters of such persons to the exclusion of more valuable matter. Some few of these cashiered chatterers contrived, on the strength of their Parliamentary and platform reputations, to force their way into print; but the editors who made this concession to a supposed popularity soon saw reason to regret it. For when reduced to literary, or to what was meant for literary, form, and above all when brought into contiguity and unavoidable comparison with the letters of really capable

political critics, the deplorable weakness of these gentlemen's contributions, the hollow tricks of their platitudinous rhetoric, the vices of their poor but dishonest arguments, became so painfully apparent to every eye that the editors themselves were quite ashamed of them, and religiously excluded them from their columns for the future. Pretenders, in fact, were snuffed out in the first few days, and since then the debate has been confined, with the exception of an occasional suggestion from some shrewd outsider, to experts in the true sense of the word. Well-known administrators, that is to say, have discussed the probable working of the Bill; lawyers of recognised capacity have examined its construction and phraseology; nay, jealous, and perhaps justly jealous, as we are of the intrusion of the political philosopher into practical politics, it has been possible to find room for the disquisitions of one or two of the ablest of those thinkers whose habit it is to apply certain fixed 'sociological' principles, as they still *will* call them to every political question of the day.

November 4.—Last Wednesday appeared the amended draft of the Bill, together with a statement explaining the reasons of the Government for not admitting into it certain of the suggested amendments which appeared worthy of consideration. It is a very able paper, or so, at least, it seems to me. It has at any rate converted me to the ministerial view on many points which before seemed to me doubtful. Two or three replies to it have made their appearance in the newspapers, but none of them have done much to shake the position of ministers.

November 17.—The Bill becomes law to-day, amid general satisfaction. It meets a *real* need, and would not have been introduced, no Government having anything to gain now by fussy and uncalled-for legislation, if it had not. The whole history of the business has, it seems to me, been most 'encouraging. The Bill just passed has been deliberately and above all impartially discussed by what is, in an entirely new and happier sense of the word, a 'Select' Committee of the Lords and Commons, ably assisted, but in no sense dictated to, by a companion committee of journalists and other unofficial politicians. The notion that the newspapers would habitually 'govern,' as they succeeded now and then in intermittently doing under the old system, has turned out a complete delusion. I always said that newspapers would be utterly unable to coerce Governments when they had no Parliament to act upon—no frightened herd of members always in anxiety about their seats and easily to be persuaded that a mere newspaper outcry is the voice of their cons—I was almost writing consciences instead of constituencies, but to this order of politician the two words mean much the same thing. Deprived of this ~~leverage~~ ^{leverage} the newspaper exercises its legitimate persuasive influence and no more.

November 19.—I was amused to-day to hear that Lord Long-

wind's letter to the *Morning Statesman* on the Bill, one of the ablest but one of the latest which appeared on the subject, was delayed for no less than a week by reason of its author's obstinate refusal to cut it down to a column and a half. It was not till every one of the chief London newspapers had refused admission to it except on these terms that Longwind did consent to cut it down, and now I understand he is candid enough to admit that he thinks it has been vastly improved by the operation. So that our new system of government will be not only an improvement of political methods but a school of literary style.

May 3, 1900.—The Budget just settled with very little difficulty. And people thought that this would be so formidable a test of the working of the Quinquennial Act! Yet why? How often in our political history has any Budget been materially amended in the House of Commons? Surely very seldom. A decent Chancellor of the Exchequer, with his excellent permanent officials at his back, is stronger in fact than any of his Parliamentary critics. And the same remark applies to a good head of a Spending Department in the matter of the Estimates, which have gone through this year as smoothly as oil.

December 14, 1901.—I am almost ashamed to look my diary in the face: it is more than a year and a half since I made any entry in it. But the gaps in its chronology only measure the progress of the national welfare. Happy country which can find no material even for such humble annals as these! Little more than two of our five unparliamentary years have gone by, and what a change has taken place! England prosperous, Ireland tranquil and healing her of her grievous wound; classes united, factions dispersed; wisdom vocal, folly silent; administration immensely improved, legislation enormously reduced; the mother country drawing her colonies closer to her day by day, and, for the first time since the early years of the century, resuming that position in Europe which only a continuous foreign policy could ever have regained for her. It is possible that the Old Radical may make a last struggle for the repeal of the Quinquennial Act in 1904; but though I am not a sporting man I am ready to bet that when Parliament meets again in that year, it will meet not to repeal that beneficial statute, but to make it, under proper safeguards, perpetual.

H. D. TRAILL.

ENGLAND AND EUROPE.

NEVER to prophesy unless you know is a sound rule for all political writers, especially for those whose forecasts are, as in the present instance, liable to be falsified by the course of events in the interval that must necessarily elapse between their being recorded on paper and published in print. Mindful of this rule, I shall express no opinion as to whether we are, or are not, on the eve of a European war. On any reasonable calculation of the forces tending for and against war, the balance of probabilities seems to me to incline decidedly in favour of peace. But in all mundane affairs it is impossible to overrate the influence of human folly; and just because a general war at the present seems to ordinary apprehension so inconceivably foolish, I feel by no means confident that it may not occur after all. This much, however, is certain, that whether we have a war this year or next year, or not for years to come, war is on the cards, and must remain on the cards as long as Europe remains in a condition of unstable equilibrium. It may therefore be worth while to point out broadly what are the causes which disturb the equilibrium of Europe at the present moment, and how the removal of these causes either by violent or pacific means is likely to affect the policy and fortunes of England. In order to do this, it is necessary to make what the Germans call a *Rundschau* of the relations existing among the chief continental nations.

For the purposes of this look-around the minor states may be left out of account. They form the pawns on the European chess-board, which are utilised or sacrificed as may suit the strategy of the kings and queens, but which do not and cannot initiate any game of their own. Owing to a variety of causes, into which it would be foreign to my purpose to enter, but which are independent of the politics of the day, the era of small independent states, in as far as Europe, at any rate, is concerned, is obviously drawing to a close. The phase of evolution through which the European world is passing tends to the amalgamation of adjacent states into large commonwealths, and to the obliteration of small communities, whose only reason of existence is an accident of race, religion, or language. Indeed, from a philosophical standpoint, the one conclusive argument

against the Irish Nationalists is that they are at variance not so much with the power of England as with the power of natural forces which tend in favour of large communities to the detriment of small ones. It is useless to struggle against the tide; and the same tide which in politics is set in the direction of democracy is set in respect of international relations in the direction of uniting kindred populations under one common rule in lieu of separating them by artificial barriers. In any estimate, therefore, of the changes likely to be introduced into the map of Europe, one may safely leave out of account the interests and ambitions of the smaller states, such as Denmark, Holland, Bulgaria, or Portugal. I say this in no cynical spirit of indifference for the rights and fortunes of petty communities, but simply as a recognition of plain facts. No cynicism is involved in the expression of a conviction that when the iron pot and the crockery pot come into collision it is the latter which will be broken to atoms. So long as there is no motive for collision, the pots may swim down the stream in safety together. But those who believe that if the motive arises the iron pots will be restrained by international law or by public opinion from colliding with the crockery pots, must have a robustness of faith in the power of moral force which I for one do not possess.

In this consideration, therefore, of the possible eventualities which lie before Europe in the not remote future, I shall confine myself to the great Powers—that is, to Russia, Germany, France, Austria, and Italy—and shall endeavour to indicate what are the permanent, as distinguished from the temporary, interests and influences which lead them to desire a revision of the map of Europe, and then to point out how this revision is likely to influence, or be influenced by, the policy of England. It may be noticed that I leave Turkey out of account, though I shall have to speak of her in connection with almost every one of the above-named Powers. But the plain truth is, that in all future European complications the initiative does not and cannot rest with Turkey. There can be no hunt without the fox; but it is not the fox which starts the hunt or decides its fortunes.

In any investigation of this kind the foremost place must be given to the great Muscovite Empire. Russia is still to a great extent the unknown quantity in the European problem. For some reason or other the Russophobia which prevailed so largely when first I began to take an interest in foreign affairs has gone out of fashion. Yet though the views of the school of which Mr. Urquhart was the chief exponent were tinged with an exaggeration which gave them an air of absurdity, I think there was more ground than modern Liberals would allow for the theory that the growth of Russia constitutes a standing menace to the tranquillity, if not to the safety, of Europe. History repeats itself; and it is impossible for any one to read now-a-days the orations in which Demosthenes warned his

countrymen in vain against the aggrandisement of the Macedonian power, without feeling that the analogy between Greece and Macedon and Europe and Russia is too close to be pleasant. In both cases you have on one side a number of highly civilised states confident in their strength, their wealth, and their culture, but distracted by conflicting interests, internal jealousies, and rival ambitions; on the other you have a vast semi-barbaric power governed by one will, animated by one desire, and pushing its way by a sort of blind instinct towards the rich and fertile south. I do not overlook the fact that the European civilisation of to-day possesses elements of moral and material strength not appertaining to the Hellenic civilisation of two thousand years ago. On the other hand, Russia is in respect of civilisation infinitely superior to Macedonia; and I own it does not seem to me impossible that the historian of the future may have cause in the time to come to descant in glowing terms on the infatuation which led Europe to occupy herself with domestic reforms and internal disputes, and to pay no heed to the gradual but steady advance of the Colossus of the North.

Reflections, however, of this kind are, I admit freely, somewhat beyond the mark in the matter I am now dealing with. For good or for evil, any concerted action on the part of the European Powers to check the advance of Russia is now out of the question. The last real effort to effect this end was made at the time of the Crimean war, and the result of the experiment was not such as to encourage its repetition. In all human likelihood Russia will be left to work out her manifest destiny without serious let or hindrance on the part of the European Powers; and that destiny, if I am right in my forecast, impels her southwards. This admission is not prompted by any dislike. It is quite possible to have a fear of Russia without entertaining towards her any feeling of illwill. Such, at any rate, is my own state of mind. What I see in Russia is an enormous population, united by a common language and common creed, governed by a paternal autocrat, whose sympathies, ambitions, and interests are in accord with those of the people over whom he rules, and arrived at that degree of civilisation which renders a nation apt to carry on war and indifferent to its consequences. Of course, Russia, which, as I have said before, is still an unknown quantity, may be threatened with internal revolutions or with the disruption of her unwieldy empire. But my own impression is that the same causes which have called Russia into existence will keep her fabric together for many a year to come. All the agitations and movements of which we hear so much are confined to a class and extend over a very limited area. The great mass of the Russian people are more than half oriental in their character, and share the innate conservatism of the Eastern world, its intense dislike for change, its passive acquiescence in all established authority. I am even more sceptical as to the

common theory that Russia is likely to be restrained from war by financial difficulties or by any thought of the injury that war might inflict upon her commercial credit. As a matter of fact, Russia has far less reason to dread war than any other European nation. She has no practical cause to dread the invasion of her territory even in the event of her defeat. She has no trade of any consequence except in the interior of Asia; she has no manufacturing industries to take into account; she is absolutely self-supporting; she can, as experience has shown, bear the strain of a long and unsuccessful war with far less detriment to her resources than more civilised and more highly organised communities.

Thus the possibility of war is not calculated to deter Russia from carrying out any designs she may entertain for her own aggrandisement. Indeed it is not necessary to assume that Russia deliberately entertains any design at all. The selfsame instinct which leads the chick, when it reaches a certain age, to break its shell necessarily impels Russia to push onwards towards the south and towards the sea. This impulse may be accelerated or retarded by the personal proclivities of her rulers or by fortuitous causes. But the impulse exists, and will continue to exist until it is either satisfied or rendered impossible of attainment. Russia, to speak plainly, can never rest contented till she has reached the Bosphorus on one side and the Persian Gulf on the other. Whether she will succeed in either or both these objects, time alone can decide. All I contend is that till Russia has wrought out her manifest destiny or has been taught by experience that its fulfilment is an impossibility, she will never acquiesce in the present arrangement of the map of Europe. Of the two objective points she has in view, access to the Bosphorus is, in her eyes, infinitely the more pressing and the more important. Apart from the instinct of expansion, which at all times has driven the inhabitants of the ice-bound North towards the sunlit South, Russia is impelled Stamboulwards by her position as champion of the Greek Church and as the protector of the Slav races. The ambition to extend her frontiers eastwards, and to establish her dominion over Central Asia, if not over India and China, is, I fancy, the wish rather of her official, military, and educated classes than of the great mass of her people. In their eyes Holy Russia is a reality, not an empty phrase, and to drive the Moslem out of Europe is the first duty of the Slavonic Empire. In the outset the advance of Russia towards Persia and Afghanistan was made with the view of facilitating the ultimate acquisition of Constantinople. It remains to be seen whether, if that object should be attained, the desire for expansion eastwards would survive its attainment. Personally I am inclined to think that with the acquisition of Constantinople the thoughts of Russia would, for a long time at any rate, be diverted from India and Central Asia, and turned towards Austria on the west and the

Holy Land on the east. All this, however, is mere speculation. The future action of Russia, supposing her to gain possession of Constantinople, must depend upon the conditions under which she might become mistress of the Bosphorus and upon the changes which this acquisition must necessitate in her internal condition. This much, however, may, I think, be confidently asserted, that a variety of circumstances might induce Russia to abandon definitively all idea of extending her dominions to the Indian Ocean or the Persian Gulf, but that no combination of circumstances, short of an absolute conviction of its impossibility, will ever induce her to give up the idea of establishing herself on the Bosphorus. It follows, therefore, that there is no such thing as a condition of stable equilibrium possible for Europe until Russia has either got hold of Constantinople, or has been crushed in the attempt to do so.

Germany presents in some respects a much easier subject for investigation than Russia, in other respects a much more difficult one. We know very little about the real strength and consistency of Russia; but we know pretty well what she has wanted in the past, and what she is likely to want in the future. But with Germany the case is different. The German Empire, as we know it now, came into existence with the Franco-German war. In the course of seventeen years it has become very strong and very formidable not only as a military but as a political power. That it may become yet more strong and yet more formidable is my heartfelt wish, as it must be that of every Englishman who understands the conditions of our own tenure of power, and who realises the dangers to which Europe is exposed by the aggrandisement of Russia. Still a wish is not identical with a conviction. The Germany of to-day is so completely the creation of a few men whose political careers are now all drawing to a close, that it is very difficult to foresee how far their handiwork may survive their own removal. Russia twenty years hence will in all fundamental respects be very like what Russia is to-day and was twenty years ago. Sovereigns and statesmen may change, but the general character of its people and government will remain much the same. He would be a rash man who would venture to make a similar prediction with regard to Germany. Still, though it is probable we should not have had a united Fatherland at the present day if it had not been for the individual exertions of Prince Bismarck, Count Moltke, and the Emperor William, it is absolutely certain they could never have succeeded in their task if the desire of unity had not impressed itself upon the Teutonic mind. This desire will survive the artificers by whom it was given form and substance, and the general influences which called the German Empire into being will operate to secure its continued existence. At all events any calculation of the kind on which I am engaged must start with the assumption that the *status quo* in Europe is to be taken as its basis.

Granted this assumption, it is not very difficult to ascertain what are of necessity the objects of German ambition. The extraordinary martial successes of Germany, the immense efforts she has made to maintain her military supremacy, and the exorbitant burdens to which she has submitted for the purpose of keeping up her colossal standing army, have caused the outside world, and especially the English world, to lose sight of the great progress she has made of late as a commercial and industrial community. This progress can only be compared to that made by France under the Second Empire, while it has this signal advantage, that it is, in the main, the result of individual enterprise, not of State initiative and impulse. The industrial development of Germany has proceeded *pari passu* with her military aggrandisement; and whenever she is relieved from the dread of immediate attack, which, with or without reason, is her dominant thought at the present moment, as it has been ever since the late war, her policy will necessarily be directed by commercial rather than strategical considerations. Germany has all the conditions required for the creation of a great mercantile community. She has a large and hardworking population, a central position; her people have the trading and colonising instinct; her merchants have established themselves successfully in all parts of the globe. All that she requires to become a first-class mercantile power is free access to the sea and the command of a large seafaring population. Given these conditions, it is not difficult to foretell that Germany, if she retains her military supremacy, will not rest content without having a better seaboard than she at present possesses. Sooner or later the Austrian ports on the Mediterranean will probably be made available for the extension and development of German trade. This object could, however, be attained without the need of any territorial changes, provided Austria could be induced to enter the German Customs Union. It is enough for my present purpose to say that Trieste may, and will probably, be converted into a German port without any necessity for a resort to arms. It is, however, to the west rather than to the south that Germany must look for the real extension of her trade. The Baltic ports are unavailable for winter traffic. Hamburg and Bremen lie too much to the north and too far from the sea. The natural outlets of German trade are the ports of Holland and Belgium. In order to avoid being misunderstood, let me say once for all that I am not finding excuses for, still less advocating, the possible annexation of Belgium and Holland by Germany. My wish is to point out what are the objects the various great Powers may reasonably have in view in any revision of the map of Europe. From this standpoint I fail to see how any impartial observer can dispute the statement that the acquisition of Holland or Belgium or both countries must be an object of desire to Germany. It does not follow that this acquisition need be effected by annexation. The

interests Germany has at heart would be equally well protected if the Dutch and Flemish States could be induced to enter the German Customs Union and to allow their relations with foreign Powers to be conducted at Berlin. In other words, the requirements of Germany would be fulfilled if Belgium and Holland could, by persuasion or compulsion, be induced to occupy a position similar to that of Bavaria.

If this end could be achieved, Germany would thereby be rendered a formidable maritime as well as a mercantile power. As a necessary result the desire for colonial expansion, which has already made itself manifest in the Fatherland, would undoubtedly assume larger proportions. Such a desire might conceivably bring her into collision with England. This danger, however, is hypothetical, or at any rate remote. In any case we may take it for granted that, if Germany, rightly or wrongly, should deem it for her interest to obtain command of the mouths of the Rhine and the Scheldt, she will not be deterred from so doing by the possibility that such an addition to her territories might lead to the extension of her colonial empire at the cost of England.

As to the relations of Germany with France, I can say what I have to say more appropriately when I come to the consideration of the outlook for France. It is enough to say now that, if the map of Europe is to be revised at any time in accordance with the wishes of Germany, any such revision must include a material alteration in the relative strength of France and Germany. It is obvious that Germany cannot continue indefinitely the gigantic efforts she is now making to keep herself on an equality with France in respect of her military armaments. I am not discussing now whether the apprehensions entertained by Germany are reasonable or otherwise. All I assert is that, as a matter of fact, the German nation are convinced that France is on the look-out for the first opportunity of attacking her; that in order to guard against this danger, whether real or hypothetical, they are prepared to make any sacrifice; and that if at any time they can see their way to reduce France to a position in which her animosity would be no longer formidable, they will welcome any means of escape from the enormous premium of insurance they now have to pay in the shape of an immense standing army. I do not say, I do not think, that Germany is prepared to go to war in order to secure the objects in question. What I do say is that, in the event of a war, the objects Germany will have in view as compensation for her sacrifices are the conversion of Trieste into a German port, the acquisition of the Dutch and Belgian seaboard, and the reduction of France to military impotence in so far as her northern frontiers are concerned.

Austria, on the other hand, has far more to lose than to gain by any possible revision of the chart of Europe. By a strange nemesis the

epithet which Prince Metternich once applied to Italy has become meaningless in reference to the peninsula, and only too full of meaning with regard to his own country. Austria is nowadays a geographical expression. There is no such thing as an Austrian nation, or, in the true meaning of the term, as an Austrian state. The Hapsburg monarchy rules over a mass of disjointed and discordant races united together only by the accidental tie of a common dynasty. Many causes have contributed to this result: the chief and most important is the dual system established in consequence of the successful demand for Home Rule on the part of Hungary. When the Rechberg scheme for the creation of a federal empire made shipwreck owing to the refusal of the Magyars to entertain any compromise short of one which secured their legislative independence, the fate of Austria was sealed. If the leaders of the Hungarian patriots had been wiser, they would have seen that a powerful Austria was an essential condition of their own independence, and that Austria could only be powerful if Hungary consented to merge her individual independence in that of the united empire. They failed to see this, and the result was the introduction after Sadowa of the dual system, under which Austria is doomed to disintegration. The Poles, the Croats, and the Bohemians are struggling to obtain the independence already possessed by Hungary; and in the event of any general European war in which Austria was involved, the Hapsburg empire, hemmed in between Russia on one side and Germany on the other, could hardly hope to escape disintegration. The real strength and backbone of the Empire is to be found in the German element. But this element naturally gravitates towards Germany. The Magyars dislike the Germans, but are still more afraid of the Slavs; and the Slavs, who are jealous alike of the Hungarians and the Germans, look to Russia as their champion. Under these circumstances Austria has so much to fear from a general European war, that no compensation she could hope to obtain from it would reconcile her to the prospect. But if war should come she would infallibly seek for an extension of territory at the cost of Turkey. The reason why this must be so is obvious enough to any one who realises the conditions of her being. The ascendancy of the German element is, as I have said, essential to her existence. This ascendancy can only be maintained by the active support of Germany. In consequence the foreign policy of Austria is necessarily directed by the interests and aspirations of her all-powerful ally. Now the policy of Germany has been of late years to remove the centre of gravity of Austria towards the east. The calculation on which this policy is based is not difficult of comprehension. If Austria extends her territory to Salonica, one of two things must happen. Either the German element remains supreme, in which case Germany secures a strong footing and vantage-ground in the east of Europe; or if the German

element fails to hold its own after the addition to Austria of new Slav States, the German provinces of the Empire will place themselves in fact, if not in name, under the protection of the Fatherland. Moreover, apart from the impulse given by Germany, Austria must of necessity contemplate the extension of her frontiers to the *Ægean* Sea as the necessary result of any general disturbance of the peace of Europe. Any such disturbance, as I have already said, must eventuate in a further advance of Russia towards the Bosphorus. If, as I am convinced, Austria is unwilling, even if she is not unable, to resist that advance, she must seek to counterbalance it by an equivalent advance on her side towards the East. I have reason to know that throughout all the recent complications a strong belief has been entertained at the Porte that the reports of impending war between Germany and France on the one hand, and Russia and Austria on the other, were simply got up in order to divert public attention from the real object the three Empires have in view, that is, the immediate partition of Turkey in Europe, in virtue of an arrangement which has been arrived at between the Courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg, with the sanction and at the instigation of the Court of Berlin. Personally I have no great faith in the credibility of these reports. I have lived enough in the East to know that to the Oriental mind the mere circumstance, of any course of action being tortuous, underhand, and obscure, seems an overwhelming argument in favour of its being likely to be adopted. But the fact that such a belief should be very generally entertained at this moment in well-informed quarters at Stamboul illustrates the force of my contention, that any advance of Russia towards the Bosphorus involves, as a logical necessity, a corresponding advance on the part of Austria. We may take it, therefore, for granted that Austria, though she will not initiate any European conflict, and will, indeed, as we have seen, do all in her power to avert its occurrence, yet looks to the extension of her frontiers to the *Ægean* as the necessary result of war whenever it may take place.

Italy, happily for herself, is in a position wherein she has little to gain from a European war, except in the highly improbable contingency of such a war restoring to France her lost supremacy. Upon any other supposition Italy might gain by war, and could not very well lose. She is not likely under any circumstances to occupy the first rank amidst the possible belligerents. Her alliance, however, would be valuable to all parties; and if, as seems probable, her support should be given to the winning side, there are certain compensations to which she would naturally look as the reward of her services. Italy, though she has long ago acquiesced cordially in the cession of Savoy, whose retention would have been to her a source of weakness, not of strength, has never reconciled herself to

the loss of Nice, which she regards, and rightly regards, as Italian in race, and language, and sentiment. For similar reasons she desires a rectification of the Austrian frontier, so as to bring the Italian Tyrol under the government of Rome. Then, again, the Italians cherish a strong wish to acquire territory on the African shores of the Mediterranean. They have always viewed the French annexation of Tunis with extreme jealousy; and if France were worsted in a war in which Italy had been arrayed on the side of her enemies, the compensation Italy would anticipate at the close of the war would probably include the cession of Tunis to the peninsula. Still, all these objects, however much Italy may have any of them at heart, are not of a kind to induce her to risk her fortunes in the chance of their attainment. The Italians have a large share of caution and common sense; though not wanting in martial qualities, they are not by nature a warlike people. Their minds are occupied for the present with the organisation of their country and with the development of their commerce; and their influence will be exerted to preserve the peace of Europe. But if war should break out Italy will be compelled to take sides; and, as the price of her adhesion, she will look first to the restoration of Nice, secondly to the acquisition of Tunis, and thirdly to the rectification of her Tyrolese frontier.

The real danger to the peace of Europe lies in the attitude of France. It is not my wish to say anything to the disparagement of a nation for whom Englishmen, as a body, have a very genuine sympathy. But, judging France by the same standard as that which I have tried to apply to the other continental nations, I find that in her case alone the interests and aspirations of her people militate against the preservation of European peace. I do not say these interests are illegitimate, or these aspirations unreasonable. All I do say is that their existence is a source of peril. As a matter of fact, the dominant desire of the French nation is to undo the work accomplished by the Franco-German war, and to secure for France the position she held in Europe previous to 1870. It is perfectly true that France views the prospect of any immediate war with Germany with the utmost repugnance, if not with absolute apprehension. But the desire to bring about a state of things under which such a war might be entered on with fair chance of success is one which is common to all parties and all classes in France. It would be absurd to blame France for cherishing this desire; it is even more absurd to blame Germany for taking the existence of this desire into account in determining her own policy. France, whatever her statesmen may choose to profess, is arming with a view to war; is making herself ready for war; is counting on the contingency of war. A desire for war in the abstract is quite consistent with an aversion to a particular war at a special moment; and, though I am

convinced France will go to the utmost possible length of concessions in order to avoid giving Germany any pretext for making war upon her at present, I am equally convinced that France's desire for war constitutes a danger to the peace of Europe. It is only through war that France can ever hope to regain her lost provinces or her lost prestige; and therefore, of necessity, she desires war. Now, if the warlike aspirations of France were solely or even mainly confined to the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine, it would be difficult for Englishmen to blame these aspirations, however much they might militate against their own interests. It is very hard to understand the true feelings of any foreign nation, however intimately one may be acquainted with it. But my own strong impression is that in ordinary French feeling the desire for the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine occupies a very secondary position to the desire for the recovery of French prestige and ascendancy. Englishmen are apt to judge of Frenchmen by thinking what their own feelings would be if Cornwall or Kent were annexed to some continental power as the result of a war in which we had been signally defeated. But from a variety of causes, into which it would take me far too long to enter at present, French patriotism, though very genuine of its kind, differs entirely from English patriotism. The saying of Queen Mary after the loss of Calais, that when she was dead the name of England's lost stronghold would be found written on her heart, represents, in a not exaggerated form, the sentiment which Englishmen would experience if England had experienced a loss similar to that inflicted on France by the cession of her two north-eastern provinces. I doubt greatly whether a similar sentiment is experienced in France with anything like the same intensity. No doubt the French nation regret bitterly the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, and would welcome eagerly any chance of their recovery. But what I contend is that they regret far more bitterly the loss of their national importance, and would welcome far more eagerly any opportunity of regaining it. In other words, I believe if France could be offered the choice of surrendering all idea of regaining Alsace and Lorraine, or foregoing all idea of becoming once more the leading power in Europe, she would elect unhesitatingly for the former alternative. Somehow or other the loss of territory does not affect French imagination or French sentiment so much as the loss of prestige. I remember, very shortly after the close of the late war, my friend M. Lanfrey saying to me that his chief fear was that the result of the campaign might deprive the French of the belief in their own superiority, because if they once lost that they lost everything. The force of this remark often comes home to me when I see the restless activity with which the French keep a look-out for some opportunity of vindicating their claim to pre-eminence. No doubt their foremost and dominant aim is to inflict a defeat on Germany. If, however,

this satisfaction is denied them by the force of circumstances, they will, I am convinced, grasp at any occasion of asserting their ascendancy at the cost of any other power. To speak plainly, what France requires is the rehabilitation of her *amour propre*; and the existence of such a requirement constitutes a permanent danger to the peace of Europe. No doubt the present phase of her relations with Germany precludes any immediate realisation of her ambition. But, in default of Germany, France would be well content to obtain satisfaction elsewhere; and a variety of contingencies are possible under which Germany might not be averse to France gratifying her national vanity, so long as the gratification was not directly to her own detriment.

Moreover, the peculiar condition of French affairs increases the risk of France becoming the disturbing element in Europe. Under the Republic the direction of public affairs is passing more and more into the hands of the classes who have little to lose by war, and who have the most exaggerated notions of the natural right of France to dictate her will to Europe. Again, in every other European country, though there may be sharp and bitter party disputes, there is no party which entertains the wish for a foreign war as a means to effect a change in the government at home. But in France the contending factions are so embittered against each other that there are no lengths to which party animosity may not be carried. The Republicans would undoubtedly sooner subject France to the risk of a disastrous war than submit to the sacrifice of the Republic; while the Monarchists, though their party spirit might not carry them to such extravagant lengths, would yet regard without aversion a war in which defeat would be compensated for by the overthrow of the Republic. A country, too, in which a Boulanger is a possibility, and in which every general may look to a dictatorship as the reward of a successful campaign, cannot but constitute a source of permanent danger to the interests of peace.

To sum up briefly, if my forecast is correct, the objects which the chief continental powers would have in view in the event of a European war may be described as follows. Russia would aim at obtaining the command of the Bosphorus and access to the Persian Gulf. Germany might desire to acquire control of the Dutch or Belgian seaboard, and to make Trieste a part of the Empire. Austria would look to the extension of her frontiers to the *Ægean*, and Italy would aspire to the recovery of Nice and the annexation of Tunis, while France would look forward to the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine, or, failing that, to the re-establishment of her prestige at the cost of her neighbours. I neither say nor think that any one of these powers is prepared to make war in order to obtain these respective objects of desire. What I do say is, that, in

the event of war, these are the objects which the different powers will have in view as the result of their participation in the war.

It remains, therefore, to consider what should be the attitude of England towards the various aims which, according to my theory, are entertained by the leading nations of the Continent. Of all the dangerous delusions entertained by the modern school of English Liberals, the most fatal, to my mind, is the theory that England has only a platonic interest in continental affairs. The belief that, if England only minds her own business, no other nation will ever dream of interfering with her, is absolutely childish in its ignorance of the world. We have played too great a part in the past, we occupy too great a position in the present, to enjoy the immunity of insignificance. Our wealth, our prosperity, our free institutions, our insular security, our unconscious assumption of superiority are constant causes of irritation and ill-will on the part of every continental nation. Even in those countries which, from political or domestic reasons, are best disposed towards us, there is a latent jealousy of England which would render any disaster that might befall us cause for very qualified regret. There is hardly a nation in the world to whose development or aggrandisement the existence of the British Empire is not more or less of an obstacle. We are, to speak the plain truth, an eyesore to the world at large; and this fact constitutes a source of permanent peril of which all prudent statesmanship should take account. Our safety lies in the rivalries, jealousies, and animosities of the Continental Powers. If ever these causes of division should be removed, the danger of a European coalition against England would become imminent. Whenever a conviction gains ground that we are unable or unwilling to hold our own, and can be attacked with impunity, we shall be attacked at once. No change of policy on our part can avert this danger. We have got to face it; and the whole of our relations with the Continental States ought to be based on a recognition of the fact that under certain contingencies a European coalition against England is not only a possibility, but a probability.

The paramount object of our foreign policy must be the preservation of European peace. This, however, is not a matter which lies within our own control. We are bound, in our own self-defence, to consider beforehand what our attitude should be in the eventuality of war. Now, as a matter of fact, we cannot exercise any decisive influence in any war waged upon the mainland of Europe. Things have changed since the date of the campaigns which closed at Waterloo. The introduction of universal military service throughout the Continent has placed us at a hopeless disadvantage in as far as war on the mainland of Europe is concerned. So long as, rightly or wrongly, we decline even to entertain the idea of keeping up a standing army commensurate to the size of our population, we

are, to use a sporting phrase, not in the hunt. We may be well advised in declining to embark in the ruinous competition into which the continental nations have entered in order to outbid each other in the number of their men under arms. But so long as we do so decline we must make up our minds to the fact that in any continental war we must play a very secondary part. To put the matter plainly, almost every one of the changes in the chart of Europe to which I have alluded can now be carried out, if the Continental States are so minded, without our having the power, even if we have the will, to place any absolute veto on the effectuation of the change proposed. On the other hand our naval and our commercial supremacy gives us the power of facilitating or retarding the execution of these or similar changes. The question, therefore, for British statesmanship to determine beforehand is the attitude this country should assume whenever, as will infallibly be the case at no very distant period, one or more of these changes become imminent. Our position, as I take it, is this. In the last resort we cannot hinder these changes being accomplished if the parties interested are determined on their accomplishment. But by assenting to those changes which do not affect our vital interests, and by facilitating their execution, we may obtain the support requisite to enable us to frustrate other changes which would affect our imperial interests.

Now, so much depends upon the specific conditions and circumstances under which any one of these changes may be effected, that it is impossible to say absolutely beforehand how it might or might not affect our interests. Still, if we are to look ahead at all, we can form some general idea as to the bias with which we should regard the alterations in question. Let me try and indicate very briefly what in my judgment this bias should be.

As regards Russia I feel convinced, though my conviction is arrived at with extreme regret, that it is not our interest to oppose her advance towards the Bosphorus. We cannot rely on any effective support in resisting the partition of Turkey in Europe, and it is not worth our while, even if it is within our power, to resist that partition single-handed. I have an utter disbelief in the possibility of the petty kingdoms formed out of the provinces already detached from the Ottoman Empire ever presenting any effective barrier to the advance of Russia. The manifest destiny of Turkey in Europe is to be divided between Russia and Austria, and whenever such a division is agreed upon with the sanction of Germany, we shall have to accept it as an accomplished fact. I admit fully that the acquisition of the Bosphorus by Russia would be a calamity to England as part of Europe. But I believe to England herself the calamity would be by no means so great as is commonly supposed. The opening of the Suez Canal, and the altered conditions both of war and trade, have very much diminished both the strategical and the commercial im-

portance of Constantinople. Islam is no longer the power that it used to be, and the advance of Russia to the Dardanelles would be infinitely less dangerous to our interests than her advance to Herat or to the Persian Gulf. Our real interest in the Eastern question lies in India and in Egypt, and any change in the status of European Turkey which gave Russia full occupation nearer home and diverted her energies from the creation of a Central Asiatic empire would be an advantage to England.

It need hardly be said that, whether Russia does or does not obtain possession of the Bosphorus, the advance of Austria to Salonica would be a positive gain to England. On the latter hypothesis the extension of Austrian territory to the *Ægean* would diminish the prospect of Russia's occupying Stamboul; on the former hypothesis it would neutralise the danger of the occupation. Granted that the Turk has got to go, nothing could be better for us than that Austria should take his place in Eastern Europe. That the Turk has got to go is now hardly open to doubt, and in as far as British statesmanship can promote the Germanisation, as opposed to the Russification, of Turkey in Europe, our policy should be directed to that end. Moreover, if Austria should advance to the *Ægean*, she will do so at the instigation and with the support of Germany, and, for reasons to which I shall allude presently, it is our interest above all things to stand well with Germany.

In respect of Italy there is absolutely no reason, but the contrary, why our policy should run counter to her aspirations. Italy has probably more genuine goodwill towards and sympathy for England than any other continental power; and though the policy of nations is directed in the long run by their interests and not by their sentiments, yet sentimental considerations are not things to be ignored. If Italy could regain Nice, or substitute herself for France in Tunis, or obtain the southern slopes of the Tyrolese Alps, England could have no possible objection to the result, even if she did not approve the way by which the result was accomplished. It may be said that the two first and most important of these changes could only be effected to the detriment of France. To this my answer would be that, though we have no wish to see France weakened, yet that we have no interest in seeing her strengthened, so long as she remains under her present condition of government and is animated by her present spirit.

The truth is—and it is idle to blink the fact—that the intense desire of France to reassert her old ascendancy constitutes a real and permanent danger for England. In as far as Alsace and Lorraine are concerned England has every reason to desire that France should regain her lost provinces, supposing always their recovery should not be accompanied by any serious diminution of the power of Germany. But any such contingency seems out of the question, and there-

fore we must base our calculations on the supposition that France, seeing no prospect, for the present at any rate, of regaining Alsace and Lorraine, will turn her attention to the other and I believe the chief object of her ambition—the restoration of her imperial prestige. Revenge on Germany being out of the question, France can only recover her prestige at the cost of some other power; and the power which presents most opportunities of attack, and is least likely to have on her side the sympathies of Europe, is undoubtedly England. As I have pointed out, a coalition against England is by no means an impossibility, and in any such coalition France is certain to take a leading if not the principal part. I cannot, therefore, disguise from myself that the dissatisfaction of France with her present position, and her almost morbid desire to vindicate her supremacy no matter at whose cost or to whose detriment, are a standing danger to England. In Egypt, Madagascar, Tonquin, Oceania, and indeed at every point where our interests come into contact, France has shown of late a disposition to thwart and embarrass England; and if circumstances should secure the French Republic the support or even the neutrality of the other continental powers, we may rest assured that this disposition would assume the form of active annoyance and encroachment.

This being the case, it is manifestly the interest of England to keep on friendly and even more than friendly terms with the one power by which France is kept under restraint, and whose influence is paramount at St. Petersburg. That power is Germany. For many reasons, of race, language, religion, character, and institutions, the English and German nations are natural allies. Our interests, moreover, tend in the same direction. We can assist Germany in her colonial aspirations, and can secure the safety of her commerce at sea in virtue of our maritime supremacy. Germany, on the other hand, in virtue of her military supremacy, can secure us against any risk to which we are exposed by the hopeless numerical inferiority of our standing army to those of the Continent. England and Germany, if united by a cordial alliance, would be the arbiters of Europe. To promote and facilitate such an alliance should, as I hold, be the main object of British statesmanship. But it is absolutely essential to any genuine understanding between the two countries that neither of them should stand in the way of objects which the other has at heart. In as far as I can see, Germany has no interest or motive to lead her to oppose herself to the consolidation and development of our colonial empire. On the other hand, England, if she pursues her old traditions of foreign policy, is very likely to find herself in antagonism to Germany on the object to which the latter country attaches the utmost importance, the modification of the map of Europe in such a way as to secure her from the risk of any further attack on the part of France, and to

provide for her full and free access to the seaboard of the German Ocean. The time has not come to examine these questions in detail. All I could wish is that Germany should understand that in any question between herself and France, and in any arrangements destined to improve her means of access to the sea, she will have the goodwill of the British Government and the British nation. The safety of England as against Europe lies in the support of Germany, and to secure that support we must be prepared if necessary to make the requisite sacrifices. If in this paper I have succeeded in calling attention to the general character of the sacrifices we are likely to be called upon to make, I for my part shall be well content. .

EDWARD DICEY.

DEMETER AND THE PIG.

WHEN Mr. Newton excavated the temple and temple-plot, or *temenos* of Demeter, at Cnidos, he made two discoveries of very different character, and very great value. He first unearthed and restored to the light that beautiful marble statue of the Earth Goddess which is now one of the chief treasures of the British Museum. Even critics who find in Greek art a lack of expression are satisfied with the sweet melancholy and regret of the bereaved Demeter.¹

The Demeter of Cnidos is the *Mater Dolorosa* of classical religion. The statue represents a woman still lovely, though no longer very young, seated in the attitude of grief, and her sweet and majestic face is worn with long regret. So may Demeter have sat by the sacred well, near the Eleusinian way, or on the *mirthless stone* of Eleusis, where, according to the myth, she brooded over her human sorrow, while nature mourned for sympathy, and the fields and vineyards ceased to bear fruits and grain. In this melancholy Demeter the happy faith of Hellas became a thing of sorrow, and acquainted with grief. The inevitable losses and sorrows of mortal affections were hallowed and made the more endurable to the religious mind by the example of the sorrowing Goddess, and by the hope, shadowed forth in the Mystery of the Return of Proserpine, that death does not bring an eternal separation. Nor was it merely the mystic promise of Hope that the belief in Demeter offered to the faithful. Her legend and her ritual are founded on and suggest to men's hearts the maternal sympathy of Nature. Like the lives of mortals, the life of Nature has its hours of hope and regret, seed-time and harvest, the passing of the grain into the darkness below the soil, and the raising again of the wheat in summer, the Descent, in mythic language, and the Resurrection of Coré, of the maiden Persephone. Here, then, are points where the religion of Hellas touches hands with the Christian faith and sentiment: both declare that a God has shared human grief, and Eleusis with her Mysteries repeats that parable of Saint Paul's concerning the burial and the resurrection of the seed sown.

This is the religious aspect of the myth of Demeter; such were

¹ See Mr. Newton's *Halicarnassus*, plate LV., and pp. 331, 371-391, in the text.

the hopes and consolations known to the poet of the Homeric hymn, and to Pindar, and many who, in later days, occupied themselves with the meaning of the Mysteries. 'Happy, whosoever of mortal men has looked on these things, but whoso hath had no part nor lot in this sacrament, hath no equal fate, when once he hath perished, and passed within the pall of darkness.'² Of such rites we may believe that Plato was thinking, when he spoke of 'beholding apparitions innocent and simple, and calm and happy, as in a Mystery.'³ Nor is it strange that, when Greeks were seeking for a sign, and especially for some creed that might resist the new worship of Christ, Plutarch and the Neo-Platonic philosophers tried to cling to the promise of the Mysteries of Demeter. They regarded her secret things as 'a dreamy shadow of that spectacle and that rite,' the spectacle and rite of the harmonious order of the universe, some time to be revealed to the souls of the blessed.⁴ It may have been no drawback to the consolations of the hidden services, that they made no appeal to the weary and wandering reason of the later heathens. Tired out with endless discourse on fate and free will, gods and demons, allegory and explanation, they could repose on mere spectacles and ceremonies, and pious ejaculations, 'without any evidence or proof offered for the statements.' Indeed, writers like Plutarch show almost the temper of Pascal, trying to secure rest for their souls by a wise passiveness and pious contemplation, and participation in sacraments not understood.

Such, then, was the refined, religious, and purely Hellenic aspect of Demeter and her myth. All is summed up in the face and attitude of the statue discovered at Cnidos. But this statue was not Mr. Newton's only *trouvaille* in the neighbourhood of the Temple Court. If his Demeter personified the noblest things in Greek religion, he also unearthed relics of the opposite element in Greek faith, the magical, fetichistic, and properly speaking savage element. He discovered one of the sacred subterranean chambers which Greek ritual language called μέγαρα, or βόθροι—pits or crypts which were peculiar to the rites of the Chthonian or subterranean deities.⁵

The crypt opened by Mr. Newton was originally circular in form, but had been compressed, probably by an earthquake. Among the contents were certain small figures of pigs, in marble, and, at the very bottom, the bones of swine, and of some other animals.

Now what was the connection between Demeter and these porcine images, and remains of dead swine? To answer this question is to present, in a single example, the two extremes of Greek polytheism,

² *Homeric Hymn*, v. 480-482.

³ *Phædrus*, 250.

⁴ Plutarch, *De Defectu Oraculorum*, xxii.

⁵ There is a great deal of learning about these crypts: the student may refer to Iacobus's *Aglaophania*, p. 328, to Mr. Newton's *Haliocarnassus*, p. 391, note c, to Porphyry, *De Antro Nympharum*, to the Scholiast on Lucian's second *Dialogus of Courtesans*, in *Miller's Mythologie*, under 'Demeter,' and to Pausanias, ix. 1.

the rational, natural, and beautiful element, as personified in the statue of the desolate mother—the mourning Demeter—and the irrational, magical, and savage element, as represented by the pigs, and by their share in the rites and mysteries. This is that element in Greek faith which must be illustrated by magical practices and peculiarities of ritual that exist or are known to have existed among barbarous nations remote from Europe, and ignorant of Greece.

It has not escaped mythologists like Maury, in France, nor anthropologists like Mr. Tylor, that the worship of the Earth-Mother (as the name of Demeter means) is not peculiar to Greece, nor to the Aryan race.⁶ In America, as in old Germany, and by the Gipsies, and in America among Pawnees and Shawnees, as also in Greece, the Earth-Mother's sacrifices were buried in the earth, or cast down into natural crevices or artificial crypts. Tanner, the white man who was captured by Indians, and who lived with them from childhood, mentions how an Indian 'disturbing with his foot a pile of dry leaves, found buried under it a brass kettle, inverted, and containing a quantity of valuable offerings to the Earth.'⁷ The earth is called Mother-Earth (Me-suk-kum-mik-O-kwi), and Indians, when they dig up medicine roots, 'deposit something as an offering to her.'⁸ Without lingering over the Earth-Mother of Mexico, of Peru, or of the Tongan Islands, let us follow up this rite of burying offerings to Demeter. To study all the savage parallels to the Greek cult would occupy too much space. But it may be noted, in passing, that the priest of Demeter, in Arcadia, 'smote the earth with rods,' when at her yearly feast he summoned the Earth Goddess, and called 'on those below the earth.' The Zulu diviners also bid people who consult them 'smite the ground with rods for the spirits.'⁹

Let us now examine more closely the ritual of Demeter, and ascertain the part played in it by the pig. Among the feasts of Demeter, only the Eleusinia were more famous and popular than the Thesmophoria, a festival common to many towns, but best known at Athens. The Thesmophoria were the rites of seed-time, practised in October, and especially attended by the women. As among the Red Indians (a fact familiar from Longfellow's *Hiawatha*), strange feminine mysteries were supposed to aid the fertility of the crops, and preserve them from blight. In the Attic and other Thesmophoria, there was a certain licentious element. Demeter of the Thesmophoria presided over human birth and fruitfulness; it was she who had introduced the *θεσμός*, or rite of marriage.

οἱ μὲν ἔπειτα

Ἀσπασίοι λέκτροιο παλαιοῦ θεσμὸν ἔκοτον,

⁶ Maury, *Religions de la Grèce*, i. 72.

⁷ Tanner's *Narrative*, 1830, p. 155.

⁸ *Op. cit.* p. 193. All this is confirmed by the Jesuit father, De Smet, in his *Oregon Missions*, p. 351. (New York, 1847.) Compare Tylor, *Prim. Cult.* ii. 273.

⁹ Pausanias, viii. xv.; Callaway, *Izinyanga Zokubula*, iii. 362.

as Homer says of the re-united Odysseus and Penelope. What, then, were the secret rites of the Thesmophoria? Here the pig comes in, and Mr. Newton's discoveries are perhaps explained.

A curious account of what was actually *done* at the Thesmophoria is given in a very corrupt *scholion* on the second of Lucian's *Dialogues of Courtesans*, and is borne out by passages in the *Fathers* and in Pausanias. A girl in Lucian tells her lover, who is about to marry a modest rival, that she has seen her adversary at the Thesmophoria, and 'does not think much of her.' On this hint speaks the scholiast. He says that the mystery is connected with the legend that, when the earth opened and let out Hades to carry off Persephone, 'the pigs of a certain swineherd, Eubouleus, fell into the chasm. We shall translate the *scholion*, which does not appear to have been present to Mr. Newton's mind, when he wrote his account of what was found at Cnidos. 'It is in honour of Eubouleus, the herdsman of the swine, that pigs are thrown into the caverns (χάσματα) of Demeter and Persephone. Then certain women named ἀντλήτριαι' (they who draw up anything, usually drawers of water) 'bring up the decaying remnants of the pigs into the *megara*, after purifying themselves for three days. And they go down into the recesses and fetch the remains of the pigs, and place them on the altars. *And it is believed that whoever takes of this flesh and mixes it with the seed-corn will have the richer harvest and abundance.* Also it is said that there are serpents in the caverns, which eat the more part of what has been thrown in, wherefore the women make a rattling din when they draw up the flesh, *and when they deposit again the well-known images*, to the end that these snakes, which they call guardians of the caverns, may depart thence.' These rites are called 'The carrying of things not to be spoken, and they are performed in the same way for the fruitfulness of fields and of human kind.'

Thus we are enabled to understand the inmost secret of the rite of Demeter in the month of seed-sowing. Pigs were driven down certain chasms or caverns, their flesh was hallowed on the altars, part of it used was to mix with the seed-corn, by way of magically adding to its fertility, and, finally, images of pigs (πλάσματα, probably in terra cotta) were stowed away again by the women in the caverns.

It seems a plausible conjecture that when Mr. Newton found not only the images, but also the bones, of swine in the chamber of Demeter at Cnidos, he had hit on a deposit of things employed in this magical part of the Thesmophoria, of objects and sacrifices used in the fertilisation of the corn.

The whole rite seems sufficiently savage, and singular facts recorded by Clemens of Alexandria deepen the impression. We are able to illustrate the fundamental idea of the mystery from the ritual of the Khonds of India and the Pawnees of the North American

continent. By both these widely severed peoples the flesh of the victim offered to the Earth Goddess is cut piecemeal and mixed with or buried with the seed-corn. Among Pawnees and Khonds, women take a considerable part in these savage Thesmophoria,—the part, indeed, of victims. The Khonds also sacrificed men, as the *Meriah*, or victims of the Earth God. In America and in India, the human victim was always of a foreign tribe. Strangely enough, in the hill regions of Goomsar, the offering was mingled, a swine and a human victim were slain together, the blood of the hog flowed into a place where the *Meriah* was suffocated.¹⁰ The fragments of flesh were carried away and buried on the boundaries of fields.¹¹

The Khonds are said to have prayed that their pigs might become so numerous that their rooting snouts might plough up the ground without need for human labour. Not improbably the swine's habit of rooting and grubbing in the earth caused him, in Greece—as among the Khonds, to be the victim and favourite animal of the Earth-Mother. The initiated, during the Eleusinian Mysteries, used to go and bathe in the sea, each with the pig he meant to offer to the Goddess. One unlucky worshipper, while swimming with his pig, was bitten in two by a shark.¹²

The Pawnee custom of sacrificing a girl of another tribe, Sioux for choice, and fertilising the seed-corn with her blood, was practised in the middle of the present century. As among the Aztecs, the unconscious victim was petted and kindly treated till the day of her doom, when she was set on a pile of wood and shot with arrows. A Jesuit father has given a minute description of the hideous rite.¹³

From these examples of early agricultural customs, it appears that the Athenians, like the Khonds and Pawnees, hoped to secure a good harvest by sowing, with the seed-corn, fragments of the victims of the Earth-Mother. The Athenian civilisation declares itself in the substitution of pigs for the Pawnee human victims, or for the pig-and-man sacrifice of the Khonds. The whole character of Greek religion, its humane and rational, and its wild and magical aspects, are thus combined in the lovely Cnidian statue of Demeter, and in the fragments of bones of sacrificed swine, and images of pigs, which lay in her subterranean cell.

The legend of Demeter has many other savage elements, notably in the myth of her adventures in the form of a mare. But the most curious of all savage analogies we find in the Eleusinian legend itself,

¹⁰ Mr. Russell's Report, quoted in Major Campbell's *Personal Narrative*, 1864, p. 55.

¹¹ *Op. cit.* p. 113. Mr. Tylor also quotes Macpherson's *India*, chap. vi.

¹² Plutarch, *Phocion*, chap. xxviii.

¹³ De Smet, *Oregon Missions*, p. 359. The passage was borrowed by Schoolcraft. See the story of the Pawnee Young Lochinvar, who rode off with the maiden victim from the very altar, in Morse's *Report*, p. 248. (1822.)

in the story which is told in the Homeric hymn, and which was indubitably acted out in the Mystery play of Eleusis. The tale may be condensed from the Homeric hymn. There we read how Persephone, the daughter of Demeter, was gathering flowers, when Hades, Lord of the Land of the Dead, bore her away, and how Demeter sought her daughter with torches burning, and came at last to the well of Celeus, King of Eleusis, in the likeness of an old wife. There she dwelt with Celeus, as a nurse to his son, whom she would fain have made immortal. There Demeter abode long without eating, or drinking, or speaking, till she tasted of a mixture of barley and water, *cyceon*, and smiled at the mirth of the maid Iambe, and laid aside her utmost anger. Yet still she abstained from the gathering of the Immortals, and still the earth bore not its fruits, till Hermes brought back her daughter, Persephone. But Persephone had tasted one pomegranate seed in the under-world, and therefore was fatally constrained to dwell there for a part of every year. But now Demeter was comforted. Earth bore fruits once more, and the goddess herself declared to the chiefs of the Eleusinians all her sacred mysteries, and the ritual of their due performance.

Such was the famous Eleusinian legend. The chief elements are these: The loss by Demeter of her child, who has passed to the under-world. The wrath of the goddess, clad in mourning, 'the black Demeter' of the Arcadians. The partial comforting of the goddess when she had tasted the *cyceon*, or mixed draught, and laughed with Iambe. The restoration of Persephone for two-thirds of the year. The reconciliation of Demeter, the Queenship of Death confirmed to Persephone, and the establishment of the chief Mysteries of Greece to commemorate these events.

It is one of the most singular facts in mythology that a perfectly recognisable form of this myth exists among the North American Indians, where it is told to account for the origin of the chief Mysteries, or Medicine dances (*Meda*, or *Me-tai*). The main difference is that, in Greece, the Mysteries are instituted to please a divine mother deprived of her daughter, while, in America, the *Me-tai* are instituted to comfort a divine being, a brother deprived of his favourite brother. Tanner refers to the story as a legend that the Indians 'sing'; the chant, apparently, was one of the sacred or magical hymns noted down on birch bark in picture-writing.¹⁴ But the tale was told at length to De Smet by a Potowatomie, who included it in the general legend of his people. De Smet noticed resemblances to the Flood, the Fall, and other Biblical stories, but did not remark on the following Indian variant of the Eleusinian myth. The story is stolen by Schoolcraft (i. 318):—

The Manitos were jealous of Manabozho and Chibiabos. Manabozho warned his brother never to be alone, but one day he ventured on the frozen lake, and was

¹⁴ *Narrative*, p. 193.

drowned by the Manitos. Manabozho wailed along the shores. He waged a war against all the Manitos. . . . He called on the dead body of his brother. He put the whole country in dread by his lamentations. He then *besmeared his face with black*, and sat down six years to lament, uttering the name of Chibiabos. The Manitos consulted what to do to assuage his melancholy and his wrath. The oldest and wisest of them, who had had no hand in the death of Chibiabos, offered to undertake the task of reconciliation. They built a sacred lodge close to that of Manabozho, and prepared a sumptuous feast. They then assembled in order, one behind the other, each carrying under his arm a sack of the skin of some favourite animal, as a beaver, an otter, or a lynx, and filled with precious and curious medicines culled from all plants. These they exhibited, and invited him to the feast with pleasing words and ceremonies. He immediately raised his head, uncovered it, and washed off his besmearments *and mourning colours*, and then followed them. They offered him a cup of liquor prepared from the choicest medicines, at once as a propitiation and an initiatory rite. He drank it at a single draught, and found his melancholy departed. They then commenced their dances and songs, united with various ceremonies. All danced, all sang, all acted with the utmost gravity, with exactness of time, motion, and voice. Manabozho was cured; he ate, danced, sang and smoked the sacred pipe.

In this manner the Mysteries of the Great Medicine Dance were introduced.

The Manitos now united their powers to bring Chibiabos to life. They did so, and brought him to life, *but it was forbidden to enter the lodge*. They gave him, through a chink, a burning coal, and told him to go and preside over the Country of Souls, and reign over the Land of the Dead.

Manabozho, now retired from men, commits the care of medicinal plants to Misukumigakwa, or the Mother of the Earth, to whom he makes offerings.

Here, then, we have, instead of a goddess mother robbed of a daughter by the lord of the dead, a divine being robbed of a brother, by death. Here we have the long mourning of Demeter and Manabozho. Here we have the return of gladness after the drinking of a mixture offered by way of consolation. Then we have the complete recovery of the mourner, the institution of Mysteries to commemorate the events, and the appointment of the lost brother to be, like Persephone, powerful over the dead.

Is all this similarity to be accounted for by borrowing, by transmission, or by a natural community of ideas as entertained by early men? The answer would be the solution of the problem of Mythology. Meanwhile is it not certain that, even in the worship of Demeter, Greece presents many ideas and rites held in common with Khonds, Pawnees, and Zulus? Are we not aided to understand the meaning of the Arcadian priests, when they beat the ground with rods, in the ritual of Demeter Chthonia, by the similar Zulu method of invoking 'those that be under the earth'? Do not the Khond and Pawnee sacrifices for seed-time explain the purpose of the ἀρρητοφασία in the Attic mystery? By such chains, not wholly golden, the races of men are bound about the feet of gods.

A MILITIA REGIMENT.

It is a common thing to see in articles on military subjects the militia alluded to vaguely as the 'constitutional force,' and to read proposals for a large expenditure of money upon it. The sum named is generally in the opinion of the writer the smallest possible one by investing which can the force be made of any real military utility to the country.

Every civilian also knows that such a body as the militia exists, and that it undergoes a certain number of days' training annually. Nevertheless, many people have little idea of what materials a militia regiment is composed, or what work it is supposed to do.

I propose therefore in this article to endeavour to give a sketch of an infantry militia regiment, not treating it from a military-scientific point of view—that I leave to soldiers who alone are competent to deal with it—but from the point of view of a militia officer who is interested in the welfare of militiamen and in the efficiency of the force. I also hope to convey to the public at large a better understanding of the nature of their 'constitutional defenders.' If in the course of my description I venture to offer a few suggestions to the authorities at the Horse Guards, such suggestions will not involve any fresh expenditure of money, but will be rather suggestions as to organisation and practical treatment. There is no money to be had for fresh votes; and probably every additional penny spent on the militia would bring a better return to the country if spent upon the regular army.

Among both professional soldiers and civilians it is too much the custom to consider the militiaman as drawn from, or belonging to, the dregs of the population. There are, no doubt, bad militiamen as well as good militiamen; and certain regiments recruited from unfavourable localities may contain a preponderance of the rough element. That this is the case is not within my knowledge; but I do not deny it, because I have not the experience which would justify me in doing so.

What I desire to urge on the public is to discriminate between soldier and soldier, and not to classify the red-coat as necessarily bad till he has proved himself by his conduct to be so. Civilians stand

each on his own merit. Why should not the regular or militia soldier be subjected to the same test? Surely it is the only just one.

The best way for me to produce the impression I desire to produce will be by actually describing a company in the regiment I know best. What is true of the company will be true of the regiment; and what is true of one regiment will be true of all regiments recruited from a similar class of county and from similar types of the population.

The company which I am going to describe last year consisted of

Officers	2	Corporals	4
Staff-Sergeants	2	Privates	98
Sergeants	2	Drummer (boy)	1

The staff-sergeants are non-commissioned officers who have served many years in the army. They are the very best of their kind, and on the senior of them, the colour-sergeant in each company, falls the great bulk of the work of the training. An officer has plenty of work to do if he does it, but a colour-sergeant's work is appalling. I doubt if he gets six hours in bed any night of the training.

The sergeants and corporals are ordinary militiamen, and, except for running messages and marking points, they are useless. It is not so much that they do not know their work; that they are not incapable, with practice, of learning; it is that the officers and staff-sergeants derive absolutely no assistance from them in maintaining discipline.

A regiment is trained for twenty-seven days annually, and at the end of that time the men are dispersed all over the country to their own homes. If a militia sergeant or corporal has reported a private for breach of discipline, he runs a good chance of getting his head punched by the said private the day after the training is over. The remedy for the sergeant is simple; he is only human—he does not report the private.

This, however, is a state of things which, like several others I may have to mention presently, would cure itself in case of a permanent embodiment.

The county to which the regiment, a company of which I am describing, belongs is a purely agricultural county, with two large seaport towns on its coast. I mention this, as thereby I shall be better understood in my allusions presently to the trades and classification of the men.

The two sergeants are aged fifty and thirty-five years, and have twenty-two and four years service in the militia respectively. The elder is quite worn out, is very gouty, and can barely perform the duties of postman. How he and several more like him in the regiment have escaped the doctor's ordeal at the commencement of each training for several years past I have never been able to under-

stand. They are useless to the country, but are not certified as medically unfit for duty—I suspect through a kindly dislike to turn such old soldiers away from their regiment before the expiration of their term of engagement.

The younger man has served twelve years in the army, and I may observe in passing that steady men, who have joined the militia after serving their time in the army, as a rule make the best militia non-commissioned officers.

The four corporals are all youngish men, with an average age of twenty-eight years, and with an average length of service in the militia of ten years.

The average age of the privates is not quite twenty-three years, and their average number of years' service in the regiment is about three and a half years.

This statement looks satisfactory on paper, but is really misleading, because as a matter of fact there are comparatively only a few men in the company of that exact length of service or of that particular age.

Speaking roughly, the company may be divided into two parts. The smaller part consists of men who have served at least one term of six years in the militia, or of old soldiers. The men belonging to either of these two classes are generally at least twenty-eight years old.

The second and somewhat larger part consists of boys just joined, for whom eighteen years would be a high rather than a low average of age. Each year on going up for training the captain finds about one half of his company to be recruits since the year before. What happens is this :

A boy of seventeen joins the militia to see what soldiering is like. If he likes it, he joins the army either immediately after the training or as soon as he is old enough or physically big enough, which very likely will not be till after a second training. If he does not like it, he buys himself out before a second training comes round. This is very easily done ; all he has to pay is 1*l.*, or 2*l.* if he happens to be a militia reserve man.

I know much has been said against the cheapness of this payment. For my part, I believe no wiser step was ever taken for popularising the militia. A lad feels it is so easy to get out of the service if he does not like it, or if he gets a good permanent situation, that he does not hesitate to give it a trial, and so it happens that in this way many of the best class of soldiers are eventually attracted into the army.

Two or three lads each year remain in the militia, serve out their time of six years, and more probably than not re-engage for a second term. These, with the old soldiers, make up the first class of which I spoke. The following table shows the causes of the waste of 50

per cent. among the privates mentioned above in this company between the trainings of 1885 and of 1886:

To Regular Army	13
To Navy and Marines	4
By Purchase	6
Struck off as Absentees	15
Time expired	5
Discharged medically unfit	5
Discharged for felony	1
Total	40

Now what are these men and what is their trade during the eleven months of the year they are not up for training? Again the following table will show. In 1886 there were in the company

Farm labourers, including carter boys, cow boys, under shepherds, &c.	39	Mason	1
Labourers, including dockyard labourers, bricklayers' labourers, porters, unskilled merchant seamen, &c.	39	Rivetter	1
Painters	3	Saddle-tree maker	1
Shipwrights	3	Clerk	1
Gardeners	3	Blacksmith	1
Butchers	2	Slater	1
Brickmakers	2	Steam-thresher	1
Bricklayers	2	Woodman	1
Grooms	2	Baker	1
Carmen	2	Cabman	1
		Bootmaker	1
		Under ship's steward	1
		Total	104

Out of the whole number in the company 58 live in villages and small country towns; 37 came from the two big seaports, and 9 live out of the county.

Between the men who are rustics, properly so called, and the townsmen there is a wide difference. With a single exception here and there the agricultural labourers give no trouble whatever. They are never cheeky; they are never insubordinate; they do not get drunk; they seem to like their work and enjoy the soldiering. Their only fault is a tendency to be slovenly. With the townsmen it is otherwise; but I must in justice to them divide them into two parts. The first part are quite as valuable soldiers as the rustics and much sharper and smarter. Moreover most of the old soldiers come from the towns; they, however, form a class by themselves and are not included in the divisions I am now making. The second part consists of the British rough. If it were not for him, there would be no insubordination, no drunkenness, no absenteeism, no crime to speak of. There is the stationary rough who comes up for training, spends a large portion of his time under punishment of some sort, goes away drunk, and reappears with apparently the same familiar black eyes the following year.

Then there is the ambulatory rough or tramp, who favours you with his presence one year, never to reappear. He is impartial in his favours, but never condescends to visit the same regiment twice. He makes a trade of going from regiment to regiment, which, by a little calculation as to dates, and what with annual trainings and recruit depôts, he is easily able to do.

He can by this means contrive to get himself lodged, clothed, fed and kept in pocket money the whole year round at his country's expense, with an interval of a few days between each visit in which to spend pleasantly the bounty of 1*l.* or 30*s.* which he receives from every regiment or depôt. He costs the country a great deal; he figures in the returns of many different regiments, and he does infinite harm. Both classes of roughs are storehouses of tricks and crimes, and consequently have a most pernicious influence on the respectable country lad. Sometimes they lead him into mischief, and he begins a bad career. Oftener they disgust him with a service in which he has to live cheek by jowl with such men, and he leaves it. This happens to a large extent, and I have found out by talking to non-commissioned officers and privates that nothing keeps country lads out of the militia so much as having to associate with roughs and tramps. They will not do it, and I do not wonder. Why cannot the officers in charge of the recruiting keep out this element? To do so would be pure gain to the country. If it is impossible to reject, or rather very carefully sift, the town element, I would suggest a development of the territorial system, which would to a great extent obviate this evil, and which would I believe in itself produce excellent results.

Let each company in a militia regiment be composed as far as possible of men coming from a particular locality in the county. The villages could be grouped round their market towns, while big towns like the seaports in the county I am speaking of would have certain whole companies allotted to them. In short, the localisation of the companies of the county volunteer regiments should be applied also to the militia. In this way the greater part of the contact between the agricultural labourers and the town roughs would be avoided, and the country would find the supply of the best class of recruits would increase.

In another way this change of organisation would tend towards this desirable result. Two friends from one village enlist into the militia. They are posted to different companies and see little or nothing of each other during the training. (It is wonderful how little the companies associate between themselves.) The friends are disappointed, and on returning to their village discourage other friends from joining by telling them that they can have no assurance that they will not all be posted to different companies. It is within my knowledge that excellent recruits are lost to the service in this way.

One word more about the tramps.

On enlisting they generally give an address from some low street of lodging-houses in one of the seaport towns. The address alone ought to make recruiting officers reject them, let alone the fact that to an experienced eye there is always something tell-tale in their bearing and appearance.

The following particulars as to the absentees from the company for the last two years speak for themselves:—

Absentees	1885	1886
1. Who had served one or more trainings		2
2. Who had been through a recruit course at the depôt, but had never served a training	10	
Total	18	10
1. Giving an address in the seaport towns	13	4
2. Out of county	2	3
3. In county towns or villages	3	3
Total	18	10

The outline I have given of the composition of a militia company is necessarily a rough one. To show what curious diversities of type there are, I will give one or two examples.

A is a London bricklayer who has not resided in his native county for twenty-two years. As a lad he enlisted into the militia from the village where he was born, and shortly afterwards he went to London for work. He has, however, attended his trainings regularly for twenty-three years, having re-engaged several times for the purpose. He enjoys a month's soldiering, and seizes the training as the annual occasion for paying a visit to his relations.

B, after enlisting nineteen years ago, also went up to London for work. He has been for years employed at high wages in some gas-works. In the spring that work is slack, and he looks upon his twenty-seven days in the country as the means of restoring his health at his country's expense after his arduous and unhealthy winter's labour.

C joined the militia as a boy, thirty years ago, and passed on into the army. After serving his country in every quarter of the globe for twenty-three years, he returned to his native place to enjoy his pension, and has re-enlisted into the old militia regiment, in which he is now a sergeant.

D was a ship's officer's servant on board some trading ship, which was chartered by the government at the time of the Suakim expedition. The man landed at Suakim; was employed in getting stores to the front, and received the Egyptian medals, with which he appeared at the following training. I should imagine him to be about the only militiaman who ever gained war medals while still a militiaman.

The men from the seaport towns are often away on some

cruise for two years, and reappear after an interval of one or two trainings.

An excellent sign in a regiment is when masters or employers of labour come and buy their men out because they cannot spare them for as long a period as the training. It is a sure proof to the colonel that he has at least an admixture of thoroughly good men in his battalion.

I wish here to make a few observations on what is known as the billeting system. That it is a great temptation to young country lads to take them by hundreds and place them for four weeks in a garrison town requires no demonstration. The public, however, would naturally expect that the government would always take pains to minimise these temptations as much as possible. I am afraid that in all the cases where regiments are quartered in billets, exactly the reverse is the case.

The men are told off in parties to the public-houses, varying from three or four to as many as twenty-five, according to the size of the house. Some of these houses are respectably conducted, but of some others the less said the better. Can the public wonder, then, that much immorality and consequent demoralisation take place? It is impossible to preserve discipline at night if the publican is a bad man; the militia non-commissioned officers being, for reasons already pointed out, quite powerless. Moreover in all public-houses, respectable and disorderly alike, the temptations to drink are irresistible for the soldier quartered there. The government allowance of fourpence a day for each man is not sufficient to recompense the publican for the outlay he is obliged to make. He revenges himself accordingly by making the militiaman spend all his pay in liquor, and when the latter has no money in his pocket, the publican advances him beer, expecting to be repaid out of the bounty at the end of the training. When he has money, and does not spend it in the house, the publican has a hundred little ways of making him uncomfortable. But this is not all. The publican is allowed to put two men and sometimes three into one bed. To my mind this system is repulsive—I know it is argued that this is to a large extent the habit of the class from which the men are taken. Granted that this is so, is it the same thing to a ploughboy to sleep at home in the same bed with his brother, and in a public-house alongside some town rough whom he detests? He certainly does not regard it in the same light, and he often shows it by purchasing his discharge in disgust after the training.

The plain truth is that the whole militia billeting system is iniquitous, and it is a scandal that the Government allows it to continue.

The following little fact tells its own tale. In 1882 the company in question was quartered in barracks, and during the training the

men saved 8*l.* 3*s.* out of their pay, which they entrusted to their captain to put in the Post Office Savings Bank for them. Since that year the company has always been quartered in billets; in 1883 they saved 1*l.* 18*s.* in the training; but in no year since have they saved as much as ten shillings. Now it is permissible to billet militiamen in private houses—that is, in ordinary cottages whose owners or occupiers are willing, for the sake of the small government allowance of 4*d.* per man per day, voluntarily to take them in. My strong belief is that not nearly as much use is made of this provision as might be made, and that those who are charged with the billeting arrangements sometimes do not take the extra trouble which is involved in seeking private persons who are ready to take in militiamen and in parcelling the men out into small detachments.

After the description of the billeting arrangements which has been given, it might be easily supposed that the conduct of the men under such circumstances is very bad. It is wonderfully to the credit of the men in at least one regiment that they resist the temptations placed in their way to a very large extent. By the word 'conduct' I mean in this instance such behaviour as comes under the laws of discipline, such as breaking leave, brawling or rioting, drunkenness *in the streets*, &c. In the company I have described, only two men were convicted of drunkenness last year, and in the year before only one. It may be asked, How is the system of billeting to be avoided in those cases where, as often happens, it is impossible or inexpedient to go under canvas, and no barracks or huts are available?

I believe huts of some temporary structure ought to be provided for every such regiment. It would be quite worth while only to call a regiment out every alternate year till the cost of those huts had been recouped to the country out of the pay of the regiment; or the Secretary of State for War might decide not to call out for training for the year in which a set of these huts were provided, a sufficient number of regiments to prevent any addition to the estimates.

As to the training of the men, the whole of the twenty-seven days during which the militia are called up cannot be utilised for that purpose. Three Sundays, with the day of assembly and the day of dismissal, have to be deducted. In the twenty-two days which remain, the militiaman has to be taken through squad drill, company drill, battalion drill, the rifle exercises, and a musketry course. It is marvellous how well some regiments go through their drill at the inspection.

Nevertheless, I believe that, with a re-arrangement of the work to be done, still better results might be attained. Some of the drill at both ends might be advantageously omitted. What is the use of taking two days or more in putting the men through Sections 5, 11, and 12 of the Field Exercises, to which a good deal of time, comparatively speaking, is devoted? This drill is chiefly for the purpose

of setting recruits up to look and move as soldiers. To put a lot of militiamen through it for two or three days is a sheer waste of valuable time, as no one can possibly detect the least difference in their deportment afterwards. The time is too short to have any effect.

Ridicule has been cast by some critics on the practice of drilling a militia regiment in marching past and in solid formations for so great a proportion of the training, and they urge instead a continuous practice of the attack at the double and on rough ground. I take leave to differ from these gentlemen entirely. All that you can attempt to do in the twenty-two working days is to get the men in hand as much as possible, to accustom them to be quiet, unfurried, and steady at drill. Nothing is so useful for this purpose as continued marches past or constant exercise in solid formations. The attack in double time has the most demoralising effect on these undisciplined lads, these amateur soldiers. Personally I believe that the open order formations should never be practised by militia regiments during their annual training, except from the halt or during an advance in quick time only. It depends entirely on what results are expected to the force from their annual training. Is it thought that they will be fit for active service? Such an expectation would be simply ridiculous. But, if that is so, surely their training should be adapted to the possibilities of the case. The question then becomes what are these possibilities? I believe the answer to be a no more ambitious one than this. To give the force such a superficial acquaintance with a certain number of a soldier's duties that it may on an emergency undertake garrison duty at once. The moment a militia regiment is permanently embodied a new vista opens before it. Supposing the men to be physically fit for active service, I believe that most militia regiments ought to be capable of taking the field after a year's embodiment, so far as those men are concerned. It will be noticed that I say 'supposing the regiment to be physically fit;' an important question for the country is 'Would it be fit?'

I should like to examine this point shortly; and closely bound up with it is the question of the militia reserve.

This force was called into existence to supplement the army reserve. The standard of age and physique is high, and it formed on the 1st of January, 1886, a very fine body of 30,128 men. A militiaman who fulfils the conditions necessary for entering this force receives an extra bounty of 1*l*. His obligation then becomes the same as that of an army reserve man. He can be called out in time of national emergency, and drafted temporarily into the regular army.

Now what effect does the existence of this force have on the militia itself? If I show what effect it will have on the company about which I have been giving statistics, it will serve as an illustra-

tion of the effect on the force as a whole. The company last year consisted (excluding the staff-sergeants and drummer boy) of 104 non-commissioned officers and men. Of these 19 belonged to the militia reserve. Let us suppose that the country was engaged in a great foreign war; that the militia had been embodied and the militia reserve drafted into the regular army. What would then be the condition of this company? It would be completely emasculated. I do not believe that there would be 35 men left who would be physically fit to go into a campaign. The rest would either be not old enough or not big enough. I have serious doubts as to whether the militia reserve is not a mistake altogether. My belief is that the terms of enlistment for the militia might be safely altered so as to give the country the benefit of the services of every fit militiaman at a time of great national emergency.

At present the militiaman enlists for service in the United Kingdom only. If the terms of enlistment could be so drawn as to assure him that he would never be sent to the field except when the national peril was very great and the army reserve had been exhausted, and that otherwise he would never be sent out of the United Kingdom, I do not believe that such terms would affect recruiting in the least injuriously. The country would gain in two ways. It would have all the physically fit men of the militia at its disposal to use either collectively in their own batteries or battalions, or individually by drafting them into the army, and it would save all the annual vote for reserve bounty.

The militia is considerably below its strength at the present time, though not so much as it has been quite recently. I do not think that this can be attributed to the terms offered by the country; on the contrary, those terms seem to me to be good. I have known many men who have been excellently fed, clothed, and lodged, and who have had 6*d.* a day pocket-money for a month, take away with them after the training 2*l.* in cash as well as a practically new pair of boots, two pairs of socks, and a flannel shirt which the country throws in; and every man, who has not misbehaved himself, can be sure of having 1*l.* in his pocket at the end of his month's soldiering. In some quarters the slackness of recruiting has been attributed to the present plan of drilling recruits, which is bound up with the territorial system; but this is certainly not the case in the regiment I have been describing, where this system has proved to be an unqualified success for the recruiting of both the line and militia battalions.

WOLMER.

A GLIMPSE OF RUSSIA.

A MONTH'S residence in any country can give but a very superficial impression of its real condition. Yet, in the art of representing nature, there is a certain value in the slightest sketch, taken on the spot with accuracy and attention, which is quite distinct from, though inferior to, that of the photograph, faithful to detail while wanting in colour, or that of the elaborate picture which portrays everything with its exact proportion of light, shade, local colour, and environment. As the slightest sketch, then, the following observations are offered with the hope that they may be acceptable as a rapid glance at a society and country of which little is known outside the political world, and which is very different from the rest of Europe in government and religion.

Even the shortest visit to Russia disposes of many popular misconceptions; and although it increases astonishment at the repressive rule possible in these days, it becomes evident that generalisations are as false here as in most other cases. Extraordinary stories are current in England as to the private character of the Tsar, the health of the Tsarévitch, and the reign of terror caused by Nihilism. Many of these become incredible on examination and inquiry. An old proverb asserts that there is no smoke without fire. On the other hand, it is well known that if a lie gets the start the truth will rarely overtake it. In the conduct of affairs between nations whose interests are antagonistic, each must endeavour to procure the objects most essential to its own welfare, and it is especially needful to be on the alert when the issues are easily entangled by the historical aspirations of a race with strong diplomatic instincts. To attain these objects personal calumnies are both unnecessary and undignified. This is seen also in private political life, and the esteem and regard in which the late Lord Iddesleigh was held testify to the public opinion on this point. However much he differed from, and whatever blame he attached to, the misgovernment of his opponents, no personal attack fell from his lips. Unfortunately, a portion of the English press is apt to disregard these maxims, and to publish hastily whatever is submitted by their foreign correspondents. The policies of the two countries may be divergent, but there are continual mis-

representations which are the work of newspaper writers. The British public believes its newspapers, and, on the other hand, Russians believe that what appears in the press is due to the deliberate orders of the English Government. The ignorance and falsity of the reports sent to London are most perplexing to a stranger. Whence their information is procured remains a mystery, and among other things the character of the Tsar remains at their mercy. As the whole history of Russia depends on the character of her Tsar, a few words on this subject may not be uninteresting. Society and entertainments do not appear particularly congenial to his disposition, his tastes all lie in the direction of simplicity; he has no luxurious habits, and prefers living in the country where he can get exercise and recreation. His children are devotedly attached to him, and he is perhaps seen to most advantage when with them, and leading a thoroughly domestic life. In illustration of this it may be mentioned that on no occasion does he omit to visit his children at their bedtime. That he is not devoid of artistic tastes may be seen from certain arrangements and collections made by him at the museum of the Hermitage Palace in St. Petersburg, where much has, under his superintendence, been recently added. A naturally vehement temper does not imply violence or brutality. He is not accustomed to be thwarted. When he discovers himself deceived or misled his indignation is great, and he never forgives a lie. It is erroneously supposed in England that he lives in constant dread of the dastardly attempts made by the Nihilists to assassinate him. Those who know him best repudiate this emphatically, and a study of his countenance and of his general behaviour in public certainly confirms the opinion of his courage and bravery. It is a mistake to imagine that he is a tool in the hands of a few officials; once determined on a course of action, motives of expediency will not turn him from his resolution.

The evils of an autocratic government are doubtless very great; still, the question sometimes arises whether there is not more consistency in the will of an individual than in the passions of a mob which looks no further than to-day. It might be said to be a necessary stage in the growth of a great people. In the case, too, of Russia the Tsar represents and identifies himself with the people. The terrible Nihilist conspiracies which cause a thrill of horror throughout the civilised world, emanate from the educated middle class; the mass of the people have no sympathy with them or their ideas. Russia hardly counted as a European Power till the time of Peter the Great. Young as a consolidated empire, there is no lack of civilisation, and no tinge of barbarism left, to the eye of the casual observer. And this with no desire to become identified with the West. During the last fifteen or twenty years the upper classes have appreciated the force of the national feeling, and, following the example of

the present Emperor, have ceased to affect contempt for their country and for their language.

In the reign of the late Emperor there was a strong German party at Court, whose influence, it was predicted, would modify and transform the country. A reaction has set in. The German party is no longer in power, the German alliance no longer so anxiously desired and appreciated. The editor of the *Moscow Gazette*, Katkoff, who is believed to have great influence with the Emperor, adds vigour to this reaction, and writes for the Slav party and for Russia as a great Eastern Power.

When Peter the Great transferred the seat of government from Moscow to St. Petersburg, it was with a view of bringing the country and people into closer communication with Western civilisation. St. Petersburg has the advantage of its magnificent river for shipping purposes (which, however, is only open for four or five months in the year), otherwise Moscow is a commercial centre of greater importance. Looked at historically, it seems almost like making Liverpool, instead of London, the capital of Great Britain. St. Petersburg has become very cosmopolitan, while Moscow runs the risk of becoming too provincial. But it is there that the pulse of the nation really beats, in the presence of all its ancient traditions and achievements. At Moscow, too, the spirit of the Orthodox Greek Church becomes more apparent; cathedrals, monasteries, and convents more filled with the crystallised faith of the early Fathers. Russians are fond of saying that the purely Western mind is seldom able to appreciate or understand the influence of the Orthodox Church, and certainly the ordinary traveller does not discern it. Lighted tapers, gorgeous vestments, beautiful and original music, and churches dazzling to the eye in the mystery of the gilded iconostases (or altar screens adorned with Byzantine pictures of saints, surrounded and covered by masses of metal and jewels), seem to constitute much of the religious feeling of the country. The monasteries do not pretend to be seats of learning, nor the convents homes for the spiritualised and idealised forms of religion. In neither is the rule very strict or the life in any way a hard one. A large monastery that we visited at Moscow was inhabited by a number of rough, dirty, bearded, long-haired monks. The monks are not priests, and apparently their only object is to live easily and comfortably without expense or labour. In the convent which we inspected there was more education and refinement. The nuns occupied much of their time with beautiful embroidery, painting, and music. Some educational and refuge work was also done. There is little effort on the part of the Church to control or cope with modern thought. Due performance of the duties required by discipline and custom appears to be sufficient and to constitute all that is expected in discharge of religious obligations. There is a story of a conscientious agnostic prefacing his compulsory confession by

saying, 'Mon père, je doute de tout.' The confessor treated this statement with absolute indifference, regarding it as a misfortune, and desired him to continue his confession without troubling his conscience on this matter. No organ or instrumental music is admitted in the Church services. The choirs in the cathedrals, composed of a large number of voices, are conducted with extraordinary precision and accuracy. The chorus singing, on the stage also, and at concerts, is quite remarkable for these qualities, and is distinguished by great delicacy of tone and expression.

If the ecclesiastical art of the country remains more or less conventional and Byzantine, the modern Russian school of painting contains some striking pictures. Scenes from Bible history have a stamp peculiarly their own, and very slightly influenced by Italian art. Landscapes are rare, perhaps on account of the monotony of Russian scenery. The sea is a favourite and well-studied subject. Pictures of an historical character show an immense power of depicting the expressions of the human countenance. There is a famous modern picture at Moscow of John the Terrible, after he has murdered his son in a fit of rage, and suddenly discovers the crime he has committed. The expression in his eyes is that of a madman, with a curious gleam of horror and consciousness striking him, after his son has sunk at his feet with the blood streaming from his wounded temple. It is intensely realistic, and report asserts that on one occasion a lady was so much affected by the sight of it that she fell down dead on the spot. According to this tale, the picture was subsequently removed to an inner room and ladies not admitted in the absence of a medical attendant. We inspected the picture in its inner room and without the encumbrance of the doctor. Perhaps they may have had sufficient confidence in the courage and callousness of two English ladies who had ventured to travel as far as Moscow in spite of the alarming, though absolutely false, reports of the arrest and imprisonment of British officers in that town.

Veritshagen's pictures of the Turkish war and its accompanying horrors have gained for him the name of the Apostle of Peace, and bring to mind a saying of Skobelev: 'Je n'aime pas la guerre; non, je ne l'aime plus: je l'ai faite trop souvent.' In a nation of soldiers, where military rank carries all before it, the horrors of war cannot be too much insisted upon. A society where any real political occupation or ambition is impossible will naturally seek this outlet for its energies and desire of action. This restlessness is of course one of the dangers of an autocratic government, and makes it a standing menace to other countries. Without the means of influencing or guiding the ship of state, and without the free expression of opinion, there can be no excitement on questions of home politics. To the educated Briton such a state of things would mean the extinction of the most universal interest outside his own or his neighbour's affairs.

This legitimate interest is denied to the Russian, for, as has been said before, all power proceeds from the Tsar. He represents the united and concentrated force of the millions he governs. As head of the army, and as the impersonation of all the historical traditions of his people, he is a combination of the principles of democracy and autocracy. He is not supported by an aristocracy of wealth, birth, or civilisation, but by the democratic spirit of the people, which finds its expression in a common devotion to the idea of the Tsar as their father, their leader, and one might almost say their god. 'Un pour tous, tous pour un,' is the genius of the Russian nation, as the *Mir* or *Commune* is the expression of their character. In this unity of popular feeling they differ from the Western races.

Owing to the Russian system of secret police, about which we hear so much, the 'tchinovnik,' or Russian official, is hardly as independent as the moujik, or peasant. All are watched and their sayings and doings reported. The discontent which exists is chiefly amongst the educated and higher classes. These, being unrepresented, are more hopelessly in the hands of the officials than even the poorer classes in their *Communes*. Contact with Western Europe will, we are told, bring a change, if not a rebellion. This seems probable; yet why should not Russia, quite different in race and sentiment to the questioning, subjective Teutonic mind, educate herself through the ancient civilisations of the East, and have sufficient national character to work out a purer form of government on her own lines? Even republics are not free from venality, as the condition of America will testify. It must be remembered also that there is at present no great manufacturing population, no artisan class in large cities. The Russian peasant has an interest in the land and no special grievance to lead him to rebel. The army is not likely to abandon its allegiance to the Emperor so long as it has an outlet for its energies in the East. Socialism and Nihilism are unfortunately not limited to the Russian dominions, though they may appear there in more terrible forms than elsewhere. The advantages of parliamentary government may occasionally prove to be overrated, and the desire to bring all nations to appreciate its benefits is doubtless very benevolent, but rather resembles the prescriptions of quack doctors who recommend a few universal remedies for many various maladies.

At present the ministers of State are merely instruments of the Emperor's will. They have no responsibility towards each other, and have therefore no common policy. They are little more than chief clerks in a gigantic business firm, who carry out the instructions of their chief with more or less ability and honesty. It is true there is the *Conseil de l'Empire*, which consists of those of highest rank in the army or State. Its position towards any proposed law or change submitted to it is very much like that of a royal commission, which

only reports and examines, and does not act. There is no power of law or justice independent of the will of the officials ; and it is the bureaucracy composed by them which is the source of all Russian tyranny and intrigue, for the corruption of the officials is without limit. Conscientious governors of great provinces assume that they administer justice and listen to the complaints of the poorest peasant or injured merchant with absolute attention and impartiality. So possibly they do ; but they have no means of controlling the bribes insisted upon by their subordinates before they can be reached. Their judgments are purely arbitrary, without appeal, depending on personal favour, and they flatter themselves that they are protecting and delivering the poor and the oppressed.

The Russian aristocracy and plutocracy have few powers or privileges beyond that of serving their sovereign, and their position depends entirely on the will of the Emperor. Official rank is the only distinction, and all rank or 'tchin,' as it is called, is regulated according to the army grades. By this 'tchin' alone is the right of being received at Court acquired. Society is, therefore, subservient to the Court, and occupies itself more with those whose position can best procure them what they desire than with any other ideas. The Court itself is very magnificent, and its entertainments display unbounded splendour, taste, and art. In the midst of winter the whole palace is decorated for the balls with trees of camellias, dracænas, and palms. The suppers seem almost to be served by magic. Two thousand people sup at the same moment : they all sit down together, and all finish together in an incredibly short space of time. The palace is lit by the electric light, the tables are placed under large palm-trees, and the effect is that of a grove of palms by moonlight. At these Court balls, besides the Royal Family of Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses, with gorgeous jewels, may be seen many of the great generals and governors of the provinces who come to St. Petersburg to do homage to their sovereign ; a splendid-looking Circassian Prince, whose costume of fur and velvet is covered with chains of jewels and gold ; the commander of the Cossack Guard, Tchérévine, who watches over the Emperor's safety, dressed in what resembles a well-fitting scarlet dressing-gown, with a huge scimitar in his belt sparkling with precious stones ; Prince Dondoukoff Korsakoff, the Governor of the Caucasus, also in Cossack attire, with the beard which is the privilege of the Cossack birth. M. de Giers, whose civilian blue coat with gold buttons is remarkable among the numberless brilliant uniforms, talks to the Ambassadors with the wearied anxious expression habitual to his countenance. The Empress dances, but not the Emperor ; he does not sit down to supper either, but walks about, after the Russian fashion of hospitality, to see that all his guests are served.

If, to the outsider, society seems to lack the serious side of

science, learning, and politics, it gains energy from its contact with men who are continually engaged in distant provinces, carrying Russian rule and civilisation to the conquered Eastern tribes. Notwithstanding the great ease and luxury, the fact that so much of the male portion is composed of officers, who wear no other clothes than their uniforms, gives something of a business-like air, and produces a sense of discipline at the entertainments. Individually, the Russians have much sympathy with English ways and habits, and the political antagonism between the two nations does not appear to affect their social intercourse. They are exceedingly courteous, hospitable, and friendly, throwing themselves with much zest into the occupation or amusement of the moment. In these days of rapid communication social life is much the same in every great capital. St. Petersburg is a very gay society, and the great troubles underlying the fabric do not come to the surface in the daily life. There are of course representatives of all the different lines of thought and policy, and because they cannot govern themselves, it must not be supposed that they have not predilections in favour of this or that line of action. The season in St. Petersburg begins on the Russian New Year's Day, which is thirteen days late, for they adhere to what the Western nations now call the Old Style. It lasts till Lent, which the Eastern Church fixes also by a different calculation from the Western, and during that time there are Court balls twice a week and dancing at private houses nearly every other night, Sundays included. Private balls begin, as in London, very late and end very late. The dancing is most vigorous and animated. The specially Russian dance is the Mazurka, of Polish origin, and very pretty and graceful. Like the Scotch reel, it is a series of different figures with numerous and varied steps. The music, too, is special and spirited. The supper, which is always eaten sitting down, is a great feature of the evening, and there is invariably a cotillon afterwards. The pleasantest and most sociable entertainments are the little suppers every evening, where there is no dancing, and where the menu is most recherché and the conversation brilliant. The houses are well adapted for entertainments, and those we saw comfortable and luxurious as far as the owners are concerned. The bedrooms were prettily furnished, and the dressing-rooms attached fitted up with a tiled bath, hot and cold water, and numberless mirrors. The wives of the great Court and State officials, as well as many other ladies, have one afternoon in the week on which they sit at home and receive visitors. There is always tea and Russian bonbons, which are most excellent. What strikes an Englishwoman is the number of men, officers in the army, and others, who attend these 'jours,' as they are called in French. Many of noted activity, such as General Kaulbars, may be seen quietly sipping their tea and talking of the last ball to the young lady of the house. A fête given by Madame

Polevtssoff, wife of the Secrétaire de l'Empire, was wonderfully conducted and organised. It took place at a villa on the Islands, as that part of St. Petersburg which lies between the two principal branches of the Neva is called. It is to villas here that the officials can retire after the season when obliged to remain near the capital. The rooms and large conservatories were lit by electricity. At the further end of the conservatory, buried in palm-trees, were the gipsies chanting and wailing their savage national songs and choruses, while the guests wandered about amongst groves of camellias, and green lawns studded with lilies of the valley and hyacinths; rose bushes in full flower at the corners. When the gipsies were exhausted, dancing began, and later there was an excellent supper in another still more spacious conservatory. The entertainment ended with a cotillon, and for the stranger its originality was only marred by the fact that it had been thawing, and the company could not arrive or depart in 'troikas'—sleighs with three horses which seem to fly along the glistening moonlit snow. A favourite amusement, even in winter, is racing these troikas or sleighs with fast trotters. The races are to be seen from stands, as in England, and are only impeded by falling snow. The pretty little horses are harnessed, for trotting races, singly, to a low sleigh (in summer to a drosky) driven by one man, wearing the colours of the owner. Two of these start at once in opposite directions on a circular or oblong course marked out on a flat expanse of snow and ice, which may be either land or water, as is found most convenient. It is a picturesque sight, and reminds one of the pictures of ancient chariot races on old vases and carved monuments.

The character of a nation can scarcely fail to be affected by the size of the country it inhabits, and a certain indifference to time and distance is produced by this circumstance. There is also a peculiar apathy as regards small annoyances and casualties. Whatever accident befalls the Russian of the lower orders, his habitual remark is 'Nitchivo' ('It is nothing'). Nevertheless, Northern blood and a Northern climate have mixed a marvellous amount of energy and enterprise with this Oriental characteristic. Take for example the Caspian railway, undertaken by General Annenkoff. This general completes fifteen hundred miles of railway in the incredibly short space of time of a year and a half, and almost before the public is aware of its having been commenced, he is back again in St. Petersburg, dancing at a Court ball in a quadrille opposite the Empress. The railway made by him runs at present from the Caspian Sea to the Amou-Daria river, and will be continued to Bokhara, Samarcand, and Tashkend, in a northerly direction, while on the south it is to enter Persia. Should European complications, by removing the risk of foreign interposition, make it possible for a Russian army to reach the Caspian by way of the Black Sea and

the Caucasus, this railway gives it the desired approach to India. By attacking us in India, which they possibly do not desire to conquer, the Panslavists and Russian enthusiasts believe they would establish their empire at Constantinople, and unite the whole Slav race under the dominion of the Tsar.

The one preponderating impression produced by a short visit to Russia is an almost bewildering sense of its vastness, with an equally bewildering feeling of astonishment at the centralisation of all government in the hands of the Emperor. This impression is perhaps increased by the nature of the town of St. Petersburg. Long broad streets, lit at night by the electric light, huge buildings, public and private, large and almost deserted places or squares, all tend to produce the reflection that the Russian nation is emerging from the long ages of Cimmerian darkness into which the repeated invasions of Asiatic hordes had plunged it, and that it is full of the energy and aspirations belonging to a people conscious of a great future in the history of mankind. Is it too sanguine to hope that, as this development proceeds, the Russian Government may learn to perceive that a real and enduring peace with England would give the commercial wealth and prosperity so much coveted? A firm, decided, and unflinching policy on England's part, with a determination to protect her interests at whatever cost, may perhaps bring Russia to consider the advantages of this aspect of the question.

M. A. A. GALLOWAY

THE 'NINETEENTH CENTURY SCHOOL'

IN ART.

THE present fashion of pitting one century against another may be followed at least as fairly in art as in literature. From the early struggles into freedom of the Florentines and the Sienese down to the confident facility of our own time, each century has had its characteristic movement. Of this the centre has been now in Italy, now in the Low Countries, now mainly in France and England. And its importance has varied with its site. For us the interest of painting in the childish fourteenth century is mainly historical; so it is in the adolescent fifteenth; in the early sixteenth, in Italy, it was completed as a vehicle for ideas; in the seventeenth, in Holland, it developed its power as a record of human life and habits; in the eighteenth, under the guidance mainly of France, it was for the most part content to echo the past; in our own nineteenth century it has fallen into a line with science, and set itself to grasp and vulgarise, in the good sense, the elements of natural beauty. This generalisation is, of course, rough. In every age there have been men who, by idiosyncrasy or power, belonged to a generation that was not their own. But it holds good in the main, and particularly does it, I think, apply to the three great ages for the more essentially modern art of painting. The ideality of the early Italians and the humanity of the Dutchmen require no advocate; but as yet few have ventured to put the curiosity of the nineteenth century in France and England on the same level. But there I believe it will surely be in the minds of the men of a hundred years hence.

As we look back over art in the past, we can trace its course without difficulty. We see that its main stream, at least, has always flowed in one bed with other mental activities; that in its widest sense it has been at once the purest and most personal expression of the characteristic thoughts of its time. But all this we find it hard to grasp in the art immediately about us. Like one who wanders among water meadows, we have many doubts before we decide which is the chief among the various channels by which the ground is cut up. Looking down, however, from our eminence of

eighty years, it is clear that in the first lustrum of the present century a new aim appeared in art. Until then all painting had been more or less architectonic. From the Madonnas of Duccio and Cimabue down to the landscapes of Claude and his English and French disciples, a balance based on symmetry had never been absent for long. Even in the freest of the Dutchmen, this decorative note, this regard for something outside the picture frame with which what was inside had to harmonise, is always present. In landscape especially the informing spirit is contented, manipulative, and declaratory, rather than enthusiastic and curious. Ruysdael, Hobbema, Van de Velde, Backhuizen, did not 'libel the sea,' or the land. Their aim was not to search out truth and record it, but to take facts in their breadth, and with this to create a whole which should have the unity of a Doric column. They had no belief, and none who had lived up to their time had much, in the unity given by truth. In their view, tints, forms, natural arrangements, had to be profoundly modified before they could be fit for art. In many cases this was done with such consummate skill that it requires both insight and practice to make sure it was done at all. To a careless eye Hobbema's 'Avenue' may seem to embody the same notions as Constable's 'Hay-wain.' The Dutchman's sky is painted in three tints, the landscape is reduced to a *camaiieu* of warm brown and neutral green, the reds are greys and the figures modelled from the earth on which they stand. But all this is done with such tact and knowledge that it gives an impression of actuality scarcely less vivid than that of the English picture. But in attitude to truth a distinction must be made not only between Hobbema and the other Dutch landscape-men, but even between this particular work and others by the same hand. In the 'Avenue' Hobbema has set himself to delude the spectator, to make him feel exactly as if he were looking out of a window. But in the rest of his work it is balance, and not illusion, that he seeks. And still more is it so with Ruysdael, the only other Dutchman, Cuyp excepted, who painted pure landscape with distinction.

Of all landscape-painters Jacob Ruysdael was, no doubt, the purest artist. Without the human sympathies which have made Hobbema, Cuyp and Claude so popular in England, he had a finer instinct than either for those effects of nature which could be welded into unity. In his best pictures we find, too—and it is very rare—an active knowledge of what paint can *not* do. His conceptions are based on the more obvious features of his own world. There is little in them that can be called research. But they are thoroughly organised—nothing can be taken from or added to them with impunity—and they are most simply carried out. No painter has contrived more thoroughly to say what he wished than Ruysdael. If we must find a fault in him, it can only be for not wishing to say

more, for not trying to suggest when he could define no further. But to this he was never tempted. His inspiration was rather from within than without. He was content; he never 'wanted to know.' His aim was to embody certain aspects of things which touched a chord deep in his own personality. He climbed to the only vantage points within his reach, the bleak sandhills which protect his country from the sea, and thence he watched the clouds chase each other over the plain of Holland; he watched the broken sunlight come in waves across the polders, and touch with its silvery gold the stunted oaks, and the red roofs of the villages, and the great church that broods over Haarlem. He must have wandered, too, in the little solitary dells which lie among the Dunes, and watched the tiny rills and waterfalls, in which the clouds he painted found their way down to the Haarlemer Meer. But he beheld all this without a spark of the true modern fire of curiosity being kindled within him. The moods of nature by which he was attracted were those that gave her a quasi-personality. It was only when her changing face could be brought by accidents of light and shade into harmony with his own sombre cast of thought that he found her enticing. And even then he did not pry too closely into her secrets. In his *œuvre* there is none of the variety of a modern landscapist. His whole range might be displayed in two or three pictures.

In all this Ruysdael was true to the time in which he lived. I have said so much of his character, because in *Les Maîtres d'Autrefois* the late Eugène Fromentin traces the great French school of landscape—the school of Rousseau, and Corot, and Diaz—to his example. But there is an essential distinction between his work and theirs. With Ruysdael, landscape was a half-unconscious outlet for deep but narrow feelings. On the other hand, Rousseau and his brother Frenchmen were intensely conscious; their attitude was objective rather than subjective; they went to nature for knowledge rather than for sympathy; they painted *en plein air*, watching every change in the sky, every characteristic mood of light, every form and tint in tree or hill. Rousseau, especially, instead of being content to reduce a favourite effect to its simplest expression, and to repeat that again and again, studied nature in all shapes and seasons. 'In her!' says Fromentin, 'he discovered a thousand unpublished beauties. The store of his sensibilities was immense. Every season, every hour of the day, from dawn to the last streak of sunset; every phase of weather, from winter frosts to the heats of the dog-days; every plane, from sandy shores to hills, from the Landes to Mont Blanc; villages, meadows, great forests or modest woods, naked earth or bushy undergrowth—all these he forced to be his sitters.' He goes on to say that all the landscape-painters of Holland might have been set up in life with a few of Rousseau's sketch-books, and to

declare, with characteristic satisfaction in a French horizon, that Rousseau, from this point of view (width of range) was absolutely original.¹ This passage from his own book should have awakened Fromentin to the inner distinction between the art of his own time and that of seventeenth-century Holland. In methods, Rousseau, Diaz, Dupré, Corot, might indeed be compared to the masters of Dordrecht and Haarlem, but the intellectual spur which drove them to paint at all was fundamentally different.

Looking back on the first bloom of modern painting in sixteenth-century Italy, we see it as it was, the chief ornament of a renaissance which included all polite activities. The plastic artist speaks a universal language. His fame has a broader base than the poet's. To thousands who are familiar with Michel Angelo and Raphael, the literature of their time is summed up in the mere name of Ariosto. The writers who, no doubt, in their own opinion, made the glory of Leo's Rome—the Bembos, the Inghiramies, the Castigliones—are scarcely even names out of their own country. But, little as we know them, we are conscious that they were all in the movement, and that no abstract distinction is to be drawn between the contributions of poets and painters, sculptors and architects, to the final result. And when this great century of ours begins to take shape in men's ideas, the same thing will have to be confessed. It will be seen that the phase of literature which was born with it had a parallel in art as well as science, that the distinctive feature of the whole was what I have called curiosity, and that its spirit was no longer the spirit which prefers synthesis to analysis, but a new-born readiness to be content with research, to collect materials, to lay foundations, and, in art, to believe, more than ever before, that what is is beautiful.

The progenitors, or at least the forerunners, of the new movement were a poet and a painter. Wordsworth was born in 1770, and Constable in 1776. Each in his own way and for his own purpose set the example which was afterwards to be followed by Darwin. They trusted nature. They went to the fields and the hillsides, not to indulge a *parti pris*, but to take what they found there, selecting, of course, those facts which their art could grasp and reproduce, but caring for no tradition and turning a deaf ear both to praise and blame, when founded only upon what men of other days had done. In 1802 Constable wrote in a letter to a friend, 'I shall return to Bergholt, where I shall endeavour to get a pure and unaffected manner of representing the scenes that may employ me. . . . There is room for a natural painter.' And a few years later we find him saying, 'No two days are alike, nor even hours; neither were there ever two leaves of a tree alike, since the creation of the world; and the genuine

¹ The fact is, of course, that in range he was scarcely less inferior to Turner than Ruysdael was to him.

productions of art, like those of nature, are all distinct from each other.' In these two sentences a profession of faith is implied which was then quite new. Constable did not in the least mean that art was imitation; that to sit down in a field and copy all one found there would make a picture. He meant that landscape should be true as a novel should be true, that a painter's fame should depend upon his proved insight into the reality of things, and that the impression left by his work should confirm and vivify experience.

For this the main requirements are quickness to perceive what is essential, and readiness to reject what is not, coupled with a profound knowledge of material and its capacities. These Constable possessed in a remarkable degree. Apart from the glory that belongs to him as an originator, he stands, indeed, in the very front rank of artists, using the word in its narrowest and most technical sense. The business of the landscape artist is, first, to arrange his subject as a general marshals an army, to so dispose it, in fact, that all the parts shall support and reinforce each other. Secondly, to bring all his skill to the hiding of the chasm which yawns between the real world under the sun, and the counterfeit which may lie among the tints on his palette. What we admire in a picture is the man who made it, and it would be easy, if it were necessary, to show how achievement in this double task implies something like perfection in art. In spite of their broken lights and crowded 'accidents,' Constable's pictures have a repose almost as profound as Ruysdael's. There is in them none of the mistaken effort, none of the wish to make paint go beyond its nature, which is so distressing in Turner's oil pictures. They are masterly in the widest sense. They at once proclaim a new standard and reach it. If we compare them with those of the Dutchmen, or with those of such moderns as John Crome and Georges Michel, we find that, while these brought truth within their range by rigorous convention, Constable did so by selecting his truths. The convention in such a picture as the 'Slate Quarries' by Crome is comparable to that in a black and white drawing, in which colour is replaced by tone. In the 'Hay-wain' or the 'Cornfield,' millions of tints are left out, but those put in are as near the fact as paint will allow.

During the past year Constable was to be studied with more completeness in public places than ever before. The famous 'Hay-wain' has been presented to the National Gallery by Mr. Henry Vaughan and hung in the same room as the 'Cornfield' and the 'Valley Farm.' At South Kensington there are six examples in the permanent collection, two, at least, among his finest works; while at Edinburgh the studies for the 'Hay-wain' and the 'Jumping Horse,' which have long been lent to the London Museum by this same Mr. Vaughan, were to be seen side by side with a 'Salisbury,' a 'Hampstead Heath,' an 'On the Stour,' and 'A Glebe Farm.' I may add that in the

picture gallery of the newly opened Holloway College there is one of the finest 'On the Stours' Constable ever painted. It is a pity that the French, who were the first to welcome Constable as a new star, have no really good and characteristic example of him. Of the five in the Louvre one or two are clever, and are always surrounded by a crowd of copyists, but the taste they give of their author's quality is but a taste.

All the pictures I have named, except the 'Valley Farm,' were painted between 1810 and 1831. In England in those years landscape of another kind flourished in the hands of Turner, the painters of Norwich, and the growing school of masters in water-colour. In France it was practically non-existent. Corot, the first-born of the great men, was twenty years younger than Constable and came late to maturity. The only Frenchman who painted landscape with some original power in the early years of the century was Georges Michel, and he was so little known even in his native Paris, that men believed him dead twenty years before he actually laid down his brush. Corot was born in 1796; Camille Flers in 1802; Jules Dupré in 1809, Diaz also in 1809; Rousseau in 1812; Troyon in 1813; Millet in 1816. So that in the year 1825, when the 'Hay-wain' won a gold medal at the Salon, and the year after, when the 'White Horse' gained a similar prize at Lille, the oldest of the great Frenchmen was under thirty, and the youngest not yet ten. The sensation the English canvasses made was great. Critics abused them, but painters understood their unprecedented union of truth with artistic reserve, and in a day they gave their author a fame in France scarcely less wide and secure than two generations have built him up at home.

The exhibition at Edinburgh, which was open all last summer, has afforded a splendid opportunity to study the whole movement. Besides the Constables, it included twenty Corots, seven Rousseaus (the catalogue miscalls him Thomas), three Troyons, five Duprés, fourteen Diaz, seven Millets, thirteen Daubignys, three Courbets, as well as a crowd of pictures by men of less note and a fine show of those Dutchmen who are attached to the movement through Millet and Corot; of Matthew Maris, who is only prevented by the rarity of his work and his peculiar disposition from being one of the most famous of living painters, there were no less than twenty-two examples, a considerable proportion of his total production. William and James, his brothers, were well represented, and, with the exception of one or two men whose names as yet have scarcely crossed the North Sea, the whole school was collected about them. There are, too, fair collections of original etchings, English, French, and Dutch, and of drawings in water-colour. It would take too long to trace in detail the connection between Constable and the men I have named, or even with the Frenchmen, through whom his influence passed to the Dutch. I must

be content to point to the undoubted fact, that from the appearance of his work in Paris and Lille dates that habit of deference to nature on which the greatness of the only great school the French have had is founded. Before 1830 Corot was not Corot. In his early years his pictures were dry and hard, and helped by rather than based on nature. It was only after Constable showed the way that landscape-painting became a dialogue between artist and object, in which each spoke out frankly.

Of those who confessed their debt to Constable, Rousseau was by far the greatest. As an artist pure and simple, he was inferior to the Englishman. His pictures are, as a rule, without Constable's forceful unity. In form they are Shakespearian. We can imagine them added to or taken from without loss to their art. And they are wanting in frankness. 'A good picture should be brown, like a good fiddle,' said Sir George Beaumont, and we can fancy the sentiment finding some faint echo in Rousseau's heart. He painted habitually in a tone so low that his pictures too often look like moonlights with the chill off. As a colourist, 'in the abstract,' he was, however, at least as good as Constable, while in the difficult art of modelling a landscape he has no rival. We can walk under and round his trees, down his lanes, over the brows of his hills, with a sense of ease and elbow-room we feel with no one else. Objectively, too, Rousseau is the most thorough of landscape-painters. A botanist can enjoy himself in his tangled underwoods. The spirit that drove him to paint the hoar-frost of an autumn morning, led him to distinguish between the most similar trees in the orchard, between the minutest weeds that spring up in a neglected garden. For such breadth and unity as he cared to have he depended on his technical system, which was to bring objects gradually up out of the dark by successive paintings in solid colour, alternated with glazes. The result of such a method is a deep transparency of impast which is not to be won by painting 'straight away,' but which involves a great sacrifice of light.

Dupré had more sense of unity than Rousseau. His pictures have more of the architectonic quality. But his colour is often lurid, resembling nothing in nature so much as the light which gleams across a landscape from a break in thunder-clouds. His connection with the movement of his time is obvious enough, however, in spite of the more stately features of his work. Of Diaz it may be said that early popularity crystallised him sooner than Dupré or Rousseau. He repeated himself more, and showed a far larger share of that proneness to replace truth by trick which we know as mannerism. In the last half of his life Diaz had a sure market for those small pictures of forest glades, manufactured at Fontainebleau, by which he is best known in this country. Their production became a matter of routine, like the painting of a drawing-master, and they are likely for many years to act as a sort of veil to obscure the real splendour of his talent.

Constant Troyon is generally classed among the animal-painters, but like Cuypp, he showed his genius rather in *enveloppe*, in his cows *plus* landscapes than in his cows by themselves. Like Dupré, he was apt to become false in colour, but the signs of nature-watching are never absent from his work. Millet, Corot and Daubigny are divided from these men by their greater subjectivity. They have none of the variety of Rousseau, and little of the simplicity of Constable, Dupré, or Troyon. With Corot and Millet, of course, landscape is more of a means to an end than with the rest, and in that they are less entirely in the movement of their time. But so far as they go their pictures are painted entirely on the modern principle. The facts are gathered under the blue sky, and the decorative idea is never allowed to do harm. With Daubigny, the last and least of the constellation, appear the first sure signs of a new mannerism, a mannerism which is fast reducing landscape in France to a condition not much above that from which Constable and his heirs freed it. The men I have named were of course surrounded by a crowd of more or less successful imitators, some of whose work posterity may rate higher than we. They were followed, too, by the impressionists, who in anything like a complete history of the movement would occupy the unenviable place which belongs to those who kill an idea by stretching it beyond its capacity. It is curious how little foothold they have won on this side of the Channel.

It has been said that so far as England was concerned the movement started by Constable came to an end with himself. This is only very partially true. The right way to put it would be to say that here Constable found no immediate followers in his own medium. Even when he came to die, his name was by no means a household word in his native country, and it was only at small prices that his works were sold. Turner and the Claudists held the field. English patrons did not, indeed, leave Constable to starve, as the French left Millet, but they did little enough to encourage others to set out on the same road, and when Constable's career came to such a sudden end in 1837, there was but one man in his native country who applied his principles with sincerity and success; and that was David Cox.

It is the fashion to belaud the 'great English School of Water Colour,' and its productions are often, in fact, so exquisite, that it is hard not to join in the chorus. For the rendering of certain effects of light and qualities of colour, it is unapproached and perhaps unapproachable; but as a whole its inferiority to oil is beyond dispute. In range, richness and force, in directness and pliability, no comparison between the two methods is possible, while there is in oil the great, though more accidental, advantage that its solidity enables it to hold its own in galleries, among great architectural features, and across ample spaces. Before such masters of the lighter art as Cox, and Turner, and George Barrett, it is difficult to feel anything but

delight in what they did. Regrets that they did it at all, and not something else, seem impertinent. But, nevertheless, the conviction forces itself upon us that their choice did much to deprive England of a galaxy of painters which would have outshone even the great Frenchmen of Barbizon and Ville d'Avray.

Another preventing cause was the influence of Turner. Ideas vary and may yet vary for years as to the rank of Turner's own work, but there can be no two opinions as to the harmfulness of the example he set. Under his hand paint became *dénaturé*. It was taken into a sphere for which it was so unfitted that it could only be kept alive there at all by his personal genius. All the men, and they were a good deal more numerous than is sometimes thought, who tried to follow the same road came to grief on the way. But perhaps the illest turn done to English Art by Turner was when he gave a text for *Modern Painters*. In that book, so great from every point of view but the critics', the false ideal which Turner followed was set forth in language that burnt it into every brain. The boundaries of art were trampled down. The true aims of landscape especially were obscured, so that men who might otherwise have been content to go about it in the natural but reserved fashion of Constable, exhausted themselves in the attempt to do impossibilities. Three things combined, then, to neutralise Constable—(1) The fidelity of our upper classes to Claude and the Dutchmen, which deprived our English painter of substantial success in his own lifetime; (2) The preference for water-colour of the best artists living at Constable's death; (3) The influence of Turner. To these causes may be traced what is, in fact, a very curious phenomenon in art history. I doubt whether another instance could be given of a prolific example set in one country and followed only in another.

I say followed 'only,' but it would be more accurate to say 'mainly.' For the full scope of the revolution effected by Constable is only to be seen when we turn to other arts than his own. The most interesting development of the last few years has been the revival of etching. Ever since the time of Rembrandt, of course, artists have etched. That is to say, they have attacked copper with point and acid. But it is only within the last thirty years that the etched line has been used, as it was two centuries ago, with a comprehension of its peculiar powers. The immediate honour of the revival belongs, no doubt, to men like Seymour Haden, Méryon, and Whistler. But their work, and especially that of the first named, would have been impossible but for the new standards set up by Constable. In days when the last word in landscape was believed to have been said by Claude there could be no public for such brilliant but partial studies as 'Penton Hook' or 'Erith Marshes;' it was only when truth fresh from the fields came to take the rank it now holds that their chance arrived.

At the present moment the ideas of which I have endeavoured to suggest the source seem to be winning ascendancy here just as they promise to lose it in France. On the other side of the Channel devotion to one particular technical quality threatens to set up a standard hardly less artificial than that of a century ago. But here the stimulus which missed the painters of the dry land has struck the sea-painters with its full force. True to their day, these are by no means encyclopædic. Each practically confines himself to some favourite aspect of the sea. Mr. Hook paints the breezes and the broken water, Mr. Henry Moore the heavier movements of the waves; Mr. Colin Hunter paints the ocean as a liquid jewel, Mr. Macallum the play of sunlight through the mists which lie upon it; and so on with some half a dozen more. We have not a single painter of landscape proper whom we can put side by side with these men, unless, indeed, it be Millais.

The same spirit is to be recognised in the best modern portraits. A hundred years ago good portraits were above all things decorative. Painters like Reynolds and Gainsborough were content to catch a likeness and to finish a head on a system, leaving much of their canvas to be covered by journeymen and pupils. A few sittings of an hour apiece were all they asked. It was inevitable that works produced in such a way should have little individuality. And in fact nothing impresses one so strongly in a gathering of portraits from the eighteenth century as the want of variety among the sitters. If we go back further this becomes still more strongly marked. Kneller, Lely, even Vandyck, seem to have been content with likeness in the head alone. It was not so with the Dutch. The portraits of Van der Helst, Frans Hals, and Rembrandt are more comparable to modern work in essentials than any landscape of their school, and the best of our living portrait-painters are more closely allied to them than to those Venetians on whom they prefer to fix their eyes. It is only in our own time that the practice of Rembrandt and Hals has been revived, and that the character of a sitter has been allowed to decide the whole treatment of his portrait. It is only within the last seventy or eighty years that we find a head modelled, so to speak, inside and out, and every touch on the rest of the canvas governed by the desire to enhance its expression. The first man of our modern schools to work consciously on this principle was Lawrence, who, whatever his faults, could at least model a fine head when he had one before him. But to see it thoroughly grasped we must turn to living men like Millais, Holl, or Bonnat, and to see its results in perfection to portraits like those of Mr. Hook, of Mr. Chamberlain, and of M. Thiers.

If I have succeeded in making myself understood, it will be seen that I wish to point to one particular phase of modern art as characteristic of the nineteenth century, and upon Constable as its author.

The phase is that based upon curiosity, the new substitute for faith. Men no longer dogmatise upon nature. They go to her and find out what she is, and they bring back what they can. In one of his smaller plates Hogarth foreshadowed the new motive with Rabelaisian candour. His prescience has in part been proved by such developments as the Zolaistic novel, but his fears for his own calling are not yet in train to be fulfilled. For the new trust in nature has given an art of its own to the nineteenth century—an art which is likely in time to be placed with those of the sixteenth and seventeenth.

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WALTER ARMSTRONG.

ON WELL-MEANT NONSENSE ABOUT EMIGRATION.

ARE these islands over-populated? In other words, is it possible by any conceivable process to maintain at home in reasonable comfort and decency not only the thirty-seven million human beings whom the United Kingdom is estimated to contain, but the three or four millions who, at the present rate of increase, will be added to them in the course of a single decade? ¹ The question has been asked ever since the days of Malthus, and as it closely touches the happiness of the present and coming generation, I propose to say a few words upon it.

It is difficult to believe that there can be room for two opinions on such a subject. The once popular adage that 'the Providence which sends the mouths will send the meat,' if it still regulates the practice no longer constitutes the creed of the least provident classes; while few thinking men can bring themselves to share Mr. George's belief in a coming millennium when 'a greater number of people will collectively be better provided for than a smaller,' and when 'the natural increase of population will constantly tend to make every individual richer instead of poorer.' ² At the same time, it may be admitted that Mr. J. S. Mill's gloomy predictions have not yet been verified. Mr. Gladstone, it is true, has had no difficulty in showing, in the pages of 'this Review, that the England of to-day supports its 28,000,000 with greater ease and in greater comfort than the England of Lord Tennyson's youth supported its 14,000,000, and Mr. Giffen's remarkable statistics are scarcely needed to prove that our working classes are better paid, better fed, better clothed, and

¹ In a paper contributed to the September number of the Statistical Society, Dr. G. B. Longstaff, a well-known authority on the subject, estimates the population of the United Kingdom on the 3rd of April, 1886, at 36,776,064, and its quinquennial increase at 1,891,206. If Ireland, where the population is actually decreasing, be omitted from the calculation this increase would exceed 2,000,000. Possibly, as Dr. Longstaff subsequently points out, some slight deduction may have to be made from these figures.

² Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*, p. 126.

on the whole better housed than their grandfathers. The cause indeed is not far to seek. Free trade has opened our ports to the productions of both hemispheres; and the means of transporting those productions from the uttermost parts of the earth has been increased twenty-fold. Our manufacturing and other industries have been enormously developed; we have made the world our granary and have flooded both hemispheres with our cottons and calicoes; we have laid the occult powers of nature under tribute, and have pressed the latest discoveries of science into our service. We get our apples from Nova Scotia, our mutton from New Zealand, and our butter—or what passes as such, from—Heaven only knows where. The result has been a superabundance in the supply and a fall in the price not only of the necessities, but of the small luxuries of life, which promises to make England what Sir R. Peel hoped it would become—‘the cheapest country to live in in the world.’

But, with all these grounds for congratulation, it is impossible to read the population returns for the last few years, and to listen to the bitter cry of the unemployed which assails us from every quarter, without serious misgivings. If the openings for employment and the sources of subsistence have multiplied fast, the mouths to be filled have multiplied still faster. I put aside the case of Ireland, which cannot be discussed without raising controversial questions upon which I have at present no desire to enter. Nor will I dwell upon the ominous unanimity with which employers of labour insist that, if the industrial supremacy of this country is to be maintained, the rate of wages must be substantially reduced. Let us take facts and figures about which there is no dispute, and see to what conclusions they lead.

The population of Great Britain is at the present moment being added to at the rate of at least 1,000 persons a day, or, in the words of the Registrar-General, ‘it receives every ten years an accession equal to the whole population of London.’ In connection with this enormous growth two points deserve to be noted. The disproportion of the sexes, in itself a serious evil, is slowly but steadily increasing.^a The distribution of the population is undergoing a sensible change. The towns (except where some special cause is at work) are everywhere growing. The rural population is either standing still or actually diminishing. The metropolis alone receives every week an addition of more than 1,000 persons, and the cry is ‘Still they come!’ In the case of London and of other large cities the ‘natural increment’ is swelled by the crowds who pour into them from every part of the world. Most of these immigrants are unskilled workpeople or bring what craft they possess to an enormously overstocked market.

^a *Census of England and Wales* (General Report), iv. 15.

It does not require the harrowing realism of Mr. George Sims or the picturesque pen of Mr. Walter Besant to prove that where, as in the East End of London, the supply of workers is constantly overtaking the supply of work, wages will be driven down to starvation point. When we hear of women working all day and half the night in order to earn *3d.* or *4d.* by making a pair of trousers and *2d.* by making a pair of full-sized sheets and having to find the 'extras' for themselves—when we are told that one penny is considered a handsome remuneration for filling 144 boxes of lucifer-matches—we are tempted to ask, Is this life? Is it the kind of existence into which any reasonable being would, if he or she were given any choice in the matter, desire to be born? Yet there are myriads of our countrymen and our countrywomen whose only prospect of escape from such an existence is the workhouse or the grave. I am not speaking now of that destitution which springs from temporary depression of trade or of that which is perhaps inseparable from every state of human society, but of that which is directly due to the fact that 50,000 persons are huddled together in a locality where there is not work or room for half that number.

Poverty, of course, is a relative term, and it is easy to understand the unsympathetic jeers with which an audience of half-starved mechanics lately greeted the poor clergyman who complained of the difficulty of bringing up a family upon 150*l.* a year. Yet it is impossible to withhold some pity from the professional man or country gentleman who, with advancing years and a declining income, finds himself under the necessity of launching into the world half a dozen sons with 'average abilities,' and no taste for anything in particular except cricket and lawn-tennis. A generation ago the outlook was not so hopeless. A friend at Court, a member of Parliament under obligations to the family, a goodnatured judge, an East India director, or an uncle high up in one of the services might have been relied upon to find some comfortable berth into which young men of good family and of mediocre intelligence might be conveniently stowed. But alas! these things are no more. 'Every gate is thronged with suitors,' and if its portals no longer 'open but to golden keys' they are guarded by the dragon of Cannon Row. Thrice lucky, indeed, is the youth who can scramble into a competency without having to run the gauntlet of a competitive examination. Even more pitiable is the lot of those portionless maidens to whom nature has denied either the graces to attract or the capacity to compete with what is known to the more uncompromising advocates of female labour as 'the conflicting sex.' In such a condition of things, it is not surprising, though for some reasons regrettable, that among the upper and professional classes the age at which men and women marry is becoming every year later and later. The Anglican clergy,

indeed, appear to be influenced by no such prudential considerations. To judge by the first column of the *Times*, they still regard it as their mission to enter a practical protest against the decretals of Hildebrand, and seem bent upon compensating for centuries of enforced sterility by excess of production. But the clergy are a privileged class, and among them, as among the great mass of the people, it is probable that the difficulty of rearing and maintaining a family will, in the present state of public opinion on the subject, exercise no perceptible influence on the growth of our population. To say the truth, the doctrines of Malthus have never been popular in England. In the words of Mill, 'Religion, morality, and statesmanship have vied with each other in incitements to marry and to the multiplication of the species, so it be but in wedlock.'⁴ Occasionally, indeed, a cosmopolitan Englishman may venture to hint that a Normandy peasant with two children is better off than a Dorsetshire labourer with ten. But the majority of writers and speakers wisely prefer to steer clear of the subject, and agree to respect, as something sacred, the right of a married Briton to have as many children as he likes. Meantime, those who, like Mr. Fawcett, think it more important 'to provide elbow-room and employment for the existing generation than to call into being a generation for whom there is neither,' will be thankful for small mercies, and will learn with complacency that the marriage-rate of last year was one of the lowest on record, even though that rate be shown to fluctuate with the rise and fall of wages, with the price of bread, and with the export returns of the Board of Trade.

Where, then, is the remedy to be found? I must leave to others the task of examining and exposing the wild communistic theories which have found such favour on the Continent and are rapidly gaining ground in England. Such nostrums, even if they could bring about that *Liquidation sociale* on which the proletariat of Paris delight to dwell, would feed no mouths and fill no pockets except those of the agitators who live by them. Private charity, local relief funds, and costly public works, undertaken to give employment to starving men, may afford temporary relief at the risk of creating or encouraging chronic pauperism. Trades unions and combinations of workmen may drive up wages, but they will not create work, and they certainly will not enable five families to live where four at present starve.

On the other hand, I am very far from saying that, under a rational system of land law reform, many parts of England, Wales, and Scotland might not be made to support a much larger population than they at present contain. The survival of land laws having

⁴ Mill's *Principles of Political Economy*, i. 440.

their roots in the feudal system, and utterly unsuited to the present state of society, is indeed one of the strangest anachronisms of the nineteenth century, and it is impossible that they can long withstand the assaults of a democratic House of Commons. It is very probable that the creation of small holdings and the breaking up of enormous tracts now consecrated to solitude and sport, if it did nothing else, would help to retain upon the land the population now gravitating to the towns. By all means let these reforms be insisted upon; but the change they involve amounts to a social revolution which it will take years to accomplish, and 'while the grass grows the steed starves.' At present, as I have already shown, everything tends the contrary way. The fall in the price of agricultural produce has made the farmer more than ever anxious to reduce his labour bill; and the substitution of machinery for hand labour, as well as the conversion of arable into pasture land, by seriously affecting the agricultural labour market has done much to depopulate the country and fill the towns.

We are thus driven back upon emigration as the only immediate cure for the prevailing distress. The subject is one which was prominently and constantly brought before me when I was at the Colonial Office last year, and I therefore venture to discuss it with more freedom and confidence than I should otherwise have thought of doing.

Large as has been the aggregate number of emigrants who have left this country during the last fifteen or twenty years, few persons, I suspect, know how slightly our census returns have been affected by this disturbing cause. We read of the wholesale exodus of working men and women to America and Australia, but it is not generally known that for every five persons who sail from these shores nearly two find their way back to them or land there for the first time. The excess of native emigrants over immigrants, which in 1884 was 150,823, in 1885 fell to 122,176, and in 1886, a somewhat exceptional year, only reached 152,882, or considerably less than half per cent. of our whole population. A very large proportion, too, of this excess was caused by emigration from Ireland, which for our present purpose need not be taken into account. Considerable as these figures, even when thus reduced, are, it is obvious that if our congested population is to be relieved by this process, it must be resorted to upon a far larger scale.

Unfortunately, emigration is a question upon which more well-meant nonsense has been talked and written than upon any other subject under the sun. There are persons who think that to draft men and women from the thickly to the thinly inhabited portions of the globe is as easy as to divert water from a higher to a lower level. Such complacent talk reminds us of the French princesses, who, when

told that the people were starving for want of bread, suggested that they should eat plum-cake. It is not surprising that conclusions drawn from such faulty premisses should be confused and contradictory. I have myself listened for a couple of hours to a deputation of returned Australian emigrants descanting upon the hardships and miseries of a life in the Bush, and the next day have heard New South Wales and Queensland depicted as the paradise of the working man. I have heard Canada described by one man as 'the grave of English capital,' and by another as the one spot on earth where a man can invest 200*l.* or 300*l.* in the purchase and cultivation of land, with the certainty of a good return for his money. To some extent these divergent descriptions are due to the fact that our information is derived from two opposite sources—from capitalists who wish to feed, and workmen who are interested in starving the labour market. But the effect upon our home population is the same. Unfortunately, also, the persons who go out to these countries are often as ignorant of what lies before them as if they were proceeding to another planet instead of to another hemisphere, and, like most ignorant persons, they alternate between the extreme of credulity and the extreme of suspicion.

To counteract and dispel this ignorance, the Colonial Office last year succeeded in establishing at 31 Broadway, Westminster, the 'Emigrants' Information Office'—an institution which, though at present in its infancy, is likely in time to exercise a most important influence. Maintained at the very modest cost of about 600*l.* per annum, it collects and diffuses knowledge which to the intending emigrant is simply invaluable. This knowledge is digested into yearly and monthly reports, which are models of practical information presented in a compendious form, extending to such useful details as the clothes to be worn and the tools to be used in each colony. The office itself is open daily for the purpose of giving advice to such persons as desire it. At its head is Mr. C. P. Lucas, of the Colonial Office, assisted by a committee composed of gentlemen of practical experience, of whom I may name Mr. Burnett, the Labour Correspondent of the Board of Trade; Mr. Dent, the Secretary of the Workmen's Club and Institute Union; Mr. Benjamin Jones, the General Manager of the Wholesale Co-operative Society; Mr. J. Martineau, the Chairman of the Emigration Committee of the Charity Organisation Society; Mr. Walter Paton, the Hon. Secretary of the Central Emigration Society; Mr. J. Rankin, M.P.; Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P.; Mr. J. H. Tuke, and Mr. Arnold White.

The emigration problem, to which I propose to devote the remainder of this article, naturally suggests three questions: Who should emigrate? Where should they go? And what is the best way of helping those numerous and deserving persons who cannot

pay for their own passage or support themselves in the first stages of their new life ?

The answer to the first question is simple enough. Emigrants should be in the vigour of life, hardy, and endowed with a sufficient stock of health and animal spirits. Above all, they should be proof against that temptation to indulge in alcoholic drinks which, in the case of some natures, solitude and the absence of all social restraints make wellnigh irresistible. If he or she understands some special handicraft, so much the better ; but, as a rule, persons who can turn their hands to anything get on best. Young married couples will generally do well, but a superabundance of very young children is obviously a difficulty, especially if the emigrants have to rough it. On the other hand, the emigration of children, as it has long been carried out by Miss Rye, and lately advocated by Mr. Samuel Smith, is by all means to be encouraged ; provided, of course, that they can receive suitable care and supervision both on the voyage out and in their new homes. One thing, however, is certain. Nothing can be more unjust to the Colonies, nor more cruel to the subjects of the experiment, than the proposal to pack off promiscuous shiploads of half-starved ' East Enders ' to the wilds of Canada or Australia. To arrest and divert the present flow of population from the agricultural districts to the large towns rather than to transplant to the Colonies men and women enervated and demoralised by years of city life should be the aim of all who wish to restrict the stream of emigration to its proper channel. Compulsory deportation is, of course, out of the question, and it may be conceded that no person who is fortunate enough to possess a comfortable home in the mother country should be urged to leave it. Unfortunately, however, the people who are least wanted at home and yet would make the best colonists are often those who are most reluctant to emigrate. The latest statistics issued by the Emigrants' Information Office show that of the men who applied personally at the office for advice and information 31·18 per cent. were mechanics, and 10·56 per cent. clerks and shop assistants, while only 8·57 per cent. were farm labourers.⁵ They also show that nearly one-half of the applications which came by post were sent from large towns. The majority of the applicants, too, preferred the ' life ' of cities like Melbourne and Sydney, already too densely peopled, to the silence of the Bush or the solitude of the prairie.

A word must be said of the large and increasing class of young

⁵ I would not be understood to mean that mechanics necessarily make bad colonists. On the contrary they are often more handy and full of resources than mere agriculturists. But the artisans who wish to emigrate are generally those who have tried two or three trades and succeeded in none ; and there is some ground for the complaint of our colonies, that they are being made ' a dustbin for our failures.'

men of good birth and liberal education who are driven to leave the mother country because she offers them neither a career nor a livelihood. The interesting Australian experiences lately published by Mr. Finch Hatton show that such men, if they have much to endure, have also something to hope for, provided they are made of the proper stuff and set to work in a proper spirit. There are among our aristocracy many young men who work as hard at fox-hunting or deer-stalking as any farm labourer at his plough or harrow, and manual labour or even menial drudgery involves, it should be remembered, no loss of caste where nearly every one must work with his own hands. But woe be to the youth who goes out to a new country in the hope of 'living like a gentleman' or of obtaining a situation in a bank or a counting-house. He will almost certainly find that he is bringing his wares to an overstocked market or to one in which native industry is fast occupying the ground.

The second question is more difficult. Something, of course, will depend upon the habits and physique of the emigrants themselves. A man whose life might have been saved or prolonged by the climate of Queensland may be killed by a Canadian winter. The tropics may, for the present purpose, be put out of the question. Few Englishmen go to the West Indies or to the West Coast of Africa, or even to India, with a view to make those regions their permanent home. Of countries not under the rule of the Queen, two only would seem to present any attractions or to offer any advantages to British settlers—the United States of America and the Argentine Republic. The latter country possesses one of the finest climates and the most fertile soils in the world, and its natural resources are being developed by the aid of British capital at a rate as rapid as those of Australia herself. The old prejudice against anything South American—natural enough, when these magnificent regions were monopolised by a semi-savage race, half Spanish and half Indian—might be expected to disappear when those half-caste nomads are being replaced by an agricultural population drawn from the most thrifty and industrious inhabitants of Lombardy and Liguria. But prejudices are stubborn things, and the prospect of finding himself among people who not only speak an unknown tongue, but eat polenta and worship saints, does not commend itself to the average Englishman. No such drawback awaits the emigrant who lands at Boston or New York, though this fact alone is scarcely sufficient to account for the extraordinary preference shown by our emigrants for the United States. It is scarcely credible that the number of persons of British and Irish origin who during the last three years sailed from the ports of the United Kingdom to that country was more than double that of those who proceeded to all our own Colonies put together.

In speaking of a country so vast, and possessing such wide diversities of climate, it is impossible to lay down any general rule; but the experience of the thousands of disappointed emigrants who recross the Atlantic every month will, I believe, bear me out in saying that the Great Republic is a lottery in which the prizes, though rich, are rare, and the blanks are many. Of course, a man who can pay for his passage to a new country, and support himself when he gets there, has a perfect right to go where he likes, and unfortunately it is probable that most of the Irishmen who swell the stream of emigration to the United States go there not because they have any special preference for that country, but because they wish to escape from British rule. But the majority of would-be emigrants are not able, at first at least, to pay their own way, and it is too much to expect that the resources of the mother country, whether in the form of private charity or Government subsidies, should be devoted to building up or enriching a rival nation by peopling it with men and women whom our own fellow-subjects are ready to welcome and anxious to receive.

Before glancing at the prospects which await an intending settler in our larger Colonies, it may be interesting to note the proportions in which they are now resorted to. In the years 1884, 1885, and 1886, 75,719 persons of British and Irish origin left the United Kingdom for British North America, against 126,725 who sailed to Australasia, and 445,677 to the United States; while the number of those who returned from our South African possessions actually exceeded the number of emigrants by several thousands. From the statistics of the Emigrants' Information Office, to which I have already referred, it would appear that the applicants who expressed a preference for the Cape and Natal were only a little more than 3 per cent. of the whole number, against 15 per cent. who wished to go to Canada, and 51 per cent. who sought to proceed to Australasia.⁶ The reluctance of working men to select the Cape or Natal is doubtless partly due to the influence of a large coloured population on the labour market, and partly to exaggerated reports of the unsettled state of the country. But it may be hoped that the success of Mr. Arnold White's recent Colonisation Scheme may open the eyes of intending settlers to the great advantages offered by these highly favoured but much-decried regions. The comparative unpopularity of British North America is more difficult to explain. Canada is not half as far from England as the Cape, and not one-fifth as far as Australia. Halifax, her most eastern port, which is open all the year, is 500 miles nearer to Liverpool than New York itself, and the opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway has provided a cheap and easy access to the very

⁶ It should be remembered, however, that these statistics cover a season of the year when emigration to Canada was, for obvious reasons, less popular.

heart of the finest wheat-growing and cattle-breeding districts on the face of the earth. Canadian winters, though proverbially healthy, are no doubt extremely cold; but Scotchmen, at least, are not spoiled in the matter of climate. Nor does it appear that the colonisation of the Northern States of the Union has been retarded by the terrors of an equally rigorous temperature. It should be noted, too, that the large belt of country opened up by the great Canadian railroad and its branches is far more fertile than that traversed by the through lines of the United States, and that the Dominion has no waterless deserts such as those which make the interior of Australia practically uninhabitable. The boundless mineral and pastoral wealth of the latter country will doubtless continue to attract and repay those who can afford to make it their destination. But if we wish to relieve the immediate pressure on the mother country we must take the colony which, so to speak, lies nearest to hand, and which offers the readiest and easiest chance of subsistence to the largest number at the smallest cost. Without, however, entering into further comparisons, it may be safely laid down that there is in our North American, Australasian, and South African Colonies room for a population at least three or four times as large as that of the United Kingdom. But the absorption of such a population, or even of a twentieth part of it, and the process by which such absorption is effected, must be a work of time, and can only be accomplished by slow and painful degrees. Great Britain may be too full, and Greater Britain too empty, but it will take years to redress the balance. The experience of the first occupants of Botany Bay, who, though sent out under Government auspices, and maintained by Government aid, were often on the verge of starvation, and the sufferings caused in later times by indiscriminate 'rushes' to places where nothing was to be procured but the vilest of alcoholic drinks, should operate as a warning to the philanthropists who wish to export batches of men and women to localities in no sense prepared to receive them. The best emigrants in the world will starve if they are sent to a country where they can find neither employment nor subsistence. Such experiments are not only futile, but positively mischievous; for the artisan who returns from Melbourne or Montreal with empty pockets and blighted hopes only helps to swell the volume of prejudice which interested persons in this country have already created against emigration in general.

The disappointment caused by the neglect of this salutary warning explains the preference recently shown for schemes of colonisation as opposed to schemes of emigration. The difference is an important one. By colonisation is meant 'the selection of qualified persons to settle in a colony which is willing to receive them,

and there to maintain themselves as distinct agricultural communities.' Emigration, on the other hand, may mean the wholesale or haphazard transfer of fit or unfit persons to countries which may or may not want them, and may or may not find work for them to do when they get there.

The distinction leads naturally to the third question which I propose to consider, for it is obvious that, while many persons may be able to scrape together a few pounds to pay for their passage across the Atlantic, the settlement of a whole community in a new country and the provisions required for starting them in their new homes necessitate a very substantial outlay. By the deputation from the State-directed Colonisation Association which recently waited upon the Marquis of Salisbury, this outlay was estimated at from 100*l.* to 160*l.* per man. Even at the lowest computation, therefore, the cost of sending out such colonists upon a large scale must be very serious. Indeed, it is calculated that 20,000 families could not be settled in Manitoba or Assiniboin without an expenditure of many millions. Yet, viewed as a means of relieving our congested population, the experiment, if carried out on a smaller scale, would be about as efficacious as an attempt to bale out a water-logged vessel with the aid of a dozen teacups.

Now where is this large sum to be found? I wish to speak with the greatest respect of the exertions made by those noble-minded men and women who have ungrudgingly given their time and money to the furtherance of these schemes, and of associations like the Charity Organisation Society which have spared no pains to direct and assist the efforts of private benevolence. Not less noteworthy, too, are the large sums lately sent over to this country by settlers in America and Australia to enable their friends and relatives to join them in their new homes. But the stream of private benevolence is always precarious, and is apt to run dry when it is most wanted; and no one believes that the required sum, or anything approaching to it, could be provided year by year out of the pockets of private individuals or the resources of charitable societies. Indeed, the very fact that the promoters of these schemes are appealing to Government for help shows that private benevolence has been tried and found wanting.

We are thus brought face to face with the vexed problem of State aid to emigration. Such aid may come either from the country which receives or from the country which sends out the intending settler. At present Canada grants assisted passages to agriculturists, farm labourers and their families, and to female domestic servants; but the free grant of large tracts of the best agricultural land, which the Dominion offers to suitable persons, amounts to an additional bonus of a very substantial kind. Of the Australasian Colonies,

Queensland offers free passages to selected agricultural labourers and single domestic servants; while assisted passages are granted by Queensland and New Zealand to farmers and agriculturists who are able to deposit a small sum by way of caution money, or to show that they are possessed of a certain amount of capital. 'Nominated passages' are also granted by several of the Australasian Colonies, by means of which the friends of residents in those Colonies can be sent out at reduced rates under special conditions. In view, however, of the fact that the government of these Colonies is more or less in the hands of men who are interested in arresting the flow of emigration and who look with suspicion upon any attempt to 'flood the labour market,' it would be unsafe to regard these arrangements as permanent. Clearly, therefore, if the required help is to be given, it must come from the mother country.

The objections to the granting of such State aid on a large scale are obvious enough, and have been often stated. New agencies would have to be created, and new machinery set at work. If Government were to interfere, 'the sources of supply on which voluntary effort depends would shrink and dry up, and the State would be left in undisturbed possession of the field.' But a more serious difficulty confronts us *in limine*. Is it just, except under very special circumstances, to tax a hundred persons who remain at home in order to enable two or three to live in unearned independence and comfort in a new country, even though British taxpayers may be indirectly benefited by the diminution of unhealthy competition and by the opening of new markets for their industries? Or, if it be just, is there the slightest chance of a British Parliament sanctioning such an impost? It is only fair to the advocates of State-directed colonisation (as they prefer to call it), to point out that they feel the force of these objections, and profess to have discovered a scheme under which the pecuniary liability of the State would be reduced to a minimum. To quote the words of Lord Brabazon, on the occasion to which I have alluded:—

The Association did not want the State to advance one farthing, unless it was necessary, in the form of payment of interest on loans which had been advanced by the public to carry out their scheme. They proposed that there should be an Imperial Commission appointed by the Government, upon which representative Colonists should be *ex-officio* members, and that this Commission should be empowered to raise funds in the open market, loans for the purpose of sending out to the Colonies as farmers and as settlers men who were physically and morally fit to become farmers, and to place them on the free grant lands of the Colonies. Canada offered one hundred and sixty acres of the finest land in the world to any who would go and settle there, but 100% to 120% per man was required for that purpose.

He subsequently added that, if the Government guaranteed the

payment of fair interest on the sum proposed to be advanced, there would be little difficulty in the present state of the money market in floating the loan, and that

there would be little risk of the State being ever called upon to provide the interest, as experience had proved that suitable men could, within a short time, make themselves independent on such magnificent lands as, say, Manitoba. The lands would be security, and every spadeful of earth turned up would increase the value of the security.⁷

Lord Brabazon's first proposition may be accepted without demur, but it will be seen that the second involves a somewhat important assumption, and that in the meantime the assistance asked for is no less real because it takes the form of credit instead of the form of cash. The liability of a guarantor, as many of us know to our cost, often turns out to be a more serious thing than it is represented to be; and it is just possible that the assisted colonists might show their 'independence' by disregarding existing obligations as well as by dispensing with further help. Such things have happened before, and may happen again. What in such a case is the Home Government to do? Is it to assume the rôle of a mortgagee in possession, and to sue or evict its defaulting debtors? The prospect is not an encouraging one, especially when we remember that as soon as one of these emigrants has stepped on the shores of one of our self-governing Colonies he becomes as little amenable to the control of the Home Government as if he had landed in Patagonia. In fact, the fatal objection to State-directed colonisation seems to be, that the moment the colony is formed, the State loses the power of directing it. The retort that it is only proposed to send out emigrants to Colonies which consent to receive them scarcely meets the objection.

It is not, I believe, generally known that not long ago a scheme of colonisation, not unlike that now advocated by Lord Brabazon, was actually under serious consideration. In the year 1883 Sir George Stephen, the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and other leading Canadians interested in the question, made the following overture to the home authorities. They proposed to take out and settle upon lands of three great Canadian companies, possessed of a practically unlimited area of available territory in Manitoba, 10,000 picked families from Ireland; to plough and seed these farms for the first year, and to provide each family with suitable habitations, with the necessary implements of husbandry, and with a limited number of domestic animals. The cost of the undertaking was, in the first instance, to be defrayed out of the proceeds of an Imperial loan, repayable without interest at the end of ten years.

⁷ The *Times*, February 5, 1887.

For the first two or three years the colonists were to pay nothing. After that period they were to be charged a gradually increasing rent calculated at a rate sufficient to recoup the promoters of the scheme for their outlay and to secure the repayment of the original loan. In this case the Government would have had the guarantee of three presumably solvent companies, but it was felt by those whose experience entitled them to speak on such matters that some further security was required to justify the expenditure of a large sum of public money. Under these circumstances, an informal application to guarantee the loan was, I believe, made to the Dominion Government, who were not only directly interested in the scheme, but in a better position to estimate the chances of its success and to enforce the conditions under which it was to be tried. I never heard what answer was returned to these overtures; but as the proposal fell through, I conclude that the Canadian Government did not see their way to give the required undertaking.

It is for many reasons to be regretted that some such experiment could not have been tried. When ideas of this kind are widely promulgated and earnestly held, it is exceedingly desirable that they should be put to a practical test. As Lord Salisbury pointed out in his answer to the deputation on State-directed colonisation, the plan might be tried on a small scale at a moderate cost. If it failed, the experience gained would be worth the money; if it succeeded, its success might open the way to the solution of a problem which is daily becoming more urgent and more complicated. I am not generally an advocate for heroic remedies. But the disorder to be remedied is rapidly approaching a stage which may at any time become acute. I venture therefore to make the following practical suggestion: Let the cost of sending out to Canada and of equipping and settling, say, 2,000 families to be carefully selected mainly but not exclusively from our agricultural population—a subject upon which, at present, the most vague and contradictory notions prevail—be accurately ascertained; if necessary, after consultation with trustworthy experts to whom such calculations are matters of everyday practice. Let one half of that sum be provided by private subscription, or by the settlers themselves and their friends, and let the other half be raised and the whole secured in the manner proposed by Lord Brabazon. Let Canada be asked to provide for these colonists a sufficient quantity of suitable land in an accessible locality; and, lastly, let the whole scheme be carried out under the joint direction and control of the Imperial and Dominion Governments. The advantages of this plan would, I think, be unquestionable. The whole matter would be transferred from the region of speculation to the region of fact. Private benevolence, so far from being checked, would be directly stimulated. The interest which

the contributors would naturally feel in the due disposal of their own money would be a guarantee against wasteful or injudicious expenditure. The colonists themselves would have a stake, however small, in the undertaking; and, lastly, the co-operation of the two Governments would not only obviate the objection now urged against State-directed colonisation, but would greatly increase the chances of its success. The mother country would, no doubt, incur some liability, but that liability would in any case be small, and I am not without hope that it would prove infinitesimal. The experiment, if successful, might of course be repeated on a larger scale.

There are other matters connected with this subject which will, no doubt, engage the attention of the Colonial Conference which is on the eve of meeting in London. Everything which tends to bring the Colonies into closer contact with the United Kingdom indirectly helps to facilitate the flow of our surplus population from the latter to the former. Though much has lately been done in this direction, surely much still remains to do. Compare the postage of a letter from England to Sydney with the postage of a letter from England to San Francisco, or the time occupied by a voyage from Liverpool to New York with the time occupied by a voyage from Liverpool to our nearest Canadian ports. It may be said that such matters must be governed by purely commercial considerations, and that if more persons wish to go to the United States, and such persons are able to pay more highly for their accommodation, better accommodation will be provided for them. I can only reply that, if we are going to deal with our own Colonies upon these principles and in this spirit, we shall soon have no Colonies to deal with.

One word more. The spread of education and the gradual introduction of a higher standard of comfort, while it does something to check improvident marriages and consequent over-population, may in time do much to familiarise our working classes with the advantages offered by other countries, and to reconcile them to the idea of leaving their own, especially when it is supplemented by so admirable an agency as that of the Emigrants' Information Office. But the outlook is distant, the danger is immediate. The rapid growth of the new Socialism in London and elsewhere warns us to put our house in order, and the demon of Revolution will not be exorcised by Mansion House Relief Funds or by Sunday platitudes about the duties of the rich to the poor. The spectre is at the door; the handwriting is on the wall; but, as in the days of Lot and Noe, 'we eat, we drink, we buy, we sell, we plant, we build, we marry and are given in marriage,' and few there be who care to read the signs of the times. Meantime, one thing is certain. It is the duty of every

man who has the slightest chance of guiding or influencing public opinion to look facts fearlessly in the face, and to speak what he believes to be the truth on a subject which party considerations and a certain false delicacy of sentiment have too long thrust into the background.

G. OSBORNE MORGAN.

A WARNING TO THE S. P. R.

IN an article of mine entitled 'Hill-Digging and Magic' which appeared in the January number of this Review, there is mention made of a large find of Roman coins at the village of Baconsthorpe in the year 1878. The discovery was so recent, and the interest which it aroused among archæologists in East Anglia was so great, that all the circumstances connected with this remarkable find are fresh in the recollection of many of us; and it might well appear highly improbable that anything more could remain to be said on the subject. My astonishment, therefore, was great when last month I received the following startling letter from the lady whose name it bears—a name which is more than sufficient voucher for the good faith of the writer, who repeats the strange story.

Croydon: February 6, 1887.

In reading your article on 'Hill-Digging' in the *Nineteenth Century* for last month, it strikes me that you may be interested to hear that the Baconsthorpe treasure-trove you mention was not without its uncanny side. A servant of ours, ———, a Baconsthorpe woman, now married, came back to her place at the Deanery, Winchester (my father was then dean), bringing back some of the coins with her (she gave me one), and told, as far as I recollect, the following story.

There was a bedridden old man who came from a parish a few miles off, and therefore had no personal experience of the Baconsthorpe neighbourhood, as he had been unable to walk ever since he had lived there. He was subject to trances, in which he *had power of second-sight*, and which left him much exhausted. According to the story, he saw in a trance the place where the pot of coins was found, and carefully described some bent tree under which they were to dig. *The coins were there found.*

According to ———'s story the old man then saw a pot of gold coins in a field which he described, but could not point to the exact spot. Many people went to dig there, but without success; and, the owner naturally objecting, the gold coins have remained undiscovered.

Yours faithfully,
MARY BRAMSTON.

Now it so happened that last autumn the Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Society made an excursion to Baconsthorpe, not with any desire to see the place where the coins had been found—for that was no longer a matter of interest to us—but simply to look at the remains of the old Hall of the Heydons, built during the fifteenth century and now a ruin. In the course of our wanderings about the

place we were shown a hole in the ground which seemed as if it must have been made quite recently, the earth which had been thrown out by the excavator being still as he left it. We were told that some man had applied for leave to the tenant of the land to dig out the place for treasure which, it had been revealed to him, lay in the earth at that particular spot; but after a while, as nothing appeared, and 'there was no knowing where the joke would end,' the digger was ordered to discontinue, and sent away. When Miss Bramston's letter came to me, I had my own suspicions as to the truth of the marvellous story; but, desiring to learn more than I knew, I applied to the Rev. J. R. Fielden, now Rector of Honingham, and previously Rector of Baconsthorpe, and this is his reply:—

Honingham: February 14, 1887.

I have been unable sooner to reply to your letter about the Baconsthorpe coins. I was at home at Baconsthorpe at the time of the discovery, and was one of the first to see the earthenware pot.

You must not confuse the find of the coins with Miss Bramston's story of the old man; the two are entirely distinct. First, then, as to the coins. There is a very fairly correct account of the discovery of the coins themselves in a paper which was communicated to the Norfolk and Norwich Archaeological Society by Miss Hogg, who was at that time residing at Barningham Hall. . . . A certain number of the coins were dispersed, but the greater part of them are, I imagine, still in a cabinet at Barningham Hall. . . .

Now for Miss Bramston's story. The old man alluded to was, I believe, born in Baconsthorpe, but for some years he had resided at Holt, a neighbouring parish. Upon my engaging his daughter as schoolmistress, he and his wife came to keep her house. The old man was by no means bedridden, *for he acted as walking postman* for a time, and was for years more or less engaged in the rectory garden. It is quite true that at times he took to his bed, and said that during those seizures he had revelations concerning treasure which was hidden at various localities. The account of these dreams he committed to paper. I tried to read several of these, but they presented nothing but a mass of confusion; and as the poor old man valued them, and they were valueless to any one else, they were placed in his coffin when he died. The finding of the Roman treasure was entirely accidental, and had nothing whatever to do with any dream that this old man had. When he was at Holt he was in the habit of digging near the remains of an old chapel, now belonging to Mr. Rogers of Holt Hall; but though he was confident that there was treasure there, I never heard that he found any. The hole which you remember our looking at in the banquetting room of Baconsthorpe Hall was dug by this old man. Old Mr. Mott, who died three years ago, allowed him to dig, and I think it was a pity that he was not permitted to finish his work. The old man dreamed that at a certain depth he would come to concrete, and that under this a chamber would be found where the treasure was hid. He did dig down and found the concrete, but was then stopped by Mr. Mott. I never heard that any one else ever dug but old Purdy, and the idea of gold coins is entirely visionary. I married ——— to ———, and though there is a certain amount of truth in her story, like most stories there is a good deal of error adjoined.

Yours,

JOHN R. FIELDEN
[Rector of Honingham].

Thirty years hence there will probably be few men living who

will be able to sift a story like this, and fewer who could give so lucid and satisfactory a statement of the facts. I cannot but think we have here a case of the growth of a *mythus*—in our own nineteenth century—and a very rapid growth too. But what a warning it suggests to those who are sometimes a little too prone to accept the evidence of witnesses easily enough to be found by the score, but rather apt to be discredited when subjected to cross-examination! As to the illustration which this story affords of the vitality of a belief in the existence of hidden treasure among our rustics in East Anglia, it is unnecessary that I should add a word.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

THE LIBERAL UNIONISTS AND COERCION.

I.

WHATEVER its immediate fate in the House of Commons, a Coercion Bill, although it may not tranquillise Ireland, cannot fail to reunite the Liberal party. Coming at this time, it will stand in the eyes of the English people as a confession of failure on the part of the Government to redeem the pledges made at the general election. Throughout the debates of last year, Conservatives contended that Ireland was governable by a firm use of the ordinary law; that anarchy was due chiefly to weakness of purpose in the administrative authorities, and that determination to enforce order would secure it. After some months of trial, this comfortable theory is abandoned, and once again—for the last time—Parliament is asked to place a sharper sword in the hands of the Irish Executive. The old arguments are to be furbished up once more, the exploded methods tried again. In no other department of human affairs would men return, unabashed, to remedies which over and over again they had found useless. The triumph of hope over experience has only one well-known example more common and complete.

When Lord Salisbury became Prime Minister, he might have inaugurated a policy with fair chances of success. Like Lord Strafford, he might have crushed rebellion, or, like Lord Beaconsfield, he might have tried to 'dish the Whigs.' But he chose to fall back upon the expedient of capriciously enforcing or ignoring the law of Parliament, according to some indefinite standard of justice, of which Sir Redvers Buller was created the dispenser. Such acts of weakness, like those of Louis the Sixteenth, are the expiring efforts of a doomed authority. 'The game of law and order,' as Sir George Trevelyan queerly calls it, must inevitably pass into the hands of fresh players, and the moment is close at hand. It can be but a transient memorial of Queen Victoria's fiftieth year of service to the State to affix her sign manual to another Coercion Act for Ireland. On the other hand, no fitter celebration of the last half-century of growing freedom could well be found than by vindicating in Ireland

the immortal principle that men of one race, with intellect and courage and resolution, will not be permanently ruled contrary to all their prejudices and sentiments by men of another.

Within a measurable distance of reunion, the Liberal party will do well to consider the great services rendered by those who dissented from Mr. Gladstone's Bills of last year. And on the eve of his triumph, no one would probably be prepared more fully to admit them than Mr. Gladstone himself. For while he will receive all honour for having boldly initiated, on behalf of the English people, a great policy for Ireland, he will reap all the benefit of having his policy freely accepted by the entire English nation, upon which its success mainly depends. Although last year it might have been denied, it is now undeniable, that no other solution of the Irish problem is possible. The Tories have had their chance, and they have failed. That this further demonstration of the futility of exploded methods has been afforded is owing to the action of a few independent members of the Liberal party, and is one of their minor claims upon the gratitude of the nation. And it is only another example of the scientific method, unconscious though it be, by which Englishmen proceed in politics, that, before accepting any great constitutional change as a remedy for a political evil, they test over and over again every milder palliative, under every feasible condition. For this reason, Englishmen who are not blinded by partisanship or soured by anxiety for the sweets of office should be grateful to Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain for having demonstrated beyond all doubt that there is no possible alternative to Home Rule for Ireland.

Another great service they have rendered is to prove to Europe that the English democracy is not to be led by the nose. No one doubts that Mr. Gladstone himself years ago foresaw that Home Rule for Ireland was inevitable and desirable. Had his independence been unshackled by vast responsibilities, he would not have concealed his opinion. But the leader of a great party must necessarily keep about the centre of his followers, and not upon either flank. Mr. Gladstone's views were of necessity known, therefore, only to a few. The demand for Home Rule was associated with unpopular personalities and questionable proceedings. It was prejudiced in the eyes of the ordinary voter; and even at the bidding of a leader so enthusiastically revered as Mr. Gladstone the ordinary voter could not at once shake off his prejudice. He ignored the protestations of the local or professional cat-jumper, and unostentatiously and in a vast number of cases secretly adopted the attitude openly advocated by Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain. Certainly no candid onlooker can blame his countrymen for want of blind faith, and for slowly yielding to argument and reason and to the pressure of circumstances.

Although the force of the dissentient Liberals has been fully appreciated, their real numbers and the composition of their body can never accurately be known. Doubtless they contained among them a number of timid and stupid men, who merely herded round their chiefs. But on the whole, both in Parliament and in the constituencies, the men who disapproved Mr. Gladstone's Bills, and who let their disapproval be known, were marked by a peculiarly high standard of public virtue, as well as of political intelligence. Of course they have suffered from a gust of temporary unpopularity. With the majority of their own party they were naturally enough unpopular, for the plain reason that they dared to vote according to their convictions, while many of those who supported Mr. Gladstone's Bills, though they spoke up for them in their constituencies, denounced them in the lobbies of the House of Commons.

Those who had not the courage of their convictions naturally enough could not readily forgive the men who had. The Tories, on the other hand, instinctively and rightly distrusted them. From their point of view they were useful, but as Lord Randolph Churchill, with superior candour, declared, their uses were obviously of the most temporary kind.

The solid claim, however, which the dissentients have upon the regard and gratitude of Irishmen as well as of Englishmen is that they destroyed the Bills of last year. Although those Bills contained a principle salutary both for England and Ireland, their details were so hastily and so ill conceived that the demonstration of their shortcomings has finally convinced even their authors. No doubt among the dissentients there were timid souls, who shrank from the daring change, and who, while denouncing the old system with its futile recourse to periodical 'coercion,' held shadowy views of possible reforms in this department or that of Castle rule. But as a body the dissentients in this country were not unfavourable to sweeping reform, and among the leaders the clever ones made use of the duller ones, in order to destroy Bills which were bad, with the certainty that they could ultimately induce them to accept Mr. Gladstone's principle in a garb more fitted for the requirements of the whole nation.

The Bills had been presented to Parliament as a final settlement of the Irish question. Yet they contained provisions which conflicted so violently with Liberal susceptibilities on the one hand and Irish necessities on the other, that no one seriously believed in them as a permanent arrangement.

No Liberal could be very enthusiastic to set up a representative body composed of higher and lower orders, with fancy franchises, arrangements which he had spent most of his political existence in denouncing. Nor could any Irishman welcome a financial bargain driven hard enough to skin the very stones in Connemara, or a Land

Purchase Bill imposing far heavier burdens on the Irish people than a fair and reasonable market properly demanded. Yet neither the one nor the other could openly maintain what each inwardly felt, that these provisions were of a temporary nature. For they were of the essence of the Bills, and these were loudly declared to contain a settlement absolutely final. To the dissentients every sound Liberal owes it that a Bill violating sound Liberal principles was slaughtered, and it is to them that Irishmen, now engaged in proving how far too high judicial rents in Ireland really are, owe it that these very rents were not accepted as the basis of a purchase scheme, all the cost of which would have come out of Irishmen's pockets.

The late Master of Trinity, at a college meeting—after a tempestuous debate, when a member of the present Tory party in the House of Commons had been brilliantly advocating, with all the ardour of youth, some sweeping measure of university reform—is reported to have observed that 'we are none of us infallible, not even the youngest of us.' The same may, without offence, be predicated of the dissentient Liberals. And one of their mistakes—perhaps the gravest—was that they failed to appreciate, at its true value, the difference between opposing the majority of the Liberal party upon a Bill before the House of Commons and identifying themselves closely with a Conservative Government.

If Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, is a type of the best kind of dissentient, Mr. Goschen is an example of the worst kind. The logical outcome of the great Opera House meeting should have been a Coalition Government. But an administration containing Lord Salisbury, Lord R. Churchill, Lord Hartington, and Mr. Chamberlain was a foregone impossibility. The offensive and defensive alliance between the dissentients and the Government was consequently a mistake, the effect of which inevitably has been to prolong a dangerous crisis, and to postpone a natural reunion upon a basis of mutual concession. It has led also to displays of temper on both sides, which cannot fail to shake the confidence of plain men in their political leaders. Fortunately, both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington afford a fine contrast to many of their colleagues in the placability they have always displayed. But it is doubtless painful to think that a large amount of human suffering in Ireland—possibly the sacrifice of many lives, certainly the postponement of salutary reforms in England, and a prolongation of a period of social unrest—may depend upon the nervous susceptibility of one statesman or the too facile pen of another.

A good deal of obloquy has been heaped, not by persons wholly disinterested, upon Sir William Harcourt's Round Table. But the enterprising artist who desired to sketch the room of which it is the special feature, and the cynical amateur who offered a price for it, betrayed a far shrewder instinct about their fellow-countrymen's

sympathies. At the Round Table the principle of Home Rule for Ireland has been finally conceded. That concession was made on behalf of the Liberals who had opposed Mr. Gladstone's Bills, and in return for it those Bills and all their provisions are finally consigned to the limbo of well-intentioned failures. The stars in their courses are fighting for the reunion of the Liberal party. Obstacles of temper, of feeble ambition, of expiring obstinacy, still exist. Some simple-minded, hot-blooded manufacturer here and there, who has doled out his thousands before now to Liberal wirepullers, cannot get over the circumstance that, at the last election, the men whom he had salaried for years ran a candidate against him. Here and there also, some pompous mediocrity who, in Mr. Gladstone's Rump administration, found himself pitchforked into a blue coat stitched over with gold oak leaves, spies ruefully into a future darkened for him by the form of some dissentient who has assumed his old attire. While on every bench to the left of the Speaker there are ardent spirits who, having repeatedly declared that never would their forgiveness be extended to Mr. Chamberlain, shiver at the early prospect of having to admit that their uncharitableness has in no way interfered with that eminent statesman's political health.

An undoubted obstacle, and it is a serious one, in the way of reunion is the understanding between the Government and Lord Hartington.

But all these are overshadowed by the powerful forces making for reunion.

First, the failure of the Government to enforce the law in Ireland. Secondly, their growing weakness in the House of Commons, accentuated by the successive losses of Lord R. Churchill and Sir M. Hicks-Beach. Again, the inevitable drifting back of the dissentients to their old associates, as Mr. Gladstone's Bills fade from view, and coercion looms large in the immediate future. Finally, the hurry of Mr. Gladstone to see the party once more united, of Mr. Parnell to take advantage of Mr. Gladstone's essential health and vigour, and of Mr. Chamberlain to resume his proper and useful place among the leaders of the Liberal party. These forces are too potent to be withstood by a feeble barrier of trivial personalities and contemptible jealousies. And as for Lord Hartington's fair and open understanding with the Government, a barrier no doubt, the tide of circumstances must inevitably sweep over it. So long as the Government can even make a show of ruling Ireland, he may be pledged to support them; but it is surely not necessary for him to go down with them into the gulf!

The time must shortly come when a mediator will be wanted between the party which has a policy and desires to advance it, and the party which, having no policy of its own, nevertheless has the power to defeat any attempt on the part of others to initiate one. The rôle may not be amusing, but it undoubtedly has a dignified

aspect, and Lord Hartington may yet have to stand, like Aaron, between the living policy of Home Rule and the dead expedient of coercion, and stay the plague which is devastating Ireland.

Men who talk glibly of unforgiveness, and keep their personal grievances well in front of their political conscience, underestimate the popular dislike of personal motives in politics. The people are ever ready to credit their leaders with high motives till low ones are proved to animate them. No English statesman has of late years so rapidly and justly conquered the confidence and respect of his fellow-countrymen as Mr. John Morley. And why? The lesson may well be taken to heart. It is because no one has shown a more steadfast adherence to the principles he holds, and advocated them with greater moderation and fairness. Mr. Morley never speaks in public but he appeals to and succeeds in touching some higher fibre in the nature of his hearers. It is incredible that Mr. Morley could be swayed from the path of reconciliation by any personal feeling whatever, and smaller men would do well to follow in his wake.

Mr. Chamberlain, no doubt, has been accused, in hot blood, of motives which those who know him well can afford to treat with decent ridicule. But then Mr. Chamberlain's style of fighting provokes flank attacks. He strikes so hard and straight. Mr. Chamberlain, however, has won his spurs in public. He was not foisted into political life up the backstairs. And if he has found himself among the leaders of the Liberal party, it has been by unswerving advocacy of popular rights, and by an attention to the needs of his fellow-countrymen untiring in its devotion, and singularly happy in its practical results. Hardly any English Minister of recent times has exhibited so firm a grasp of the dry and essential detail of political duties as Mr. Chamberlain. To contend, as some ephemeral saunterers among the green benches of the House of Commons have been heard to do, that Mr. Chamberlain has destroyed, by his recent action, his chances of leading the Liberal party, is the nadir of political blindness. The real fact is that Mr. Chamberlain never held his position in the Liberal party by any one's favour. It is therefore quite unnecessary for him to curry it. His perseverance in mastering difficult questions, his grasp of business, his clearness of head, and his indomitable will carried him into a prominent place in the councils of the nation. That place he has not forfeited, and, with or without the patronage of embittered partisans, he is not unlikely to retain it. And Mr. Jesse Collings may complacently look forward to the day when numberless competitors will scramble for the position which he now so respectably fills. As therefore of Mr. Morley, so of Mr. Chamberlain, it is incredible that, with questions remaining unsettled to the advocacy of which he has devoted years of life, he would allow any personal feeling to stand in the way of their realisa-

tion. No candid observer can doubt that when the reunion between the sections of the party takes place, men of mark will resume very much their old positions in the councils of the party. The more obscure and second-rate politicians doubtless will disappear in the vortex of a general election, but they can console themselves with the reflection that, even if they did serve the useful though humble purpose of a Tory crutch, notwithstanding that drawback, they saved Parliament from committing a stupendous blunder. It is not every member of the House of Commons who can lay such flattering unction to his political soul. If, however, it is assumed for the purpose of argument that personal feelings and private considerations among the leaders hinder the reunion of the Liberal party, they can only postpone and cannot prevent it. Mr. Schnadhorst, a practical opportunist, in kindly accepting from Sir William Harcourt ten thousand guineas in token of his services to the old Liberal cause, considerably warned him that, if the leaders failed to find a basis of agreement, their followers would be reconciled in spite of them. When Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain both agree in declaring that differences upon great points of policy have ceased to exist, and the latter can only wonder 'where the hitch' comes in, Mr. Schnadhorst's prophecy cannot be very far from realisation. The truth is being rapidly recognised that the dissentient Liberals have fulfilled their task. They destroyed a policy in their opinion right in principle, but faulty in vital details, and they have enabled a Conservative Government to demonstrate that no policy based on any different principle can be carried out in the times in which we live. Finally, they have forced an admission from Mr. Gladstone, by his acquiescence in the meeting of the Round Table conference, that his Bills of last year were faulty, and that they are not to be introduced again into Parliament. This admission alone would form a sufficient basis for reuniting the party. But, in point of fact, a further advance has been made. For Mr. Chamberlain has stated in public, and has not been contradicted, that Mr. Gladstone's representatives have accepted in principle the four conditions laid down by Lord Hartington as essential to any project of Home Rule, in his address to the electors of Rossendale.

So that the position may be described as follows. In Ireland a condition of things exists intolerable to all men of all classes. To remedy it, the Government proposes to recur to old palliatives, tried over and over again—coercion with one hand, tinkering the land laws with the other. Not any member of the Government, nor any supporter of the Government, declares firmly a belief or even a sanguine hope that this fresh experiment will succeed. On the other hand a demand for a new and untried policy is steadily maintained. Lord Hartington has ventured to consider it under certain conditions specified by him. Under these conditions, it is

accepted by every section of the Liberal party, and by every considerable public man, from Mr. Gladstone downwards, who is associated with Liberal ideas; while every authority in Ireland itself, whether among the Catholic hierarchy, the resident magistrates, the permanent civil servants of the Crown, or the Castle officials of all grades, believes this policy to be absolutely inevitable. In spite, therefore, of apparently antagonistic movements, in spite of bitter words spoken in discussion, in spite of votes given in different lobbies upon this ephemeral question or that, the strong tide of events is flowing towards a reunion of the Liberal party. And notwithstanding Coercion Bills, notwithstanding amended parliamentary procedure, and notwithstanding new and numberless Land Acts, no one who has considered the relation of all sections of this great and powerful party to the Irish question can doubt that its reunion must entail a Bill for granting to Ireland the privilege of self-government.

The new Bill must necessarily differ vitally from the old one. Public discussion has laid bare the whole matter. The points upon which the English people insist upon having their way are now clearly defined. It is not at all a question of the idiosyncrasy of this statesman or of that. As dissectors or investigators, or as counsel, politicians have served their turn. The people are in possession of all the facts of the case, they can exercise their judgment, and no one can doubt that they have decided. For the sake, therefore, of their own reputation for sagacity as well as for self-abnegation, for the sake of the wretched Irish people who are made the sport of contending factions, and for the sake of Englishmen who are sick to death of the Irish question, the leaders of the Liberal party would do wisely to sink their sham differences, and to resume without much further delay their old stations side by side.

REGINALD B. BRETT.

II.

THERE are times in the history of a nation, as in the life of an individual, when difficulties seem to accumulate, when one misfortune follows another without any counterbalancing gleam of good luck, and when fate appears to drive its victim relentlessly upon a disastrous course. It is at such a moment in his career that the stuff of which a man is made becomes apparent, and that by resisting he establishes his claim to be a hero, or by yielding sinks into insignificance. So it is with a country, and it appears to me that we are now in a crisis of this kind.

The country at the last election deliberately rejected the policy of Home Rule for Ireland, not hastily or without discussion, for few subjects have ever been so feverishly discussed before. Time is measured not merely by weeks and months, but by what we can manage to crowd into them, and during the six months which preceded the election more was said and written on every point of the question than is the case with most questions during two or three years. Nothing has happened that ought really to change the convictions of anybody, and yet we already hear an ominous murmur among the opponents of Home Rule that the game is up and surrender inevitable at no distant period.

This disgraceful panic must be put a stop to, and this superstitious feeling of the impossibility of withstanding an impending and irresistible fate must be dispelled. Everybody who sees the danger is in duty bound to do his part in averting it. I proceed to do what little I myself can, and I hope others will follow my example.

Let us consider calmly and impartially what the difficulties of our situation really are. In the first place, there is no doubt that there is a great want of vigour in the *personnel* of the Government. The only man among them of really first-class ability is unfortunately shorn of half his power by being in the House of Lords. He has been deprived by stroke after stroke of his most powerful colleagues, first by the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill, then by the death of Lord Iddesleigh, and now by the ill-health of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. The Unionist party in the House of Commons is divided into two. The Tories very naturally dislike feeling that they are dependent for power upon men who have passed some of the best years of

their lives in opposing them, and who will probably oppose them again as soon as the present storm has blown over. They look forward to the day when they may dispense with their 'crutch,' and some of them are already inclined to throw it away at once and trust to Providence. On the other hand, many Unionist Liberals have something of the same feeling as Sir George Trevelyan. I can well understand Sir George's feeling. That the nephew and political heir of Lord Macaulay should be subjected to the barest suspicion of Toryism puts him in a disagreeable position. There are others, men of middle age, who share his perplexities. People do not often after fifty willingly change the party to which they have all through life belonged. I am one of those who believe the differences between the two great parties in the State to lie very deep, and that anybody who has once deliberately and after full consideration joined the one will always be ill at ease when acting with the other. Far more important than those lurking jealousies and differences between the two sections of the Unionists, there is the dreary spectacle of Ireland once more in a state of such disturbance that the ordinary law is insufficient to keep order or to enforce justice. It is disheartening to have to return to the old story, a mixture of coercion and remedial measures. People are very naturally becoming impatient and anxious at any cost to have done with the whole thing.

I think I have stated fairly the difficulties of our situation. Let us see whether they are such as to render it hopeless. In the first place, if the heart of the nation is sound it matters comparatively little of what individuals the Government is composed. During our great struggle with France, from the death of Pitt till the end of the war, our Government was at least as feeble as the present. Again, is this part of the situation new or unexpected? Of course the losses I have mentioned have aggravated the circumstances, but the fact of Mr. Goschen being able with a good conscience to join the Cabinet has gone far towards balancing these. And did anybody a year ago fancy for a moment that the Conservatives possessed the material for forming a strong Government, or is there anything in the present state of things for which we might not have been prepared?

As to the fundamental differences of opinion and the latent ill-feeling between the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists, which I have been so willing to admit that I have perhaps exaggerated it, I trust with confidence to this. It is more difficult to bring two discordant bodies together than to keep them so. I believe that the Conservative grumblers are few and unimportant. As for us, the real wrench took place when we left our party, and I do not think that anybody having gone through the painful process will like to have done so in vain. We have only got to cling to the Conservatives for a few years and to make it clear that Home Rule is a thing that England will not hear of, and we may then fall back into our former places. One

more general election like the last and Home Rule is as dead as a doornail; and, as it has nothing in the world to do with Liberal principles, the schism which it has caused in the Liberal ranks will be healed as soon as it has disappeared.

The condition of Ireland is, I admit, disheartening. But did anybody who opposed Home Rule ever think that there was a sovereign and immediate remedy for the distracted state of that country? It was part of our argument that, in spite of the violent paroxysms of the disorder which had recently been exhibited, the disease was in reality wearing itself out, and we compared the outrages in that exceptionally bad year, 1881, with those in the tithe war about fifty years earlier, when there were sixty murders in one county? But we always said that the cure must be a very slow one.

When I left Ireland before Christmas I certainly thought things looked better. People in many parts were getting heartily sick of the League, and its power seemed to be chiefly confined to two counties. The great majority in England at the last election against Home Rule had made the people doubt whether after all the League would win the day, and it seemed as if in another moment the vast mass of those who go with the strongest would pass over in a body to the side of the Government. But things since then have gone in the other direction, and the tide having once turned, unless it can be stopped, will run with frightful rapidity. Time has already been wasted. Not another moment should be lost.

Yes! we must go back to the old weary round—another Coercion Bill coupled with remedial measures! It will require all the doggedness of our race to bring the long battle to a close. But I believe that we are a dogged race, and that the sullen obstinacy which won Waterloo and Inkermann still exists among us. 'Time and the hour wear through the roughest day,' and the days to which I have alluded at last came to an end and left us victorious.

I believe if we are firm that, if not in our time at all events in the time of our descendants, Ireland will be as strongly united to us in heart and feeling as we are determined she shall be in government. But in order to effect this it is necessary that, while we insist upon the law being enforced, we continue to correct everything in the shape of a practical grievance. We must be more particular about Ireland in this respect than even about England and Scotland. This is no new policy. The Act of 1881 is in bad odour at the present moment. The Conservatives have been deeply committed against it from the very beginning; the Gladstonians are obliged to condemn it as a failure in order to make good their argument that no 'foreign' legislation has been able to settle the Irish question; and the distinguished statesman who more than any one else was its author is no longer alive to defend it. But it has given an immense amount of relief. If it had not been for the unprecedented and unexpected

fall in prices, and the strange and inexplicable omission of the leaseholders, there would no longer be any rack-renting in the country. It is curious to look back upon the debates of 1881, and to see how what has turned out to be the only real objection to the Act was hardly ever alluded to. Nobody laid any stress upon the difficulty that would arise if a severe and continued fall in prices should make the payment of judicial rents impossible, or alluded to the choice of evils which would be involved. Nobody foresaw clearly that we might be forced either to break faith with the landlord or to exact a rent which, in the case of tenants without capital and without other means than their holdings of making a living, would become impossible. Such a state of things has unfortunately come to pass. The recommendations of the Commission over which I presided are already before the public, and will probably be amply discussed before long. I will only say here that the five years' revision was adopted upon the principle that when you have a choice of difficulties you must choose the least. Any scheme of universal and immediate compulsory purchase appeared to be more hopelessly impracticable the more we examined it, and, indeed, compulsory purchase of any description seemed to be fraught with the gravest objections. Any movement in the direction of Mr. Parnell's bill exhibits the grave drawback that in order to obtain a remission the tenant must force the landlord to apply for a decree of ejectment, which cannot be done until a year's rent is due, so that the tenant who has done his best to perform his obligations by drawing out his savings or borrowing money would receive no relief. It would also throw additional obstacles in the way of all evictions, and deprive the threat of eviction of half its terror. This, of course, commends it to the National League, but to those who are not anxious for a general strike against all rent, and who appreciate the fact that eviction, as a last resort, is the landlord's only weapon, it presents a serious objection. We should have been glad to take produce as well as price into account in our proposed revision, but this would have been absolutely impossible without letting the Commissioners loose once more over the whole country, and involving an incalculable waste of time and money. A yearly readjustment of rent calculated, like the tithe in England, upon the average prices of the preceding seven years engaged our attention for some time, but was found to be too little in accord with the practice or tradition of the country to be practicable. As to the proposal which we have made, I admit that much may be said against it. Let anybody who dislikes it suggest a better. All I insist upon is that something must be done to relieve those tenants who, owing to the unforeseen depression, are absolutely unable to pay their rent.

I will not stop now to argue the question of interfering with contract. I could draw arguments to any extent from the almost inexhaustible store furnished by the debates of 1881, and I could add

others on the ground that even those who originally opposed interference with freedom of contract may think that as we *have* interfered, we had better make a good business of it. I may also point out that to cut down a landlord's rents when he tries to evict will be just as great a breach of contract as to reduce them in the way we propose.

I see, from what has been said in Parliament, that remedial legislation in some form or other is to be introduced, and I hope that it will be of an effective character, for the result would otherwise be in every way most disastrous. But if we are disappointed, what are we to do, we who see the necessity for it, and at the same time are anxious to support the Government as the only barrier against Home Rule? If the remedial measures of the Government should prove inadequate, we should be in a serious dilemma; but for my own part, acting upon the rule I have mentioned of choosing the least of two evils when one or the other is inevitable, I should unhesitatingly continue to support the Government, and I think the bulk of the Liberal Unionists would do the same.

It would be a bad thing that the tenants in Ireland whose rents were fixed between 1881 and 1885 should remain too highly rented, and their position would be even more hard by comparison if the leaseholders were now admitted to the Land Court, for the rents of these latter would be fixed much lower in proportion. But the majority of the landlords are giving abatements, and the tenants who are receiving no abatements might look forward pretty confidently to getting legislative relief in a few years, when the present peculiar position of parties is at an end.

On the other hand, to drift into Home Rule—not because we are converted, but merely because the opponents of Home Rule are hopelessly divided among themselves—would be very much worse than to leave the tenants in their present position for a time. Have we been converted? Have the main arguments against Home Rule, which prevailed so powerfully last year, been broken down? Has it been shown that those who till now have clamoured for nationality would be contented with Home Rule except as a step? Have the practical difficulties in the way of combining local self-government with the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament grown less by investigation? Has it been shown that any grievance exists which cannot be dealt with by the Imperial Parliament, or even that by granting Home Rule we shall rid ourselves of responsibility? Does any scheme of Home Rule that has yet been suggested hold out the smallest hope of finality, or of leading to anything but a further struggle? Are the well-to-do and educated and industrious inhabitants of Ireland less opposed to it than they were? In asking this last question I do not necessarily refer to the landlords. Are the Protestants more convinced that their religious freedom would be respected? Do the characters of

those into whose hands we know that the government of the country would be delivered, gain, by the fresh light which is every day being cast upon them? These are some of the questions which must be answered before the English people are really converted. If they can be answered in such a manner as to convert the English people, the battle will be fairly and honourably won. But what every lover of his country must protest against is that we should give way, not out of conviction, but out of weariness, disunion, and despair.

COWPER.

March 26.

*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake
to return unaccepted MSS.*

THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY.

No. CXXIII.—MAY 1887.

UP TO EASTER.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY told us in this Review last month, that in his eyes the chief good is, in brief, freedom to say what he pleases, when he pleases. Singular ideal for so clear-sighted a man! It is the ideal of Mr. Dillon, and Mr. W. O'Brien, and apparently of the Gladstonian Liberals generally: if Mr. Dillon and Mr. W. O'Brien please to say 'disagreeable things,' it is monstrous and intolerable, says Mr. John Morley, that they should be prevented. For my part, as I grow old, and profit, I hope, by the lessons of experience, I think the chief good, that which above all makes life worth living, is *to be of use*. In pursuit of this good, I find myself from time to time brought, as almost every one in the present critical juncture must be brought, to politics. I know the objections to meddling with them; I know and can perfectly understand the impatience and irritation which my intervention in these matters causes to many people. Nothing I should like better than to feel assured that I should never have occasion to write a line on politics again. I write on other subjects with much more pleasure; and it is true, quite true, that there are springs of movement in politics which one must be in the game to perceive and estimate fully—which an outsider, as he is called, cannot duly appreciate.

But on the other hand there is in practical politics a mass of insincerity, of phrase, fiction, and claptrap, which can impose, one would think, on no plain reasonable man outside of politics. This insincerity is found useful for purposes of party or faction; but there are moments when it is expedient for plain reasonable people,

who have nothing to gain by it and everything to lose, to say to one another how hollow it all is. There are happily thousands of such people in this country, and they are the greater force here in England because to their plain reasonableness, which is a thing common enough where men have not interest to blind them, they add courage. They want nothing for themselves in politics, they only demand that the politician shall not bring the country into danger and disaster. To them, as one to whom some of them are not ill-disposed to listen, I speak; as one of themselves, as one who wants nothing for himself through politics, who is too old, and of habits and tastes too formed, to wish to enter the House of Commons even if he could; whose one concern with politics is that the politicians should not bring the country into danger and disaster.

The force of which I have been speaking has defeated Mr. Gladstone; but the call upon its activity and watchfulness is not yet over. It is very far from being over, although the prospects of a happy issue, if this great force remains active and watchful, are favourable. From time to time those who compose it should ask themselves how things stand at the moment to which we are come, what has been accomplished; what still remains to be accomplished; what is likely to lead us to success, what to failure: and this, at the short pause brought by Easter, I now propose to do.

When Parliament met there were three questions making evidently the first and chief demand upon its attention: the questions of procedure, Ireland, local government. Procedure has been dealt with. The debate on the Address was proof enough, if any proof had been wanted, how urgent was the need of some power to stop debating prolonged for the purpose of delay and obstruction. The amiable leader of the House of Commons expressed his profound regret at having to propose the creation of such a power; he ought rather to have expressed profound regret at its not having been proposed long ago. Long ago the country had made up its mind that to pretend 'discussion' to be the object of such debates as those which have gone on in the House of Commons during the last few years was an absurdity; a conspicuous instance of that inveterate trick of parliamentary insincerity of which one is inclined to ask with Figaro, 'Who is being taken in by it?' It matters not what party it is which may seek to profit by such 'discussion,' whether Conservatives, or Radicals, or Parnellites: it should be made impossible. The state of the House of Commons, since such 'discussion' grew to prevail there, had become a scandal and a danger. Mr. Gladstone seems now doomed to live, move, and have his being in that atmosphere of rhetorical and parliamentary insincerity of which I have spoken; to him, therefore, it may be vain to urge that the state of the House of Commons alone was perhaps a change more serious for evil than all his catalogued jubilee-host of Liberal

reforms was a change for good. Instinctively, however, the country felt how grave was the danger, and was deeply relieved when the power of closure was carried.

It is a step of incalculable importance; a step restoring to the House of Commons free action, dignity, all that enables it to be a blessing to the country and not a bane. The form in which the power is conferred is a thing of minor importance as compared with the attainment of the power itself. Perhaps closure by a majority of three-fifths would have been a better form than that which has been adopted. That which has been adopted is in itself good and reasonable enough, and no one really doubts that the Speaker's leave will be given or refused with perfect fairness. But parliamentary insincerity is to be reckoned with, which certainly will never hesitate to denounce the Speaker's action as unfair, so often as it finds its own interest in doing so. This, however, is an inconvenience which we must now make up our minds to face, along with the other inconveniences of parliamentary insincerity. The great matter is that we have at last got the desired, the salutary, the indispensable power of closure: May it be applied wisely, but resolutely!

The debates on the Address and on Procedure were full of Ireland, but since those debates ended Ireland occupies the attention of Parliament with hardly an admixture of anything else. There is the Bill for making good certain shortcomings in the Land Act of 1881 which have become apparent, and there is the Crimes Bill. The first of these two Bills need not long detain us. The Act of 1881 may be a bad one, but if it exists and has to be worked, manifest shortcomings in it ought to be repaired. The Crimes Bill—the eighty-seventh Coercion Bill, so its enemies are fond of telling us, the eighty-seventh of our Coercion Bills, and the most savage and odious of them all—is the important matter in question just now. How is the country likely to take it? how ought the country to take it? I have repeatedly urged that we might need a much more thorough repression of disorder than any we have had hitherto, but that much more thorough remedial measures were needed as well. Lord Spencer, a man who deserves all our respect, tells us that he has come to believe in Home Rule, because he found that ‘repressive measures, accompanied though they had been by remedial measures, had not succeeded, though they for a time put down crime.’ But surely the defect may have lain in the remedial measures. If they had been better, they might have succeeded; but unless crime is put down, and if law and government are powerless, your remedial measures, even though thorough and good, cannot have the chance of succeeding. Therefore whoever obstructs the repression of disorder, obstructs remedial measures. Meanwhile, as to the past; it is something to have put down crime, even if your

remedial measures have turned out to be not yet what is right and sufficient.

Many Conservative candidates at the last election declared against coercion. They said with Mr. Pitt that they wished the Irish to live under equal laws with the English and Scotch, and they added that they were against all Coercion Bills for the future. If they had confined themselves to the first of their two propositions they would have been on impregnable ground. In truth the real necessity for the Crimes Bill arises from the Irish not being under equal laws with the English and Scotch. If an Englishman or a Scotchman commits murder, or mutilates animals, or cuts off a girl's hair and tars her head, he can with certainty be punished; an Irishman, at present, cannot. It is to make the convictions and sentences of the criminal law reach the Irish criminal as they reach the English or Scotch criminal, that a Crimes Act is at present necessary. If the Conservatives stuck obstinately to their second proposition, they would be making it impossible to give effect to their first. They do well, therefore, to confess that their essential proposition was their first one, and that their second, which they imagined to mean but the same thing as their first, was a mistake. The country did not commit their mistake, and can have no difficulty in concluding that if the Irish ought, as certainly they ought, to live under equal laws with the English and Scotch, and to have impunity for crime no more than we have, a Crimes Act may under the present circumstances be necessary, and to this conclusion the country will, I believe, certainly come.

I myself could have wished that the government had seen its way to act administratively, and by the common law, with much more vigour than it did. My opinion that it was in their power to do so counts for very little, but it is an opinion held also, I know, by men well entitled to judge. How much a government can do administratively, under the common law, in such a state of things as that which prevails in Ireland, has never fairly been tried. It needs resolution to try it, but to try it might have been well, and might have shown government that it had much more strength than it supposed. 'The laws,' says Burke with his usual wisdom, 'reach but a very little way. Constitute government how you please, infinitely the greater part of it must depend upon the exercise of the powers which are left at large to the prudence and uprightness of ministers of state.'

Our ministers, however, instead of boldly using the large powers given to them by the common law to prevent crime and outrage, prefer to proceed by statute. Their preference is natural enough. They have Great Britain in view, where the state of affairs and the temper of the people are not revolutionary, and where to proceed regularly by statute gives all the security needful. But the state of affairs and the temper of the people in a large part of Ireland

is revolutionary. If we suppose parts of Great Britain in the same state, it would be preferable here also to act with vigour administratively, rather than to proceed by special statute. Administrative action is what certain emergencies require. The French republican government the other day did not prosecute the municipality of Marseilles for glorifying the Commune: it dissolved it.

In certain emergencies, therefore, vigorous administrative action may be required in some parts of one whole country under the same laws, although in other parts it is not required. Does such an emergency present itself in parts of Ireland? Is the state of affairs, the temper of the people, revolutionary there, and the law set at defiance? In Kerry, says Judge O'Brien, 'the law has ceased to exist: there is a state of war with authority and with the institutions of civilised life.' In other parts, terrorism, we are told, is regnant; there is quiet, because the orders of the League are obeyed without resistance. If resistance is attempted, crime comes swiftly to punish it. 'I am not fastidious,' says a lieutenant of Mr. Parnell, 'as to the methods by which the cause may be advanced: I do not say you should alone use dynamite, or the knife, or the rifle, or parliamentary agitation; but I hold no Irishman true who will not use all and each as the opportunity presents itself.' If resistance has made it necessary to 'advance the cause' by crime, convictions for crime can no longer be obtained. As to the law's being set at defiance in parts of Ireland, this will surely suffice.

Then as to the temper of revolution, Mr. Parnell declared his programme, with entire candour, some time ago in America. 'None of us, whether we are in America or in Ireland or wherever we may be, will be satisfied until we have destroyed the last link that keeps Ireland bound to England.' But, since then, he and his followers have consented, we are told, to be satisfied with Ireland's having the control of her own local affairs only, and for imperial affairs they will let her remain subject to the Crown and to the Imperial Parliament. And Mr. Godkin is angry with me for not believing them. But only the other day comes another lieutenant of Mr. Parnell and cries: 'Ireland a nation! Strike a blow for Home Rule, the Irish nation, and the green flag of our people!' And another lieutenant avows at Chicago—a place very favourable to plain speaking—that it is 'the duty of the League to make the government of Ireland by England an impossibility.' Another declares that 'any person entering Ireland officially commissioned by England to any administrative office *enters it at his peril*.' A priest who refuses to give evidence in a court of justice is brought up for contempt of court, and a Board of Guardians, which has no concern whatever with the matter, publishes the following resolution: 'We condemn the brutal and tyrannical action of the authorities in arresting Father Kelleher, the respected and patriotic parish

priest of Youghal.' Finally Mr. W. O'Brien, elate with his impunity at home, promises to his friends new worlds to conquer abroad: 'If Trench dares to lay a robber hand upon any honest man's home, we will hunt Lord Lansdowne with execrations out of Canada.'

This is the revolutionary temper and language which Mr. Gladstone formerly described as that of men 'marching through rapine to the disintegration of the Empire,' but which, since the last election, he and his friends prefer to call 'the disorder inevitable while the responsibility for the maintenance of order is withdrawn from the leaders chosen by the majority of the Irish people.' With them, with the very holders, therefore, of the language just quoted, are 'the influences of moderation and legality' which will give us all that we want, if we do but surrender Ireland to Mr. Parnell and his lieutenants. And I suppose it is in order, to enable us to believe this the more readily that Mr. Dillon says: 'The magistrates and police know perfectly well that Mr. Parnell will be their master, as he will be the master of this country, within a very short time.' One can feel the balmy 'influences of moderation' beginning to breathe already. And Mr. Morley is shocked that people should be prevented from saying the 'disagreeable' things which have been above quoted. He and Mr. Gladstone are shocked that we should even call them 'revolutionary,' and talk of repressing them, when they proceed from 'the representatives of Ireland.' If they proceeded from the representatives of Yorkshire they would alike be revolutionary, alike need repression. I wonder how far Mr. Morley's indulgence would extend. I believe he is kindly disposed to me, as I am sure I am kindly disposed to him; yet I should not like to be brought before him, as president of a Committee of Public Safety, on a charge of *incivism*. I suspect he would be capable of passing a pretty sharp sentence with 'sombre acquiescence.' At any rate the 'disagreeable' sayings and doings which in his Irish friends he cannot bear to check would in any other country of Europe infallibly bring down upon the performers the 'state of siege.'

For they are really and truly the sayings and doings of revolution, as different as possible from those of lawful political agitation familiar in this country. The latter may be a safety-valve; the former is an incendiary fire. Its kindlers and feeders do not exhale their passion by what they are doing and saying: they heighten it. By holding such furious language as theirs, a man in Great Britain finds that he diminishes his importance, and stops; in Ireland he finds that he increases it, and therefore proceeds more hotly than ever. 'What you make it men's interest to do,' says Burke, 'that they will do.' The more they have free play, the more do the sayers of such things as I have been quoting get drunk with rage and hatred themselves, and make their followers drunk with them also.

It is of no use deceiving ourselves, and holding insincere language. I regretted to see Mr. Balfour congratulating himself on

the number of meetings which had been held without hindrance. Perhaps he congratulates himself, too, on the Dublin municipality being undissolved, or the *resolving* board of guardians. Perhaps Mr. Forster congratulated himself on *United Ireland* appearing quite regularly. I suppose being in Parliament debauches the mind and makes it lose all sense that make-believe of this kind is not only insincere but absurd. Else Mr. Gladstone would not gravely tell us that such debates as have of late gone on in the House of Commons were 'protracted discussion which was required,' and that he 'can conceive no greater calamity to the House of Commons' than the frequent cutting-short of such debates by the closure. Sir George Trevelyan would not tell us that 'the real defect' of the Crimes Bill is that 'it is directed against the written and spoken expression of opinion.' As if all that chooses to call itself debate and discussion were really such! As if, because in general the expression of opinion should be free, you must allow the expression of *all* opinion, at all times, and under all circumstances! This is adopting Professor Huxley's theory of the *summum bonum* with a vengeance. In the present state of Ireland, is Mr. Parnell's 'None of us will be satisfied until we have destroyed the last link that keeps Ireland bound to England;' is Mr. Harris's 'If the tenant farmers shot down landlords as partridges are shot down in September, Matt Harris never would say one word against them;' is Mr. W. O'Brien's 'If Trench dares to lay a robber hand upon any honest man's home, we will hunt Lord Lansdowne with execrations out of Canada,' *expression of opinion* which it is wise to permit, and with which it is a *real defect* in the Government to interfere? A man must surely have deluged his mind with make-believe before he can think or even say so. Anywhere else in Europe, as I have said, such *expression of opinion*, and what is now going on in Ireland, would be met by the state of siege. For the sake of the Irish themselves it is wrong and cruel to let it continue. The whole force of reasonable opinion in this country will go with the Government in stopping it. Whether Government should have proceeded administratively or by special statute may be a question; but the important thing is to stop the state of things and the language now prevailing in parts of Ireland; and as the Government have elected to proceed by statute, they should be supported. And with regard to details of the statute, the end to be attained should be steadily kept in view. A man may dislike, for instance, the change of venue, but he must keep in mind the end to be attained, conviction on clear proof of guilt. Can a conviction for murder, even on clear proof, be now secured without change of venue? If not, the Government ought to be supported in changing it. But the real mind of the country, if the Government will be frank with it and trust it, may be relied upon, I hope, much more than politicians, for not being led off from the real aim by cries and prettexts.

I hope so, and I believe so too; and therefore merely to exhort reasonable people, who are happily a great force in this country, to be steady as they have hitherto been, to brush insincerities aside, to keep in clear view the dangerous features of disorder in Ireland at present, and to support the Government in quelling it, I should not now be writing. It is what is to come after quelling it that has the great interest for me. I am not afraid of a refusal by the reasonable people of this country for the powers necessary to quell disorder; I am only afraid of their not insisting strongly enough on a further thing—how much, after it is quelled, will still require to be done. Not that they do not sincerely desire to give Ireland the due control of her own affairs. I am convinced that the great body of reasonable people in this country do, as I have repeatedly said, sincerely desire and intend two things: one, to defeat Mr. Gladstone's dangerous plan of Home Rule; the other, to remove all just cause of Irish complaint, and to give to the people of Ireland the due control of their own local affairs. But how large and far-reaching are the measures required to do this, I am afraid many of us do not adequately conceive. Yet, if these measures are not forthcoming, Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule will certainly arrive.

The Gladstonian contention is now, as we all know, that for the disordered state of Ireland 'no remedy is possible until the national aspirations of the Irish people are gratified.' The cry of the Irish people is, 'Ireland a nation! Strike a blow for Home Rule, the Irish nation, and the green flag of our people!' The Gladstonian cry is, 'A separate Parliament and separate Executive for Ireland.' Both cries lead in the end to the same thing, and a thing full of mischief and danger both for Great Britain and Ireland—a separate Ireland.

To this they lead, as the great body of reasonable people in England perceived instinctively, and as no reasonable person who has not an interest in being insincere with himself can fail to perceive. It would not be possible for Ireland to possess, without using it for getting more, such a vantage-ground as a separate Parliament and Executive would give her, any more than it would have been possible for the Americans of the South to possess, without using it for getting more, such a vantage-ground as a separate Southern Congress and Executive would have supplied. Such is the nature of things. In the case of Ireland we have our warning, not only from the nature of things, but from the express words of the Irish themselves, who when they are free to speak their real mind tell us that they 'will not be satisfied until they have destroyed the last link that keeps Ireland bound to England,' and that what they want is 'Ireland a nation, and the green flag of our people.' I can understand Mr. Gladstone shutting his eyes to what is sure to happen,

because he can shut or open his eyes to whatever he pleases, and has his mind full of a great piece of parliamentary management which will insure to him the solid Irish vote and seat him firmly again in power. I can understand his partisans shutting their eyes to it, some out of fidelity to his person, some out of fidelity to their party, others from reasons which I will not now stay to draw out. But that any reasonable man, letting his mind have fair play, should doubt that Mr. Gladstone's 'separate Parliament and Executive for Ireland' leads by a rapid incline to Mr. W. O'Brien's 'Ireland a nation, and the green flag of our people,' I cannot understand. Nor can I understand his doubting that this has danger.

We confuse ourselves with analogies from distant and unlike countries, which have no application. Let us take our analogy from close at hand, where the political incorporation has been, and is, the same as that of Ireland with England. Provence was once a nation, the *Nation Provençale*, as down to the end of the last century it was still called. A sagacious lawyer, Portalis, remonstrating in 1798 against a uniform legislation for France, declared that France was a country *composé de divers peuples*, 'composed of different peoples,' and it was for Provence, in particular, that Portalis spoke. Whatever Ireland had to make her a nation, that Provence had also. Ireland's troubled history can show one beautiful and civilising period in the far past; but Provence founded modern literature. It had its own Estates and Parliament; it had the greatest of French orators, Mirabeau. Well, if Provence were discontented to-day, and demanded back its separate Estates and nationality, what should we think of a French statesman, a French political party, which declared that for the discontent of Provence there was 'no remedy possible until the national aspirations of the Provençal people are gratified?' We should say they were lunatics. If they went on to inflame and infuriate the discontent by all the means in their power, calling the incorporation with France 'disgraceful,' and expatiating on the 'infamy and corruption' through which it had been brought about, we should say they were criminal lunatics.

As for Provence being a nation, we should say that she was indeed a nation poetically, but not now politically, and that to make her now a nation politically would be suicide both for France and herself. And if some well-meaning ex-prefect, like Lord Spencer, were to plead as a reason for making Provence a nation politically, that 'repressive measures, accompanied though they had been by remedial measures, had not succeeded,' and that therefore 'they ought to use the Provençal spirit of nationality, having failed in the past from not having sufficiently consulted the wishes of Provence in that respect,' what should we say? We should say he was a most extraordinary reasoner. We should say that if his remedial measures had not succeeded, that was probably because they were

bad and insufficient; and not till the right remedial measures had been sought and applied far more seriously than hitherto, need France think of committing suicide by erecting Provence, and probably this and that other part of France afterwards, following the example of Provence, into a separate nation again. In fact, means have been found, without 'using the Provençal spirit of nationality,' to make Provence perfectly contented in her incorporation with France. And so they have to be found, and may be found, for Ireland.

It is a consolation for us in the troublous times through which we are passing, that we have public men who appear to possess, distributed amongst them, the powers requisite for discerning and treating all the capital facts of the situation: one having the powers needed for dealing with one branch of such facts, another of another. Mr. Gladstone is no doubt a source of danger. The historian will some day say of him what was said by the preacher of an eccentric funeral sermon in Mayfair Chapel on Frederick, Prince of Wales: 'He had great virtues; indeed they degenerated into vices; he was very generous, but I hear his generosity has ruined a great many people; and then his condescension was such that he kept very bad company.' But as a compensation for our dangers from Mr. Gladstone, we have in Lord Hartington a statesman who has shown that he thoroughly grasps the meaning of Gladstonian Home Rule, sees where the proposal to give Ireland a separate Parliament and Executive leads, and is staunch in rejecting it, clear and keen in judging fallacious securities offered with it. Such a security is the retention of the Irish members at Westminster. Their retention, if their brethren wielded the legislature and executive of Ireland, would but double, as Lord Hartington truly saw, our dangers and difficulties.

All Lord Hartington's firmness will be needed. It has suited Mr. Gladstone and his friends to launch their new doctrine that no constraint must be put upon the Irish, and that there is no remedy for the disorder there until the national aspirations of the Irish are gratified. I have said that no reasonable man, who thinks fairly and seriously, can doubt that to gratify these aspirations by reconstituting Ireland as a nation politically, is full of dangers. But we have to consider the new voters, the *democracy*, as people are fond of calling them. They have many merits, but among them is not that of being, in general, reasonable persons who think fairly and seriously. We have had opportunities of observing a new journalism which a clever and energetic man has lately invented. It has much to recommend it; it is full of ability, novelty, variety, sensation, sympathy, generous instincts; its one great fault is that it is *feather-brained*. It throws out assertions at a venture because it wishes them true; does not correct either them or itself, if they are false; and to get at the state of things as they truly are seems to feel no concern whatever.

Well, the democracy, with abundance of life, movement, sympathy, good instincts, is disposed to be, like this journalism, feather-brained; just as the upper class is disposed to be selfish in its politics, and the middle class narrow. The many restraints of their life particularly incline the democracy to believe with Mr. Fox that if people very much desire a thing they ought to have it, and that, therefore, the national aspirations of the Irish ought to be gratified. They do not look to the end and forecast consequences. When they are told that if we satisfy the national aspirations of the Irish the Irish will love us, and that all will thenceforth go well, they believe it because they wish to believe it. If they are told that the Bill for dealing with disorder in Ireland is savage and odious beyond precedent, they believe it, because to think this of a restraining measure is agreeable to them. The democracy is by its nature feather-brained; the English nation is not; and the democracy will in England work itself, probably, at last clear. But at present, even here, in England, and above all in those industrial centres where it is most left to itself, and least in contact with other classes, it is disposed to be feather-brained. This makes the strength of Mr. Gladstone. The great body of reasonable opinion in England is against him on Home Rule, and in Lord Hartington we have a leader convinced and firm; but we must not deceive ourselves. The democracy is being plied with fierce stimulants, and is agitated and chafing. If we cannot remove all just cause of complaint in Ireland, cannot produce, for local government there and for the land, a plan manifestly reasonable and good, the democracy will burst irresistibly in, bearing Mr. Gladstone in triumph back to power, and Home Rule along with him.

Lord Salisbury has declared his belief that 'remedial measures, and remedial measures of a very far-reaching tendency, are strongly called for by the condition of things in Ireland.' Undoubtedly they are, and to hug ourselves in the belief that they are not, but that all which is required is to put down disorder, is fatal. Some people say Ireland has no more cause of complaint than England or Scotland. One of these gentlemen wrote the other day to a newspaper saying that Ireland had even less, because she has not an established church. This is like congratulating Mr. Gladstone on living under the blessings of a Divorce Act, or Mr. Beresford Hope on having the prospect of soon being allowed to marry his deceased wife's sister.

A man peculiarly well informed on the matter, Mr. Edwin Chadwick, asserts that in several important branches of local government (he mentions the Poor Law system in especial) Ireland has the advantage of England. No doubt he is right. But this advantage is something devised and conferred by superior authority: the question is whether the call of the community itself for a thing desired by it and fairly reasonable, is not more likely to be thwarted in Ireland than in Great Britain. Most certainly it is. Let me

take a single instance in illustration: I will be as brief as possible. I believe that public aid was desired for a Catholic training school for elementary teachers in Ireland, and that Lord Spencer thought the desire reasonable, and wished it to be complied with. Denominational training schools, as we call them, have in Great Britain, and have long had, the bulk of their expense supplied from public funds. But the moment the members from northern Ireland got wind of the matter, they were indignant, and protested against the project. Probably the northern members would have had the support of British Nonconformity and secularism: 'the Liberal party has emphatically condemned religious endowment.' At any rate Lord Spencer foresaw a storm, and the project was not persisted in. But how reasonable and permissible a thing, how entirely a thing within the fair scope of a community's wishes, to have in a part of Ireland, where the vast bulk of the community is Catholic, a Catholic training school with public aid; and how irritating to find that in Great Britain there are denominational training schools with public aid, because the community wishes it; but in Ireland, although the community may wish it, it cannot have them!

I have often said that one has no need to go beyond Church and education to see how completely Great Britain, while talking pompously of 'the tolerance of the British Constitution,' has had two sets of weights and measures, one for itself and another for Ireland. The tolerance of the British Constitution consists in letting Irish revolutionists say whatever they like; a liberty often extremely bad for them. But in complying with the fair wishes of the Catholic community in Ireland the tolerance of the British Constitution utterly disappears. I feel the more strongly on this matter because of what I have seen abroad, in acquainting myself with the humble but everywhere present public service of popular education. There indeed there is absolute equality of treatment; there indeed there is not a double set of weights and measures; there you will never find a Protestant community indulged with a training school of its own, while a Catholic community is denied one. Goethe used to pray: 'God give us clear notions of the consequences of things.' If the British Philistine could ever frame such a prayer and have it granted, he would come to understand how completely Archbishop Walsh and Archbishop Croke are the consequences of things of our own doing. No doubt the Vatican disapproves their action; but how must the Vatican at the same time secretly feel that it serves us right!

It is undeniable that a fairly reasonable wish of the community in Ireland is more likely to be thwarted than in England and Scotland. That is a reason against leaving the Imperial Parliament to go on controlling Irish local affairs. But who, with Colonel Saunderson and Mr. Sexton present to his mind, will believe that in

the present state of tempers the Catholic Irish in an Irish Parliament would duly entertain reasonable wishes of the Protestants of the north, or the Protestant Irish those of Catholics of the south? This is an objection to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule not from an imperial point of view any longer, but from a purely Irish one. The fairly reasonable wishes of the community, in the respective parts of Ireland, ought to be made possible of attainment by the community. 'Ireland a nation, and the green flag of our people,' is not a fairly reasonable wish. But a Catholic training school is.

Whoever has had occasion to learn the course of public business in foreign countries, knows what we lose for want of proper local government in Great Britain. The House of Commons is far too large; a quantity of business comes before it which it should not have to discharge. Of our numerous House of Commons very many men are members, and unfit for such a position, who would be excellently fitted for local assemblies, which do not, however, exist to receive them. The best thing I have observed in New England is the effect of the training in local government upon the average citizen there. With us, little is known of systems of local government, and there is no cry for the thing; to discredit it, to throw out the scoff of *the Heptarchy*, is easy enough. But it is unpatriotic and unwise. Infinitely more unpatriotic and unwise is the neglect of this remedy in Ireland, where the want of it has had special bad consequences which it has not had in Great Britain, and which are full of danger. It should be made as serious, important, and strong there, as possible.

The county is too small a basis to take even in rich and populous England, except in a very few cases. Certainly it is too small a basis to take in Ireland. Every one sees how the province in Ireland affords a larger unit at once convenient and natural. I do not know what arrangements might be the best in the interests simply of local business. But it is important to remark that *politically* there could be no objection to resolving the provincial assemblies of Ireland into two only, one for the Catholic South and another for the Protestant North. The formidable political danger of Mr. Gladstone's one Parliament and Executive for all Ireland is that such a power would most surely be tempted, so far as we can at present foresee, to pose as a separate nation with a policy contrary to that of Great Britain. But an assembly for a part only of Ireland cannot so pose; the assembly and government of the Catholic South will be balanced by those of the Protestant North, which is smaller, indeed, in extent and numbers, but superior in wealth, energy, and organisation. The governments would balance one another politically, and administratively would each do simply their own business, which in the furious conflicts of a joint assembly would often suffer or be left undone. Many men who now have no trade but agitation would become good and useful citizens in the field of activity opened by

these assemblies and their business. The flower of the political talent of Ireland would find its place in the Imperial Parliament.

Mr. Reginald Brett says that no other Irish policy is possible than Mr. Gladstone's, 'which was *right in principle, but faulty in vital details.*' This is in the sacred language of the practical politicians, to which a plain outsider has not the key. But let us hope that the plan of two assemblies may be sufficiently like Mr. Gladstone's to pass with Mr. Brett as Gladstonian in principle, possible, and desirable.

The reason of the country judged Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule dangerous. It perceives, however, the need of local government for Ireland, and leaves the plan of it to the Government; only let us insist that what is done shall be effectual. Happily we have in Mr. Goschen a statesman as fit for planning local government as Lord Hartington is for combating Gladstonian Home Rule.

Finally, there is the land question. Mr. Gladstone's missionaries are sent out to cry that all the Conservative Government wants is to enable the landlords to extort their unjust rents. Of course some danger there is that the Conservative party may not be stringent enough in dealing with landlords. But evidently something has to be done. It is confessed that the Bill for admitting leaseholders to the benefit of the Act of 1881, and for preventing harsh evictions, is a measure of temporary relief only. The Act of 1881 has failed, as it was likely to fail. I may say so, for I said so in 1881, provoking somewhat, I may add, my friend Mr. John Morley by my want of faith. By that Act, I said, 'ownership and tenure will be made quite a different thing in Ireland from that which they are in England, and in countries of our sort of civilisation generally, and this is surely a disadvantage.'¹ An adumbration of dual ownership there was in Irish land-tenure already; such an ownership, with such parties to it, had elements of trouble; the thing was to get rid of it. Instead of getting rid of it, the Act of 1881 developed and strengthened it. What we all now see to be desirable, is to have one owner, and that owner, as far as possible, the cultivator.

The reason of the country supports the Government in quelling revolutionary anarchy in Ireland, and in restoring the rule of law and order there. Here it is as conservative as the Conservative party. But it has no landlord bias, and in its judgment on Irish landlords it is disposed to be severe. 'Mere land-merchants,' too many of them, says their own friend Croker; 'from their neglect of their duties springs their difficulty with their rents, and the general misery and distraction.' Often 'insolent' besides; an offence which the Irish peasant resents more even than oppression. It is a terrible indictment; and there are landlords still against whom it might justly be brought. The Land Purchase Commissioner of the government 'has

¹ *Irish Essays*, p. 29.

known rack-renting prevail to an extent simply shocking;’ Sir Redvers Buller desires ‘a court with a very strong coercive power on a bad landlord.’

Landlordism, as we know it in these islands, has disappeared from most countries. It depends on the consent of the community. In England, as I have often said, it has kept this consent partly through the moderation of the people, but above all through that of the landlords themselves. It has become impossible to maintain by the force of England the system of landlordism where it has not, as in England itself, the consent of the community; and this the reason and conscience of England begin to feel more and more. Mr. Chamberlain, I believe, is the statesman who might be proctor for the real mind of the country on this matter, as Lord Hartington might be proctor for it on the matter of Home Rule, and Mr. Goschen on that of local government. It seems admitted, however, that if we organise local government in Ireland, we yet cannot leave, as would be natural, the community itself to deal with the landlords there: the Government of the Catholic South with the landlords of the South, that of the Protestant North with those of the North. England and its Government are partly accountable for the faults of the landlords and for their present position. The Imperial Parliament must therefore help in solving the land question. But Mr. Gladstone’s twenty years’ purchase all round is as little pleasing to the mind of the country as his Home Rule. No solution will satisfy the mind and conscience of the country which does not regard equity, discriminate between the good landlord and the bad, and lance the deep imposthume of moral grievance.

Sir George Trevelyan adheres to his passionate love for the Liberal party, his passionate grief at its not being in power. I am too old for these romantic attachments. Sir George Trevelyan himself confesses that ‘it is impossible for young politicians to have any idea of the half-heartedness of the Liberal politics of the past.’ I confess that I am not sanguine about those of the near future. Why then should we be so very eager to take ‘up again with ‘the tabernacle of Moloch,’ Mr. Gladstone’s old umbrella, or ‘the star of our god Remphan,’ the genial countenance of Sir William Harcourt, merely in order to pass forty years in the wilderness of the Deceased Wife’s Sister? If the Conservative Government will quell anarchy in Ireland, give us a sound plan of local government there, and deal effectually with the land question, we may be well satisfied to allow them the lease of power requisite for this, and I believe the country will let them have it.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

PLAYING AT 'COERCION.'

MR. BALFOUR has recently described the condition of Ireland thus :—

At this moment there are under special police protection 498 persons in Munster, 221 in Leinster, 175 in Connaught, and 23 in Ulster, and the total cost for the extra police required is 55,000*l.* a year; over a large portion of Ireland the ordinary law is not in force, and the vacuum is filled up by a law which is not that of the Crown or Parliament. The courts of law are paralysed, witnesses refuse to give evidence, and the jury system has become unworkable.

I assume the accuracy of this statement. According to Ministers there are, in fact, two Governments in Ireland, the Government of the Queen, and the government of the National League; and of these the government of the League is the stronger. What a commentary upon the Act of Union! Eighty-seven years have passed since Mr. Pitt's great measure, which was practically to convert Ireland into an English county, became law, and, after this lengthened trial of an 'incorporate Union,' the story which the Irish Secretary of 1887 has to tell is that there now exists in Ireland a rebellious organisation which overrides the law and paralyses the Executive. It is said that no civilised Government ought to tolerate such a state of things. Certainly. But the fact is notorious, whatever conclusion may be drawn from it, that successive English Governments have been obliged, over and over again, to tolerate such a state of things in Ireland.

The Catholic Association was stronger than the Government of the King. 'Self-elected—self-constituted—self-assembled—self-adjourned—acknowledging no superior, tolerating no equal, interfering in all stages with the administration of justice, levying contributions,' and discharging all the functions of regular government, it obtained a 'complete mastery and control over the masses of the Irish people.' So said Mr. Canning. But the power of the Catholic Association was not diminished, much less destroyed, by repressive legislation. It held the field in defiance of Parliament until its work was done.

Two years after Catholic Emancipation, Lord Anglesey, then Lord-Lieutenant, wrote, 'Things are now come to that pass that the question is whether O'Connell or I shall govern Ireland.'

The Government *de jure* put forth all its strength to destroy the Government *de facto*. Parliament used all the means at its disposal

to support the Viceroy in his struggle with the agitator. Stanley's Arms Act was passed in 1831, and Grey's Coercion Act in 1833. The right of public meeting was taken away, the Habeas Corpus Act practically suspended, martial law established, and—what was the result? Who in the end 'governed' Ireland? Did the authority of the King's representative or the authority of the popular-leader finally prevail?

In 1833 Lord Anglesey left Ireland baffled and defeated. In 1834 O'Connell drove the Grey Ministry from power; and in 1835 he became master of the situation. The struggle between the King's Government and the Irish chief, which had begun in 1830, ended in 1835 in the signal triumph of the latter. So completely had Lord Anglesey failed to uphold the authority of the English Executive that his successor Lord Wellesley wrote in 1834, while Grey's Coercion Act was yet in force, 'it is more safe to violate the law than obey it.'

In 1841 the long duel between Peel and O'Connell on the question of Repeal commenced. How did it end? In 1844 Peel packed a jury and flung O'Connell into gaol. But the triumph of the agitator came, before he had been four months in prison, when the House of Lords quashed the conviction, and Lord Denman declared that the practices used by the Minister in securing a verdict for the Crown, were calculated to make trial by jury 'a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.' Two years after Peel had succeeded in incarcerating O'Connell, by means which men of all parties now regard as foul, Peel's Ministry was smashed in an attempt to pass an Irish Coercion Act; and the victory of the agitator over the Minister was complete. The duel between the rival statesmen ended only with the death of O'Connell. Famine supervened and did what coercion could not do: it reduced Ireland to a state of tranquillity, 'the ghastly tranquillity of exhaustion and despair.'

The greatest political leader Ireland has had since O'Connell is Mr. Parnell; and the lesson which the public life of each man teaches is the same—you cannot govern a hostile population by constitutional means. You cannot deny the demands of such people if you allow them an atom of liberty; you must make up your mind to do either of two things: to yield, or to abolish every form of parliamentary government. Oppression under parliamentary government only exasperates, it cannot destroy; and oppression which does not destroy is dangerous not to the oppressed but to the oppressor. Cromwell understood this. His successors in the government of Ireland do not, and never did understand it. Cromwell made up his mind to settle the Irish question by exterminating the Irish race. It was a

¹ The story of the protracted struggle between Peel and O'Connell has recently been told with fairness and ability by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, in his interesting and valuable work, *Peel and O'Connell* (Kegan Paul & Co.).

possible policy. His successors have preserved the race, conferred popular institutions upon them, admitted their representatives to Parliament, based the franchise on household suffrage, and striven to govern the country not in accordance with Irish but English opinion. This is the policy of a man who sows an acorn and expects that it will spring up a mushroom.

What would Cromwell have done with O'Connell? To use the language of Carlyle, he would have 'hanged him up,' and the whole Catholic Association with him, *quam primum*, and this would certainly have been an effectual way of suppressing the Catholic agitation.

What did the Liverpools and Peels, the Wellingtons, Eldons, Bathursts, and Sidmouths, do with O'Connell? They left him at large in Ireland, allowed him to call meetings, make speeches, form associations, use the press, petition Parliament, attack Ministers, and hoped all the time to keep the Catholics quiet. Cromwell's policy may be stigmatised as cruel, but there is only one word in the English language to describe this policy, and that word is 'tomfoolery.' When the Catholic Association became most formidable the Government suppressed it, but O'Connell started a second Association before the ink was dry on the statute which destroyed the first; and that second Association brought Ireland to the verge of rebellion, and emancipated the Papists. The existence of popular institutions was fatal to the policy of Ministers; representative government secured the final triumph of the Irish agitator. And looking at the Irish question now purely from a Unionist point of view, who shall say that the Catholic Relief Act of 1829 was a wise measure?

Between 1830 and 1835 there were three Lords-Lieutenant and four Chief-Secretaries in Ireland. The policy of those men—and they were well armed with Coercion Acts—was to put down O'Connell. But they all failed. One by one they disappeared from his path, leaving him popular and powerful. Anglesey, Wellesley, Hoddington, Hardinge, Stanley, Hobhouse, Littleton, all measured swords with the agitator, and all were worsted in the combat. Why? Because you cannot put down a constitutional agitator, who is supported by public opinion, while you leave him a rag of the Constitution to stand upon. To suspend the Constitution in Ireland while leaving O'Connell a member of the Imperial Parliament, there to use his power in obstructing public business, embarrassing Ministers, and taking advantage of party conflicts to destroy cabinets and perplex administrators, was an act of insensate folly. It gave the agitator a grievance, and left him free to use it, as he did use it, for compassing the destruction of the Government.

From 1841 to 1846 Peel and O'Connell were engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle for the government of Ireland. In 1843 the Minister passed an Arms Act to put down the agitator. The Act

was useless. The Minister then arrested the agitator for sedition, only, however, to find his hands fettered by the chains of constitutional government. The exigencies of the Constitution required that O'Connell should be tried by jury; the exigencies of the Minister required that the jury should be packed. Peel hoped to meet the difficulties of the case by leaving the forms and taking away the substance of the Constitution. But the hope proved delusive. The packed jury did its part and found the agitator guilty. But the House of Lords reviewed the verdict, quashed the conviction, and set the 'arch-rebel' free. Peel then made a third effort to annihilate his enemy. In 1846 he introduced a Coercion Bill. But English parties were at sixes and sevens, and a combination of Whigs, dissident Tories, and Repealers defeated the Bill, and hurled Peel from office.

O'Connell's case is the strongest that can be cited to show the hopelessness of attempting to put down a constitutional agitator by constitutional weapons of any shape or kind. Three constitutional weapons were used in the struggle between Peel and O'Connell: trial by jury, the House of Lords, the House of Commons. Peel manipulated the first weapon with success; but the other two broke in his hands. Under a despotism Peel would have succeeded all along the line—he would have hanged O'Connell '*quam primum*.'

Mr. Parnell's case resembles O'Connell's.

In 1880 he became the leader of the Irish Parliamentary party. Since then there have been four Lieutenants and six Chief Secretaries engaged in the work of putting him down. Two Coercion Acts have been passed to suppress him. He has been prosecuted, imprisoned. But he is to-day the most powerful and popular Irish agitator that ever lived, with a single exception. Like that exception—for I mean O'Connell—he has seen his competitors in the government of Ireland disappear from his path: Lord Cowper, Lord Spencer, Lord Carnarvon, Mr. Forster, Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Sir. W. Hart Dyke, Mr. W. H. Smith, Sir M. Hicks-Beach. Of these his greatest antagonist was Lord Spencer, and Lord Spencer made way for Lord Carnarvon, whose first act was to seek an interview with the Irish leader.

O'Connell gained a great triumph when the Government of Lord Melbourne succeeded the Government of Earl Grey. But Mr. Parnell gained a great triumph too when Lord Carnarvon succeeded Earl Spencer as Viceroy of Ireland. Earl Spencer was the exponent of a stern policy, and it must be said that he discharged his duty, under circumstances of great trial, with a courage and firmness which won the admiration of his foes. Lord Carnarvon reversed the policy of Earl Spencer. Earl Spencer governed by Coercion. Lord Carnarvon abandoned Coercion.

After five years of coercive government; after State prosecutions

and imprisonment, Mr. Parnell had the gratification of hearing English Tories attack the policy which had been directed against him. Thus:—

Lord Randolph Churchill—

Undoubtedly we do intend to inaugurate a change of policy in Ireland. . . . The policy of the late Government so exasperated Irishmen—maddened and irritated that imaginative and warm-hearted race—that I firmly believe that had the late Government remained in office no amount of bayonets or military would have prevented outbreaks in Ireland.

Lord Carnarvon—

I believe for my own part that special legislation of this (coercion) sort is inexpedient. It is inexpedient while it is in operation, and it is still more inexpedient when it has to be reviewed at short intervals.

Lord Salisbury—

The effect of the Crimes Act has been very much exaggerated. While it was in existence there grew up a thousand branches of the National League, and it is from them that those difficulties proceeded with which we have now to contend. The provisions in the Crimes Act against boycotting were of very small effect. It grew up under that Act because it is a crime which legislation has very great difficulty in reaching. I have seen it stated that the Crimes Act diminished outrages, that boycotting acted through outrages, and that the Crimes Act diminished boycotting. . . . It is not true; the Act did not diminish outrages. In September without the Crimes Act there were fewer outrages than in August with that Act. . . . The truth about boycotting is that it depends upon the passing humour of the population. I do not believe that in any community it has endured. I doubt whether in any community law has been able to provide a satisfactory remedy, but I believe it contains its own nemesis.

But a greater triumph was in store for the Irish leader—the famous Newport speech of Lord Salisbury. After five years of steady coercion a believer in coercion might have supposed that Home Rule would have been completely disposed of. Far from it. In 1880 English Liberals could not be got to listen to Home Rule. Here is how the Tory leader dealt with the subject in 1885—

The Irish leader has referred to Austria and Hungary . . . some notion of Imperial Federation was floating in his mind. . . . In speaking of Imperial Federation, as entirely apart from the Irish question, I wish to guard myself very carefully. I deem it to be one of the questions of the future. . . . But with respect to Ireland I am bound to say that I have never seen any plan or suggestion which gives me at present the slightest ground for anticipating that in that direction we shall find any substantial solution of the problem.

This was the beginning of the end. The natural sequel to the Newport speech was Mr. Gladstone's memorable address to the electors of Midlothian. When Lord Salisbury began to play with Home Rule it was time for the Liberal party to take the subject firmly in hand, and the 'Government of Ireland Bill' came in due course.

But perhaps Mr. Parnell's greatest triumph was achieved at the

General Election of 1886, when 192 Liberals were returned pledged to Home Rule. Thus the upshot of the struggle of the last six years between the Irish leader and English parties—the upshot of Coercion Acts, State trials, and imprisonments—has been, the Newport speech, the Home Rule Bill, and the presence in the House of Commons of 192 Liberals who have made the cause of Irish nationality their own. • • •

Why has Mr. Parnell been able to achieve these triumphs? Because there is constitutional government, party government in England; because Irishmen are allowed to vote, and send representatives to the Imperial Parliament.

No greater farce can be conceived than that played in Ireland in the days of Mr. Forster. Mr. Forster was a ruler with autocratic powers. He could by a stroke of the pen put the whole Irish nation into gaol; and he did as a matter of fact incarcerate nearly a thousand individuals. Yet all the while his conduct was subjected to the severest criticism in Parliament. Mr. Forster, exercising the authority of a Russian Czar in Ireland, and having, at the same time, to run the gauntlet of Irish denunciation in the House of Commons, was surely a sight to solace the soul of the genius of anarchy himself. Criticism is fatal to autocratic power, and Mr. Forster's power soon melted away under the fierce light which beats upon all things in constitutional countries.

Mr. Forster's Coercion Act was dropped after a year's trial, and the Crimes Act of 1882 took its place. The history of that Act is quite as absurd as the history of its predecessor. While the Crimes Act was in force another Act was passed—to do what? To strengthen the hands of the Executive, to confer additional powers of a repressive character upon the Lord-Lieutenant? Not at all; but to strengthen the hands of Mr. Parnell, to confer additional powers on the National League: that Act was the Franchise Act of 1884.

Before that Act was passed Mr. Parnell had about forty followers in the House of Commons. At the first General Election under that Act the number more than doubled; the Irish leader now commands a following of eighty-six members, and these men unquestionably constitute the most active and best disciplined party ever sent by Ireland to the Imperial Parliament. This has been the result of the Franchise Act of 1884. Why did Lord Salisbury and the Tories allow that Act to become law? Why were the Unionists parties to it? Because England is a constitutional country. Why did Lord Salisbury abandon the Crimes Act of 1882? Why did he 'demoralise' public opinion by playing with Home Rule? Because there is an Irish Electorate and an Irish Parliamentary representation.

One would have thought, after the experience of the past, that we had at length arrived at a stage in Irish affairs when those who

call themselves the 'party of law and order' could have devised new methods for putting down Irish agitators. But it seems that there is to be no change. We are to run eternally in the old groove.

The system of leaving the Irish agitator armed with a sword, and binding him with ropes of sand, is the highest level of coercive legislation to which the Government of to-day can rise.

A new coercive Bill is before the country. What does it propose?

1. The Crimes Act which Lord Salisbury condemned sixteen months ago is to be in part revived.

Witnesses may be examined where no one is in custody charged with crime.

2. Irish magistrates are to be converted into petty juries. Men may be brought before them charged with any act which the Lord-Lieutenant declares to be illegal, and sent to prison if found guilty.

3. Persons accused of crime in Ireland may be tried in England.

4. The Act is to be permanent.

This is a measure which might be worked with advantage under a pure despotism. It is of no use in a country which has representative institutions. In a Russia where there are no 'talking shops' it might be a help to the Executive. In these islands of 'talking shops' it will be a help to the agitator only. It is another grievance added to his stock.

If the Bill proposed to abolish Irish Municipal Corporations—which are centres of political activity; to shut up Poor Law Boards—which are schools of agitation; to drive from the House of Commons the Irish members—who are powerful for mischief chiefly; and to disenfranchise the whole Irish nation—which is at this moment a source of weakness to the Empire; it might be made a workable measure. But it ought not to stop here. If representative institutions were pulled down in Ireland, something should be put in their place—a pure despotism ought to be established.

Let there be no mistake about the fact. The Irish people would infinitely prefer an intelligent despotism to a constitutional sham. Constitutional government, with Irish landlords sitting in judgment on Irish tenants, is a mockery of justice. Pure despotism, with the affairs of the country managed by Lord Dufferin and Lord Wolseley, would be a guarantee of wise and beneficent administration. If there is to be coercion, let it get a fair chance. Let every form of constitutionalism be swept away. Let Lord Dufferin and Lord Wolseley be sent to Ireland with absolute authority to govern the country for twenty years without any Parliamentary check whatever. A Bill of this nature would have the advantage of conferring upon the Executive a *maximum* of power, while it would not provoke more hostile feeling than the Bill now before Parliament.

That Bill labours under the disadvantage of provoking a *maxi-*

num of discontent, while giving the Executive but a *minimum* of power to deal with it.

How can the Government hope to succeed by methods which have been tried over and over again, and which have always failed? Six years ago Mr. Parnell, with a handful of followers, fought both the great English parties and beat them. He now comes up to the encounter with twice as many followers; these are reinforced by the main body of the Liberal party; yet, in the fulness of his strength, he is to be defeated by the weapons which proved abortive in the hour of his weakness, and which have proved abortive at all times. Where the Greys, the Wellingtons, the Stanleys, the Peels, and the Gladstones have failed, the Smiths and the Balfours are to succeed. The tide of Irish popular feeling, now swelled by the floods of English, Scotch, and Welsh sympathy, is, for the first time in history, to be kept out with the legislative pitchfork of coercion, used by the hand of constitutional authority.

Some Irishmen and Englishmen are struck by the tyranny of this Bill. I am struck by its folly. Of course men will be flung into gaol under it. Mr. Balfour may even exceed Mr. Forster's 940 'suspects.' But what then? Mr. Dillon will doubtless renew his acquaintance with the inside of Kilmainham. It is not in human nature that a court of landlords should see anything but guilt in his efforts to fight the battle of the Irish tenants. Mr. Spurgeon before the Inquisition, General Booth before the Licensed Victuallers, Mr. Schnadhorst before the Primrose League, Mrs. Weldon tried by a jury of 'mad' doctors, are the equivalent of Mr. Dillon standing for justice and judgment before a bench of Irish magistrates.

Mr. Bright once said, referring to the difficulty of getting Parliament to legislate beneficially for the Irish tenants, 'you cannot expect that the cats will legislate beneficially for the mice.' When the cats can be trusted in this matter, Irish magistrates may be trusted to act fairly where the interests of the tenants and the cause of Irish nationality are at stake.

But when Mr. Dillon is in gaol, what then? If Mr. Dillon could be hanged, if the whole Irish party with all their followers in Ireland could be hanged, and if the hanging could be kept up for a sufficient length of time, then the national movement would be suppressed, and the demand for Home Rule might be heard no more. But this is not proposed. It is only proposed to fling Mr. Dillon and others into gaol, while eighty Irish members are to be left in Parliament to harry the life out of the Minister who does these things. Irish Municipal Corporations are to be preserved, Poor Law Boards are to remain: though it is notorious that these bodies are in the hands of the Nationalists, and though it is certain that they will abuse their powers to frustrate the efforts of the Executive in putting down the National party. This new Coercion Act will intensify the hatred

which unhappily has so long existed against English officials in Ireland; and yet popular institutions are to be preserved to fan the flames of discontent. To wound a man, and to leave him free to strike, is certainly the acme of unwisdom.

Yet this is exactly what the Ministerial Bill does.

The best clause in the Bill is that changing the venue in certain cases from Ireland to England. Of course the clause is an insult to the Irish people. But it is not a greater insult than the clause which makes juries of the Irish magistrates, many of whom are alien in blood, and almost all of whom are alien in feeling, to the masses of the nation. This clause, however, is to be removed. To have put it in, only for the purpose of taking it out, was a shallow trick, and not the least foolish move in the Government game. The clause enabling evidence to be taken though no person is in custody charged with crime is to be retained. But this was the vital clause in the Crimes Act of 1882—the Act which Lord Salisbury, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Lord Carnarvon concurred in condemning as useless.

The tergiversations of Ministers are not more remarkable than the optimism which leads them to hope that any Coercion Act can be worked with effect under constitutional forms of government.

But it is said—Mr. Goschen said it the other night—that this measure is really a protection Bill, to enable the Irish people to emancipate themselves—from what? From the control of Mr. Parnell, Mr. Davitt, Mr. Dillon, and the bishops and priests of the Irish National Church; and to rush into the embrace—of whom? Of Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, Mr. W. H. Smith, and Mr. Goschen himself. The simplicity of mind which can entertain a delusion of this sort is remarkable. Mr. Bryce has truly said that ‘government, law, and order’ are ‘abstract terms.’ To find out what they really mean in the concrete, we must see who are the persons who maintain law and order. The English Government in Ireland at this moment means Lord Salisbury, Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Balfour, Lord Ashbourne, Lord Londonderry, and Mr. Goschen. The government of the National League means Mr. Parnell, Mr. Davitt, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Harrington, Mr. Sexton, Archbishop Croke, Archbishop Walsh, and a host of men who have sprung from, and who belong to, the people. Lord Salisbury, Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Goschen are vying in the Government of Ireland with Mr. Parnell, Mr. Davitt, Mr. Dillon. What has the English Government, as represented by the men I have named, in common with the Irish people? What have these men, or the party to which they belong, ever done for Ireland? And who are their opponents? and what have they done? It is sometimes said that the Land Question is the only question in Ireland. And if so, who are the Land Reformers who have stood by the Irish tenants in their affliction and misery? who have sought help for them all over the world? who have incurred punishment in

fighting their battles? who have constantly advocated their claims, and obtained redress of their grievances? Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, Lord Londonderry, Mr. W. H. Smith, Lord Ashbourne, Mr. Goschen? Or Parnell, Dillon, Davitt, and bishops and priests who braved even the censure of Rome in fighting the battle of Ireland?

A short time since a priest was sent to gaol for contempt of court. A few days afterwards I read in a London paper: 'Father Kelleher, who was committed to prison by Judge Boyd for contempt of court, has been appointed by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cloyne a canon of the diocese.' According to Mr. Goschen, the Irish people want to be protected from Father Kelleher and the Bishop of Cloyne, and those who act with them, and to be protected by Mr. Goschen, Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Salisbury.

'There are some things,' says Lord Chesterfield, 'which, though strictly true, are yet so much in excess of human credulity, that the very mention of them exposes one's general veracity to doubt.'

Assuredly, it is time to face the facts of this Irish case; to tell the English people what are the difficulties which Ministers have to meet. The masses of the Irish people, led by a Protestant gentleman, who possesses the confidence and support of the bishops and priests of the National Church, are pressing forward their demand for a National Parliament. In the hands of the people are powerful constitutional weapons—a free press, a free Church, the parliamentary and municipal franchise, the Poor Law unions, and the National schools. In Parliament the popular representation is four-fifths of the whole. It is sought to govern this people by officials between whom and them there is not a sentiment or opinion in common. To enable these officials to hold their ground it is proposed to make the most unpopular class in the country judges between the people and the Executive, leaving in the popular hands the constitutional weapons I have named.

Surely never since the enterprise of Mrs. Partington was a great end sought by such little means. The tide of Irish National sentiment may be kept out, but it cannot be kept out by the Ministerial mop.

An absolutist government has not been tried in Ireland since the days of Oliver Cromwell. Cromwell kept Ireland quiet for his time. Have Ministers the nerve to try an absolutist government again? One sometimes hears it said, 'Lord Wolseley is the man for Ireland.' Have Ministers the courage to send Lord Wolseley and Lord Dufferin to Ireland as absolute rulers for twenty years? Can they do this? Dare they do it in the face of English public opinion? If not, then the game of Union is up.

R. BARRY O'BRIEN.

MENTAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN.

IN his *Descent of Man* Mr. Darwin has shown at length that what Hunter termed secondary sexual characters occur throughout the whole animal series, at least as far down in the zoological scale as the Articulata. The secondary sexual characters with which he is chiefly concerned are of a bodily kind, such as plumage of birds, horns of mammals, &c. But I think it is evident that secondary sexual characters of a mental kind are of no less general occurrence. Moreover, if we take a broad view of these psychological differences, it becomes instructively apparent that a general uniformity pervades them—that while within the limits of each species the male differs psychologically from the female, in the animal kingdom as a whole the males admit of being classified, as it were, in one psychological species and the females in another. By this, of course, I do not mean that there is usually a greater psychological difference between the two sexes of the same species than there is between the same sexes of different species: I mean only that the points wherein the two sexes differ psychologically are more or less similar wherever these differences occur.

It is probably due to a recognition of this fact that from the very earliest stages of culture mankind has been accustomed to read into all nature—inanimate as well as animate—differences of the same kind. Whether it be in the person of Maya, of the pagan goddesses, of the Virgin Mary, or in the personifications of sundry natural objects and processes, we uniformly encounter the conception of a feminine principle coexisting with a masculine in the general frame of the cosmos. And this fact, as I have said, is presumably due to a recognition by mankind of the uniformity as well as the generality of psychological distinction as determined by sex.

I will now briefly enumerate what appear to me the leading features of this distinction in the case of mankind, adopting the ordinary classification of mental faculties as those of intellect, emotion, and will.

Seeing that the average brain-weight of women is about five ounces less than that of men, on merely anatomical grounds we should be

prepared to expect a marked inferiority of intellectual power in the former.¹ Moreover, as the general physique of women is less robust than that of men—and therefore less able to sustain the fatigue of serious or prolonged brain action—we should also on physiological grounds be prepared to entertain a similar anticipation. In actual fact we find that the inferiority displays itself most conspicuously in a comparative absence of originality, and this more especially in the higher levels of intellectual work. In her powers of acquisition the woman certainly stands nearer to the man than she does in her powers of creative thought, although even as regards the former there is a marked difference. The difference, however, is one which does not assert itself till the period of adolescence—young girls being, indeed, usually more acquisitive than boys of the same age, as is proved by recent educational experiences both in this country and in America. But as soon as the brain, and with it the organism as a whole, reaches the stage of full development, it becomes apparent that there is a greater power of amassing knowledge on the part of the male. Whether we look to the general average or to the intellectual giants of both sexes, we are similarly met with the general fact that a woman's information is less wide and deep and thorough than that of a man. What we regard as a highly cultured woman is usually one who has read largely but superficially; and even in the few instances that can be quoted of extraordinary female industry—which on account of their rarity stand out as exceptions to prove the rule—we find a long distance between them and the much more numerous instances of profound erudition among men. As musical executants, however, I think that equality may be fairly asserted.

But it is in original work, as already observed, that the disparity is most conspicuous. For it is a matter of ordinary comment that in no one department of creative thought can women be said to have at all approached men, save in fiction. Yet in poetry, music, and painting, if not also in history, philosophy, and science, the field has always been open to both.² For, as I will presently show, the

¹ This is proportionally a greater difference than that between the male and female organisms as a whole, and the amount of it is largely affected by grade of civilisation—being least in savages and most in ourselves. Moreover, Sir J. Crichton Browne informs me, as a result of many observations which he is now making upon the subject, that not only is the grey matter, or cortex, of the female brain shallower than that of the male, but also receives less than a proportional supply of blood. For these reasons, and also because the differences in question date from an embryonic period of life, he concludes that they constitute a fundamental sexual distinction, and not one that can be explained on the hypothesis that the educational advantages enjoyed either by the individual man or by the male sex generally through a long series of generations have stimulated the growth of the brain in the one sex more than in the other.

² The disparity in question is especially suggestive in the case of poetry, seeing that this is the oldest of the fine arts which have come down to us in a high degree of development, that its exercise requires least special education or technical knowledge, that at no level of culture has such exercise been ostracised as unfeminine,

disabilities under which women have laboured with regard to education, social opinion, and so forth, have certainly not been sufficient to explain this general dearth among them of the products of creative genius.

Lastly, with regard to judgment, I think there can be no real question that the female mind stands considerably below the male. It is much more apt to take superficial views of circumstances calling for decision, and also to be guided by less impartiality. Undue influence is more frequently exercised from the side of the emotions; and, in general, all the elements which go to constitute what is understood by a characteristically judicial mind are of comparatively feeble development. Of course here, as elsewhere, I am speaking of average standards. It would be easy to find multitudes of instances where women display better judgment than men, just as in the analogous cases of learning and creative work. But that as a general rule the judgment of women is inferior to that of men has been a matter of universal recognition from the earliest times. The man has always been regarded as the rightful lord of the woman, to whom she is by nature subject, as both mentally and physically the weaker vessel; and when in individual cases these relations happen to be inverted, the accident becomes a favourite theme for humorists—thus showing that in the general estimation such a state of matters is regarded as incongruous.

But if woman has been a loser in the intellectual race as regards acquisition, origination, and judgment, she has gained, even on the intellectual side, certain very conspicuous advantages. First among these we must place refinement of the senses, or higher evolution of sense-organs. Next we must place rapidity of perception, which no doubt in part arises from this higher evolution of the sense-organs—or, rather, both arise from a greater refinement of nervous organisation. Houdin, who paid special attention to the acquirement of rapidity in acts of complex perception, says he has known ladies who, while seeing another lady 'pass at full speed in a carriage, could analyse her toilette from her bonnet to her shoes, and be able to describe not only the fashion and quality of the stuffs, but also to say if the lace were real or only machine made.' Again, reading implies enormously intricate processes of perception, both of the sensuous and intellectual order; and I have tried a series of experiments, wherein reading was chosen as a test of the rapidity of perception in different persons. Having seated a number of well educated individuals round a table, I presented to them successively the same paragraph of a book, which they were each to read as rapidly as they could, ten seconds being allowed for twenty lines. As soon as time was up I removed the paragraph, immediately

that nearly all languages present several monuments of poetic genius of the first order, and yet that no one of these has been reared by a woman.

after which the reader wrote down all that he or she could remember of it. Now, in these experiments, where every one read the same paragraph as rapidly as possible, I found that the palm was usually carried off by the ladies. Moreover, besides being able to read quicker, they were better able to remember what they had just read—that is, to give a better account of the paragraph as a whole. One lady, for example, could read exactly four times as fast as her husband, and could then give a better account even of that portion of the paragraph which alone he had had time to get through. For the consolation of such husbands, however, I may add that rapidity of perception as thus tested is no evidence of what may be termed the deeper qualities of mind—some of my slowest readers being highly distinguished men.

Lastly, rapidity of perception leads to rapidity of thought, and this finds expression on the one hand in what is apt to appear as almost intuitive insight, and on the other hand in that nimbleness of mother-wit which is usually so noticeable and often so brilliant an endowment of the feminine intelligence, whether it displays itself in tact, in repartee, or in the general alacrity of a vivacious mind.

Turning now to the emotions, we find that in woman, as contrasted with man, these are almost always less under control of the will—more apt to break away, as it were, from the restraint of reason, and to overwhelm the mental chariot in disaster. Whether this tendency displays itself in the overmastering form of hysteria, or in the more ordinary form of comparative childishness, ready annoyance, and a generally unreasonable temper—in whatever form this supremacy of emotion displays itself, we recognise it as more of a feminine than a masculine characteristic. The crying of a woman is not held to betray the same depth of feeling as the sobs of a man; and the petty forms of resentment which belong to what is known as a ‘shrew,’ or a ‘scold,’ are only to be met with among those daughters of Eve who prove themselves least agreeable to the sons of Adam. Coyness and caprice are very general peculiarities, and we may add, as kindred traits, personal vanity, fondness of display, and delight in the sunshine of admiration. There is also, as compared with the masculine mind, a greater desire for emotional excitement of all kinds, and hence a greater liking for society, pageants, and even for what are called ‘scenes,’ provided these are not of a kind to alarm her no less characteristic timidity. Again, in the opinion of Mr. Lecky, with which I partly concur :

In the courage of endurance they are commonly superior; but their passive courage is not so much fortitude which bears and defies, as resignation which bears and bends. In the ethics of intellect they are decidedly inferior. They very rarely love truth, though they love passionately what they call ‘the truth,’ or opinions which they have derived from others, and hate vehemently those who differ from them. They are little capable of impartiality or doubt; their thinking is chiefly a mode of feeling; though very generous in their acts, they are rarely

generous in their opinions or in their judgments. They persuade rather than convince, and value belief as a source of consolation rather than as a faithful expression of the reality of things.

But, of course, as expressed in the well-known lines from *Marmion*, there is another side to this picture, and, in now taking leave of all these elements of weakness, I must state my honest conviction that they are in chief part due to women as a class not having hitherto enjoyed the same educational advantages as men. Upon this great question of female education, however, I shall have more to say at the close of this paper, and only allude to the matter at the present stage in order to temper what I feel to be the almost brutal frankness of my remarks.

But now, the meritorious qualities wherein the female mind stands pre-eminent are, affection, sympathy, devotion, self-denial, modesty; long-suffering, or patience under pain, disappointment, and adversity; reverence, veneration, religious feeling, and general morality. In these virtues—which agree pretty closely with those against which the Apostle says there is no law—it will be noticed that the gentler predominate over the heroic; and it is observable in this connection that when heroism of any kind is displayed by a woman, the prompting emotions are almost certain to be of an unselfish kind.

All the æsthetic emotions are, as a rule, more strongly marked in women than in men—or, perhaps, I should rather say, they are much more generally present in women. This remark applies especially to the æsthetic emotions which depend upon refinement of perception. Hence feminine ‘taste’ is proverbially good in regard to the smaller matters of everyday life, although it becomes, as a rule, untrustworthy in proportion to the necessity for intellectual judgment. In the arrangement of flowers, the furnishing of rooms, the choice of combinations in apparel, and so forth, we generally find that we may be most safely guided by the taste of women; while in matters of artistic or literary criticism we turn instinctively to the judgment of men.

If we now look in somewhat more detail at the habitual display of these various feelings and virtues on the part of women, we may notice, with regard to affection, that, in a much larger measure than men, they derive pleasure from receiving as well as from bestowing: in both cases affection is felt by them to be, as it were, of more emotional value. The same remark applies to sympathy. It is very rare to find a woman who does not derive consolation from a display of sympathy, whether her sorrow be great or small; while it is by no means an unusual thing to find a man who rejects all offers of the kind with a feeling of active aversion.

Touching devotion, we may note that it is directed by women pretty equally towards inferiors and superiors—serving and being

spent in the tending of children; ministering to the poor, the afflicted, and the weak; clinging to husbands, parents, brothers, often without and even against reason.

Again, purity and religion are, as it were, the natural heritage of women in all but the lowest grades of culture. But it is within the limit of Christendom that both these characters are most strongly pronounced; as, indeed, may equally well be said of nearly all the other virtues which we have just been considering. And the reason is that Christianity, while crowning the virtue of chastity with an aureole of mysticism more awful than was ever conceived even by pagan Rome, likewise threw the vesture of sanctity over all the other virtues which belong by nature to the female mind. Until the rise of Christianity the gentler and domestic virtues were nowhere recognised as at all comparable, in point of ethical merit, with the heroic and the civic. But when the ideal was changed by Christ—when the highest place in the hierarchy of the virtues was assigned to faith, hope, and charity; to piety, patience, and long-suffering; to forgiveness, self-denial, and even self-abasement—we cannot wonder that, in so extraordinary a collision between the ideals of virtue, it should have been the women who first flocked in numbers around the standard of the Cross.

So much, then, for the intellect and emotions. Coming lastly to the will, I have already observed that this exercises less control over the emotions in women than in men. We rarely find in women that firm tenacity of purpose and determination to overcome obstacles which is characteristic of what we call a manly mind. When a woman is urged to any prolonged or powerful exercise of volition, the prompting cause is usually to be found in the emotional side of her nature, whereas in man we may generally observe that the intellectual is alone sufficient to supply the needed motive. Moreover, even in those lesser displays of volitional activity which are required in close reading, or in studious thought, we may note a similar deficiency. In other words, women are usually less able to concentrate their attention; their minds are more prone to what is called 'wandering,' and we seldom find that they have specialised their studies or pursuits to the same extent as is usual among men. This comparative weakness of will is further manifested by the frequency among women of what is popularly termed indecision of character. The proverbial fickleness of *la donna mobile* is due quite as much to vacillation of will as to other unstable qualities of mental constitution. The ready firmness of decision which belongs by nature to the truly masculine mind is very rarely to be met with in the feminine; while it is not an unusual thing to find among women indecision of character so habitual and pronounced as to become highly painful to themselves—leading to timidity and diffidence in adopting almost any line of conduct where issues of importance are

concerned, and therefore leaving them in the condition, as they graphically express it, of not knowing their own minds.

If, now, we take a general survey of all these mental differences, it becomes apparent that in the feminine type the characteristic virtues, like the characteristic failings, are those which are born of weakness; while in the masculine type the characteristic failings, like the characteristic virtues, are those which are born of strength. Which we are to consider the higher type will therefore depend on the value which we assign to mere force. Under one point of view, the magnificent spider of South America, which is large enough and strong enough to devour a humming-bird, deserves to be regarded as the superior creature. But under another point of view, there is no spectacle in nature more shockingly repulsive than the slow agonies of the most beautiful of created beings in the hairy limbs of a monster so far beneath it in the sentient as in the zoological scale. And although the contrast between man and woman is happily not so pronounced in degree, it is nevertheless a contrast the same in kind. The whole organisation of woman is formed on a plan of greater delicacy, and her mental structure is correspondingly more refined: it is further removed from the struggling instincts of the lower animals, and thus more nearly approaches our conception of the spiritual. For even the failings of weakness are less obnoxious than the vices of strength, and I think it is unquestionable that these vices are of quite as frequent occurrence on the part of men as are those failings on the part of women. The hobnailed boots may have given place to patent-pumps, and yet but small improvement may have been made upon the overbearing temper of a navvy; the beer-shop may have been superseded by the whist-club, and yet the selfishness of pleasure-seeking may still habitually leave the solitary wife to brood over her lot through the small hours of the morning. Moreover, even when the mental hobnails have been removed, we generally find that there still remains what a member of the fairer sex has recently and aptly designated mental heavy-handedness. By this I understand the clumsy inability of a coarser nature to appreciate the feelings of a finer; and how often such is the case we must leave the sufferers to testify. In short, the vices of strength to which I allude are those which have been born of rivalry: the mental hide has been hardened, and the man carries into his home those qualities of insensibility, self-assertion, and self-seeking which have elsewhere led to success in his struggle for supremacy. Or, as Mr. Darwin says, 'Man is the rival of other men; he delights in competition, and this leads to ambition which passes too readily into selfishness. These latter qualities seem to be his natural and unfortunate birthright.'

Of course the greatest type of manhood, or the type wherein our

ideal of manliness reaches its highest expression, is where the virtues of strength are purged from its vices. To be strong and yet tender, brave and yet kind, to combine in the same breast the temper of a hero with the sympathy of a maiden—this is to transform the ape and the tiger into what we know ought to constitute the man. And if in actual life we find that such an ideal is but seldom realised, this should make us more lenient in judging the frailties of the opposite sex. These frailties are for the most part the natural consequences of our own, and even where such is not the case, we do well to remember, as already observed, that they are less obnoxious than our own, and also that it is the privilege of strength to be tolerant. Now, it is a practical recognition of these things that leads to chivalry; and even those artificial courtesies which wear the mark of chivalry are of value, as showing what may be termed a conventional acquiescence in the truth that underlies them. This truth is, that the highest type of manhood can only then be reached when the heart and mind have been so far purified from the dross of a brutal ancestry as genuinely to appreciate, to admire, and to reverence the greatness, the beauty, and the strength which have been made perfect in the weakness of womanhood.

I will now pass on to consider the causes which have probably operated in producing all these mental differences between men and women. We have already seen that differences of the same kind occur throughout the whole mammalian series, and therefore we must begin by looking below the conditions of merely human life for the original causes of these differences in their most general form. Nor have we far to seek. The Darwinian principles of selection—both natural and sexual—if ever they have operated in any department of organic nature, must certainly have operated here. Thus, to quote Darwin himself:—

Amongst the half-human progenitors of man, and amongst savages, there have been struggles between the males during many generations for the possession of the females. But mere bodily strength and size would do little for victory, unless associated with courage, perseverance, and determined energy. . . . To avoid enemies or to attack them with success, to capture wild animals, and to fashion weapons, requires reason, invention, or imagination. . . . These latter faculties, as well as the former, will have been developed in man partly through sexual selection—that is, through the contest of rival males—and partly through natural selection—that is, from success in the general struggle for life; and as in both cases the struggle will have been during maturity, the characters gained will have been transmitted more fully to the male than to the female offspring. . . . Thus man has ultimately become superior to woman. It is, indeed, fortunate that the law of the equal transmission of characters to both sexes prevails with mammals; otherwise it is probable that man would have become as superior in mental endowment to woman as the peacock is in ornamental plumage to the pea-hen.

Similarly, Mr. Francis Galton writes:—

The fundamental and intrinsic differences of character that exist in individuals are well illustrated by those that distinguish the two sexes, and which begin to assert themselves even in the nursery, where all children are treated alike. One notable peculiarity in the woman is that she is capricious and coy, and has less straightforwardness than the man. It is the same with the female of every species. . . . [Were it not so] the drama of courtship, with its prolonged strivings and doubtful success, would be cut quite short, and the race would degenerate through the absence of that sexual selection for which the protracted preliminaries of love-making give opportunity. The willy-nilly disposition of the female is as apparent in the butterfly as in the man, and must have been continually favoured from the earliest stages of animal evolution down to the present time. Coyness and caprice have in consequence become a heritage of the sex, together with a cohort of allied weaknesses and petty deceptions, that men have come to think venial, and even amiable, in women, but which they would not tolerate among themselves.

We see, then, that the principles of selection have thus determined greater strength, both of body and mind, on the part of male animals throughout the whole mammalian series; and it would certainly have been a most unaccountable fact if any exception to this rule had occurred in the case of mankind. For, as regards natural selection, it is in the case of mankind that the highest premium has been placed upon the mental faculties—or, in other words, it is here that natural selection has been most busy in the evolution of intelligence—and therefore, as Mr. Darwin remarks, we can only regard it as a fortunate accident of inheritance that there is not now a greater difference between the intelligence of men and of women than we actually find. Again, as regards sexual selection, it is evident that here also the psychologically segregating influences must have been exceptionally strong in the case of our own species, seeing that in all the more advanced stages of civilisation—or in the stages where mental evolution is highest, and, therefore, mental differences most pronounced—marriages are determined quite as much with reference to psychical as to physical endowments; and as men always admire in women what they regard as distinctively feminine qualities of mind, while women admire in men the distinctively masculine, sexual selection, by thus acting directly as well as indirectly on the mental qualities of both, is constantly engaged in moulding the minds of each upon a different pattern.

Such, then, I take to be the chief, or at least the original, causes of the mental differences in question. But besides these there are sundry other causes all working in the same direction. For example, as the principles of selection have everywhere operated in the direction of endowing the weaker partner with that kind of physical beauty which comes from slenderness and grace, it follows that there has been everywhere a general tendency to impart to her a comparative refinement of organisation; and in no species has this been the case in so high a degree as in man. Now, it is evident from what has been said in an earlier part of this paper, that general refinement of this kind indirectly affects the mind in many ways.

Again, as regards the analogous, though coarser, distinction of bodily strength, it is equally evident that their comparative inferiority in this respect, while itself one of the results of selection, becomes in turn the cause of their comparative timidity, sense of dependence, and distrust of their own powers on the part of women, considered as a class. Hence, also, their comparative feebleness of will and vacillation of purpose: they are always dimly conscious of lacking the muscular strength which, in the last resort, and especially in primitive stages of culture, is the measure of executive capacity. Hence, also, their resort to petty arts and pretty ways for the securing of their aims; and hence, in large measure, their strongly religious bias. The masculine character, being accustomed to rely upon its own strength, is self-central and self-contained: to it the need of external aid, even of a supernatural kind, is not felt to be so urgent as it is to the feminine character, whose only hope is in the stronger arm of another. 'The position of man is to stand, of woman to lean;' and although it may be hard for even a manly nature to contemplate the mystery of life and the approach of death with a really stoic calm, at least this is not so impossible as it is for the more shrinking and emotional nature of a woman. Lastly, from her abiding sense of weakness and consequent dependence, there also arises in woman that deeply-rooted desire to please the opposite sex which, beginning in the terror of a slave, has ended in the devotion of a wife.

We must next observe another psychological lever of enormous power in severing the mental structures of men and women. Alike in expanding all the tender emotions, in calling up from the deepest fountains of feeling the flow of purest affection, in imposing the duties of rigid self-denial, in arousing under its strongest form the consciousness of protecting the utterly weak and helpless consigned by nature to her charge, the maternal instincts are to woman perhaps the strongest of all influences in the determination of character. And their influence in this respect continues to operate long after the child has ceased to be an infant. Constant association with her growing children—round all of whom her affections are closely twined, and in all of whom the purest emotions of humanity are as yet untouched by intellect—imparts to the mother a fulness of emotional life, the whole quality of which is distinctively feminine. It has been well remarked by Mr. Fiske that the prolonged period of infancy and childhood in the human species must from the first 'have gradually tended to strengthen the relations of the children to the mother,' and, we may add, also to strengthen the relations of the mother to the children—which implies an immense impetus to the growth in her of all the altruistic feelings most distinctive of woman. Thus, in accordance with the general law of inheritance as limited by sex, we can understand how these influences became, in successive

generations, cumulative ; while in the fondness of little girls for dolls we may note a somewhat interesting example in psychology of the law of inheritance at earlier periods of life, which Mr. Darwin has shown to be so prevalent in the case of bodily structures throughout the animal kingdom.

There remains, so far as I can see, but one other cause which can be assigned of the mental differences between men and women. This cause is education. Using the term in its largest sense, we may say that in all stages of culture the education of women has differed widely from that of men. The state of abject slavery to which woman is consigned in the lower levels of human evolution clearly tends to dwarf her mind *ab initio*. And as woman gradually emerges from this her primitive and long-protracted condition of slavery, she still continues to be dominated by the man in numberless ways, which, although of a less brutal kind, are scarcely less effectual as mentally dwarfing influences. The stunting tendency upon the female mind of all polygamous institutions is notorious, and even in monogamous, or quasi-monogamous, communities so highly civilised as ancient Greece and pagan Rome, woman was still, as it were, an intellectual cipher—and this at a time when the intellect of man had attained an eminence which has never been equalled. Again, for a period of about 2,000 years after that time civilised woman was the victim of what I may term the ideal of domestic utility—a state of matters which still continues in some of the continental nations of Europe. Lastly, even when woman began to escape from this ideal of domestic utility, it was only to fall a victim to the scarcely less deleterious ideal of ornamentalism. Thus Sydney Smith, writing in 1810, remarks: ‘A century ago the prevailing taste in female education was for housewifery ; now it is for accomplishments. The object now is to make women artists—to give them an excellence in drawing, music, and dancing.’ It is almost needless to remark that this is still the prevailing taste : the ideal of female education still largely prevalent in the upper classes is not that of mental furnishing, but rather of mental decoration. For it was not until the middle of the present century that the first attempt was made to provide for the higher education of women, by the establishment of Queen’s College and Bedford College in London. Twenty years later there followed Girton and Newnham at Cambridge ; later still Lady Margaret and Somerville at Oxford, the foundation of the Girls’ Public Day Schools Company, the opening of degrees to women at the University of London, and of the honour examinations at Cambridge and Oxford.

We see, then, that with advancing civilisation the theoretical equality of the sexes becomes more and more a matter of general recognition, but that the natural inequality continues to be forced upon the observation of the public mind ; and chiefly on this account—

although doubtless also on account of traditional usage—the education of women continues to be, as a general rule, widely different from that of men. And this difference is not merely in the positive direction of laying greater stress on psychological embellishment: it extends also in the negative direction of sheltering the female mind from all those influences of a striving and struggling kind, which constitute the practical schooling of the male intellect. Woman is still regarded by public opinion all the world over as a psychological plant of tender growth, which needs to be protected from the ruder blasts of social life in the conservatories of civilisation. And, from what has been said in the earlier part of this paper, it will be apparent that in this practical judgment I believe public opinion to be right. I am, of course, aware that there is a small section of the public—composed for the most part of persons who are not accustomed to the philosophical analysis of facts—which argues that the conspicuous absence of women in the field of intellectual work is due to the artificial restraints imposed upon them by all the traditional forms of education; that if we could suddenly make a leap of progress in this respect, and allow women everywhere to compete on fair and equal terms with men, then, under these altered circumstances of social life, women would prove themselves the intellectual compeers of man.

But the answer to this argument is almost painfully obvious. Although it is usually a matter of much difficulty to distinguish between nature and nurture, or between the results of inborn faculty and those of acquired knowledge, in the present instance no such difficulty obtains. Without again recurring to the anatomical and physiological considerations which bar *à priori* any argument for the natural equality of the sexes, and without remarking that the human female would but illustrate her own deficiency of rational development by supposing that any exception to the general laws of evolution can have been made in her favour—without dwelling on any such antecedent considerations, it is enough to repeat that in many departments of intellectual work the field *has* been open, and equally open, to both sexes. If to this it is answered that the traditional usages of education lead to a higher average of culture among men, thus furnishing them with a better vantage-ground for the origin of individual genius, we have only to add that the strong passion of genius is not to be restrained by any such minor accidents of environment. Women by tens of thousands have enjoyed better educational as well as better social advantages than a Burns, a Keats, or a Faraday; and yet we have neither heard their voices nor seen their work.

If, again, to this it be rejoined that the female mind has been unjustly dealt with in the past, and cannot now be expected all at once to throw off the accumulated disabilities of ages—that the long course of shameful neglect to which the selfishness of man has subjected the culture of woman has necessarily left its mark upon the

hereditary constitution of her mind—if this consideration be adduced; it obviously does not tend to prove the equality of the sexes: it merely accentuates the fact of inequality by indicating one of its causes. The treatment of women in the past may have been very wrong, very shameful, and very much to be regretted by the present advocates of women's rights; but proof of the ethical quality of this fact does not get rid of the fact itself, any more than a proof of the criminal nature of assassination can avail to restore to life a murdered man. We must look the facts in the face. How long it may take the woman of the future to recover the ground which has been lost in the psychological race by the woman of the past, it is impossible to say; but we may predict with confidence that, even under the most favourable conditions as to culture, and even supposing the mind of man to remain stationary (and not, as is probable, to advance with a speed relatively accelerated by the momentum of its already acquired velocity), it must take many centuries for heredity to produce the missing five ounces of the female brain.

In conclusion, a few words may be added on the question of female education as this actually stands at the present time. Among all the features of progress which will cause the present century to be regarded by posterity as beyond comparison the most remarkable epoch in the history of our race, I believe that the inauguration of the so-called woman's movement in our own generation will be considered one of the most important. For I am persuaded that this movement is destined to grow; that with its growth the highest attributes of one half of the human race are destined to be widely influenced; that this influence will profoundly react upon the other half, not alone in the nursery and the drawing-room, but also in the study, the academy, the forum, and the senate; that this latest yet inevitable wave of mental evolution cannot be stayed until it has changed the whole aspect of civilisation. In an essay already alluded to, Sydney Smith has remarked, though not quite correctly, that up to his time there had been no woman who had produced a single notable work, either of reason or imagination, whether in English, French, German, or Italian literature. A few weeks ago Mrs. Fawcett was able to show us that since then there have been at least forty women who have left a permanent mark in English literature alone. Now, this fact becomes one of great significance when we remember that it is the result of but the earliest phase of the woman's movement. For, as already indicated, this movement is now plainly of the nature of a ferment. When I was at Cambridge, the then newly established foundations of Girton and Newnham were to nearly all of us matters of amusement. But we have lived to alter our views; for we have lived to see that that was but the beginning of a great social change, which has since spread and is still spreading at so extraordinary a rate, that we are now within measurable distance of the

time when no English lady will be found to have escaped its influence. It is not merely that women's colleges are springing up like mushrooms in all quarters of the kingdom, or that the old type of young ladies' governess is being rapidly starved out of existence. It is of much more importance even than this that the immense reform in girls' education, which has been so recently introduced by the Day Schools Company working in conjunction with the University Board and Local examinations, has already shaken to its base the whole system and even the whole ideal of female education, so that there is scarcely a private school in the country which has not been more or less affected by the change. In a word, whether we like it or not, the woman's movement is upon us; and what we have now to do is to guide the flood into what seem likely to prove the most beneficial channels. What are these channels?

Of all the pricks against which it is hard to kick the hardest are those which are presented by Nature in the form of facts. Therefore we may begin by wholly disregarding those short-sighted enthusiasts who seek to overcome the natural and fundamental distinction of sex. No amount of female education can ever do this, nor is it desirable that it should. On this point I need not repeat what is now so often and so truly said, as to woman being the complement, not the rival, of man. But I should like to make one remark of another kind. The idea underlying the utterances of all these enthusiasts seems to be that the qualities wherein the male mind excels that of the female are, *sui generis*, the most exalted of human faculties: these good ladies fret and fume in a kind of jealousy that the minds, like the bodies, of men are stronger than those of women. Now, is not this a radically mistaken view? Mere strength, as I have already endeavoured to insinuate, is not the highest criterion of nobility. Human nature is a very complex thing, and among the many ingredients which go to make the greatness of it even intellectual power is but one, and not by any means the chief. The truest grandeur of that nature is revealed by that nature as a whole, and here I think there can be no doubt that the feminine type is fully equal to the masculine, if indeed it be not superior. For I believe that if we all go back in our memories to seek for the highest experience we have severally had in this respect, the character which will stand out as all in all the greatest we have ever known will be the character of a woman. Or, if any of us have not been fortunate in this matter, where in fiction or in real life can we find a more glorious exhibition of all that is best—the mingled strength and beauty, tact, gaiety, devotion, wit, and consummate ability—where but in a woman can we find anything at once so tender, so noble, so lovable, and so altogether splendid as in the completely natural character of a Portia? A mere blue-stockings who looks with envy on the intellectual gifts of a Voltaire, while

shutting her eyes to the gifts of a sister such as this, is simply unworthy of having such a sister: she is incapable of distinguishing the pearl of great price among the sundry other jewels of our common humanity.

Now, the suspicion, not to say the active hostility, with which the so-called woman's movement has been met in many quarters springs from a not unhealthy ground of public opinion. For there can be no real doubt that these things are but an expression of the value which that feeling attaches to all which is held distinctive of feminine character as it stands. Woman, as she has been bequeathed to us by the many and complex influences of the past, is recognised as too precious an inheritance lightly to be tampered with; and the dread lest any change in the conditions which have given us this inheritance should lead, as it were, to desecration, is in itself both wise and worthy. In this feeling we have the true safeguard of womanhood; and we can hope for nothing better than that the deep strong voice of social opinion will always be raised against any innovations of culture which may tend to spoil the sweetest efflorescence of evolution.

But, while we may hope that social opinion may ever continue opposed to the woman's movement in its most extravagant forms—or to those forms which endeavour to set up an unnatural, and therefore an impossible, rivalry with men in the struggles of practical life—we may also hope that social opinion will soon become unanimous in its encouragement of the higher education of women. Of the distinctively feminine qualities of mind which are admired as such by all, ignorance is certainly not one. Therefore learning, as learning, can never tend to deteriorate those qualities. On the contrary, it can only tend to refine the already refined, to beautify the already beautiful—'when our daughters shall be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.' It can only tend the better to equip a wife as the helpmeet of her husband, and, by furthering a community of tastes, to weave another bond in the companionship of life. It can only tend the better to prepare a mother for the greatest of her duties—forming the tastes and guiding the minds of her children at a time of life when these are most pliable, and under circumstances of influence such as can never again be reproduced.

It is nearly eighty years ago since this view of the matter was thus presented by Sydney Smith:—

If you educate women to attend to dignified and important subjects, you are multiplying beyond measure the chances of human improvement by preparing and medicating those early impressions which always come from the mother, and which, in the majority of instances, are quite decisive of genius. The instruction of women improves the stock of national talents, and employs more minds for the instruction and improvement of the world: it increases the pleasures of society by multiplying the topics upon which the two sexes take a common interest, and makes marriage an intercourse of understanding as well as of affection. The educa-

tion of women favours public morals; it provides for every season of life, and leaves a woman when she is stricken by the hand of time, not as she now is, destitute of everything and neglected by all, but with the full power and the splendid attractions of knowledge—diffusing the elegance of polite literature, and receiving the homage of learned and accomplished men.

Since the days when this was written, the experiment of thus educating women to attend to dignified and important subjects has been tried on a scale of rapidly increasing magnitude, and the result has been to show that those apprehensions of public opinion were groundless which supposed that the effect of higher education upon women would be to deteriorate the highest qualities of womanhood. On this point I think it is sufficient to quote the opinion of a lady who has watched the whole course of this experiment, and who is so well qualified to give an opinion that it would be foolish presumption in anyone else to dispute what she has to say. The lady to whom I refer is Mrs. Sidgwick, and this is what she says:—

The students that I have known have shown no inclination to adopt masculine sentiments or habits in any unnecessary or unseemly degree; they are disposed to imitate the methods of life and work of industrious undergraduates just as far as these appear to be means approved by experience to the end which both sets of students have in common, and nothing that I have seen of them, either at the University or afterwards, has tended in the smallest degree to support the view that the adaptation of women to domestic life is so artificial and conventional a thing that a few years of free unhampered study and varied companionship at the University has a tendency to impair it.

So far as I am aware, only one other argument has been, or can be, adduced on the opposite side. This argument is that the physique of young women as a class is not sufficiently robust to stand the strain of severe study, and therefore that many are likely to impair their health more or less seriously under the protracted effort and acute excitement which are necessarily incidental to our system of school and university examinations. Now, I may begin by remarking that with this argument I am in the fullest possible sympathy. Indeed, so much is this the case that I have taken the trouble to collect evidence from young girls of my own acquaintance who are now studying at various high schools with a view to subsequently competing for first classes in the Cambridge triposes. What I have found is that in some of these high schools—carefully observe, only in *some*—absolutely no check is put upon the ambition of young girls to distinguish themselves and to bring credit upon their establishments. The consequence is that in these schools the more promising pupils habitually undertake an amount of intellectual work which it is sheer madness to attempt. A single quotation from one of my correspondents—whom I have known from a child—will be enough to prove this statement.

I never begin work later than six o'clock, and never work less than ten or eleven hours a day. But within a fortnight or so of my examinations I work fifteen or

sixteen hours. Most girls, however, stop at fourteen or fifteen hours, but some of them go on to eighteen hours. Of course, according to the school time-tables, none of us should work more than eight hours; but it is quite impossible for any one to get through the work in that time. For instance, in the time-tables ten minutes is put down for botany, whereas it takes the quickest girl an hour and a half to answer the questions set by the school lecturer.

These facts speak for themselves, and therefore I will only add that in many of those high schools for girls which are situated in large towns no adequate provision is made for bodily exercise, and this, of course, greatly aggravates the danger of over-work. In such a school there is probably no playground; the gymnasium, if there is one, is not attended by any of the harder students; drill is never thought of; and the only walking exercise is to and from the school. Let it not be supposed that I am attacking the high school system. On the contrary, I believe that this system represents the greatest single reform that has ever been made in the way of education. I am only pointing out certain grave abuses of the system which are to be met with in some of these schools, and against which I should like to see the full force of public opinion directed. There is no public school in the kingdom where a boy of sixteen would be permitted to work from eleven to eighteen hours a day, with no other exercise than a few minutes' walk. Is it not, then, simply monstrous that a girl should be allowed to do so? I must confess that I have met with wonderfully few cases of serious breakdown. All my informants tell me that, even under the operation of so insane an abuse as I have quoted, grave impairment of health but rarely occurs. This, however, only goes to show of what good stuff our English girls are made; and therefore may be taken to furnish about the strongest answer I can give to the argument which I am considering—viz. that the strength of an average English girl is not to be trusted for sustaining any reasonable amount of intellectual work. Upon this point, however, there is at the present time a conflict of medical authority, and as I have no space to give a number of quotations, it must suffice to make a few general remarks.

In the first place, the question is one of fact, and must therefore be answered by the results of the large and numerous experiments which are now in progress; not by any *à priori* reasoning of a physiological kind. In the next place, even as thus limited, the inquiry must take account of the wisdom or unwisdom with which female education is pursued in the particular cases investigated. As already remarked, I have been myself astonished to find so great an amount of prolonged endurance exhibited by young girls who are allowed to work at unreasonable pressure; but, all the same, I should of course regard statistics drawn from such cases as manifestly unfair. And seeing that every case of health impaired is another occasion given to the enemies of female education, those who have the

interests of such education at heart should before all things see to it that the teaching of girls be conducted with the most scrupulous precautions against over-pressure. Regarded merely as a matter of policy, it is at the present moment of far more importance that girls should not be over-strained than that they should prove themselves equal to young men in the class lists. For my own part, I believe that, with reasonable precautions against over-pressure, and with due provision for bodily exercise, the higher education of women would *ipso facto* silence the voice of medical opposition. But I am equally persuaded that this can never be the case until it becomes a matter of general recognition among those to whom such education is entrusted, that no girl should ever be allowed to work more than eight hours a day as a *maximum*; that even this will in a large proportional number of cases be found to prove excessive; that without abundant exercise higher education should never be attempted; and that, as a girl is more liable than a boy to insidiously undermine her constitution, every girl who aspires to any distinction in the way of learning should be warned to be constantly on the watch for the earliest symptoms of impairment. If these reasonable precautions were to become as universal in the observance as they now are in the breach, I believe it would soon stand upon the unquestionable evidence of experimental proof, that there is no reason in the nature of things why women should not admit of culture as wide and deep and thorough as our schools and universities are able to provide.

The channels, therefore, into which I should like to see the higher education of women directed are not those which run straight athwart the mental differences between men and women which we have been considering. These differences are all complementary to one another, fitly and beautifully joined together in the social organism. If we attempt to disregard them, or try artificially to make of woman an unnatural copy of man, we are certain to fail, and to turn out as our result a sorry and disappointed creature who is neither the one thing nor the other. But if, without expecting women as a class to enter into any professional or otherwise foolish rivalry with men, for which as a class they are neither physically nor mentally fitted, and if, as Mrs. Lynn Linton remarks, we do not make the mistake of confusing mental development with intellectual specialisation—if, without doing either of these things, we encourage women in every way to obtain for themselves the intrinsic advantages of learning, it is as certain as anything can well be that posterity will bless us for our pains. For then all may equally enjoy the privilege of a real acquaintance with letters; ladies need no longer be shut out from a solid understanding of music or painting; lecturers on science will no longer be asked at the close of their lectures whether the cerebellum is inside or outside of the skull, how is it that astronomers have been able to find out the

names of the stars, or whether one does not think that his diagram of a jelly-fish serves with admirable fidelity to illustrate the movements of the solar system. These, of course, I quote as extreme cases, and even as displaying the prettiness which belongs to a child-like simplicity. But simplicity of this kind ought to be put away with other childish things; and in whatever measure it is allowed to continue after childhood is over, the human being has failed to grasp the full privileges of human life. Therefore, in my opinion the days are past when any enlightened man ought seriously to suppose that in now again reaching forth her hand to eat of the tree of knowledge woman is preparing for the human race a second fall. In the person of her admirable representative, Mrs. Fawcett, she thus pleads: 'No one of those who care most for the woman's movement cares one jot to prove or to maintain that men's brains and women's brains are exactly alike or exactly equal. All we ask is that the social and legal status of women should be such as to foster, not to suppress, any gift for art, literature, learning, or goodness with which women may be endowed.' Then, I say, give her the apple, and see what comes of it. Unless I am greatly mistaken, the result will be that which is so philosophically as well as so poetically portrayed by the Laureate:—

The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or god-like, bond or free.

Then let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn to be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.
For woman is not undevelop'd man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.

Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the child-like in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.

Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
Then reign the world's great bridal, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of human kind.
May these things be!

GEORGE J. ROMANES.

DECAY OF BODILY STRENGTH IN TOWNS.

FOR some years, both in the press and on the platform, I have been endeavouring to draw public attention to the degeneration which to my mind is taking place in the physique of our town populations. I have been asked for proofs of this assertion. Statistical proofs of this, to me self-evident, proposition are very hard to furnish. It is said that the statistics of army recruiting should demonstrate the truth; doubtless they would, if all recruits enlisted in towns had been born and brought up in them; but it is notorious that this is not the case, inasmuch as all the principal recruiting stations are in the cities, and if a country lad desires to enlist, he must do so by first visiting the town. This fact must at once upset all theories founded on the statistics of town recruiting for the army; but taking town and country recruits together, out of 64,000 men who enlisted in 1884, no fewer than 30,000 were rejected for physical incapacity, a proportion which cannot fail to give occasion for very serious reflection. Indeed, the difficulty of obtaining recruits for the army possessed of adequate physical strength has become so great that a general order has now been issued, in which great discretion is given the recruiting officer and doctor in passing men, the authorities trusting to the military gymnasium to bring the men after enlistment up to the proper standard. Mr. A. Alexander, director of the Liverpool Gymnasium, who is a most energetic promoter of physical education, gave, a short time ago, a course of instruction to the soldiers at Aldershot. He states that he was surprised to find that many of the recruits were unable to raise their bodies by the strength of their arms until their chins were level with the bar! And these are the defenders of our country! The fact that Lord Wolseley is now crying out for the authorities to supply him with men with large chests instead of large heads, proves that our most eminent general recognises the gravity of the situation.

It is not possible either to place any very great reliance upon the statistics of health in our large towns. These also are to a certain extent useless for our purpose, inasmuch as an emigration from the country to the town is in constant progress at the rate of from 50,000 to 60,000 souls per annum. This stream of vigorous

country life flowing into the towns tends to raise unduly the standard of health in the latter, whilst the children of these 50,000 sturdy men and women are probably more robust than those whose parents were born in the town. If we could isolate the city, and could prevent all intermarriage with the country, the degeneration in the physique of the inhabitants of the former would probably be so marked as to horrify the public, and would arouse a sense of national danger which would command the attention of Parliament and the country.

The danger of the situation lies in the gradual nature of the physical deterioration which is taking place in our midst, and in the fact that, whilst our purely rural population is decreasing in numbers, our town-bred men and women are augmenting at the rate of 340,000 a year. But, though it may be difficult to prove by statistics that our urban is less robust than our town population, and that each generation of pure city dwellers is less robust than the previous, it is only necessary for an intelligent man or woman to walk through the slums of our great towns in order to assure himself or herself, beyond all question or doubt, that the physical condition of the people in these crowded districts is, to say the least, unsatisfactory, and one of which no Englishman can well be proud.

Now this being so, and given the annual increase of our urban population as stated above, surely we have a strong *primâ facie* case for asking for a Royal Commission to inquire into the physical condition of our people. If the result of the Commission be to show that all our fears are unfounded, and that our town population is the equal of the country, we shall have every cause to rejoice; but if, on the other hand, it be shown, as I firmly believe it will, that large numbers of the inhabitants of our cities are physically unfitted, though in the prime of life, to defend the country in time of war, or to carry on her work in peace, a growing but a hidden danger to Great Britain will have been revealed, and the first step will have been taken towards the reform of an evil which would ultimately lead to a degeneration of the race and to national effacement. But only the first step; for though no reform be possible until the evil to be reformed be known and recognised, further steps must be taken if a cure is to be effected. In this instance the remedy which naturally suggests itself, is the minimising of the unhealthy conditions of urban life which have led to such a sad result—in other words, the better housing of the poor, the establishment of breathing spaces such as parks and playgrounds, and the feeding of the children in the National Schools, as is done in Germany and France, where each child is supplied with a midday meal which he can purchase at a very cheap rate (in Germany, if the father is too poor to pay, the meal is still given, and the father is either summoned for the price or must declare himself a pauper, in which case the meal is supplied out of the rates), the due enforcement of sanitary laws, and finally

the compulsory training of all children attending Board and National Schools in gymnastics and calisthenics. In order that the physical training given in the schools shall be efficient, it is necessary that it should be included in the code of education, and that grants should be given for proficiency, just as is done in the case of intellectual training. It should never be forgotten that the mind is not likely to be healthy unless the body is in a sound condition, and that if intellectual studies were varied with physical exercises we should hear less of over-pressure and of the difficulties of getting the children to attend school. Physical exercises, especially when performed in masses and with song, are extremely attractive to children and have been found to improve greatly the discipline of the schools into which they have been introduced. The School Board of London have taken a useful step by the introduction of Swedish musical drill amongst the girls attending their schools. These exercises require no apparatus and are easily learnt, and I do not know a prettier sight than to see a group of happy girls practising to the sound of their own merry voices the graceful movements of the Swedish musical drill.

I hope that within a short time there will be no school within the United Kingdom which will not teach gymnastic exercises to its boys and Swedish drill to its girls. Almost every nation in Europe, with the exception of ourselves, has established such a system of compulsory physical training, and spends large sums of money in strengthening the bodies and nerves of its future citizens. We alone neglect this precaution. Do we believe that there is something in British flesh and blood which is able to withstand the deteriorating influences of bad air and food, and want of healthy exercise? If so we are living in a veritable fool's paradise, and when the stress of national danger arrives we shall find that our men are made of different stuff from those who fought and conquered the combined armies of Europe. Those men were mostly reared in country homes, on wholesome though maybe coarse fare, and under the pure canopy of heaven, not fed on white bread and adulterated beer or spirits, working in cellars and warehouses into which the full daylight seldom or never penetrates. How is it that we are so behind other nations in this matter of the physical education of the people? I believe it is because our middle and upper classes hold such a high place amongst the athletes of the world, that we are blind to the deficiencies in this respect of their brothers of a lower station in life. I do not suppose it would be possible to find more perfect specimens of young healthy manhood than are to be seen in our larger colleges and universities, but this should only make the contrast between their condition and that of the young lads who hang about the public-houses and roam the streets of our large towns more apparent and more startling. These young men want not only physical

development, but the discipline which a course of gymnastic training would give them. It is now eighty years since Germany first established the Turnverein, or National Gymnastic Association, which by its thorough and systematic training of the entire population in gymnastic exercises, strengthening to the body and nerves, and productive of physical courage, many believe to have been in no slight degree instrumental in the thorough defeat which the French sustained at the hands of the Germans in 1870. The French seem to think this partial explanation of their defeat to be not without some possible foundation in truth, for since the war they have taken steps to teach their youth to strengthen their bodies by manly exercises. Perhaps it will be necessary for us to undergo some such national humiliation.

I trust, however, that we shall learn our lesson without the infliction of punishment, which may overtake us in other ways than by the means of the sword. The arts of peace cannot be carried out successfully by men and women feeble in body and weak in health. Physical strength is almost as much required in the peaceful contests of everyday life as in wars; and other things being equal, the nation which has the healthiest and sturdiest human material with which to work, will produce the best and most saleable manufactures. We are, as a nation, dependent on the productions of our hands and brains. We cannot produce in these islands food sufficient to supply our necessities. We must therefore purchase it, and we can only purchase it by manufacturing for our neighbours, and thus earning money sufficient to pay for the food we buy. It is therefore imperative that we shall be able to make better goods than our neighbours, in order to attract their custom; and how can we hope to surpass them in the excellence of our manufactures if the intellect of our designers is weakened by bad health, and the bodies of our artisans and labourers are suffering from lassitude and depression?

This question of Physical Education is one therefore which all classes of the community should support: the working men for their own sakes and for that of their children; military and naval men for the reputation of their country's arms; philanthropists and divines for the love of their fellow-men; employers and capitalists for the sake of improved trade; and statesmen lest they find that the Britain which they profess to govern is sinking before their eyes, borne down by no foreign foe, but undermined through physical causes which might have been avoided but for the blindness and obstinacy with which they have fixed their gaze on distant objects and questions of *haute politique*, to the neglect of nearer and less interesting but more indispensable reforms connected with the health and physique of the people of Great Britain and Ireland.

BRABAZON.

HOW TO ENSURE BREATHING SPACES.

WITHIN the last twenty years a complete revolution has been effected in public opinion on the subject of Common land. The old view was that Commons were the private property of the lords of manors and of the commoners. If those two parties were agreed as to the terms under which a given Common should be enclosed, no one, it was held, had a right to interfere. They were as much entitled to dispose of the common in any manner that seemed to them suitable, as of any other property that might belong to them. The fact that the general public had for generation after generation enjoyed the power of wandering freely over Commons was not considered to constitute a legal right to walk over them—though it may be noted in passing as one of the quaintnesses of our law, that if the people had not merely walked but had also played games on any such bit of land, *that* did constitute a legal right, which could be successfully upheld in a law-court. When, therefore, the idea was first broached that the power of wandering over the common and waste lands of the country was a right inherent in every one, no matter how far off from any particular Common he might happen to dwell, people denounced it as a mischievous and monstrous doctrine, subversive of the rights of property.

Mischievous and monstrous, however, as it might be, this new doctrine that the common land of the country was not the peculiar property of those who up to this time had alone been recognised as having rights to it, but ought properly to be regarded as a 'common possession for the whole country,' a 'national domain' for the use and enjoyment of the people; this new doctrine, I say, steadily and rapidly gained ground. It was felt that the needs of the many could not be sacrificed to the desires of the few; that the conditions of the country had so altered that the whole question of enclosure must be reviewed; and that the continuous and rapid withdrawal of all open common lands from the purpose which they had so long served of affording breathing and recreation places—a purpose which it was manifest they would be still more urgently required to fulfil in a not far-distant future—constituted a real source of danger to the

health and welfare of the community. All these considerations told, and in a few short years the new doctrine had firmly established itself.

Parliament no longer tolerates the enclosure of commons near large towns. It is only in quite exceptional circumstances that enclosure is permitted at all, and even then a far more ample proportion of the land is set aside to be kept in its open state—in the form either of allotments or of recreation grounds—than used to be the case. I speak as if all enclosure meant that the land would no longer be open—in the sense of unbuilt upon. I do so because, though enclosure is often, at any rate in the first instance, a procedure intended to increase the food-producing powers of the country, yet land when once enclosed may be built upon; and history records too many cases in which the growth of neighbouring towns, or the exigencies of making money, have led the descendants of the man who enclosed for the sake of improving the agricultural value of the land, to cover this land with buildings. A Common, therefore, once enclosed, is liable at any time to be built upon.

By the refusal to allow Commons near large towns to be enclosed, Parliament has solved the first part of the problem how to preserve Open Spaces for the use of our large towns. By this simple device many large spaces have been provided at little or no expense. But there is a limit to our supply of Commons. And we often do not find them in places where we most need them. The question, therefore, to be now considered is: How are we to provide for the future? How can we best systematically secure that with the growth of every large town an adequate amount of Open Space shall be preserved?

In a pamphlet, published in 1885, entitled *Parks and Playgrounds for the People*, the Rev. James Johnston suggested that it should be a law that where lands are laid out for building—be they lands which have once been common, but which have been enclosed for agricultural purposes, or be they lands which have never been common—a certain proportion should in every case be set aside to be kept open in perpetuity for the health and recreation of the people. In his own words: the principle laid down in the Act 8 and 9 Vict. cap. 118—viz. that in the enclosure of waste and common lands, allotments shall be reserved for recreation grounds in proportion to the population—should be extended in future to all lands laid out for building purposes in rising towns and suburbs; and it should be further enacted that such allotments shall, where possible, be so made that no inhabitant of such towns or suburbs shall be farther than one mile from some recreation ground.

This suggestion may perhaps help us to solve our problem. Favourable opinions of Mr. Johnston's views have been expressed in various quarters; and I may particularly call attention to the discussion and able advocacy of such a measure as that contemplated by

Mr. Johnston in a paper¹ by Mr. Robert Hunter, whose name is well known in connection with Commons preservation.

Any new idea, however, affecting property is sure to encounter opposition, however just in principle it may be. The cry which arose when first the idea was started, that the Commons of the country were to be regarded as a national possession, will be heard in the land once more. We shall be told that this proposal is subversive of the rights of property. As, however, in that instance, the subversive ideas became the accepted ideas, without property being perceptibly the worse, so too it will no doubt be in the present instance.

• But it is always a great advantage to have precedents to quote. And there are two precedents for this proposition which I think are much to the point. They show that the Legislature has already recognised that a landowner, in cutting up his estate for building, cannot be allowed altogether a free hand. In the Metropolitan Building Acts it has insisted (1) that every carriage road shall have a width of at least forty feet; and (2) that an open space of at least 150, 200, 300, or 450 square feet (according as the house has a frontage of 15, 20, 30, or more, feet) shall be left at the rear or on the side of every dwelling-house, unless all the rooms can be lighted or ventilated from a street or alley adjoining. This latter regulation, though amended so recently as 1882, is still very inadequate, because houses are built so much higher than they were formerly, on account of the greater value of land; and, as Miss Octavia Hill, who has had large practical experience of the evils attending the present rule, pointed out in these pages,² it is most important that the space should be made to vary in proportion to the *height* of the house, instead of being a fixed quantity or rather varying only with the frontage, as at present. The inadequacy, however, of the regulation does not affect our argument, which is that these two regulations are a clear recognition of the principle that the landowner may be fairly restricted in the exercise of his rights of building when the exercise of those rights, if not restricted, would inflict injurious results on the public.

Liberty to do what you like with your own is the inalienable privilege of every Briton; but there is always the proviso *subauditum* that in doing what you like you shall not hurt others. Now, in converting agricultural or residential land into building land, that is, in covering what is at present open land with buildings, the owner is unquestionably doing what he likes with his own. No one compels him to build. His action is entirely voluntary. But in taking this new departure, in making the land building land, he is inflicting a

¹ See article on 'Commons, Parks, and Open Spaces,' in the *Contemporary Review* for last September.

² See *Nineteenth Century* for May 1884, article 'Colour, Space, and Music for the People.'

distinct evil on the people of the neighbourhood, inasmuch as he is thereby diminishing their supply of fresh air; and it has been irrefragably proved that the diminution of the fresh air supply heightens the death rate and lowers the general health. It is clearly therefore only right that this evil should be reduced to a minimum; and the best way in which this can be done is to secure that a certain proportion of the land shall remain unbuilt on, and be devoted to park, public garden, or recreation ground, according to the size of the estate to be dealt with, the size of the estate necessarily regulating the amount, and, with it, the exact kind of Open Space to be provided.

It is, then, on the evil which the building of new houses in or near large towns necessarily entails on the neighbourhood, that we may most strongly rest our case. It is manifestly no longer to the interest of the public at large to encourage the covering with buildings of all land that can possibly be covered. The growth of large towns is admittedly one of the great evils of our time. We cannot prevent this growth, though we may deplore it. But do what we may, it is certain they will expand quite fast enough without any encouragement. And in the same way as we have arrived at the conclusion in regard to Commons, that it is more important in the interests of the public health and welfare to keep them open than to allow their enclosure, in that same way we shall arrive at the conclusion that it is even more essential, on the grounds of health, that the owners of other open lands shall not be left free to build upon the whole area of their property.

The question what the proportion of the land should be which should thus be kept open for ever is somewhat difficult to decide. It ought not, however, to be a fixed proportion, otherwise we might subsequently be landed in an analogous difficulty with that already alluded to in the question of the open space to be left behind dwelling-houses under the Metropolitan Building Acts. The proportion would as a general rule have to be greater in the case of a large estate consisting of over one hundred acres than in that of a smaller estate. But probably the best criterion would be afforded by the density of the population around the estate, coupled with the number and size of the new houses which it was proposed to erect. The scheme should not, I think, apply in cases where houses were to be built with one or more acres of garden surrounding them, as anything which would tend to make owners more chary of giving space round the houses which they may build is certainly to be deprecated. Where the estate which was about to be built on was small, a proportionate sum of money might be paid, which would go to the Open Spaces Fund of the community. The first and most important thing, however, is to get the principle accepted. Details would be arranged later on. And since a cautious legal mind like that of Mr. Hunter sees no insuperable difficulty in the way of working out the proposal

the consideration of the amount which should be reserved in each case need not detain us.

It will, of course, be said that the scheme amounts to confiscation. If people like to use the word, I am afraid I cannot help it. At the same time, I must observe that it is not in principle any more a confiscation than the Legislature has already sanctioned in regard to commons, and in the two instances I have quoted from the Metropolitan Building Acts, viz. as respects the width of carriage roads and the amount of space to be left behind dwelling houses. The principle involved is the same; it is only in degree that it varies. But if it is the degree rather than the principle which evokes the cry of confiscation, it may be well to point out that, judging from the experience which has been gained in some instances where persons have given a portion of their land to serve as a park for the people, and have recouped themselves by the enhanced value of the land adjoining the park, the landowner would certainly in some, and probably in most, cases be no whit a loser, and would eventually make as much money if the proposed change in the law be carried out as he does now. If this should be so, where is the confiscation?

Even admitting, however, that he might be in a worse position than he is now, this would hardly be a reason for rejecting the scheme. The conditions of existence necessarily change with our national growth, and we must adapt ourselves to these changes. Hitherto, the owners of land near large towns have received the full benefit derived from the growth of the community, and have been able to sell their land at greatly enhanced value, free of almost all restrictions. This was so because, either as a matter of fact the exercise of their full building powers did not inflict any injury on anyone, or because it had not yet dawned on the public mind that this unrestrained liberty was inflicting any injury. The moment it is recognised that it does inflict injury, we are bound to provide a remedy; and, as in so many other instances in modern life, the good of the few has to give way to the good of the many. In any event, no action which the Legislature might take would have any but a prospective effect, and those holding or buying land which they wished to build on would receive due warning of the change which was about to be made in the conditions under which they would be allowed to build.

But however good a solution of our problem this scheme may offer, and however desirable its realisation may be, it is evident that a considerable time must necessarily elapse before it can be brought into effect. In these days it is hard enough to obtain any fresh legislation even on a subject in which large numbers of legislators are deeply interested and have been long fully agreed. And if to this consideration we add the other just mentioned, that notice would have in fairness to be given some time ahead to all whom it might con-

cern, that after a given date all buildings near towns of a certain size would be girt with a restriction in regard to the area which they might cover with bricks and mortar, the most sanguine cannot predict an early date for the realisation of the scheme.

In the meantime it will be well for us to realise that until such a scheme is adopted we shall have to depend for our parks, public gardens, and playgrounds on levies on the rates, or the occasional munificence of individuals; and on this latter head I cannot refrain from quoting, by way of conclusion, the opinions of the late Sir Arthur Helps and Miss Octavia Hill.

Sir Arthur Helps, in his work on *Social Pressure*, says: 'One of the grandest objects of benevolence is to provide for the future these vacant spaces in the midst of, or neighbouring to, the great centres of population.' And again, speaking of Mr. Peabody's great gift to London for the erection of dwellings for the working classes, he says:—

A great philanthropist has lately astonished the world by giving it large sums of money during his lifetime. The purposes to which he devoted that money are admirable. But perhaps even a larger and more beneficent purpose would be found in the creation of open spaces. London is often likened to Babylon; but the similitude is a very unjust one as regards the city of Nitocris and Semiramis, for Babylon had just what, in its densest parts, is deficient in London. We are told that Babylon contained within its walls sufficient land for agricultural purposes to enable the inhabitants of that city to be fed by those resources during a siege. We are also told that there were such breaks of continuity within the city that, upon its being taken by Cyrus, the inhabitants of the city were not aware for several days of its having been taken. Granted that these statements are exaggerations, it is still but fair to conjecture that Babylon was a city entirely different from London in the number and extent of its open spaces.

Let us hope that in the future London may more resemble Babylon in this salutary respect, and that some future Peabody may emulate his example in dowering it with parks or recreation grounds.

Miss Octavia Hill's words are brief but eloquent:—

There are many kinds of gifts which have now a demoralising effect on the poor, but such gifts as this of common land [by which Miss Hill means land to be enjoyed in common, not land on which there are common rights] could do nothing but unmixed good. The space, the quiet, the sight of grass and trees and sky, which are a common inheritance of men in most circumstances, are accepted as so natural, are enjoyed so wholly in common, that however largely they were given, they could only be helpful.

C. L. LEWES.

DEER FORESTS :

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

I. THEIR PAST.

AMONG the various sins and enormities which have latterly been attributed to these institutions is the assertion that they are all of very modern origin. They have been profanely referred to as the progeny of a pernicious alliance between the *nouveaux riches* of England and the impecuniosity of the Highlands, as having had no existence prior to the present century, and as having mostly sprung into being within the last thirty years or thereby. Little difficulty was found in palming this charge against deer forests upon a public without the opportunity—still less the inclination—of testing its truth. Nothing, however, could well be more incorrect; and not much research is necessary to show that the true state of the case is very different.

From a very early date there are indubitable traces of the protection of wild deer in Scotland, of their pursuit in the chase, and of the setting apart of very extensive tracts of mountainous ground for this purpose. Numerous references of this nature are scattered throughout the early literature of the Highlands. In the writings of Torfæus, the Scandinavian historian, mention is more than once made of the chase of the deer among the fastnesses of Sutherland and other parts of the Highlands as early as the twelfth century; and occasional notices of similar import are to be met with in the early ballads and metrical romances, and in many of the prose works relating to the north of Scotland down to the sixteenth century, when we come upon specific details of the preservation and pursuit of deer in certain forests, such as Athol, Mar, Glenartney, &c., which, down to the present day are devoted to the same purpose.

In 1549, Munro, High Dean of the Isles, who travelled through most of the Western Isles, and wrote the earliest description of them, made from personal observation, which we have, frequently refers to the deer which even then these isles contained, as many of them still do. For example, in his description of *Jura* he refers to its 'fyne forrest for deire,' and Jura still has its fine deer forest. Of

Islay, he says it is 'fertil, fruitful, and full of natural grassing, with maney grate deire, maney woods, fair games of hunting.' Of *Mull*, that it possesses 'certain woodes, maney deire, and verey fair hunting games, with maney grate mერთines, and cunnings for hunting, with a guid raid fornent Colmkill callit Pollaisse.' Again, of *Ronin*, that it possesseth 'ane forest of high mountains and abundance of little deire in it, quhilk deir will never' be slain dounewith but the principal saitts man be in the height of the hill, because the deir will be callit upward ay be the Tainchell,¹ or without tinchell they will pass upward perforce.' Similar notices are found in the Dean's descriptions of many other islands of the Hebrides, such as *Skyë*, *Scalpay*, *Raasay*, *Harris*, &c., which need not be further quoted.

Observations of the same nature are made by Martin in his description of the Western Islands in 1695, a work acknowledged by De Foe, Johnson, and later writers on the same topics to have been of great assistance to them, and which remains to this day of considerable historic and descriptive value. When describing the island of Lewis, he alludes to the 'chase of Oservaul, which is fifteen miles in compass.' Of Harris he says, 'There are abundance of deer in the hills and mountains here, commonly called the Forest, which is eighteen miles in length from east to west: the number of deer computed to be in this place is at least 2,000, and there is none permitted to hunt there without a licence from the steward to the forester;' and there is a similar account applicable to Arran.

Similar references will, on examination, be found in all or nearly all authors who wrote on the Highlands at a later period, confirmatory of the fact that from the earliest times what are now so well known as deer forests had a practical and, it is believed, somewhat extensive existence. They will be found in the well-known letters of Burt, written from the Highlands in the early part of the last century; in the *Economical History of the Hebrides and Highlands*, 'the result of six journeys made into the Highlands and Hebrides from the year 1760 to the year 1786,' by the Rev. Dr. John Walker, who, on separate occasions, was the bearer of commissions from the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland and from the Commissioners on the Annexed Estates; in Dr. Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands with Boswell*, first published in 1774; in Dr. McCulloch's letters to Sir Walter Scott, descriptive of the Highlands and Western Isles, founded on a series of annual journeys between the years 1811 and 1821; in Logan's *Scottish Gael*; in Scrope, Colquhoun, and many other authorities of the present day, down to

¹ This word, which is of Gaelic extraction, is defined by Jamieson in his *Scottish Dictionary* as 'a circle of sportsmen, who, by surrounding a great space, and gradually narrowing, brought great quantities of deer together.' It is referred to by Sir Walter Scott in a vivid description of stag-hunting in 'Waverley;' and it is curious and suggestive to find it still made use of in certain parts of the Western Highlands.

the latest of all, the Report of her Majesty's Commission for Inquiry into the condition of the Crofters, &c., of the Highlands and Islands. It is very interesting, too, to observe that many of the most famous and extensive deer forests of the present time, such as Athol, Mar, Gaich, Glenfeshie, and some parts of Ross and Sutherland on the mainland, as well as Jura, Harris, and other islands, are precisely those of which we often find special mention in the ancient authorities; the inference being that from the earliest references down to the present day these extensive tracts have been the constant retreat of red deer, and have been devoted to this form of occupation from being unfitted by their high situation, and rugged and sterile character, for any other known profitable purpose.

Who has not heard of the ancient forests of England which, from the days of the Conqueror, if not earlier, were secluded for the diversion of the sovereigns and their nobles, and hedged about by many grievous and barbarous laws—*Leges Forestarum*, the rigour of which endured for centuries after William's time? The forest of these days has been described as a certain territory or

circuit of woody grounds and pastures, known in its bounds as privileged for the peaceable being and abiding of wild beasts and fowls of forest, chase, and warren, to be under the king's protection for his princely delight, bounded with irremovable marks and meres, either known by matter of record or prescription; replenished with beasts of venery and chase, and great coverts of vert for succour of the said beasts; for preservation thereof there are particular laws, privileges, and officers belonging thereunto.

Until the making of the Carta de Foresta by Henry the Third in 1224, confirmed by Edward the First in 1229, forest offences were punished in the severest manner—often by death itself—at the mere pleasure of the sovereign; but by this charter many forests were disforested, and many others were shorn of their more oppressive privileges. These cruel laws were further ameliorated by successive monarchs, whether of their own clemency or under political pressure, and may now be said to be wholly obliterated from the statute-books.

Though it does not appear that the Scottish kings ever addicted themselves to the same extent as the Norman monarchs of England to the pastimes of foresting, or that the same barbarous fencing of their sanctity was generally resorted to in Scotland, there is still ample evidence of the existence of several royal forests, and we have various detailed descriptions of royal or state visits to these. The sixteenth century, indeed, has upon its records many Acts of the Scots Parliament for the seclusion and protection of wild deer, as also of *game*, which by this period must have been coming into note, judging by the following observation of Sir William Blackstone on the forest laws: 'From this root has sprung a bastard slip known by the name of the *Game Law*; but with this difference, that the forest laws established

only one mighty hunter throughout the land, whilst the game laws have raised a little Nimrod in every manor.' The remark just made that in Scotland the forest laws were administered with less cruelty and selfishness than in the sister country must be qualified by an admission that the Scots statute-book was disgraced by at least one Act, 1551, c. 9, 'anent them that schuttis with Gunnis at Deare and Wildefowle,' which probably no Norman enactment surpassed in severity, for it actually inflicted the pain of death, as well as confiscation of movables, upon such as shot at deer, &c.—an Act, however, which by 1686, if not earlier, had deservedly fallen into desuetude. The jealous protection extended to the royal forests in Scotland is further exemplified by the Act of James the Sixth, 1617, c. 18, which proceeds upon the complaint 'that the Forests within this Realme in the which Deer are kept are altogether wasted and decayed by Shielings, pastouring of Horses, Mares, Cattel, Oxen, and other Bestial;' and by a representation made by the Court of Session to the King 'against granting of new forests as prejudicial to the King's old forests, and to his lieges.'

A 'forest,' it may be stated, differed from a 'chase' in those times in respect that the former was the exclusive prerogative of royalty, and alone was subject to the full effect of the forest laws. A 'chase' was generally of smaller extent, might be held by a subject, and was only protected by the common law.

In 1528, King James the Fifth

made proclamation to all lords, barons, gentlemen, landwardmen, and freeholders to compare at Edinburgh with a month's victual to pass with the king to danton [subdue] the thieves of Teviotdale, &c.; and also warned all gentlemen that had good dogs to bring them, that he might hunt in the said country. The Earl of Argyle, the Earl of Huntley, the Earl of Atholl, and all the rest of the Highlands, did, and brought their hounds with them to hunt with the king. His Majesty therefore passed out of Edinburgh with 12,000 men, and hounded and hawked all the country and bounds, and killed eighteen score harts. Next summer he went to hunt in Athol, accompanied by Queen Margaret and the Pope's Ambassador, where he remained three days most nobly entertained by the Earl, and killed thirty score of hart and hynd, with other small beasts, as roe and roebuck, wolf and fox, and wild cats.

There is also the better known case of Queen Mary of Scotland, who with great state and circumstance 'took the sport of hunting the deer of the Forest of Mar and Atholl in the year 1563.' Minute particulars in this great hunt are given by Barclay in his *Defence of Monarchical Government*, but it will be enough to state that on this notable occasion scouts were sent out to gather the deer not only in Athol, but likewise in Mar, Badenoch, and Moray, and that the result is said to have been a substantial bag of three hundred and sixty deer, five wolves, and some roes. In closing these notices of royal deer-hunts mention may be made that Queen Mary's great rival and relative, Elizabeth of England, seems not to have disdained on

occasion to indulge herself in the same diversion. In 1595 she is recorded as having given her royal presence to a deer-chase at Cowdrey Park.

How far these royal visits, associated as they were with great operations of the chase such as have been described, were visits of honour paid by the sovereigns to the more distinguished and powerful of their nobles, during which, as is still observed, many extensive and costly preparations were made for the entertainment of the royal visitors, or were subordinate to a real necessity of periodically resorting to a rigorous campaign on a gigantic scale against the four-footed inhabitants of these great forests, whose depredations may now and then have become troublesome, it is very difficult now to say. The love of sport has been a national characteristic in all ages, and probably has never been more strongly developed in any other people than our own. Complimentary huntings seem to have been often given, as they still are, on the visits of friends. Mention is made by Taylor, the 'Water Poet,' in his *Pennylesse Pilgrimage*, of a famous meet at which he seems to have assisted, given by the Earl of Mar, in Mar Forest, in 1618, when 'in the space of two houres fourscore fat deere were slaine;' and it was probably on a similar occasion that, as is recorded in the famous *Black Book of Taymouth*, 'upon the threttene day of February, anno 1622, the King's Majesty send John Shandebur with other twa Englishmen in his company to see ane quhyt hynd that was in Corrichiha [Black Mount of the present day] upon the 22 day of February 1622.' On the other hand, there seem to have been occasions when the heads of various and widely separated clans, accompanied by many of their followers, have met at appointed rendezvous, ostensibly for purposes of sport, but where and when other business, such as the settlement of tribal differences, was discussed, and if possible adjusted.

The great hunting matches were the means of preserving a social intercourse between tribes who lived far distant from each other. They were at these meetings able to arrange many things among themselves, which were of much more consequence than the ostensible object for which they were collected. A general hunting match has been the method by which the greatest enterprises have been suggested and matured without a suspicion being excited beyond the mountains.

Nor have the forests and the chase of the deer been without their romantic and poetic celebrations. The Reay country can boast of its bard in Rob Doun, or brown Robert, a man of no ordinary though uneducated abilities, who wrote many untutored poems upon the chase and other topics. Rob is said to have been a keen deerstalker, with an inveterate habit of getting into trouble in connection with his sporting proclivities. An account of him appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1831, and a published collection of his poems is still extant. Another of nature's bards was Duncan (Ban) McIntyre, who flourished in the latter half of the last century in the mountain-

ous region which unites the counties of Perth and Argyle. McIntyre, who sang in his native tongue, has had the high honour paid to his gifts and memory of having had one of his most beautiful productions, 'Spring in Bendouran,' exquisitely redone in English by no less a personage than the late Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. D'Israeli, junior. Taylor, 'the water poet,' who was born in 1580; Scott, in the opening stanzas of 'The Lady of the Lake,' and in many other passages of his inimitable works, and many other authors have sung of the charms and sports of the forests, and depicted in beautiful imagery the enchanting scenes by which many of them are distinguished.

II. THEIR PRESENT.

If misconception of the age and origin of many of the deer forests has been a feature of their discussion recently, much more has error prevailed in regard to their present number and territorial extent. Prior to the initiation of the movement now so well known as the Crofter Question, of which deer forests may be considered an element, objections to the latter were few and fitful, and they hardly existed as a practical grievance. But during the year or two preceding the issue of the late Royal Commission to inquire into the condition of the crofters and cottars in the Highlands and islands, many statements of the most unfounded description with respect to the deer forests were freely circulated, for the most part by persons who were grossly ignorant of the subject, and whose circumstances precluded them from any good means of informing themselves reliably about it. No sooner, however, had the machinery for making a searching inquiry into the history, and an analysis of the facts of the deer forest question, presented by the Royal Commission just mentioned, been set in motion, than the hollowness of most of the hitherto untested pleas against these institutions became apparent. Point after point which had been urged against them gave way completely before the evidence taken by the Commissioners, a majority of whom it was surmised then, and is fully known now, were believed to have been considerably impressed by the gratuitous and unexamined criticism of forests which had been the forerunner of this inquisition.

Among the fallacies which then received a thorough dissipation none were more completely disproved than that which related to the number of deer forests then in existence, and the area comprehended by them. On the one hand, evidence was obtained from gentlemen whose daily life had brought them into practical contact with the subject, and who, consequently, were not likely to err very far in this direction. But, on the other hand, not only had many extraordinary statements respecting the number and extent of the deer forests been circulated outside the Commission, but even in presence of the Com-

missioners averments were made which were calculated to startle the unwary, and even to produce a feeling of uneasiness among more cautious men accustomed to pause before coming to conclusions. For example, it was boldly stated that the forests were to be counted by hundreds, which collectively comprised an area equal to several of our largest counties. One witness before the Commission, and he, too, a resident in the Western Highlands, said—

Looking at the maps of the Highland counties, and forming as good an estimate as one can of the amount of waste land, it seems safe to say that an area equal to the two largest counties in Scotland has been laid waste. This would mean a good deal more than *four million and a half imperial acres* [the italics are in the original statement], or about eight hundred acres more than the whole of Yorkshire.

The same witness, in presenting his view of the matter in another light, gave instances of places very far apart between which the whole ground was, he alleged, afforested; but his statements were promptly contradicted and disproved by witnesses before the Commission who had better means of knowing the truth, even as his estimates of acreage cleared for deer were subsequently shown by the Commissioners themselves to be in excess of the truth two or three times over.

If possible, still more grossly exaggerated statements were made to the Commissioners with reference to what may be called the food-supply view of the question, or, in other words, how many sheep these afforested grounds were calculated to maintain. For example, one witness averred that 'taking a moderate calculation, probably the land now lying waste under deer could carry a stock of 2,000,000 sheep.' The extreme absurdity of this can only be realised by those who are unacquainted with the economy of the Highlands when they are informed that from four to eight acres, varying according to altitude and quality, of such land as is occupied by deer forests are necessary for the support of one sheep, and that for the purposes of their inquiry the Royal Commissioners adopted five as the average number of acres necessary for the support of every sheep kept in these wilds. If we were to apply this gauge of the Commissioners to the estimate of the witness referred to, we would arrive at the preposterous figure of 10,000,000 acres as the total afforested area. It is true that on examination by one of the Commissioners this witness explained that he held the opinion that every acre of average forest land would feed one and a quarter sheep; but, as has already been seen, this is a view of the matter utterly untenable, as was afterwards demonstrated by the results of the Royal Inquiry itself.

In view of the conflicting evidence which we have glanced at, it seemed, however, desirable that if there was any method involving no element of doubt or possibility of error of once and for all settling these points, viz. the number and the area of these deer forests, it should be taken by the Commissioners, so as to free the public mind

from all perplexity about them. The questions here implicated were not mere theories, dependent for solution on the balancing of a mass of differing views more or less conjectural, but were matters of fact, limited and ascertainable by figures; and such being the case, the Commissioners found no difficulty in getting down to the roots of this controversy, and setting it at rest for ever.

Let us now see what the Commissioners did; how they did it; and what were the results.

Ascertaining the geographical position, and the name of the proprietor of every deer forest in Scotland, they called for and obtained a map of each of the forests. They afterwards had these maps computed by experts, and the results thus demonstrated with mathematical certainty were found to be—

Total number of deer forests in 1883	. . .	109 ²
Total area of the same	. . .	1,975,209 acres

These figures, it may be added, remain unaltered, practically no additional afforestation having been made since the date of the Commissioners' report. On another page reasons will be stated for forming the conclusion that from natural causes the limit of afforestation in the Highlands has to all intents and purposes been already reached.

We shall now consider for a little why these deer forests, especially those of later times, have been formed, prefacing this question by reverting for a moment to the point *when* they were formed. It has been shown that from a very ancient date—certainly as far back as the twelfth century—red deer were not only common in the Highlands and islands of Scotland, but were cultivated and protected in extensive districts in the highest and wildest regions. It has likewise been seen that certain of these districts—which may still be identified, and at no time probably differed much from our deer forests of the present day—were known as royal forests, and as such were now and then resorted to by the Scottish monarchs for the enjoyment of the chase. But while we still have these immemorial forests, their number and collective extent are of course limited in comparison with the whole of the forests at the present time. Probably not more than twenty were in existence as recognised deer forests prior to the beginning of the present century. Nor were there many more created till about 1840, when, under various inducements, such as the fascination of Scott's romances, the opening of communications with portions of the north country hitherto unvisited by the English people, and the almost exhaustless

² In the Commissioners' list of deer forests a few are twice entered, being owned in part by several persons; but as such divisions are not observed in the working of forests, in each of these cases there is practically only one forest, and when effect is given to this the total number must be reduced to ninety-nine.

extent and variety of sport which these parts offered to the wealthier visitors, the Highlands year by year rapidly grew in popularity as an autumn resort of the leisured and monied classes. From that date to 1872, when, in course of a Parliamentary inquiry, their number was incidentally ascertained to be about seventy, deer forests accumulated steadily though not rapidly. The devotion of the late Prince Consort to deerstalking; the interest taken in it in these days by her Majesty herself, who still maintains her deer forest; and the inspiring pictures of Landseer, doubtless very largely contributed to the extension of this form of recreation and sport. Something may also have been due to the very costliness of it, which only a limited number of individuals can attain to.

In 1872, as has been stated, the number of deer forests was about seventy, and in 1883 their number was authoritatively ascertained to be 109, or, allowing for duplicate entries in the Crofters Commissioners' Report, about ninety-nine. This gives an increase in eleven or twelve years of twenty-nine (the actual number was thirty), and it will now be considered why and how these latter were formed. The following table, which shows the probable number of deer forests in existence prior to 1800—the number formed from that year till 1872, when there was a Parliamentary inquiry by a select committee—and the number formed from 1872 to 1883, when there was another inquiry by Royal Commission, may make the case clearer:

County	Formed prior to 1800	Formed from 1800 to 1872	Formed from 1872 to 1883	Total
Aberdeen. . .	2	5	0	7
Argyle . . .	3	2	1	6
Banff . . .	0	2	0	2
Caithness . . .	0	1	0	1
Forfar . . .	0	4	0	4
Inverness . . .	8	22	7	37
Perth . . .	2	2	2	6
Ross and Cromarty .	3	20	19	42
Sutherland . . .	2	1	1	4
	20	59	30	109

Where has this increase of 30 deer forests in the twelve years preceding 1883 chiefly taken place? and why has it taken place? The first question is answered by the table above; but why have these new forests been formed?

The period from 1840 to 1870, or thereby, was a time of prosperity to the Highlands in another of its greatest interests, viz. sheep-farming. Especially was this the case from 1860, when, consequent upon the outbreak of the American war of secession, there arose a cotton famine in this country, and wool rapidly and largely rose in price. Landlords and sheep-farmers alike in these days waxed fat and prosperous. Gradually, however, after 1870, when cotton

production had been restored to its normal condition, and importations of foreign and colonial wool had besides been enormously stimulated and increased, these heyday times of the sheep-farmer stole themselves away. A blight fell upon his industry, which has been rather intensified than mitigated by the lapse of time, until now his case presents a very remarkable contrast to that of twenty years ago. The importation of foreign and colonial wool in this country now reaches the enormous total of over 500,000,000 lbs., being about six times greater than it stood at the commencement of the American civil war. Nor is this all, for our colonial friends have, by cross-breeding their sheep, developed a remarkable aptitude for waiting on our wants, and adapting the quality and get-up of their wools to the fashionable requirements of the day.

This severe and prolonged reverse to the great business of sheep-farming in the Highlands has had, as may now be somewhat understood, a very important influence on the creation and extension of deer forests. From the causes just mentioned, as well as several others of too technical a nature to be readily explained here, proprietors of sheepwalks were not only confronted with a state of matters which too surely involved a very serious diminution of the letting value of these subjects, but in numerous cases they were absolutely unable to secure new or continuing tenants on any reasonable terms whatever. If that were so, what could be more natural, or shall we say justifiable, than that the landlords so situated should, when they could, have converted these unsought sheep-farms into marketable deer forests? Here, then, we have—in a necessity laid on the landowners, we may fairly say—the origin of most of the recently formed deer forests. No doubt it may be pleaded, and by a limited circle vigorously is pleaded, that no consideration whatever can justify the appropriation of ground to the maintenance and protection of deer or any other animals for sport, and that serious evils arise from this practice. Full opportunity has, under repeated official inquiries, been afforded the supporters of this view to establish their position, but, truth to say, they have had little success. Reference has already briefly been made to some of the accusations occasionally brought against deer forests, but the reader who has not closely followed the somewhat technical and voluminous inquiries which have recently been carried into this subject may perhaps desire to have stated in a short and popular form, not only the leading *objections* to deer forests, but also some of the more outstanding *benefits* claimed for them.

With regard to the fundamental question of the policy of landowners in devoting portions of their estates to the objects under consideration rather than to more obviously or directly productive uses, enough has already been said to enable the reader to form some general understanding of the peculiar circumstances which have led

to the extension of these deer forests. In no other department of agriculture, with regard to no other industry, would it be considered reasonable to fetter the free operation of contracts. When one branch of business languishes, there is satisfaction all round when another arises, and the void is filled; and no one concerns himself greatly about the politico-economical bearings of it, so long as it is not in conflict with morality or vital national interests. But there are certain objections of detail, chiefly of local application, which may be noticed.

1. It has been said that whole districts in the Highlands have been severely depopulated in the formation of these forests for deer, and that this depletion of the inhabitants has sometimes been accomplished forcibly—in other words, by evictions. But facts are altogether against this. Consult the latest census tables, and they will show that in the counties where alone deer forests are met with there has not only been no decrease of population within the last fifty years, but, on the contrary, upwards of twenty-three per cent. of increase. Some redistribution of the population no doubt there has been, but that, in so far as not due to the introduction in the Highlands of sheep-farming on an extensive and systematic scale, is the result (and that in by far the larger degree) of that universal and seemingly irresistible law of gravitation of the young and able-bodied from rural idleness and poverty to the activities and better rewards of urban life—a law which the latest official statistics show to be in even more marked operation in the southern than the northern part of Scotland. Nor is it one whit more true that persons have been evicted from their homes in the process of afforesting. Exhaustive inquiry into this was made by the recent Royal Commission, with the result, as the Commissioners state, that, with one exception of dubious date and history, they had not had any evidence of evictions for this purpose established before them.

2. Another and perhaps more serious indictment which has sometimes been brought against deer forests is that they must necessarily have a diminishing effect on the national food supply. Here, again, after most patient and searching inquiry, first by a Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1872–73, and afterwards by the better known Royal Commission of 1883, the results have been a total refutation of the allegation in question. By the former body, which was drawn from all shades of opinion in the House, it was unanimously reported that

the evidence submitted to them did not bear out the allegation that by the displacement of sheep for deer the food supply of the nation has been diminished.

The report of the Royal Commission was—

It is thus abundantly evident, that in view of the sheep of the United Kingdom amounting to 27,500,000, besides all the beef grown at home, and all the beef and

mutton imported, both dead and alive, from abroad, the loss to the community is not only insignificant, but almost inappreciable.

And again,—

We have considered it our duty to record unequivocally the opinion that the dedication of large areas exclusively to the purposes of sport, as at present practised in the Highlands, does not involve a substantial diminution of food supply to the nation.

Independent investigation of this question (to go for a moment into details) has brought out the facts, that while the whole supply of animal food annually consumed in the United Kingdom amounts to about 1,500,000 tons, or about 94 lbs. per head of the population, that which might be contributed in the shape of mutton from the land now occupied by deer forests would only yield $2\frac{3}{4}$ ounces to each individual; and that while the whole consumption of wool in the United Kingdom is not under 600,000,000 lbs., or an average for each individual of about 17 lbs., the contribution of wool from the deer forests, were these restocked with sheep, would only be .006 of a pound for each person.

These truths may excite considerable surprise among persons who have only been vaguely impressed with an idea that these deer forests covered an extensive area. As a matter of fact they extend to nearly 2,000,000 acres, and are distributed over nine or ten counties. But such surprise arises from ignorance on the part of some, and wilful disregard on the part of others, of certain other elements of the question; and it will assist the former class from lapsing into absolute incredulity if one or two of these considerations be here adduced. In the first place there has to be taken into account the wonderful abundance of, and ease and cheapness with which the food supplies, animal or vegetable, alive or dead, can now be and are poured into this country from all parts of the world. In the words of the Royal Commission of 1883, 'the soil of a whole country, even of a whole region here, might be laid waste, and the deficit would be promptly covered by the despatch of grain from Manitoba or California, and of meat from Texas or Australia.' And it may be here not out of place to notice how completely, since our ports were freely opened to receive these gigantic importations of food-stuffs, the oft-recurring famines which previously desolated the poorer parts of the Highlands seem to have been stamped out. Plenty of pinching scarcity no doubt there still is, but seasons of absolute want, causing the death of numbers of the people, such as are recorded of the years 1314, of 1424, of 1440, of 1680–81, of 1740–41, of 1771—known as the Black Spring,—of 1782, and especially of the years 1826–37 and 1846–47 of living memory, are now, we trust, impossible and happily gone for ever.

In the second place there is to be considered the infertility of

these forest lands. When it is seen that, of the 109 forests scheduled in the Report of the Crofters Commissioners, no fewer than 59, or more than one-half, reach an altitude of from 3,000 to 4,248 feet, 34 between 2,000 and 3,000 feet, 13 between 1,000 and 2,000 feet, and only 3 have their highest altitude below 1,000 feet; when it is found that only 19 of the whole touch the level of the sea, some glimmering of the ruggedness and sterility of these regions must be impressed on the understanding of the most ignorant of these matters. A very large part of these two millions of acres is so high as to be covered deeply by snow during the greater part of the year, and thus rendered incapable of supporting sheep of even the hardiest known breeds; still more of it is from its altitude quite unadapted for cattle-farming, and an overwhelming proportion lies far above the range of profitable or possible cultivation. From investigations of these particulars recently made in an official capacity by the writer, it appeared that not more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres in every 1,000 within the deer forests is or has been arable or cultivated land, and that only about one-tenth of their whole area is below a 700 feet level, which may be regarded as the highest cultivable limit in the West Highlands. Land like this, so very little fitted for human occupation, and to a large extent poorly suited even for cattle or sheep, must rank very low in the scale of productiveness, and hence we get at the truth and proof of the somewhat striking statements on a previous page of the insignificant contribution which it makes to the national food supply.

Little apology may be needed for here reproducing a short extract from the latest volume of our official agricultural returns, seeing that it has a very pertinent bearing on what has just been said. Some time ago the present writer elsewhere stated, in referring to the gigantic expenditure, amounting to about 200,000*l.*, recently incurred by the Duke of Sutherland in the reclamation of land in Sutherlandshire, that though it was impossible not to admire the enterprise and the kind intentions of the Duke, it was at the same time useless to blink the fact, sad though it was, that most of this great work was likely to be a failure, and that it would be found that even at the moderate altitude of the field of these operations it is a vain and profitless occupation to embark in the cultivation of cereal crops in these parts of the Highlands. And now the editor of these returns, in remarking on a striking diminution of 7,000 acres in the area under cultivation in Sutherland in 1886 as compared with 1885, says,—

This is due to the circumstance that a large tract of land, altogether occupying an area of this extent, which had recently been reclaimed in order to bring it under cultivation, had been found quite unfit for crops of the ordinary kind, or for the superior description of grasses, and that it could only be kept under rotation of crops by a costly system of manuring it. It has, therefore, been allowed to run out of cultivation, and will again, as formerly, be classed as mountain land.

3. One other fault only attributed to deer forests may be very briefly alluded to, viz. that they have a tendency to engender in the men employed upon them habits of indolence, insobriety, and other vices. Why this should be so has never been made clear by those who assert it. These servants are nearly all drawn from a class every whit as respectable as the small farmers and crofters; indeed, they are largely identical. This charge, also, which was looked into by the Crofters Commissioners, has been reported by them to be groundless.

Turning now to the other side of the picture, some of the *benefits* which are claimed as arising from deer forests will be briefly looked at.

1. The advantages which the landlords have reaped from the forests are obvious enough, and have already been alluded to in these pages. It has been shown that in the peculiarly depressed condition of sheep-farming (the only other important industry, except fishing to a limited extent, the Highlands can boast of) there was in many cases really no option between afforestation and total disuse of the land. But with the prosperity of the landlords from this source the prosperity of many of their smaller tenants has been intimately connected, as well as the comforts—nay, the very means of living—of their employés; whilst a still more numerous body, consisting of the tradesmen, and even professional men, and larger farmers of the surrounding districts, have, less directly and obviously perhaps, but no less really, participated likewise in these advantages. It would be idle to attempt to discuss here in detail the endless relationships which subsist between the owner of a landed estate and his neighbours of every degree. Instances of the expenditure year after year of the entire income, and even more, of many Highland estates, upon improvements and upkeeping are not difficult to find, and in such cases nearly every shilling has been expended through local channels.

Nor is this beneficial expenditure, affording local employment to so many, confined to the landlords. Many of the deer forests are in the occupation of lessees ardently attached to the Highlands—endowed with ample means, and willing as well as able to apply large sums of money in furtherance of the comfort of those by whom they are surrounded, and the general well-being of their respective districts. Very large amounts have been expended by many of these gentlemen in the building of houses, the formation of roads and fences, and many other improvements of a special kind, in addition to the ordinary costs of carrying on their establishments, to say nothing of the rents paid by them, which, with scarcely an exception, it is believed, are wholly expended by the landlords for purposes strictly *advantageous* to the Highland population. The extent of this expenditure, and the consequent loss which its withdrawal would inflict upon the Highlands, is, there is reason to suspect, very imper-

feetly known even to that section of the public* which interests itself in a general way in Highland affairs. In the course of a recent inquiry into this among other matters affecting the Highlands it has been brought out, that with respect to fifty-two of the deer forests—being just about one-half of them—outlays to no less than 2,224,823*l.* have been jointly made by owners and lessees within the last forty years or thereby. This amount, be it understood, includes nothing for *purchase* of these properties. It is composed entirely of annual payments in the shape of rents, rates, improvements, and ameliorations of various kinds, and of household and other ordinary charges. These returns include many instances of individual expenditure reaching to 5,000*l.*, 8,000*l.*, 10,000*l.*, and even 15,000*l.*, continued year after year. As an example of this, a few words may here be quoted from the report of the Crofters Commissioners of 1883.

I have planted 8,000 acres with 24,000,000 trees, and that I am going on with as quickly as the seasons will permit. I have put up more than seventy-six miles of my own internal fences, and I have joined with neighbouring proprietors in putting up more than thirty-four miles of march fence. I have made 473 miles of open drains; I have made over twenty miles of carriage road, and more than eighteen miles of pony tracks and walks. The whole outlay I have made during twelve years has been 180,000*l.*, or an average of 15,000*l.* a year spent in the country.

Nor is this a solitary or outstanding case. It is but a fair indication of the nature of the employments and extent of the benefits which these establishments have provided in the districts where they are to be found. Upon consideration of the foregoing facts the general reader will probably have no difficulty in agreeing with the conclusion of the Crofters Commissioners that, 'contrary to what is probably the popular belief, deer forests in a far greater degree than sheep farms afford employment to the various classes above mentioned' (being tradesmen and labourers of every kind).

2. In another important respect these deer forests have been of very material benefit to poorer parishes, viz. in the amelioration of rates and taxes, which has been effected from the large and punctually paid rents which they have yielded. In some parishes the contribution of sporting subjects to the general rating amounts to nearly one-half of the whole tax, whilst over the principal Highland counties the average proportion of rates levied from sporting subjects has been authoritatively ascertained to be about 25 per cent. The extinction of this revenue would therefore at once enhance the public budrens of the poorer classes—and of course of all classes—in these parishes by 5*s.* in every 20*s.* It would press even more upon the ratepayers probably, for simultaneously with the stoppage of these employments there would for a time at least be an increase of the pauper rolls. On the other hand, by the passing in the last session of Parliament of the 'Sporting Lands Rating (Scotland) Act,' public

burdens will henceforth—or rather so long as deer forests and other sporting properties last as valuable letting subjects—be still further alleviated. The object of this Act is to remove what was generally regarded as an inequality in the incidence of taxation, whereby only shootings that were let were rated, such as were held in personal enjoyment by the proprietors escaping. This anomaly has now been removed.

III. THEIR FUTURE.

Our review of the past and the present of deer forests will be fittingly followed, and this article concluded, by some reference to their probable future, and the likelihood of their extension or restriction. The prevailing tendency of the evidence submitted to the Royal Commissioners of 1883 in regard to this—of the evidence of those persons at least who, from professional and local knowledge, must be allowed to have been the better qualified to inform the Commissioners upon this point—was decidedly to the effect that no material extension of deer forests was now likely to take place.

It has been stated to us in evidence (say the Commissioners) that most of the land specially adapted by its natural features, and by the habits of the deer, for this purpose, and which can without substantial injustice to other interests be thus applied, is now appropriated, and that the formation of other forests to any great extent is not likely to take place.

Upon the minds of some of the Commissioners, however, a certain doubt about this seems to have lingered, for the Commissioners proceed in their report to deprecate a further appropriation of land for afforestation, especially of land at the lower altitudes which might offer a probability of profitable cultivation. But time has justified the opinion of the experts, for it is believed to be the case that since the Commissioners' report was framed, no new deer forests have been established, and if there have been any additions to existing forests, these additions have been of trifling extent.

If the probabilities of expansion of these institutions were waning then, they are decidedly less now. The most suitable land for this purpose has already been appropriated to it. Some of the Commissioners seem to have inferred that in the laying out of a deer forest the inclusion of a certain quantity of arable or cultivable ground, or a large proportion of low-lying pasture fitted for all-the-year support of sheep or cattle, is necessary or unavoidable. But that is by no means the case. A certain extent of the latter is no doubt desirable, and necessary for winter keep of the deer; but in relation to the whole area of the forest quite a small amount of this suffices, especially if there be also some woods of natural growth affording shelter. In the statistics which there has already been occasion to quote from the report of the Crofters Commissioners, and

elsewhere, this is strongly illustrated. It has been seen that in the existing deer forests the proportion of arable or cultivable to mountain land is only $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1,000 acres, and that only one acre in ten is under 700 feet of altitude, above which all attempts at profitable cultivation in the West Highlands completely fail. If you ask the experienced stalker or most capable deer forester of what sort he would have his most desirable forest, while he would no doubt desire some share of low and wooded ground for support and protection of the deer during the hardest winter weather, he would tell you that ample bounds—seclusion and quietness—altitude, as much of it as the British Isles can furnish, capacious and well-distributed corries, are of much greater consequence than a great expanse of flat, smooth, and low-lying ground. In Scotland there is no ground too high as a summer and autumn resort of the red deer. *Without* high ground you cannot, in fact, obtain in perfection this form of sport. Stags are not often found elsewhere during the proper sporting time. It is not till the approaching rigours of winter have driven the deer from these higher mountains, and the correct season for shooting stags has passed by, that they can be obtained on low-lying grounds at all. In this, which may be called the natural obstacle, there is the corrective of that erroneous inference or dread entertained by some of the Crofters Commissioners, that any expansion of the area devoted to deer forests would probably now be carried out at the sacrifice of tracts of sub-lying land valuable for agricultural purposes.

There are other considerations, however, which at the present time prevent the increase of deer forests, which have practically stopped all growth among them since 1883, and probably will continue to do so, to any large extent at least. First among these is the expensiveness of this sport. Rents of individual forests may in round figures be said to range from 1,000*l.* to 5,000*l.* (with the exception of one well-known case, where the rent amounts to 15,000*l.* or 16,000*l.*, made up of an aggregate of forests, however); but it is not uncommonly the case that this outlay is doubled when rates and taxes, repairs, travelling, wages, household bills, and many other inevitable charges, not to speak of improvements, are reckoned into the account. It is not surprising, therefore, that the number of persons capable of having and holding a deer forest is limited. Another impeding influence which has recently come into play is the lateness to which the parliamentary session now extends. Among the owners and tenants of these 109 deer forests there are, or were recently, upwards of forty individuals having places in Parliament. Still another reason for the stationary if not reactionary condition of this interest is, and has been, the frequent projection of legislation affecting Highland affairs, or constant talk about it, which, if carried out, would be incompatible with the maintenance of these institutions. These causes combined, and aided by the all-reaching trade depression which has so long

prevailed, have effectually barred all increase of deer forests for some years, and would seem to point to the conclusion that a practical limit to afforestation has been reached. Whether, indeed, deer forests are not on the wane may be regarded as a doubtful question. Some ten or twelve forests, representing a rental of not less than 22,000*l.*, failed to obtain tenants last season; and though this is understood to have been partly due to the occurrence of the last general election in midsummer, followed by an unusually late session of Parliament, it nevertheless must be taken as an indication that deer forests are not at present so much in request as formerly.

But while we may feel satisfied that, whether from pecuniary or other inducements, any material enlargement of the area dedicated to deer forests is now very improbable; and while everyone would deprecate an indiscriminate and reckless use of land, adapted for more important purposes, to the exclusive pursuits of pleasure, we are by no means brought to the conclusion that it would be prudent or justifiable to effect the overthrow of existing deer forests, or seriously interfere with their present constitution. Some of these, as we have seen, have existed from time immemorial; many are of comparatively old date; and only some thirty have been created in recent years, and few or none at all since 1883. It has likewise been established that very much of the land secluded for this purpose is such as is perfectly valueless for any other known profitable purpose. After all, these 1,975,209 acres are only 16 per cent. of the aggregate area of those counties—the most rugged and sterile counties in Scotland—in which they are comprised. Only $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the gross acreage of these counties has been afforested since 1872, and that, of course, all of the highest and least productive land. It has also been shown that the forests have not led to depopulation, cannot truthfully have any charges of eviction brought against them, nor have had any injurious influence on the habits or morals of the persons employed upon them. It has also been demonstrated that they really exercise no appreciable effect in diminishing the national food supply. On the other hand, proof has been given of the enormous and perennial benefits they are the vehicle of securing and distributing all over the Highlands, in affording employment and profit to large numbers of persons in almost every walk of life, in a general relief of the pressure of taxation, and otherwise.

In connection with the attractions of these and other sporting interests—the health, repose, or delightful occupation to the jaded mind or body which they afford—much of the marvellous improvement and prosperity of the Highlands during the past fifty years has been built up. Upon these this still depends. Men have arisen to question this in these later days, and have clamoured for their destruction. But mere blind or interested declamation has hitherto had no chance against the facts, and it is improbable that it ever will. As a benefi-

cent factor in the advancement of the Highlands the interests which have been here considered are second only to the great business of sheep-farming, the prosperity of which is for the present, perhaps for ever, gone. If Highlanders should be the abettors of a policy resulting in a dissipation of the harvest annually derived from these unique possessions of theirs, assuredly 'their children will not arise to call them blessed.' Nothing could be more suicidal. The history of trade and commerce presents many instances of industries, acted on by hidden and apparently uncontrollable influences, languishing and disappearing from particular localities; and it is a rare thing to witness a reflux of the same. But in such cases there is generally a magazine of resources and a recuperative energy which ere long eventuate in the establishment of some fresh form of occupation for the people. The spirit of trade may hibernate but never dies outright in these favoured southern districts, with their rich stores of coal and iron, their facilities of transport, and their better climate. But how different are the Highlands! Without mines or minerals, manufactures or industries of any kind beyond their sheep farms and shootings, and the limited, precarious, and often profitless pursuit of fishing; with no efficient harbours, and few railways; with a sterile soil and an inclement sky; what is to be the fate of these parts if to their languishing farming and spiritless and profitless fishing there should unfortunately be added the destruction of those other concerns which we have been considering? In this case there is, as far as can be seen, nothing to take their place. Woe be to him who, not recognising, or disregarding this, sets his hands to such a purpose!

GEORGE MALCOLM.

*THE RUIN OF AURANGZEB; OR THE
HISTORY OF A REACTION.*

WHEN Dr. Johnson wanted a modern example of *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, he took the career of the Royal Swede. But during the same period that witnessed the brief glories of Charles the Twelfth in Europe, a more appalling tragedy of wrecked ambition was being enacted in the East. Within a year of Charles's birth in 1681, Aurangzeb, the last of the Great Mughals, set out with his grand army for Southern India. Within a year of Charles's fatal march to Russia in 1708, Aurangzeb's grand army lay shattered by a quarter of a century of victory and defeat; Aurangzeb himself was dying of old age and a broken heart; while his enemies feasted around his starving camp, and prayed heaven for long life to a sovereign in whose obstinacy and despair they placed their firmest hopes. The Indian emperor and the Swedish king were alike men of severe simplicity of life, of the highest personal courage, and of indomitable will. The memory of both is stained by great crimes. History can never forget that Charles broke an ambassador on the wheel, and that Aurangzeb imprisoned his father and murdered his brethren.

But here the analogy ends. As the Indian emperor fought and conquered in a wider arena, so was his character laid out on grander lines, and his catastrophe came on a mightier scale. He knew how to turn back the torrent of defeat, by commanding his elephant's legs to be chained to the ground in the thick of the battle, with a swift yet deliberate valour which Charles might have envied. He could spread the meshes of a homicidal intrigue, enjoying all the time the most lively consolations of religion; and he could pursue a State policy with a humane repugnance to the necessary crimes, yet with an inflexible assent to them, which Richelieu would have admired. From the meteoric transit of Charles the Twelfth history learns little. The sturdy English satirist probably put that vainglorious career to its highest purpose when he used it 'to point a moral, or adorn a tale.' From the ruin of Aurangzeb the downfall of the Mughal Empire dates, and the history of modern India begins.

The house of Timur had brought with it to India the adventurous hardihood of the steppes, and the unsapped vitality of the Tartar tent. Babar, the founder of the Indian Mughal Empire in 1526,

was the sixth in descent from Timur, and during six more generations his own dynasty proved prolific of strongly marked types. Each succeeding emperor, from father to son, was, for evil or for good, a genuine original man. In Babar himself, literally The Lion, the Mughal dynasty had produced its epic hero; in Humayun, its knight-errant and royal refugee; in Akbar, its consolidator and statesman; in Jahangir, its talented drunkard; and its magnificent palace-builder in Shah Jahan. It was now to bring forth in Aurangzeb a ruler whom hostile writers stigmatise as a cold-hearted usurper, and whom Muhammadan historians venerate as a saint.

Aurangzeb was born on the night of the 4th of November 1618, and before he reached the age of ten, his father, Shah Jahan, had succeeded to the throne of his ancestors. His mother, The Exalted of the Palace, was the last of the great queens who shared and directed the fortunes of a Mughal Emperor. Married when just out of her teens, she bore thirteen children to her husband, and died in giving birth to a fourteenth. Her nineteen years of wedded life had been splendid but sorrowful. Of her children, eight died in infancy or childhood. Her bereaved husband raised to her, in sight of his palace, the most beautiful tomb in the world. It crowns the lofty bank of the Jumna, a dream in marble, with its cupolas floating upwards like silver bubbles into the sky. To this day it bears her Persian title, The Exalted of the Palace; a title which travellers from many far countries have contracted into the Taj Mahal.

She left behind her four sons and two daughters. Her eldest surviving child was the Princess Imperial, named The Ornament of the World; a masterful but affectionate girl of seventeen, and not free from feminine frailties. The Princess Imperial succeeded to her mother's place in her father's heart. During the remaining twenty-seven years of his reign, she guided his policy and controlled his palace; and during his last eight years of dethronement and eclipse, she shared his imprisonment. The great rest-house for travellers at Delhi was one of her many splendid charities. She died with the fame of her past beauty still fresh, unmarried, at the age of sixty-seven. Her grave lies close to a saint's and to a poet's, in that campo santo of marble latticework, and exquisite carving, and embroidered canopies of silk and gold, near the Hall of the Sixty-four Pillars, beyond the Delhi walls. But only a piece of pure white marble, with a little grass piously watered by generations marks the princess' grave. 'Let no rich canopy surmount my resting place,' was her dying injunction, inscribed on the headstone. 'This grass is the best covering for the grave of a lowly heart, the humble and transitory Ornament of the World, the disciple of the holy Man of Christ, the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jahan.' But the magnificent mosque of Agra is the public memorial of the lady who lies in that modest grass-covered grave.

The eldest son of The Exalted of the Palace, and the heir apparent to the Empire, was Prince Dara. One year younger than the Princess Imperial, he became the object of her ardent affection through life. In the troubles that were to fall upon the family she devoted herself to his cause. Dara was an open-handed, high-spirited prince, contemptuous of advice, and destitute of self-control. He had a noble and dignified bearing, except when he lost his temper. At such moments he would burst out into a tornado of abuse, insulting and menacing the greatest generals and officers of State. The rigid observances of Islam, with its perpetual round of prayers and its long fasts, were distasteful to his nature. And he had all the rival religions, Christian, Muhammadan, and Hindu to choose from, in the Court and the seraglio. Dara leaned towards Christianity and Hinduism. While contemptuously continuing in externals a Muhammadan, he concocted for himself an easy and elegant faith from the alternate teaching of a Brahman philosopher and a French Jesuit. He shocked good Mussulmans by keeping an establishment of learned Hindus to translate their infidel scriptures into Persian. He even wrote a book himself to reconcile the conflicting creeds.

His next brother Shuja was a more discreet young prince. Conciliatory to the nobles, courageous and capable of forming well-laid plans, he might also have been able to execute them, but for his love of pleasure. In the midst of critical affairs, he would suddenly shut himself up with the ladies of his palace, and give days and nights to wine, and song, and dance; no minister of State daring to disturb his revels. Like his elder brother, he too fell away from the orthodox Suni faith of the Indian Muhammadans. But Shuja's defection was due to deliberate policy. He adopted the Shia heresy of Persia, with the hope of winning the Persian adventurers, then powerful at Court and in the army, to his side in the struggle which he foresaw must take place for the throne.

Next to him in the family came the princess named The Brilliant Lady; less beautiful and less talented than her elder sister, but equally ambitious, and fonder of gifts and of display. She attached herself to the cause of the third brother Aurangzeb, born fourteen months after herself. The youngest of the four brethren was Prince Murad, six years younger than Aurangzeb. Murad grew up a model Muhammadan knight; generous, polite, a despiser of intrigue, and devoted to war and the chase. He boasted that he had no secrets, and that he looked only to his sword to win his way to fortune. But as years passed on, his shining qualities were tarnished by an increasing indulgence at the table, and the struggle for the throne found him, still a brave soldier indeed, but also a glutton and a drunkard.

In the midst of this ambitious and voluptuous Imperial family, a very different character was silently being matured. Aurangzeb, the

third brother, ardently devoted himself to study. In after-life he knew the Kuran by heart, and his memory was a storehouse of the literature, sacred and profane, of Islam. He had himself a facility for verse, and wrote a prose style at once easy and dignified, running up the complete literary gamut from pleasantry to pathos. His Persian Letters to his Sons, thrown off in the camp, or on the march, or from a sick bed, have charmed Indian readers during two centuries, and still sell in the Punjab bazaars. His poetic faculty he transmitted in a richer vein to his eldest daughter, whose verses survive under her *nom de plume* of The Incognita.

• But in the case of Aurangzeb, poetry and literary graces merely formed the illuminated margin of a solid and sombre learning. His tutor, a man of the old scholastic philosophy, led him deep into the ethical and grammatical subtleties which still form the too exclusive basis of an orthodox Muhammadan education. His whole nature was filled with the stern religion of Islam. Its pure adoration of one unseen God, its calm pauses for personal prayer five times each day, its crowded celebrations of public worship, and those exaltations of the soul which spring from fasting and high-strained meditation, formed the realities of existence to the youthful Aurangzeb. The outer world in which he moved, with its pageants and pleasures, was merely an irksome intrusion on his inner life. We shall presently see him wishing to turn hermit. His eldest brother scornfully nicknamed him The Saint.

To a young Muhammadan prince of this devout temper the outer world was at that time full of sadness. The heroic soldiers of the Early Empire, and their not less heroic wives, had given place to a vicious and delicate breed of grandees. The ancestors of Aurangzeb, who swooped down on India from the North, were ruddy men in boots. The courtiers among whom Aurangzeb grew up were pale persons in petticoats. Babar, the founder of the empire, had swum every river which he met with during thirty years of campaigning, including the Indus and the other great channels of the Punjab, and the mighty Ganges herself twice during a ride of 160 miles in two days. The luxurious lords around the youthful Aurangzeb wore skirts made of innumerable folds of the finest white muslin, and went to war in palankeens. On a royal march, when not on duty with the Emperor, they were carried, says an eye-witness, 'stretched as on a bed, sleeping at ease till they reached their next tent, where they are sure to find an excellent dinner,' a duplicate kitchen being sent on the night before.

A hereditary system of compromise with strange gods had eaten the heart out of the State religion. Aurangzeb's great-grandfather, Akbar, deliberately accepted that system of compromise as the basis of the empire. Akbar discerned that all previous Muhammadan rulers of India had been crushed between two opposite forces;

between fresh hordes of Mussulman invaders from without, and the dense hostile masses of the Hindu population within. He conceived the design of creating a really national empire in India, by enlisting the support of the native races. He married, and he compelled his family to marry, the daughters of Hindu princes. He abolished the Infidel Tax on the Hindu population. He threw open the highest offices in the State, and the highest commands in the army, to Hindu leaders of men.

The response made to this policy of conciliation forms the most instructive episode in Indian history. One Hindu general subdued for Akbar the great provinces of Bengal and Orissa; and organised, as his finance minister, the revenue system of the Mughal Empire. Another Hindu general governed the Punjab. A third was hurried southwards two thousand miles from his command in Kabul, to put down a Muhammadan rising in districts not far from Calcutta. A Brahman had led an imperial division in the field, and was Akbar's dearest friend, for whose death the emperor twice went into mourning. While Hindu leaders thus commanded the armies and shaped the policy of the empire, Hindu revenue officers formed the backbone of its administration, and the Hindu military races supplied the flower of its troops. It was on this political confederation of interests, Mussulman and Hindu, that the Mughal Empire rested, so long as it endured.

Akbar had not, however, been content with a political confederation. He believed that if the empire was to last, it must be based on a religious coalition of the Indian races. He accordingly constructed a State religion, catholic enough, as he thought, to be acceptable to all his subjects. Such a scheme of a universal religion had, during two hundred years, been the dream of Hindu reformers and the text of wandering preachers throughout India. On the death of the Bengal saint of the fifteenth century, the Muhammadans and Hindus contended for his body. The saint suddenly appeared in their midst, and, commanding them to look under the shroud, vanished. This they did. But under the winding sheet they found only a heap of beautiful flowers, one half of which the Hindus burned with holy rites, while the other half was buried with pomp by the Mussulmans. In Akbar's time, many sacred places had become common shrines for the two faiths: the Mussulmans venerating the same impression on the rocks as the footprint of their prophet, which the Hindus revered as the footprint of their god.

Akbar, the great-grandfather of Aurangzeb, utilised this tendency towards religious coalition as an instrument of political union. He promulgated a State religion, called the Divine Faith, which combined the monotheism of Islam with the symbolic worship of Hinduism, and with something of the spirit of Christianity. He worshipped the sun as the most glorious visible type of the Deity;

and he commanded the people to prostrate themselves before himself as the Divine representative. The Muhammadan lawyers set their seal to a decision supporting his Majesty. The Muhammadan medical men discovered that the eating of beef, which Akbar had renounced as repugnant to Hindu sentiment, was hurtful to the human body. Poets glorified the new faith; learned men translated the Hindu scriptures and the Christian gospel; Roman priests exhibited the birth of Jesus in waxwork, and introduced the doctrine of the Trinity. The orthodox Muhammadan beard was shaved, the devout Muhammadan salutation was discontinued; the Muhammadan confession of faith disappeared from the coinage; the Muhammadan calendar gave place to the Hindu. At length, a formal declaration of apostasy was drawn up, renouncing the religion of Islam for the Divine Faith of the Emperor.

The Emperor was technically the elected head of the Muhammadan congregation, and God's vicegerent on earth. It was as if the Pope had called upon Christendom to renounce in set terms the religion of Christ. A Persian historian declares that when these 'effective letters of damnation,' as he calls them, issued, 'the heavens might have rent asunder and the earth opened her abyss.' As a matter of fact, Akbar was a fairly successful religious founder. One or two grave men retired from his Court, and a local insurrection was easily quelled. But Akbar had no apostolic successor. His son, the talented drunkard, while he continued to exact the prostrations of the people, revived the externals of Islam at Court, and restored the Muhammadan confession of faith to the coin. Akbar's grandson, the palace-builder, abolished the prostrations. At the same time he cynically lent his countenance to the Hindu worship, took toll on its ceremonies, and paid a yearly allowance to the Hindu high-priest at Benares.

But neither the son nor the grandson of Akbar could stem the tide of immorality which rolled on, with an ever-increasing volume, during three generations of contemptuous half-belief. One of Akbar's younger sons had drunk himself to death, smuggling in his liquor in the barrel of his fowling-piece, when his supply of wine was cut off. The quarter of Delhi known as Shaitanpara, or Devilsville, dates from Akbar's reign. The tide of immorality brought with it the lees of superstition. Witches, wizards, diviners, professors of palmistry, and miracle-workers thronged the capital. 'Here,' says a French physician at the Mughal Court, 'they tell a poor person his fortune for a halfpenny.' A Portuguese outlaw sat as wisely on his bit of carpet as the rest, practising astrology by means of an old mariner's compass and a couple of Romish prayer-books, whose pictured saints and virgins he used for the signs of the zodiac.

It was on such a world of immorality, superstition, and unbelief that the austere young Aurangzeb looked out with sad eyes. His

silent reflections on the prosperous apostates around him must have been a sombre monotone; perhaps with ominous passages in it, like that fierce refrain which breaks in upon the Easter evening psalm, 'But in the name of the Lord, I will destroy them.' A young prince in this mood was a rebuke to the palace, and might become a danger to the throne. No one could doubt his courage; indeed he had slain a lion set free from the intervening nets usually employed in the royal chase. At the age of seventeen, his father accordingly sent him to govern Southern India, where the Hindu Marathas and two independent Muhammadan kingdoms professing the Shia heresy, might afford ample scope for his piety and valour.

The imperial army of the south, under his auspices, took many forts, and for a time effected a settlement of the country. But after eight years of viceregal splendour, Aurangzeb, at the age of twenty-five, resolved to quit the world, and to pass the rest of his life in seclusion and prayer. His father angrily put a stop to this project; recalled him to Court, stripped him of his military rank, and deprived him of his personal estate. But next year it was found expedient to employ Aurangzeb in the government of another province; and two years later he received the great military command of Balkh. On his arrival, the enemy swarmed like locusts upon his camp. The attempt to beat them off lasted till the hour of evening prayer; when Aurangzeb calmly dismounting from his horse, kneeled down in the midst of the battle, and repeated the sacred ritual. The opposing general, awed by the religious confidence of the prince, called off his troops, saying 'that to fight with such a man is to destroy oneself.' After about seven years of wars and sieges in Afghanistan, Aurangzeb was again appointed Viceroy of Southern India.

In 1657, his eldest brother, firmly planted in the Imperial Court, and watching with impatient eyes the failing health of the Emperor, determined to disarm his brethren. He procured orders to recall his youngest brother Murad from his viceroyalty on the western coast; and to strip Aurangzeb of his power in the south. These mandates found Aurangzeb besieging one of the two heretical Muhammadan capitals of Southern India. Several of the great nobles at once deserted him. He patched up a truce with the beleaguered city, and extorted a large sum of money from its boy-king. He had previously squeezed a great treasure from the other independent Muhammadan kingdom of the south. Thus armed, at the cost of the Shia heretics, with the sinews of war, he marched north to deliver his father, the Emperor, from the evil counsels of the Prince Imperial.

For the Emperor, now sixty-seven years of age, lay stricken with a terrible disease. The poor old palace-builder well knew the two essential conditions for retaining the Mughal throne—namely, to be perfectly pitiless to his kindred, and to be in perfect health himself.

In the early days of the Empire, the royal family had been knit together in bands of warm affection; and its chivalrous founder had given his own life for his son's. Babar, runs the story, seeing his son sinking under a mortal disease, walked three times solemnly round the bed, and implored God to take his own life and spare the prince. After a few moments of silent prayer, he suddenly exclaimed, 'I have borne it away; I have borne it away!' and from that moment his son began to recover, while the Lion Babar visibly declined. But during three generations, the Mughal dynasty had lain under the curse of bad sons. Aurangzeb's father, the stricken Emperor, had been a rebel prince. He left not one male alive of the house of Timur, so that he and his children might be the sole heirs of the Empire. These children were now to prove his perdition. Amid the pangs of his excruciating disease, his eldest son Dara grasped the central government; while his next son, Prince Shuja, hurried north from his Viceroyalty of Bengal to seize the imperial capital.

Prince Shuja was driven back. But there was a son advancing from the south whose steps could not be stayed. Aurangzeb had been forced by his eldest brother's intrigues to assume the defensive. It seems doubtful whether, at first, he aspired to the throne. His sole desire, he declared, was to rescue his father from evil counsellors, and then to retire from the world. This longing for the religious life had led to his public degradation when a young prince: it asserted itself amid the splendours of his subsequent reign. At the present crisis it served him for a mask: as to whether it was genuine, his previous and later life perhaps entitle him to the benefit of a doubt. On one point he had firmly made up his mind: that the apostasy of his two elder brothers disqualified them for a Muhammadan throne. He accordingly resolved to join his youngest brother, whose viceroyalty lay on his way north; and who, although a drunkard in private life, was orthodox in his public belief.

A five years' war of succession followed. Each one of the four brethren knew that the stake for which he played was an empire or a grave. The eldest brother, Dara, defeated by Aurangzeb and betrayed into his hands, was condemned by the doctors of the law for his apostasy to Islam, and put to death as a renegade. The second brother, Shuja, was hunted out of his viceroyalty of Bengal into the swamps of Arakan, and outraged by the barbarian king with whom he had sought shelter. The last authentic glimpse we get of him is flying across a mountain into the woods, wounded on the head with a stone, and with only one faithful woman and three followers to share his end. The destiny of the youngest brother, Murad, with whom Aurangzeb had joined his forces, for some time hung in the balance. The tenderness with which Aurangzeb, on a memorable occasion, wiped the sweat and dust from his brother's face, was probably not altogether assumed. But the more Aurangzeb saw of the

private habits of the young prince, the less worthy he seemed of the throne. At last, one night, Murad awoke from a drunken sleep to find himself Aurangzeb's prisoner. His friends planned his escape; and he would have safely let himself down from the fortress, but for an alarm caused by the weeping of a lady who had shared his confinement and from whom he could not part without saying farewell. He was not allowed another chance. Aurangzeb had him tried—nominally for an old murder which he had committed when Viceroy—and executed.^v Having thus disposed of his three brothers, Aurangzeb got rid of their sons by slow poisoning with laudanum, and shut up his aged father in his palace till he died.

Then was let loose on India that tremendously destructive force, a puritan Muhammadan monarch. In 1658, in the same summer that witnessed the death of the puritan Protector of England, Aurangzeb, at the age of forty, seated himself on the throne of the Mughals. The narrative of his long reign of half a century is the history of a great reaction against the religious compromises of his predecessors, and against their policy of conciliation towards the native races. He set before himself three tasks: he resolved to reform the morals of the Court; to bring down the Hindus to their proper place as infidels; and to crush the two heretical Muhammadan kingdoms of southern India.

The luxurious lords soon found that they had got a very different master from the old palace-builder. Aurangzeb was an austere compound of the emperor, the soldier, and the saint; and he imposed a like austerity on all around him. Of a humble silent demeanour, with a profound resignation to God's will in the height of success as in the depths of disaster, very plainly clothed, never sitting on a raised seat in private, nor using any vessel of silver or gold, he earned his daily food by manual labour. But he doubled the royal charities, and established free eating-houses for the sick and poor. Twice each day he took his seat in court to dispense justice. On Fridays he conducted the prayers of the common people in the great mosque. During the month of fast, he spent six to nine hours a night in reading the Kuran to a select assembly of the faithful. He completed, when emperor, the task which he had begun as a boy, of learning the sacred book by heart; and he presented two copies of it to Mecca, beautifully written with his own hand. He maintained a body of learned men to compile a code of the Muhammadan law, at a cost exceeding 20,000*l.* sterling.

The players and minstrels were silenced by royal proclamation. But they were settled on grants of land, if they would turn to a better life. The courtiers suddenly became men of prayer; the ladies of the seraglio took enthusiastically to reciting the Kuran. Only the poor dancers and singers made a struggle. They carried a bier with wailing under the window of the Emperor. On his Majesty's looking

out and asking the purport of the funeral procession, they answered, that 'Music was dead, and that they were bearing forth her corpse.' 'Pray bury her deeply,' replied the Emperor from the balcony, 'so that henceforth she may make no more noise.'

The measures taken against the Hindus seemed for a time to promise equal success. Aurangzeb at once stopped the allowance to the Hindu high-priest at Benares. Some of the most sacred Hindu temples he levelled with the ground, erecting magnificent mosques out of their materials on the same sites. He personally took part in the work of proselytism. 'His Majesty,' says a Persian biographer, 'himself teaches the holy confession to numerous infidels, and invests them with dresses of honour and other favours.' He finally restored the Muhammadan Calendar. He refused to receive offerings at the Hindu festivals, and he sacrificed a large revenue from Hindu shrines. He remitted eighty taxes on trade and religion, at a yearly loss of several millions sterling. The goods of the true believers, indeed, were for some time altogether exempted from duties; and were eventually charged only one-half the rate paid by the Hindus.

These remissions of revenue, compelled Aurangzeb to resort to new taxation. When his ministers remonstrated against giving up the Hindu pilgrim-tax, he sternly declined to share the profits of idolatry, and proposed a general tax on the infidels instead. That hated impost had been abolished by Akbar in the previous century—as part of his policy of conciliation towards the Hindus. Aurangzeb revived the poll-tax on infidels, in spite of the clamours of the Hindu population. They rent the air with lamentations under the palace windows. When he went forth in state on Friday, to lead the prayers of the faithful in the great mosque, he found the streets choked with petitioners. The Emperor paused for a moment for the suppliant crowd to open; then he commanded his elephants to advance, trampling the wretched people under foot. The detested impost was unsparingly enforced. If a Hindu of rank, writes a Persian historian, met a menial of the tax-office, 'his countenance instantly changed.' So low were the native races brought, that a proclamation issued forbidding any Hindu to ride in a palankeen, or on an Arab horse, without a licence from Government.

While Aurangzeb dealt thus hardly with the Hindu population, his hand fell heavily on the Hindu princes. He vindictively remembered that the Hindu Rajputs had nearly won the throne for his eldest brother, and that their most distinguished chief had dared to remonstrate with himself. 'If your Majesty,' wrote the brave Hindu Raja of Jodhpur, 'places any faith in books by distinction called divine, you will there be instructed that God is the God of all mankind, not the God of the Mussulmans alone. In your temples to His name, the voice of prayer is raised; in a house of images, where a bell is shaken, He is still the object of worship.' Aurangzeb did not venture

to quarrel with this great military prince. He sought his friendship, and employed him in the highest and most dangerous posts. But on his death, the Emperor tried to seize his infant sons. The chivalrous blood of the Rajputs boiled over at this outrage on the widow and the orphan. They rose in rebellion; one of Aurangzeb's own sons placed himself at their head, proclaimed himself emperor, and marched against his father with 70,000 men. A bitter war of religion followed. Aurangzeb, whose cause for a time had seemed hopeless, spared not the Hindus. He burned their homesteads, cut down their fruit-trees, defiled their temples, and carried away cartloads of their gods to the capital. There he thrust the helpless images, with their faces downwards, below the steps of the great mosque, so that they should be hourly trampled under foot by the faithful. The Rajputs, on their side, despoiled the mosques, burned the Kuran, and insulted the prayer-readers. The war ended in a sullen submission of the Hindus; but the Rajputs became thenceforth the destroyers, instead of the supporters, of the Mughal Empire.

Having thus brought low the infidel Hindus of the north, Aurangzeb turned his strength against the two heretical Muhammadan kingdoms of southern India. The conquest of the south had been the dream of the Mughal dynasty. During four generations, each emperor had laboured, with more or less constancy, at the task. To the austere conscience of Aurangzeb it seemed not only an unalterable part of the imperial policy, but an imperative religious duty. It grew into the fixed idea of his life. The best years of his young manhood, from seventeen to forty, he had spent as Viceroy of the South, against the heretic Shia kingdoms and the infidel Marathas. When the Viceroy of the South became Emperor of India, he placed a son in charge of the war. During the first twenty-three years of his reign, Aurangzeb directed the operations from his distant northern capital. But at the age of sixty-three he realised that, if he was ever to conquer the South, he must lead his armies in person. Accordingly, in 1681, he set forth, now a white-bearded man, from his capital, never to return. The remaining twenty-six years of his life he spent on the march, or in the camp, until death released him, at the age of nearly ninety, from his long labour.

Already a great sense of isolation had chilled the Emperor's heart. 'The art of reigning,' he said, 'is so delicate, that a king's jealousy should be awakened by his very shadow.' His brothers and nephews had been slain, as a necessary condition of his accession to the throne. His own sons were now impatient of his long reign. One of them had openly rebelled; the conduct of another was so doubtful that the imperial guns had to be pointed against his division during a battle. The able Persian adventurers, who had formed the most trustworthy servants of the Empire, were discountenanced by Aurangzeb as Shia heretics. The Hindus had been alienated as infidels. But one

mighty force still remained at his command. Never had the troops of the Empire been more regularly paid or better equipped, although at one time better disciplined. Aurangzeb knew that the army alone stood between him and the disloyalty of his sons, and between him and the hatred of the native races. He now resolved to hurl its whole weight against the two heretical Muhammadan kingdoms of southern India.

The military array of the Empire consisted of a regular army of about 400,000 men, and a provincial militia estimated as high as 4,400,000. The militia was made up of irregular levies, uncertain in number, incapable of concentration, and whose services could only be relied on for a short period. The regular army consisted partly of contingents, whose commanders received grants of territory, or magnificent allowances for their support, partly of troops paid direct from the imperial treasury. The policy of Akbar had been to recruit from three mutually hostile classes—the Suni Muhammadans of the Empire, the Shia Muhammadans from beyond the north-western frontier, and the Hindu Rajputs. The Shia generals were conspicuous for their skill, the Rajput troops for their valour. On the eve of battle the Rajput warriors bade each other a cheerful farewell for ever; not without reason, as in one of Aurangzeb's actions only six hundred Rajputs survived out of eight thousand.

The strength of the army lay in its cavalry, 200,000 strong. The pay was high, a trooper with only one horse, says Bernier, receiving not less than Rs. 25 (say 55 shillings) a month—a large sum in those days. Cavaliers with parties of four or more horses drew from 200*l.* to nearly 1,000*l.* sterling a year, while a commander of five thousand had an annual surplus of 15,000*l.* sterling, after defraying all expenses. The sons of the nobility often served as private troopers, and the path of promotion lay open to all. Originally a commander of cavalry was bound to maintain an equal number of infantry, one-fourth of them to be matchlockmen and the rest archers. But, as a matter of fact, the infantry were a despised force, consisting of 15,000 picked men around the king's person, and a rabble of 200,000 to 300,000 foot soldiers and camp-followers on the march. The matchlockmen squatted on the ground, resting their pieces on a wooden fork which they carried on their backs; 'terribly afraid,' says Bernier, 'of burning their eyelashes or long beards; and, above all, lest some *jinn* or evil spirit should cause the musket to burst.' For every random shot which they fired under these disadvantages, the cavalry discharged three arrows with a good aim, at their ease. The pay of a matchlockman went as high as 44*s.* a month.

The artillery consisted of a siege-train, throwing balls up to 96 and 112 pounds; a strong force of field-guns; 200 to 300 swivel guns on camels; and ornamental batteries of light guns, known as the stirrup-artillery. The stirrup-artillery on a royal march

numbered 50 or 60 small brass pieces, mounted on painted carriages, each drawn by two horses, with a third horse led by an assistant driver as a fely. At one time many of the gunners had been Christians or Portuguese, drawing 22*l.* sterling per mensem. The monthly pay of a native artilleryman under Aurangzeb was about 70*s.* The importance of the artillery may be estimated from the fact, that after a battle with one of his brothers, Aurangzeb found 114 cannon left on the field. The army of Kandahar in 1651 carried with it 30,000 cannon-balls, 400,000 lbs. of gunpowder, and 14,000 rockets. The war elephants were even more important than the artillery. Experienced generals reckoned one good elephant equal to a regiment of 500 cavalry; or, if properly supported by matchlockmen, at double that number. Elephants cost from 10,000*l.* downwards: 500*l.* to 1,000*l.* being a common price. Akbar kept 5,000 of these huge animals, 'in strength like a mountain, in courage and ferocity lions.' Under Aurangzeb, over 800 elephants were maintained in the royal stables, besides the large number employed on service and in the provinces.

A pitched battle commenced with a mutual cannonade. The guns were placed in front, sometimes linked together with chains of iron. Behind them were ranged the camel-artillery with swivel-guns, supported by the matchlockmen; the elephants were kept as much as possible out of the first fire; the cavalry poured in their arrows from either flank. The Emperor, on a lofty armour-plated elephant, towered conspicuous in the centre; princes of the blood or powerful chiefs commanded the right and left wings. But there was no proper staff to enable the Emperor to keep touch with the wings and the rear. After the cannonade had done its work of confusion, a tremendous cavalry charge took place; the horse and elephants being pushed on in front and from either flank to break the adverse line of guns. In the hand-to-hand onset that followed, the centre division and each wing fought on its own account; and the commander-in-chief might consider himself fortunate if one of his wings did not go over to the enemy. If the Emperor descended from his elephant, even to pursue the beaten foe on horseback, his own troops might in a moment break away in panic, and the just won victory be turned into a defeat.

With all its disadvantages, the weight of this array was such that no power then in India could, in the long run, withstand. Its weak point was not its order of battle, but the disorder of its march. There was no complete chain of subordination between the divisional commanders. A locust multitude of followers ate up the country for leagues on either side. The camp formed an immense city sometimes 5 miles in length, sometimes 7½ miles in circumference. Dead beasts of burden poisoned the air. 'I could never,' writes Bernier, in words of his countryman Dupleix turned into action a century later,

‘see these soldiers, destitute of order, and moving with the irregularity of a herd of animals, without thinking how easily five and twenty thousand of our veterans from Flanders, under Condé, or Turenne, would destroy an Indian army, however *yast*.’

A Bundela officer in the grand army has left a journal of its operations, but without mentioning the total number of troops employed. Aurangzeb found two distinct powers in southern India: first, the heretical Muhammadan kingdoms of Golconda and Bijapur; second, the fighting Hindu peasantry, known as the Marathas. In the previous century, while Akbar was conciliating the Hindu Rajputs of the north, the independent Muhammadan sovereigns of the south had tried a like policy towards the Hindu Marathas, with less success. During a hundred years, the Marathas had sometimes sided with the independent Muhammadan kingdoms against the imperial troops, sometimes with the Imperial troops against the independent Muhammadan kingdoms; exacting payment from both sides; and gradually erecting themselves into a third party which held the balance of power in the south. After several years of fighting, Aurangzeb subdued the two Muhammadan kingdoms, and set himself to finally crush the Hindu Marathas. In 1690 their leader was captured; but he scornfully rejected the Emperor's offer of pardon coupled with the condition of turning Mussalman. His eyes were burned in their sockets with a red-hot iron, and the tongue which had blasphemed the Prophet was cut out. The skin of his head, stuffed with straw, was insultingly exposed throughout the cities of southern India.

These and similar atrocities nerved with an inextinguishable hatred the whole Maratha race. The guerilla war of extermination which followed during the next seventeen years has scarcely a parallel in history. The Marathas first decoyed, then baffled, and finally slaughtered the imperial troops. The chivalrous Rajputs of the north had stood up against the shock of the grand army and had been broken by it. The Hindu peasant confederacy of the north employed a very different strategy. They had no idea of bidding farewell to each other on the eve of a battle, or of dying next day on a pitched field. They declined altogether to fight unless they were sure to win; and their word for victory meant ‘to plunder the enemy.’ Their clouds of horsemen, scantily clad, with only a folded blanket for a saddle, rode jeeringly round the imperial cavalry swathed in sword-proof wadding, or fainting under chain-armour, and with difficulty spurring their heavily caparisoned steeds out of a prancing amble. If the imperial cavalry charged in force, they charged into thin air. If they pursued in detachments, they were speared man by man.

In the Mughal army the foot-soldier was an object of contempt. The Maratha infantry were among the finest light troops in the world. Skilled marksmen, and so agile as almost always to be able to choose their own ground, they laughed at the heavy

cavalry of the Empire. The Marathas camped at pleasure around the grand army, cutting off supplies, dashing in upon its line of march, plundering the ammunition-waggon at river-crossings, and allowing the wearied imperialists no sleep by night-attacks. If they did not pillage enough food from the royal convoys, every homestead was ready to furnish the millet and onions which was all they required. When encumbered with booty, or fatigued with fighting, they vanished into their hill forts; and next morning fresh swarms hung upon the imperial line of march. The tropical heats and rains added to the miseries of the northern troops. One autumn a river overflowed the royal camp at midnight, sweeping away ten thousand men, with countless tents, horses, and bullocks. The destruction only ceased when the aged Emperor wrote a prayer on paper with his own hand, and cast it into the rising waters.

During ten years Aurangzeb directed these disastrous operations, chiefly from a headquarters' cantonment. But his headquarters had grown into an enormous assemblage, estimated by an Italian traveller at over a million persons. The Marathas were now plundering the imperial provinces to the north, and had blocked the line of communication with upper India. In 1698 the Emperor, lean, and stooping under the burden of eighty years, broke up his headquarters, and divided the remnants of his forces into two *corps d'armée*. One of them he sent under his best general to hold the Marathas in check in the open country. The other he led in person to besiege their cities and hill forts. The *corps d'armée* of the plains was beguiled into a fruitless chase from province to province; fighting nineteen battles in six months. It marched and counter-marched, writes the Bundela officer, 3,000 miles in one continuous campaign, until the elephants, horses, and camels were utterly worn out.

The Emperor's *corps d'armée* fared even worse. Forty years before, in the struggle for the throne, he had shared the bread of the common soldiers, slept on the bare ground, or reconnoitred, almost unattended, several leagues in front. The youthful spirit flamed up afresh in the aged monarch. He marched his troops in the height of the rainy season. Many of the nobles, having lost their horses, had to trudge through the mire on foot. Fort after fort fell before his despairing onslaught; but each capture left his army more shattered and the forces of the enemy unimpaired. At last his so-called sieges dwindled into an attack on a fortified village of banditti, during which he was hemmed in within his own entrenchments. In 1703 the Marathas had surprised an imperial division on the banks of the Narbada, 21,000 strong, and massacred or driven it pell-mell into the river, before the troopers could even saddle their horses. In 1705 the imperial elephants were carried off from their pasture-ground outside the royal camp; the convoys from the north were

intercepted; and grain rose to fivepence a pound in the army—a rate more than ten times the ordinary price, and scarcely reached even in the severest Indian famines when millions have died of starvation. The Marathas had before this begun to recover their forts. The Emperor collected the wreck of his army, and tried to negotiate a truce. But the insolent exultation of the enemy left him no hope. ‘They plundered at pleasure,’ says the Bundela officer, ‘every province of the south;’ ‘not a single person durst venture out of the camp.’

In 1706, a quarter of a century since the grand army had set forth from the northern capital, the Emperor began to sink under the accumulation of disasters. While he was shut up within his camp in the far south, the Marathas had organised a regular system of extorting one-fourth of the imperial revenue from several of the provinces to the north. In the north-west the Hindu Rajputs were in arms. Still further north, the warlike Jāt Hindu peasantry were up in revolt, near the capital. Aurangzeb had no one to quell this general rising of the Hindu races. The Muhammadan generals, who had served him so well during his prime of life, now perceived that the end was near, and began to shift for themselves. Of his four surviving sons, he had imprisoned the eldest during six years; and finally released him only after eleven years of restraint. The next and most favoured son so little trusted his father that, after one narrow escape, he never received a letter from the Emperor without turning pale. The third son had been during eighteen years a fugitive in Persia from his father’s vengeance, wearying the Shah for an army with which to invade Hindustan. The fourth son had known what it was to be arrested on suspicion. The finances had sunk into such confusion that the Emperor did not dare to discuss them with his ministers. With one last effort, he retreated to Ahmadnagar; the Marathas insulting the line of march, but standing aside to allow the litter of the Emperor to pass, in an awed silence.

The only escape left to the worn-out Emperor was to die. ‘I came a stranger into the world,’ he wrote to one of his sons a few days before the end, ‘and a stranger I depart. I brought nothing with me, and, save my human infirmities, I carry nothing away. I have fears for my salvation, and of what torments may await me. Although I trust in God’s mercy, yet terror will not quit me. But, come what may, I have launched my barque on the waves. Farewell, farewell, farewell!’ The fingers of the dying monarch kept mechanically telling his beads till the last moment. He expired on the 21st of February 1707, in the 91st year of his age and the 51st of his reign according to the Muhammadan calendar; or two years less by our reckoning of time. ‘Carry this creature of dust to the nearest burying-place,’ he said, ‘and lay it in the earth without any useless coffin.’ His will

restricted his funeral expenses to ten shillings, which he had saved from the sale of work done with his own hands. Ninety odd pounds that he had earned by copying the Kuran, he left to the poor. His followers buried him beside the tomb of a famous saint, near the deserted capital of Daulatabad.

Never since the Assyrian summer night when the Roman Emperor Julian lay dying of the javelin wound in his side, had an imperial policy of reaction ended in so complete a catastrophe. The Roman Empire was destined to centuries of further suffering before it passed through death into new forms of life. The history of Aurangzeb's successors is a swifter record of ruin. The Hindu military races closed in upon the Mughal Empire; its Muhammadan viceroys carved out for themselves independent kingdoms from its dismembered provinces. A series of puppet monarchs were set up and pulled down; seven devastating hosts poured into India through the northern passes; a new set of invaders who would take no denial landed from the sea. Less than a century after Aurangzeb's death, Lord Lake, on his entry into Delhi, was shown a feeble old captive of the Hindu Marathas, blinded, poverty-stricken, and half imbecile, sitting under a tattered canopy, whom he compassionately saluted as the Mughal Emperor. A new rule succeeded in India; a rule under which the too rapid reforms of Akbar, and the too obstinate reaction of Aurangzeb, are alike impossible.

Periods of progress have alternated with periods of pause. But the advance has been steady towards that consciousness of solidarity, that enlightenment of the masses, and that capacity for political rights, which mark the growth of a nation. It was by the alienation of the native races that the Mughal Empire perished; it is by the incorporation of those races into a loyal and a united people that the British rule will endure.

And ye, that read these Ruines Tragicall,
Learne, by their losse, to love the low degree;
And, if that Fortune chaunce you up to call
To Honour's seat, forget not what you be:
For he, that of himself is most secure,
Shall finde his state most fickle and unsure.

W. W. HUNTER.

FALLACIES OF THE FRENCH PRESS.

It would be difficult to overestimate the influence in these days of the press on international misunderstandings. We know the views of Prince Bismarck on this matter, and there can be no higher authority. It is, therefore, satisfactory to observe that the tranquil and correct tone of the French press during the recent crisis in the affairs of Germany and France has been generally recognised and commended by the press of other countries.

If a similar spirit had characterised the French press when treating the various questions which have lately arisen between France and England, the relations of the two countries would be now in a more satisfactory condition. Unfortunately, for some time past it has pleased French journalists to accuse the Government and people of this country of all sorts of misdeeds. These accusations are sustained by no proof, and for the most part are founded on the merest fallacies.

M. Joseph Reinach, in the March number of this Review, says: 'There are half-a-dozen carefully and conscientiously edited Paris newspapers, but not more than twenty-five people in London beyond the French colony ever read one;' he adds that we form our ideas of French matters from the *Figaro*, which is 'our favourite paper,' and that '*Figaro* persistently deceives us.'

I will make no reference to *Figaro*, a paper I seldom read, and pass by as unworthy of serious consideration the invectives of such journals as *L'Intransigeant*, *La France*, *La Revanche*, and others, rivals in violence, as in incoherence, when mentioning England, of that ephemeral production *L'Anti-Anglais*. I propose to deal only with statements in the 'carefully and conscientiously edited papers,' with accusations made by publicists of reputation, such as M. John Lemoine.

We are charged by that eminent journalist that by our 'political and religious intrigues we caused the revival of the Eastern Question;' that England 'intrigued in Bulgaria by her inevitable and overwhelming biblical commercial travellers;' that 'England put herself at the head of a coalition against the little Greek kingdom to protect her *sous-préfet* in Bulgaria;' that it is the English who

exercise all over Europe their '*métiers d'agents provocateurs*;' that, 'we instigated and paid for the revolution in Bulgaria.'

These are grave accusations. Now on what foundation are they made? M. John Lemoine neither gives nor attempts proof of any one of them in the newspaper which publishes them. He can hardly think that our 'biblical commercial travellers' have at their disposal funds sufficient to pay for a Bulgarian revolution; and one so well acquainted with English life must know that the British Government, if so minded, could not provide money for that purpose without the British public, and therefore the whole of the world, being aware of it. Many Frenchmen have, I know, 'l'or de Pitt' on the brain, and some there are who think that statesman is still with us in the flesh. But M. John Lemoine is free from such hallucinations. He should therefore explain *how* 'England paid for the Bulgarian revolution which she instigated' and *why* Russia joined her in a coalition against the little Greek kingdom, in order to protect England's *sous-préfet* in Bulgaria, Prince Alexander of Battenberg.

I do not know whether *Le Matin*, *Le Gaulois*, and *Le Petit Journal* are among the six papers referred to by M. Reinach; but the articles of the first named are signed by writers as eminent and well known as Jules Simon, John Lemoine, J. de la Fosse, and Ranc. It claims also to be 'the only French journal receiving by special wire the last news of the whole world;' and I observe that by a remarkable coincidence its correspondents from distant places, such as Mandalay or Philadelphia, convey 'par câble' the same news, in the same words, as some of the London journals (the *Times* or *Standard* for instance) have published from their correspondents on the preceding day.

The *Gaulois* publishes during the autumn months the movements of its various *abonnés*. Among them I find some of the first names in France, and I conclude that what appears in that journal is not displeasing to them.

Le Petit Journal has by far the largest circulation of any French newspaper.

In these papers it is that I find, among other questionable assertions, the following: 'that our army is ridiculous;' 'that it was beaten in Afghanistan;' that 'we were driven from the Black Sea;' 'overpowered in the Soudan,' 'expulsed from Turkey;' 'that England will have to repent for having abandoned France in 1870, her faithful (?) ally in the Crimea, China, and Mexico;' that 'our good friends the English have not been unconcerned in the massacre by the natives (Obock) of a part of the crew of the "Penguin;"' that 'England ~~always~~ shows herself unfriendly towards France—hostile at Cairo, Madagascar, and Tonquin, at the New Hebrides, even on the fishing grounds of Newfoundland and the Channel.'

This last statement is unfortunate, in face of the recent friendly action of the British Government towards France in Newfoundland which has caused some discontent among our colonists; and, as regards the Channel fisheries, it is now pretty well known that while French vessels have free access to all our ports, and have equal rights with English fishermen to sell their fish, no English fishing boat may enter a French port unless driven by stress of weather, nor may she under any circumstances sell there her fish. Some of the above statements I must qualify by the only term applicable to them, as rubbish, and therefore unworthy of notice. But as to Tonquin, Madagascar, and Cairo?

What are our unfriendly acts in Tonquin? I know of none, and none are specified by the French press; though it would not be surprising, having regard to French intrigues in Burmah, and the craving of France for alliance with Russia, were we to see with regret the establishment of '*nos chers voisins*' in Tonquin. The French press is not very clear on our misdeeds in Madagascar. Beyond allegations of sympathy with the Hovas, and that their army is commanded by General Willoughby (who certainly is *not* an English officer), I can find no specific charge. French writers, however, are either ignorant, or forget, that our interests in Madagascar exceed those of France. Our missionaries spread Christianity and education over the island, and brought to its native inhabitants the advantages of a higher civilisation. We taught them to be industrious, and our neighbouring colony, the Mauritius, is to a certain extent dependent on them for its supplies. Were I to ask what benefit France has conferred on Madagascar, the French press would find some difficulty in giving a satisfactory answer.

On Egypt France has undoubtedly conferred great benefits. At the close of the last century she brought a long-lost ancient civilisation to our modern knowledge; and now by the construction of the Suez Canal she has facilitated intercourse between the Eastern and Western world. The French are naturally proud of that work, due, as it is, entirely to their own genius and enterprise. All this is readily acknowledged in England; but in France it is sometimes forgotten that the maintenance and financial success of their work are almost entirely dependent on the commerce of England, as also that the British Government has a very large stake in the canal, which forms the shortest route to our Indian Empire and great colonies in Australasia.

Unfortunately, on this question of Egypt—so interesting to France and England—a state of things has arisen which has interfered with the cordial relations between the two countries, and the French press has not been sparing of its accusations. We are charged with 'having deceived France and surreptitiously taken possession

of Egypt;’ and M. John Lemoigne tells us we are acting under the despicable device, *J’y suis, j’y reste*.

Now, shortly, what are the facts? France and England were equally bound to maintain the authority of the Khedive Teufik, whom they had established on the deposition, at their instance, of his father Ismail. The two countries were largely interested in the financial condition of Egypt, and in keeping open the Suez Canal. By the rebellion of Arabi these interests were seriously menaced, so we invited France to join us in protecting them. The French Government refused, and we were compelled to act alone. The forts of Alexandria (not the city, as it pleases French journalists to say) were bombarded,¹ temporary possession was taken of the Canal, the battle of Tel-el-Kebir was fought, Arabi captured in Cairo and sent into exile. Since then England has made great sacrifices. She has given the lives of some of her best generals and many soldiers, besides incurring a large expenditure. She is solemnly pledged to quit Egypt as soon as the establishment of a stable government and the condition of the country will permit her so to do; and her people, as well as the French, desire the speedy fulfilment of this promise. Had the efforts of the British Government been aided and not persistently thwarted by French influence, the last of her soldiers would probably ere this have left the country. That *J’y suis, j’y reste* is England’s device, is one of the many fallacies cherished by the French press. As to the New Hebrides, the French occupation is in violation of the agreement made with England. We are not acquainted with the action of our Government in this matter, but we know well the feeling of Australia, and French journalists would do well to pay more attention to it. They should consider whether it is wise to arouse the hostility of a young and vigorous people of the British race who, if it continues its present progress, will probably in the lifetime of some existing French child equal, if not surpass, France in wealth, power, and population. We are accused of a ‘grasping and selfish policy.’ The great expansion of England cannot be denied; but has it not been beneficial to other nations as well as to ourselves? In our colonies all foreigners who are not criminals are free to come and to settle when and where they will, and they enjoy equal rights with Englishmen. Wherever the Union Jack flies, trade is free to all alike. What a contrast does not this present with the state of things in Tonquin and other French possessions.

I am here reminded that the French press fails to do justice to its own Government in the matter of expansion; for if to Tonquin and Annam be added the protectorates of Tunis, Madagascar, and

¹ In the *Matin* I find this amusing statement, which will be news to Lord Alcester: ‘The fleet was commanded by the old Lord Seymour, who, standing on the poop of his flagship, notwithstanding his eighty years, watched with calm the destruction of Alexandria.’

some islands in the South Pacific and Red Sea, it must be admitted that France has done pretty well during the last few years. It is true that the acquisition of Tunis cannot be considered as pure gain; for, disturbing as it does the balance of power in the Mediterranean, it has cost France the friendship of a rising maritime nation, the youngest but not the least important of the great European Powers.

The projects which are announced in the French press as to the Tunisian port of Bizerta also, will, if carried out, entail expense on England; for we have received through the *Journal des Débats* a very frank warning of what we may expect in the event of certain unhappy contingencies.

That 'conscientious' paper published in November last some very remarkable articles on the English and German navies, emanating, it is said, from high authority. From one of these we learn what the plan of campaign would be in the event of war with England. There is to be no meeting of the fleets in line of battle; our ships of war are to be avoided, except when met in very inferior force; all the energy and power of the French navy is to be directed to strike a mortal blow at our commerce. Our merchant ships are to be harassed, and, if necessary, sunk by swift cruisers and torpedo boats; a fleet of the latter being stationed for that purpose in the Channel, in ports opposite the English coast, which are to be enlarged and strengthened. The writer of these articles says: 'Ce n'est pas très chevaleresque!' and I agree with him.

The *Temps*, one of the ablest and most respectable of the French newspapers, speaks of our army as a mercenary army ('quant à ses mercenaires'). Why, may I ask, is this term of obloquy applied to the British army? It consists of some 200,000 men (not counting the Indian Native Army), who voluntarily embrace the profession of arms and serve in all parts of the globe. The State pays for their service, just as in France the State pays the French army, account being taken of the different conditions of life in the two countries. Now, there are in France 300 senators and 584 deputies, each of whom receives for his services twenty-five or thirty francs per day, besides other advantages of a pecuniary character. Would it be justifiable in consequence, or would it not, on the contrary, be highly offensive, to term the French a mercenary Parliament?

Fallacies relating to our army, its composition and action, are not confined to the French press. Max O'Rell, a French author, who writes with considerable knowledge of England, and always in a fair spirit, expresses the opinion that we have fought very little to obtain our possessions. I fear the charge, so often heard in our Parliament, 'that we are always fighting somewhere,' is nearer the truth.

Passing by the wars, carried on over a period of six centuries, with France, in her own country, in Germany, Spain, Portugal, the Low Countries, Canada, India, and Egypt, I am reminded by a

memorial erected in the club in which I am writing, 'to the memory of its members who have fallen in battle,' that from the Crimean war to the 'Soudan expedition, some portion of the British army has been engaged in nineteen campaigns, and this club alone has to deplore the loss of 118 of its members, officers, whose names are inscribed on the mémorial.

I read lately in a French journal the wish expressed that India should be invaded by Russia, and that our colonies should revolt and declare their independence. What the future fate of India may be it is difficult to say. M. Eugène Forgues, in his article 'L'Inde et les Anglais,' thinks that the termination of our rule is at hand. 'The shade of Dupleix' (he says) 'should be satisfied; it may already behold its vengeance.' In this country the wish of all right-thinking men is, that when in the fulness of time our rule in India may cease, we shall leave an educated and prosperous people, fit and able to maintain a government of their own. The various peoples of India are, however, too intelligent to desire the substitution of Russian rule for the 'pax Britannica.' As to the revolt of our colonies, I can hold out no hope to the French writer of the fulfilment of his desire. The English people will never repeat the wicked folly by which an afflicted king lost his American colonies; and if the day ever comes when Canada or Australia declare their desire to separate from the mother country, no English hand will be raised to impede the fulfilment of their wish.

Another fallacy which has been much propagated by the French press, is that France was abandoned (*lâchement abandonné*) by us in her war with Germany. Now I can speak with some authority as to our action at that time, being, in the position I then filled, necessarily cognisant of all official communications with other governments, and I declare that every effort in their power was made by the British Government to avert that war. But surely no reasonable man could expect that England would engage in hostilities with Germany, with whom she had no cause for quarrel, in order to aid France in a war which she had declared against our earnest advice and remonstrance. On the negotiations for peace, however, England did give proof of her desire to be useful to France, and not altogether without success. During the siege of Paris great sympathy was felt for the sufferings of that city, and when her gates were opened, not a moment was lost in giving effect to that sympathy. In 1875-76, when France was again threatened, the influence of the British and Russian Governments was exercised to avert from her the misfortune of war. The French press can hardly be ignorant of what took place then, since it is profuse, not to say fulsome, in its expressions of gratitude to Russia, while it ignores altogether the action of England. The Russian alliance is now in vogue; it is to be based on hatred to Germany, and ill-will to England. Madame Juliette Adam (*Nouvelle*

Revue) uses persuasive words. She tells her countrymen that 'the Russians speak French, love France, have the same antipathies and animosities,' therefore Russian influence, dominant in the East, is in reality French influence which instals itself there.' But what avails this eloquence? It requires two to make an alliance, as it does to quarrel; and the Czar—the incarnation of Russian power—has not yet forgotten 'Vive la Pologne, *Monsieur!*'

The French press has lately seized upon the very smallest incidents likely to create ill-feeling between the two countries. Take, for instance, its absurd misrepresentations in regard to a burlesque opera lately produced at the Savoy Theatre, emanating from correspondents either insufficiently acquainted with the English language or entirely indifferent to the truth. These have been fully exposed by Max O'Rell in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 7th of March. France may be assured that in no country are her navy and army held in higher estimation than in England.

I read frequently in the French press complaints of the press in this country, and I am unable in many cases to say that they are unfounded. There can be no proper comparison made between the English and French press, differing so essentially as they do in the conditions under which newspapers are created and exist in the two countries. In France, some few thousands of francs suffice to found a journal; whereas in England a vast capital is required for a leading newspaper, and such papers employ, at adequate salaries, competent correspondents in all parts of the globe, who daily transmit at much expense valuable information. There are Paris journals whose articles without doubt compare favourably with the best of those in the London papers; and of the French press in general it must be said that it is rarely wanting in *esprit*; but it often allows a brilliancy of style to replace historical and even geographical knowledge.

The English press deals mostly with facts, and is eminently practical, whilst the French press is emotional, influencing the feelings rather than the reason of its readers. Hence those fallacies of which I have given some specimens. Let the French press discard them and others. Let it be assured, and tell its readers, that we have no desire to 'incite to war Germany and France,' or 'to create bad feeling between France and Italy;' nor do we desire to set the Sultans of Morocco and Turkey, the Shah of Persia, or the Emperor of China against the French. Far from all this is our wish. We recognise the many good qualities of the French people, admire their excellence in arts or in arms, and desire most sincerely to live in peace and good will with them.

ARTHUR OTWAY.

GERMAN LIFE IN LONDON.

ABOUT 300,000 persons emigrate from England every year, but the inflow from other countries amply counterbalances this desertion. The sons of Albion who wander forth to seek their fortunes in all quarters of the habitable globe are speedily replaced by arrivals from all other lands. England offers hospitality to every new-comer, without asking who he is or what is his nationality. The majority of the immigrants take the direction of London, which is, in consequence, becoming day by day more like the Tower of Babel. Every imaginable language is to be heard in its streets, for every population on the face of the earth is represented in this great city. Its four millions of inhabitants constitute a wondrously polyglot assemblage of 'kindreds and peoples and tongues,' and there was a grain of truth in the jesting expression of a German resident: 'There is still a damned lot of English in London.' A German was more justified in saying this than any other foreigner would have been, for by far the larger portion of the foreign element present in London is recruited from the 'Fatherland.' The proportion is so high as to be usually estimated at not less than six-sevenths. Whereas the other foreign colonies in London are more or less limited to certain quarters, the Germans are distributed over all the districts of the colossal city. According to some, their number is 35,000, others make it 70,000, a third estimate even doubles this last calculation; but throughout England there can hardly be fewer than a quarter of a million, if we include the German-speaking Austrians and Swiss. It may therefore be fairly asserted that the German colony in England is, after that of North America, the largest German group in any extra-German state.

So comprehensive an assemblage of foreign settlers cannot fail to present many traits of active and social life the description of which may awaken general interest. An occasion for furnishing such a sketch lies ready to hand, in the shape of the undermentioned books published during the last few years.¹ Under their guidance, with the

¹ Schaible: *Geschichte der Deutschen in England*. 1885.

Dorgeel: *Die deutsche Kolonie in London*. 1881.

Dorgeel: *Jahrbuch der Deutschen in England*. 1882.

Dr. H. Geehl: *Deutschlands Pioniere in London*. 1883.

König: *Die deutsche Gouvernante in England*. 1884.

aid of my own observations carried through a residence of nine years, I hope to communicate some of the things best worth knowing in reference to the life and doings of the German inhabitants of London.

As far back as 700 years ago, the Germans took the first rank among the foreigners who sought the hospitable shores of England, either in search of gain, or fleeing from the pursuit of justice. As early as the twelfth century there was a distinct German colony here, which not only enjoyed official recognition on the part of the law, but possessed actual privileges, such as never have been granted before or since to any people settled in a foreign land. And they have repaid the friendly offices thus held out to them by contributing their full share to the world-wide development of English commerce to which the British Empire owes its strength.

The history of the world's commerce has much to tell of the branch establishment of the Hanseatic League in the Staple-yard or Steel-yard of London, and of its importance especially in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Mediæval lustre paled before the lurid glare of the Great Fire in the year 1666, and since 1866 Cannon Street Station has occupied the place of the Steel-yard which the grateful Richard Lion-heart handed over to his Cologne deliverers for two shillings. But the annihilation of the Hanseatic privileges is not to be regretted, for though, for the time being, it injured the material interests of the Germans, it was attended with far countervailing moral advantages. The by no means unreasonable jealousy which the privileges extended to foreigners created in the minds of the natives had no longer ground to stand on; the relations between the strangers and their hosts became more friendly; again, now that the two were on equal footing and that the Germans could no longer fall back upon their privileges, the Germans who were on the decline were spurred on to greater exertions, and thus led to put forth all their capabilities. Hence they succeeded in keeping themselves above water, and securing for ever a prominent part in the British department of the trade of the world. The City has no longer its special German ward, but it is thickly occupied by Germans.

It is not, however, in business circles only that the German element is largely represented. Indeed, there is not a single profession or calling in which the Germans in London are not actively engaged. They are to be found in the army, in primary schools, grammar schools, and universities; on the stage, in the concert hall, in the pulpit, or in the Royal Academy of Arts; as well as in the office, the factory, the workshop, behind the counter, or among the criminal classes; in the City and the fashionable West End, the favourite north-west and south-west, the respectable north and north-east, or the squalid and neglected East End. The increase of the German population is exceedingly rapid. If we remember that under Elizabeth it amounted to hardly 4,000, it must be admitted

that its growth has more than kept equal pace with that of the total number of the inhabitants of the metropolis.

The modern German colony of London owes its origin and its extraordinary spread in great part to the fact that Queen Victoria, herself the scion of a German dynasty, like her predecessor Anne, chose a German prince for her husband. Albert brought over many of his countrymen, directly and indirectly. He was the means of introducing a wider extension of the German language among his adopted countrymen, and bringing the German name into better odour. It is to him, and to the events of 1870 and 1871, as well as to the patriotic efforts of Kinkel, Karl Blind, Freiligrath, and many others, that the Germans settled in England feel themselves to be Germans *avant tout*. Once a man emigrates, his nationality is as a rule endangered; the German emigrant especially is usually in a great hurry to throw off the old Adam and identify himself with his new surroundings. It is this very adaptability which has much to do with the success which generally attends his settlement in foreign countries. The London Germans, however, as a whole do not prove recreants to their origin, and have even taken many energetic measures to assert their German nationality, which they have generally succeeded in maintaining intact. They take lively interest in the moral and intellectual efforts, and in the political life of their Fatherland. This was shown conspicuously, *inter alia*, on the occasion of the Schiller Festival in 1859, during the last Franco-German War, in the Schleswig-Holstein affair, &c.

As nothing can be so well calculated to keep up nationality and stimulate the feeling of a common interdependence as the frequent gathering of countrymen, it cannot be wondered at that German clubs are much in favour among the colony in London. The events of the year 1848 had the effect of transporting thither some of the worthiest sons of Germany and Austria; some of those patriots founded the 'National-Verein,' in which love of the Fatherland was zealously cherished, and which, among other movements, organised the Schiller Festival (already mentioned) in 1859, in which over 10,000 Germans, resident in London, took part. A German society for protecting their rights ('Deutscher Rechtsschutzverein') was also incorporated, and several others existed for a time. Most of these societies died out some twenty years ago for want of spirit to keep them up, and only two of the older associations are now in being. But new ones have started into life, and are more numerous than ever before since 1870. The most prominent among the German Clubs now existing in London are the 'Deutsches Athenæum,' and the 'Turnverein' (Gymnasium).

The German Society for the Encouragement of Art and Science, known in English circles as the 'German Athenæum,' is the most select and exclusive of all German societies in the 'City of four

millions.' Founded in the year 1860, it struggled on for a while and then amalgamated itself three years later with the 'London German Society for the Advance of Science.' It soon numbered in its ranks the *élite* of the German population. Since that time many distinguished Germans, passing through London or making some stay there, have been fêted or admitted as honorary members within its hospitable and genial halls. 'Scientific lectures,' says Dorgeel in one of his books, 'concerts, art exhibitions, and, since the year 1880, select dramatic representations have taken place there. The sections devoted to each of these objects have in the course of nine years given 243 of these evenings, besides twelve exhibitions on a larger scale.' The number of members is about 400; the annual subscription for scientists, artists, and authors, four guineas, for other members, six guineas; the entrance fee is fifteen guineas. The Athenæum has done much to bring honour to the German name, and to keep up its credit among the English, but its fees are somewhat too high. They insure to the club the select character which is desired, and which is highly laudable, but they insure it at too high a cost, seeing they thus exclude from membership many, perhaps the majority of, German artists and authors resident in England. If the managers of the club wish to carry out its ideal—to number all the Anglo-German intellectual lights among its members—they must speak a serious word to the 'Chancellor of their Exchequer.'

Equally important, though in another direction, is the German Gymnastic Club, which is better known and more favoured in English circles than any other German society. Its foundation arose out of the enthusiasm which reigned at the Schiller Festival. The building in St. Pancras Road, erected at an expense of 10,000 guineas, and opened in 1861, contains among other things a large gymnasium and a very spacious concert-hall. Among the present 1,000 members there are only something over 300 Germans; the rest are recruited mainly from Englishmen; so that the non-German element in the first instance had the numerical superiority—a ratio which best answers to the chief object of the association, 'to introduce and encourage German gymnastics in England, and by closer intercourse to bring about a better mutual understanding between the two ancestrally related nations.' It is only in the number of members that the club is preponderatingly English; in all other respects it is exclusively German: in the official language, in the composition of the managing committee, and in its whole conduct. Together with physical exercise the intellectual life of Germany is actively represented. The 'Literary Section' organises forty-five to fifty evenings for dramatic readings in the course of the year—reading of the best dramas with distributed parts—when there is an average attendance of three-fourths of the members. Each piece is preceded by an introductory comment by a member. This section also includes the

reading of original poems by members, and provides for the delivery of scientific lectures. It further arranges German theatrical performances from time to time, while another section, the 'Dramatic Club,' looks after the representation of English plays. The library, containing nearly 3,000 volumes, is open to members on payment of a penny a week. This society holds the festival of its foundation every year at the Crystal Palace, and at Christmas there is a children's festival with a Christmas tree, at which hundreds of poor German children receive presents in the Gymnasium. Every Saturday there is a large gathering of members for a genial 'Kneipe,' at which great merriment prevails. Once a year a 'Fools' festival' is combined with this, at which a humorous 'Carnival Journal' is published. Besides all that we have enumerated there are two sub-sections: the Choral Union, which gives concerts occasionally, and the 'Sing-song Club,' which, in the words of Dorgeel, 'deals more seriously with Art than might be supposed from its name.' Men receive daily instruction in gymnastics, fencing, and wrestling, and there are ladies' classes twice a week for gymnastics. The annual subscription is fixed at 30s., the entrance fee is 5s.²

A third society, the 'Liederkrantz,' instituted in 1860, numbers almost 400 members, and enjoys the credit of giving the best German concerts in London. If we add to these the 'Camberwell Choral Society,' the 'Watchmen's Choral Society,' the 'Liedertafel' and the Zither Club, it must be acknowledged that German music, vocal and instrumental, is not neglected by the Germans in London.

In 1859 a 'Young Men's Association' was founded in the City, and shortly afterwards a similar one in connection with the German Evangelical Congregation at Islington. Still, however, there was for a long time an absence of what Dorgeel designates 'lesser unions for lesser people.' The better classes had various gathering points; but artisans, shopmen, workmen in factories, &c., were left out in the cold—that is to say, the large majority had no facilities for social intercourse. This deficiency has been provided for since 1871, and now the number of lesser clubs amounts to about twenty, with a total of 4,000 members.

These smaller clubs, like the larger ones, are of a chiefly sociable character. Most of them regard the production of theatrical pieces as the most important aid to recreation and refreshment; several are exclusively devoted to amateur theatricals, as is seen by such names as 'German Dramatic Company,' 'United Dramatic Club,' &c. The entrance fee varies from 3s. to 10s.; the yearly subscription from 12s. to 18s. Unfortunately card-playing is one of the favourite evening amusements at some of the younger clubs, and it is often

² Since writing the above, another important German Association has been formed in London (on December 3, 1886): an English branch of the 'German Society for Colonisation.'

carried to such excess as to bring some of the members into serious difficulties. But, on the whole, the tendency of these gatherings is to good, and not evil. They not only promote sociability and patriotic feelings, but also offer solid material and moral advantages, which are most valuable, especially to new-comers: reading-rooms, good and cheap meals, gratuitous instruction in the English language, assistance in finding employment, avoidance of low and yet expensive taverns, escape from the tedium of the London Sunday, opportunities of making acquaintances, &c.

It is to be regretted that so little interest is taken in these clubs by the higher classes of the German community in London. A hearty co-operation on the part of the rich, in the form of active material and moral sympathy, would mitigate many evils. For example, it would largely counterbalance the influence of the Communistic Union for the education of working-men, with regard to which Dr. Geehl's disclosures in the 'Jahrbuch' are well worth reading. He says the German working-men's question belongs to the most discouraging pages in the book of the London German Colony. The larger half of German artisans in London is to be found in the social-democratic camp, and most of them are adherents of the ultra-subversive party. But we let our authority speak for himself.

London has become, especially during these last years, the headquarters of the German Nihilists. It is the central point of that anti-social movement, the high school in which the disciples are trained, who, having served their apprenticeship, return to Germany as apostles of the new gospel, for the purpose of recruiting new disciples, and keeping up communication with the central post. . . . In the present condition of things, the chances are that most working-men who arrive in London will in a very short time be found in the bosom of the Communistic party. Whatever exceptions may be raised against this body, we cannot refuse to acknowledge the sympathy it has shown in the fate of the foreign working-man migrating to this country. The 'Communistic Society for the Training of Artisans' keeps a register of those in search of employment, and supplies each member with good board and lodging at a very moderate cost. Their education is carried on by English and French classes, and lectures on history, natural science, and sociology, and in no other association is so little done for mere entertainment, and so much for intellectual culture. Can we wonder, then, that the immigrant son of toil directs his steps hither, sure of aid by counsel and by deed, of friendly reception, of sympathising companions, ready to help him towards gaining his living as rapidly as possible?

In most cases it is the only door open to him, for there is scarcely any chance of aid in any other direction. Unacquainted with the language of the country, without money, without acquaintances, and without the smallest conception of the prevailing circumstances, the new-comer would soon fall into misery. The indifference of the wealthy, influential German circles in London to the fate of their countrymen coming to seek work here drives them into the arms of Socialism. Their Communistic brethren, on the other hand, offer them practical aid, and as their theories are very attractive to the

needy and uneducated, and no attempt is made on any side to teach the latter better things, they soon fall into the ranks of Red Republicanism. Nobody is concerned about the spread of enlightenment; although London is one of the head-quarters of the movement which threatens the welfare of society and the peace of the Fatherland, not a step is taken to guard against its extension. The antidotes suggested by Dr. Geehl are—the establishment of central registry offices, guaranteed by the well-to-do circles, where German artisans, handicraftsmen, &c., can enter their names without paying a fee; of lodging-houses for working-men, which shall combine, with reasonable board and lodging, reading-rooms, libraries, and facilities for obtaining counsel and help; refuges for the homeless, &c.

As regards the houseless poor, there is not an evening when we may not see, in the sea of houses called London, a great many persons, chiefly foreigners, who know not where to lay their head, after a day in which they have not known where to find a morsel of food. And it is not only poor workmen and artisans who are without shelter; among the numerous homeless Germans in London there are always to be found persons of culture and education, who have seen better days, and now would be thankful to be sure of a bed, a crust of bread or a cup of tea. It is frequently matter of astonishment on the Continent that men willing and able to work should be left to starve in rich London, and the question is asked whether they cannot find employment. To this we answer decisively: No, in innumerable cases they cannot. Competition is so fierce in all departments of labour, in all branches of business, that there are constantly many thousands of natives, as well as foreigners, who can find no opportunity of utilising their stalwart arms or their acquired skill.

What we have said of the physical and mechanical labourer applies even more strongly to the struggler in the intellectual field. The German passion for wandering, the longing for a wider range of view, the hope of improving their personal condition or of some lucky stroke of fortune, the mere love of adventure or swindling propensities, or other frivolous or sordid motives, induce annually many thousands of Germans to wend their way to London without introductions and scantily provided with money. The swindlers are the most successful in gaining their ends. But honest people who come over in a haphazard way learn but too soon that, even in so rich a city, where the streets are said to be 'paved with gold,' so that one has only to stoop to pick it up, fortune does not always favour the foolhardy; such thoughtless ones have to go through a severe discipline of privation and disappointment before their expectations are fulfilled, if indeed they ever are. But how many spend their strength in vain efforts to obtain ever so modest a way of earning their bread? Factory hands, artisans, servants, and such like, succeed comparatively more easily—though even they have often to begin by an

apprenticeship of 'white slavery' of which they could form no conception at home—than the far more numerous immigrants who have learned no handicraft, and are only armed with head-knowledge. Before a private apartment can be secured and the search for employment begun, the local conditions must be studied, and this implies the outlay of a considerable portion of the usually slender provision of ready money for hotels, locomotion, &c. The rest is swallowed up by advertisements in the newspapers, registry offices, postage, weekly payment for board and lodging. The market is, as we have said, so overloaded, that in an immense number of cases supplies are exhausted before any suitable occupation has been found. What then? Then sorrows and troubles come in like a flood. Those who do not prefer to return to the Fatherland richer in experience, or who do not succumb to despair and go to the bad altogether, have recourse to charitable societies and, later on, to individual countrymen blessed with means. Persons who at home could never have conceived the possibility of begging for anything become professional beggars. Bitter necessity forces them to apply for assistance, and the long want of occupation co-operates with the habit of allowing themselves to be supported by others, and reduces many to the condition of lazy dependents, shameless beggars, and depraved characters. They write innumerable begging-letters, full of false representations, to rich Germans. Dr. Geehl says:

They assume all nationalities according to the occasion; to follow their reckoning they must have been born a hundred times. 'Brother Straubinger' is also a universal genius; now he is a teacher, now a clerk or a tailor, shoemaker, or printer. He has always fallen into misfortune by no fault of his own; he has always eaten nothing for three days, and never knows where to lay his head. In the morning he is a bachelor; at noon the husband of a sick wife, and father of two children; in the evening a widower with three orphans. His shabby appearance serves to confirm his statements.

But there are also elegantly dressed beggars by vocation, who, as 'decayed gentlemen of good family,' extract a good deal of money from their credulous countrymen. At one of the German 'Beggars' Colleges' in the Whitechapel region, their parts are cut out for them, and they are taught how and where to beg. On payment of a penny to threepence per name they are furnished with hectographed lists of the addresses of all Germans known for their liberality. In many cases twenty-five per cent. of the money received has to be handed over to the 'University,' especially if it has undertaken the writing of begging letters.

There is no doubt that an astonishing number of swindlers and impostors exist among the Germans in London. The more the immigration increases numerically, the more it deteriorates in quality. The greatest city of the world exercises a strong power of attraction over all manner of men under a cloud. Persons of dubious

antecedents, who feel uneasy on their native soil, find it convenient to 'retire' to England. There is no difficulty about crossing the German frontier. The expenses of the journey are moderate, strangers arriving here are safe from supervision on the part of the police; they are not called upon to show any papers. No wonder, then, that most of those foreigners who flee their own country for good reasons direct their steps Londonwards. The Metropolitan Police, if they could drive the whole of the German colony into one place, would make a wonderfully good haul. Those who swindle at home continue their swindling here. It need not be said that the German name suffers grievously under the impression of the working of these doubtful elements. Especially numerous and detestable are the 'long firm swindlers,' i.e. German clerks, &c., who under various false names obtain samples and even goods from manufacturers, and never pay for them, but pawn them at once and—decamp.

But it is time to resume our interrupted theme, the poverty and misery which is daily on the increase, as a result of the excessive and inconsiderate flow of immigrants into an already overcrowded city. The plague of beggars has risen to such a height in the City that the German notice has been affixed to the doors of many City offices: 'Begging is forbidden, and is punishable according to the police regulations.'³ One of the ill results of promiscuous begging is, that any one who has been taken in several times by impostors is apt to harden his heart against genuine cases of distress, and thus to create in the mind of the sufferers a bitter feeling against their 'heartless countrymen' which in their despair may lead them into the byways of vice or crime. Many youths, and still more young girls, who have come over with the most praiseworthy intentions and sanguine expectations, sink by degrees into the abyss of shame or guilt. To what dangers is a girl exposed who stands alone, without means, in this surging ocean of humanity! Not a few Germans go to destruction from sheer want. Others are compelled by the force of circumstances to change their callings, and take to occupations which they would never have dreamt of at home. Dorgeel even states that those who have been obliged to forsake their original trade or profession are in the majority. Teachers become bakers, bookkeepers are converted into hairdressers, merchants and students work as day-labourers in the docks, artists have to take up street-singing. The

³ It may be mentioned here that a device has been adopted since 1883, under the aegis of the 'German Herberge,' which is calculated to relieve part of the existing misery and to discourage vagabondism among the poor Germans in London. A good many of the German firms in the City allow the 'Herberge' to have for nothing the waste paper which accumulates in their counting-houses. When a German asks for alms, instead of receiving money and thus being encouraged in begging, he is desired to collect the paper in one place or another, to sort it, and deliver it at the address given to him; here, in exchange for his load, he is provided with a meal and a night's lodging. The plan is found to answer very well.

said author tells stories that make one's hair stand on end—of a young tutor, furnished with the highest testimonials, who, after long-continued frightful suffering, was glad to get a place as barber in a hairdressing establishment; and of a counting-house clerk, who was not satisfied with a salary of 125*l.* at Berlin, but who in London, after a year of compulsory idleness and semi-starvation, was fain to accept a situation as baker's assistant with 50*l.* a year. I myself know of a bookseller who became copyist, a mathematician who sold newspapers about the streets, a lawyer who became a dyer, &c. There is surely to be found in no German city, except perhaps Berlin, such a multitude of hungry, indigent, ragged Germans, as in the metropolis of England. The comparatively few Germans who rise to a rich and influential position, or even to a competency, serve as wandering lights which attract many moths, who set themselves on fire, or are indirectly led by them into the morass of failure. Would that those bent on emigration would dwell, not on the few successful, but rather on the far more numerous victims of the race for wealth!

Many Germans, when they decide upon trying their fortune in London, are apt to calculate on the eventual aid of the benevolent societies, and that of their rich countrymen already settled there. But they deceive themselves too often, for, however much is done in that direction, charity has its limits. The wish to come to the help of their distressed countrymen inspired the more prosperous Germans in London many years ago. As early as 1817 the German Benevolent Association sprang into life. It is conducted on the most liberal principles in the administration of its funds, and has distributed since its foundation above 25,000*l.* It now affords help in money to about two thousand persons yearly, and in more than a hundred cases free return to their own country. Each member who gives a donation of ten guineas for life, or subscribes a guinea a year, has a right to recommend four persons annually to the benefits of the society. The same conditions apply to the still older 'Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress,' which, notwithstanding its comprehensive title, is concerned chiefly with Germans. Founded in 1806 by Germans, the majority of its members are of that nation, and its help is principally bestowed on Germans. The directors are the pastors of the various German congregations and ten German laymen, while the executive committee are two-thirds Germans. This society collects about 4,000*l.* yearly, and has so far given assistance in 170,000 cases; of these 95,000 were natives of the German Empire. It also grants pensions of from 5*l.* to 20*l.* to 214 aged persons incapable of work. Unfortunately, the liberality of these two benevolent societies has often been abused, members frequently recommending cases without inquiring into the justice of their claims, either to save themselves trouble or to get rid of importunate petitioners. Thus it happens that worthless persons, who make a

trade of it, receive assistance; but it is scarcely possible to conduct any work of charity without occasional abuses.

An even more valuable institution is the German Hospital at Dalston, founded in 1845, by Dr. F. Freund of Prague, who died in London a few years ago. This worthy clergyman laboured successfully to enlist the sympathies of the *élite* of the German colony for his idea, to the realisation of which we owe the most important of all the German benevolent institutions in London. The interest taken in the new hospital soon led to its developing into larger proportions. Instead of the modest building which existed forty years ago, we have now an imposing edifice, with beautiful pleasure-grounds, and capable of containing 120 beds; large, well-lighted rooms, a spacious hall, and a new sanatorium. The hospital, which is one of the best managed among the many excellent ones in this metropolis, has three annexes for the treatment of out-patients; in these in the year 1882 above 28,000 patients received gratuitous advice and medicaments. In the hospital itself 1,700 persons were received in the same time. The invested capital now amounts to 40,000*l.*, with 1,300*l.* annual interest. The budget of expenditure averages about 10,000*l.* a year; this is for the most part covered by regular subscriptions and handsome donations, as well as by the collection made every year at the foundation dinner, which usually amounts to from 4,000*l.* to 5,000*l.* The English contribute at least as much as the Germans to the maintenance of this institution; consequently, about half as many English as Germans are treated in the hospital, whose doors indeed stand open to patients of all nationalities. Since its foundation 22,000 Germans and 15,000 of other nations have been received as indoor patients, while at least three-quarters of a million of sufferers have been treated and provided with medicines as out-patients.

The latest benevolent institution is the 'Kaiser Wilhelm-Stiftung,' a result of the consultations of influential London Germans as to the best way of celebrating the golden wedding of the aged Imperial pair. They decided upon a German Orphan Asylum, and within a few days after the opening of the subscription list 4,000*l.* flowed in. The building was opened, with six children, as early as August 1879. After this the money was subscribed so freely, that in 1883 fifteen orphans were domiciled in the asylum, which assumed the above title with the consent of the Emperor.

These four charitable associations and institutions now expend from 12,500*l.* to 14,000*l.* a year on their respective objects. There is no want of lesser associations which pursue the same ends. But now we must pass on to three institutions which may be partly regarded as benevolent foundations, though the help which they afford is not gratuitous, and which have been highly beneficial in their action. The first of these to which we call attention is the

'Home for German Governesses,' set on foot by the 'Association of German Governesses in England.' German resident and visiting governesses, who come over trusting to deceptive advertisements, or who are temporarily out of employment, often fall into difficulties; if they escape moral ruin, still they are exposed to much material loss. The greatest danger which threatens them is on the part of the registry offices, by which they are mercilessly plundered, whether they obtain a situation by their means or not. The above-named defensive union of German governesses has endeavoured to do away with this evil by the foundation of the Home in the year 1880. Ladies in search of situations are provided with temporary board and lodging at a very moderate rate. The association undertakes to help its members only in finding work, and charges a commission of two per cent., which goes to the 'sick fund for German governesses.' The condition of admittance into the society is satisfactory proof of teaching capability; the annual subscription is seven-and-sixpence. The Home is in a very good central quarter of the City, is admirably mounted, and, in addition to a number of bedrooms, contains a library, dining-room, and sitting-rooms, which are open to the members in general as well as to the temporary inmates. Several of the Princesses and many other ladies of high position take the most lively interest in the success of the Home, as also in that of an institution founded in the same year—'Gordon House,' or 'Home for German Servants,' which serves the same purpose for the latter class as the other does for governesses and teachers. The advantages are very much the same, only that in the case of servants there is no question of membership, and the inmates are provided with situations gratuitously, when they are to be had; if a girl takes up an occupation which only requires her in the daytime, she is allowed to retain a bed permanently at Gordon House, and has supper there for a trifling charge. Seven shillings a week are the terms for lodging and full board, i.e. four meals a day. The fact that numerous ladies of distinction patronise the institution raises its prestige, and tends to secure better situations for the inmates.

What Gordon House does for maidservants has been done these last fourteen years in the German Lodging-house ('Herberge'), very favourably situated in the City, for men who have not the command of large means, but desire to live comfortably, and enjoy simple but nourishing food, nicely served. Besides the dining-rooms, and the thirteen rooms, neatly arranged dormitories, provided with thirty-seven beds, there is a very large handsome saloon which serves as a general sitting-room. This house is much frequented in the school holidays by teachers who come over in the hope of being engaged as foreign masters in English schools. For their benefit there is an agency connected with the Home, which is also patronised by German employers in London who want to fill vacant posts. The

superintendent furnishes the guests with all sorts of useful hints as to the way things are done in England, &c.

Nor is the spiritual welfare of the German colony left without nurture. The Germans are reputed bad church-goers, and they appear to justify their reputation in London, for otherwise the fourteen places of worship provided for devoutly disposed immigrants from the Fatherland would be very much out of proportion to the necessities of the German colony, whereas it is a fact that even these few churches and chapels are very thinly attended. According to the nature of things they would be emptier still, were it not also a fact that many Germans, quite indifferent to religion at home, find it to their advantage in this country to become 'pious,' i.e. to show themselves in church. We have even been assured that there are large firms in London of German origin who will not engage German clerks unless they undertake to go to church every Sunday; but we cannot vouch for the accuracy of this statement. It was, however, through the medium of religious communities that German life in London first assumed a concrete form. Cranmer's influence enabled the preacher Johann Alasko to found the first German congregation in 1550, which, however, was broken up three years afterwards by the command of Mary Tudor; it was reinstated in 1560 under Elizabeth, but afterwards died a natural death. The same fate befell St. John's community, founded in 1730. At this moment there are in London a Catholic church, a synagogue of German Jews, and twelve Protestant churches and chapels. The German ('Hamburg') Lutheran Church was founded in 1669 by North German merchants and Swedish officers. The old church had to make way twenty years ago for the Underground Railway; the new building is close to the German Hospital. The other Lutheran churches are St. Martin's, in the Savoy (1694), St. George's, in the East End (1763), and the Royal Chapel in St. James's Palace (1700); this chapel owes its existence to Queen Anne's husband, who brought many of his countrymen and co-religionists to London. Even now several members of the reigning House are attached to the congregation which assembles in this chapel. The Evangelical Communion is represented by the church in the East End (Hooper's Place); in the south-west the Camberwell church, which was consecrated about thirty years ago; the chapel at Islington, founded in 1857; finally the latest, which serves the districts of Sydenham and Forest Hill. This newly formed congregation held its first service in 1875 in a private house, but immediately started a subscription for erecting a church of their own, which was consecrated in April 1883. In connection with this congregation there has existed since 1878 a ladies' society for looking after the poor Germans in the neighbourhood, and a class of children for German choral singing; there is also a free library.

The German Wesleyan Methodist community in the East End

arose out of very small beginnings in 1862, and has since increased considerably. Its beautiful and spacious church, completed a few years ago, has cost quite 5,500*l.*, which is entirely covered by voluntary contributions. This congregation also possesses three chapels in different quarters of London, where there are services twice a week. Only one-sixth of the German colony in London is Roman Catholic, and the one church, situated in Whitechapel, seems to be sufficient to meet the religious needs of that community.

The intellectual training of the German rising generation is carried on in several German schools; only a small portion of their expenses is covered by school fees, the rest is supplied by voluntary contributions. The majority of German parents send their children to English schools, partly because there are not enough of schools of their own nationality, partly because they wish their children from the first to become familiar with the English language and customs. If there is no very remarkable development of the higher branches of school learning, it is—among other reasons—because almost every German in a position to do so, especially if he has relations in the Fatherland, sends his sons home to have the last finishing touches added to their education. Dr. Geehl thinks they do this because there are not sufficient establishments here for higher German instruction; but my opinion is, on the contrary, that the latter circumstance is not the cause, but the effect of the former; otherwise, surely the Germans would be at the trouble of setting up a larger number of institutions for higher education in London. There is certainly no sort of school answering to the German ‘Gymnasial’ and ‘Real’ schools; the nearest approach to this type is the Anglo-German boys’ school at Brixton. In the same neighbourhood there is a school for girls, held in high repute, according to Dorgeel and others. Since 1862 there is a German school for the higher education of girls at Islington, also private property. This is all that has been done in this direction.

It is time to say a word about the relations between Germans and English in London. We must remember, to begin with, that, as the compiler of the ‘Jahrbuch’ says, ‘the stable portion of our colony is composed of one-third (at the highest computation) of the Germans residing here, while the remaining two-thirds represent the fluctuating element, constantly coming and going.’ With regard to the estimation in which the Germans are held, we can only take the stable nucleus into consideration. This, as a whole, is sound at the core; but the floating wave offers too many dark sides which sadly damage the reputation of the whole community. It is only to the permanent residents, or those who have made a long stay in England, that the German settlers owe the good name which they enjoy for industry, frugality, earnestness of purpose, and intelligence, whether they be merchants or artists, scholars or artisans, schoolmasters or commercial clerks. The esteem in which the Germans are held is

submitted to yet another test—a division into classes. They are held in higher esteem among the upper circles of English society than by the Philistines of the middle class, or the undiscerning crowd who look upon everything foreign with suspicion, except Paris fashions and French plays. The great successes obtained here by many German merchants, artists, &c., lead the unprejudiced members of society to the conclusion that these results can only be the reward of honest and intelligent exertions. But the less discriminating classes have no particular respect for the poor starving majority of the German colony, for the troops of underpaid clerks and copyists, teachers of music and languages in search of lessons, and other needy fresh arrivals—not to speak of swindlers and professional beggars. The thing is that the higher classes come more into contact with the *stable* element, the others have to do almost exclusively with the *fluctuating* constituents of the German colony in London. So much for *esteem*. How about *liking*? There is a difference between the two. Many Englishmen who esteem the Germans do not love them because they compete in the labour market with the natives of this country. German bakers, tailors, waiters, hairdressers, watchmakers, clerks, music teachers, schoolmasters, &c., are naturally the horror of all the English who work in all these various industries, for the Germans are satisfied with lower salaries, and are therefore preferred, not only by their own countrymen, but frequently also by English employers. Every one is his own neighbour, in England as in California and elsewhere. It is quite natural that these circumstances make the intruders unpopular in many circles.⁴

The Darwinian law of the 'survival of the fittest' applies to the Germans in England, more especially as concerns bakers, waiters, hairdressers, clerks, and musicians. The teaching of music is for the most part in the hands of Germans. Even the street music is largely handed over to Germans, conspicuously the 'German bands,' who go about in troops wearing a uniform, and are the terror of all sensitive ears by reason of the frightful discords which they elicit from their wind-instruments, always out of tune, so that they are even more torturing than the Italian barrel-organs. We cannot but admire Dorgeel for his good nature, which actually finds these bands 'harmless'! According to the same author, 'at least one-fifth of the great City firms is in the hands of born Germans or their descendants.' All the higher educational establishments in the country are eager to engage the services of Germans. The British Museum

⁴ In debating on mercantile education, the Congress of the British Chambers of Commerce held at London in July last gave it as its opinion that the German clerk is preferred because of his working at lower salaries as a consequence of his having fewer wants than his English brother, and because he enters the counting-house with a better knowledge of arithmetic, bookkeeping, and languages. The Congress proposed that this state of things should be remedied by improving mercantile school instruction.

and other scientific institutions number many Germans among their officials. The number of German booksellers is very considerable. German lager-beer becomes more and more popular every year, and is even imitated on the banks of the Thames.* German literature rises in public estimation, and is much more translated than it was formerly.

It would be naturally supposed that in a metropolis in which the German element plays so large a part, there must be a corresponding expression of its sentiments in the form of newspapers; but this is by no means the case. There are very few German papers, and those few are neither specially valuable nor widely circulated. One reason for this may be that new papers constantly come and go, and disappoint the expectations of the more critical public; another is the excellence of the English newspapers, which offer much more for less money; a third reason may be the rapid communication with home, which brings German newspapers to London in twenty-four to thirty-six hours. In this direction, however, Paris is even more behindhand than London, for only one little German weekly appears there,⁵ whereas here there are, after all, two or three far better weeklies. The attempt to found a daily paper was begun about the middle of 1884, and various experiments of a similar kind have been made, but without success. •

We cannot close our notes on German life in London better than by citing the following passage from the eleventh chapter of the 'German Colony in London,' headed 'Types: '—

Many of the resident Germans make fools of themselves by playing the Teuton in season and out of season. It is generally new-comers who have the bad taste to turn into ridicule things to which they are unaccustomed, to measure everything by the German standard, and thus to come to very unjustifiable conclusions about England and the English. We have many things to learn from the English, and we have really no reason whatever to deride them. Not to say that it is ungrateful to turn against a nation which offers friendly hospitality to every stranger, and which has hitherto strenuously supported all the German institutions in London. The German Hospital, the benevolent associations, the schools, &c., would be nothing like what they are, if English help had been withheld. •

LEOPOLD KATSCHER.

⁵ Since writing the above, even this one weekly, which was rather weakly, has expired.

A VOLUNTEER BATTALION.

CONSIDERING the comparative youth of the volunteer force, it is remarkable what great changes it has undergone since its foundation in 1859. Thousands of men of first-class social position joined its ranks under the impression that an attempted invasion of this country was not only imminent but inevitable. When the war clouds passed away, many of these left the force or remained on with the intention of getting a commission, either in the battalion they had originally joined, or in one of the newer corps that were being raised in various parts of the country. They had enrolled with the full conviction that they would have to clothe, equip, and arm themselves at their own expense without any grant in aid of their outfit from the Government. The necessary expense prevented many thousands of men, whose patriotism was as pure and earnest as that of the earliest volunteers, from joining the force in the first instance. When the Government determined to assist the movement by a capitation grant and by the issue of arms, those men who could not afford to join without such assistance, eagerly accepted the new conditions, and thus many thousands were added to the volunteer service.

Hence it came to pass, especially in large towns, that a considerable proportion of our Home Defence Army was drawn from the ranks of junior clerks, small shopkeepers, artisans, agricultural and other labourers. Battalions such as the Inns of Court and the Universities corps will always maintain their individuality, and some other battalions still contain a number of men of higher social position, but I do not think I am wrong in assuming that of the 226,752 enrolled volunteers, which is the total number according to the last official returns, nearly 200,000 belong to what we are accustomed to call the 'labouring classes.' No other state in the world can boast of such an army, and hardly any would dare to permit the enrolment of such a force under the conditions by which the volunteers are governed.

I will endeavour to describe a battalion which I think may be considered fairly typical of those located in large towns and thickly populated commercial centres.

Any man wishing to join this battalion must be proposed by some

one already belonging to it, subject to the approval of the commanding officer. On being enrolled he receives his clothing and accoutrements, pays ten shillings, and signs the following agreement, the conditions of which can be enforced by any police magistrate if the signer fails to comply with them.

I do hereby acknowledge to have received from the Officer Commanding, the following articles of Clothing—Glengarry, Tunic and Trousers, and I hereby agree to make myself Efficient for Four Years should I remain for so long in the Battalion, and failing to do so, that I will pay 1*l.* 10*s.* (in accordance with Rule 5) for each year I fail to earn the Capitation Allowance, and to return the said articles to the Officer Commanding for the time being, in good condition (fair wear on Regimental Parades only excepted), on my quitting or being discharged from the Battalion.

I also acknowledge to have received a Helmet, Cap and Collar Grenades, Pair of Leggings and set of Accoutrements, consisting of Waist-belt and Clasp, Frog, large Pouch and Expense Pouch, with the full understanding that they are the property of the Battalion, and I hereby agree to return the said Accoutrements to the Officer Commanding, in good order (fair wear only excepted) or pay the value thereof, on my quitting or being discharged from the Battalion.

At the close of the last volunteer year its state was as follows:

Lieutenant-Colonel	1	Sergeants	44
Majors	2	Trumpeters and Buglers	16
Captains	7	Rank and File	718
Lieutenants	9	Adjutant	1
Acting Surgeon	1	Acting Sergeant-Major	1
Quartermaster	1	Sergeant Instructors	2
Acting Chaplain	1		

This gives a total of 804, and, as the establishment is eight companies, this is the maximum permitted enrolled strength of such a battalion, and not another man could be accepted except by special permission of the authorities.

Of this number, with a single exception, the whole were 'efficient' according to the Government requirements, and to prove that this is not an exceptional state of things, a return showing the efficiency of the battalion during the preceding four years is appended.

Year	Efficient	Non-Efficient	Percentage of Efficients	Enrolled Strength
1882	802	2	99.75	804
1883	804	—	100.00	804
1884	798	—	100.00	798
1885	804	—	100.00	804

The officers are almost all professional or business men of good social position; all whose length of service requires it have passed either the School of Instruction or a Board; four have passed in 'Tactics,' and one holds a certificate as 'Instructor of Signalling.'

The adjutant, sergeant-major, and sergeant instructors are, of course, 'regulars.' Nobody who has not had experience of it can

form any idea of the immense amount of clerical labour which has to be done at the head-quarters of a volunteer battalion—and it falls principally on the sergeant-major; if he and the drill instructors are really good men, they have very great influence on, and are very popular with, the other non-commissioned officers and the rank and file.

The non-commissioned officers and men are all in active employment (not more than two of the whole number are their own masters), and represent almost every trade that can be thought of; the battalion could find the workmen to supply itself with anything that it required; and, if thrown on its own resources, would only need to be provided with necessary materials. It comprises

Blacksmiths	13	Gas fitters	7
Bookbinders	25	Harness-makers	7
Brass finishers	15	Joiners	10
Bricklayers	4	Letter sorters and carriers	9
Brushmakers	4	Machinists	5
Carmen	8	Machine-managers	9
Carpenters	15	Packers	26
Clerks	44	Painters	19
Clockmakers	2	Plumbers	14
Compositors	39	Porters	56
Dairymen	8	Printers	45
Draughtsmen	2	Shoemakers	6
Engineers	13	Stokers	3
Engine-driver	1	Stone-grinders	3
Fitters	9	Surgical instrument makers	4
French polishers	8	Tailors	24

It only has one baker and no butcher, but these trades are easily improvised, as has been learned by experience at Aldershot, Cannock Chase, and elsewhere. In all, 180 different occupations are represented.

The average age of the Sergeants is 35 years.

„ service of the Sergeants is 14 years.

„ age of the Corporals is 25 years.

„ service of the Corporals is 7 years.

„ age of the Privates is 24 years.

„ service of the Privates is 4 years.

Ages of Enrolled Members.

Under 17 years	3	27 and under 28 years	36
17 and under 18 years	17	28 „ 29 „	17
18 „ 19 „	58	29 „ 30 „	23
19 „ 20 „	72	30 „ 35 „	78
20 „ 21 „	76	35 „ 40 „	48
21 „ 22 „	48	40 „ 45 „	19
22 „ 23 „	78	45 „ 50 „	21
23 „ 24 „	65	50 years and upwards	4
24 „ 25 „	50		
25 „ 26 „	44		
26 „ 27 „	41		
		Total	804

Service of Enrolled Members.

20 years and upwards	. 11	4 and under 5 years	. 80
15 and under 20 years	. 7	3 " 4 "	. 90
10 " 15 "	. 53	2 " 3 "	. 95
9 " 10 "	. 24	1 " 2 "	. 144
8 " 9 "	. 52	Under 1 year	. 127
7 " 8 "	. 33		
6 " 7 "	. 33	Total	. 804
5 " 6 "	. 55		

About twenty men enlist every year into the regular branch of the service; they have enrolled themselves as volunteers without any intention of becoming regulars, but like the work so much, especially after having been encamped at Aldershot for eight days, that they make up their minds 'to soldier' and join a regiment in which they have one or more friends. About one hundred and twenty apply for their discharge annually, having completed their four years' engagement, and probably from five to ten are struck off annually as not being worth keeping. The number is always made up by recruiting before the next annual return is called for.

Now, what do these volunteers give in return for the money spent on them, and the trouble taken to teach them how to learn their work? When first joining, they give up nearly all their leisure time to learn the rudiments of drill. Night after night you will see the men coming at the appointed hour, *straight from their work*, to join the squad to which they have been attached, striving hard to master the dry and uninteresting details which the sergeant instructor is doing his best to instil into them: some are sharp and pick them up quickly, others dull or careless; these last make the work much harder to those who are quick and willing, for as the pace of a squadron must be measured by the capacity of the slowest horse in it, so is the progress of a squad retarded by those who are difficult to teach.

The work of volunteers is nearly always done in the evenings, as, of course, they cannot afford to sacrifice a day's pay or less for the purpose of undergoing their self-appointed labours. Shooting must be done by daylight, and going to the ranges usually takes a whole day, for this, they must have the sanction of their employer, who perhaps is not always willing to grant it, and in very many cases they sacrifice a day's pay. Some cannot get through their classes in one day, and have to try again; others go several times for the purpose of making themselves skilled shots, not satisfied to comply merely with the requirements of the authorities. When spring comes round, and open-air drill is possible, they sacrifice their well-earned Saturday half holiday, don their uniform, and attend the parade of their battalion, either for a drill of two hours or more, or a long march through the streets or on country roads. When Easter arrives, with its possible four days' holiday, some thousands of them sacrifice this to join the marching

column in course of formation. They not only surrender their holidays, and in some cases sacrifice their wages, but spend money for the privilege of doing so. I have known young working men to pay as much as 14s. for this object. Thanks to the recommendation of Lord Harris's Committee, an allowance is now made of 2s. per day for men who join a marching column for not less than three days; consequently so much is not now required of them, but still they have to pay amounts varying from 4s. to 10s.

Let us see how they spend their Easter.

Those men, for instance, who joined the Dover Marching Column this year had to rise before 5 A.M. on Friday the 8th of April in order to reach the rendezvous of their battalions in good time; they were learning outpost duty (the most difficult part of a soldier's education) till 4 P.M.; they were then dismissed to get their midday (?) meal and had to fall in again at six o'clock to form part of a force detailed to make a night attack on the outposts. On Saturday they marched, some twelve, some over twenty miles. The commander of the column asked men to volunteer as scouts: they were to be prepared to march thirty miles a day, to bivouac in the open, and to carry with them whatever they required for eating and drinking. Four were asked for from each detachment forming the column, but the detachment of the battalion which I am endeavouring to describe sent in the names of twelve men, all of whom were accepted, to their very great joy. They did the work required of them, arriving at Dover about 8 P.M. on the 9th, fairly tired but eager to volunteer for similar work whenever invited to do so. Sunday was a day of rest, but Easter Monday meant commencing work at five or earlier and not reaching home till 9 P.M. On other occasions about 300 of the men have volunteered to go to Aldershot to work with the regulars and to come under the Army Discipline Act. This is excellent practice and does more real good to the volunteers than all that can be done during the rest of the year. For this they cheerfully sacrifice either a week's holiday or a week's pay, and invariably conduct themselves in a way that gains them very high praise from the general officers under whom they serve, and rewards their own officers for all the trouble they have taken in teaching them drill and discipline.

Crime (even in its military sense) is unknown amongst them, and they submit cheerfully to all restraints which discipline imposes. There are, of course, in so large a body of young men some black sheep who give trouble, but these soon find that they have mistaken their vocation when they joined a well-conducted volunteer battalion, and either reform themselves or take an early opportunity of removing to more congenial surroundings.

In what way have volunteers benefited the country? In the first place they have relegated to a very distant future the frightful

burden of conscription which presses with such dreadful force on our European neighbours: probably they have 'laid the spectre' for good.

They have saved the country vast expense, for nobody can doubt that, were it not for the volunteers, the regular forces of the country would have to be largely increased. We see comparatively so few regular soldiers in the country, that our general and other staff-officers have scarcely any opportunities of moving considerable bodies of troops. This difficulty has been to a certain extent removed by the existence of the youngest branch of the auxiliary forces; and at Easter, at Whitsuntide, and in the autumn, at Aldershot and elsewhere, considerable forces are now brought together, to the advantage of staff-officers, and to the benefit both of regulars and auxiliaries.

But probably the best service that the volunteers have rendered to the country is that they have so greatly popularised the army. At one time, it was held by a large section of the people, that a lad who 'went for a soldier' was lost and had 'gone to the bad.' The number of men who are now volunteers, and the much larger number who have passed through the volunteer service and have been brought into contact with the regular branch of the army, have been the means of removing these prejudices: the army and the people are one; a superior class of recruits is obtained, and the status of the whole service is raised in the eyes of the public. When lately addressing the volunteer battalion of which he is honorary colonel, Lord Wolseley said, speaking on this subject, 'In every troop, battery, and company could be found men of refinement, and any man inclined to join the army, would find in it men quite as good as himself.'

ROBERT W. ROUTLEDGE.

THE GREATER GODS OF OLYMPOS.

II.

APOLLO.

I. STATION, AND POINTS OF CONTACT WITH ATHENÊ.

As there are five gods entitled to be called the greater gods of the Olympos of Homer, so there are two among them who are associated by characteristics so peculiar in themselves, and so anomalous in reference to the symmetry of his thearchic structure, as to raise the most interesting questions with respect to the sources from which this portion of the Poet's materials, together with some other and less conspicuous, though very important, adjuncts, may have been drawn. Happily, the Poems supply abundant means for the examination of the facts. The two deities in question are Athenê and Apollo.

According to the law of the Olympian system, we should expect to find that the special prerogatives of Zeus its head, so far as they were communicable, were principally imparted to and shared by the other members of the great Triad, who had a supremacy of the Earth in common, with special prerogatives in each of the three other known departments of cosmic existence. But it is not so. Zeus is sometimes invoked alone, sometimes together with the immortals in general, but never in conjunction with his brothers, or with any individual deity except Athenê and Apollo. I speak of invocation proper with petition, and not of the Oath-prayer, so to term it, which includes, however, as a rule, deities not of Olympian government, but of retribution in the Underworld. This junction of Zeus with Athenê and Apollo is highly emphatic, is peculiar to Homer, and is expressed in a formula which occurs, I think, nine times in the two Poems.

Αἱ γὰρ, Ζεῦ τε πάτερ, καὶ Ἀθηναίη, καὶ Ἀπόλλων.

It is evidently no casual expression, but one stereotyped and established. It absolutely requires that an answer should be sought out to the question how it comes about that these two deities, of the younger Olympian generation, are lifted, through association with Zeus, to a height unknown to his brothers or to his wife-sister. The

more so because this is not an isolated form of speech, but is illustrated and supported by one apparently not less established if less familiar. This is the line twice used by Hector (*K.* viii. 540; xiii. 827).

τοιμήν δ' ὡς τίει' Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἀπόλλων.

The highest flight of human imagination, the climax of immortality and godhead, is to have the honour with which men honour Athenê and Apollo. These lofty but vague expressions of the Poet are developed in a multitude not so much of common attributes, as of common properties and powers. The mythological characters are kept very distinct, while the higher elements, lying beneath the surface, seem drawn by the Poet from an inner treasury, and these are at a multitude of points related, or even identical. Of these the exhibition is the most peculiar and splendid in the case of Athenê. Accordingly I reserve their enumeration in detail for the occasion, when I shall attempt a portraiture of that goddess. In the meantime there is one negative feature common to the two deities, which it is necessary to fix firmly in the mind. It is that their position and properties, if they be considered merely as portions of the Olympian system, are wholly inexplicable. And let us add to this affirmatively the general characteristic, that they share, and exercise, the highest prerogatives of divine government, in a manner quite distinct from that of other deities, and appropriate to themselves.

The Station of Apollo is in truth determined by the considerations applicable to him in common with Athenê. In a purely Olympian catalogue it would not stand in the first rank. But, as viewed in the light of the common properties, it will be found either paramount, or at the least sublime.

II. CHARACTER OF APOLLO.

The character of Apollo in the Homeric Poems does not derive its principal interest from the part which he plays in them. It is an elevated and important part, especially in the *Iliad*, where the action at vital moments is made to depend upon it; but it may here be summed up in a few words. He is the free and concurring agent of the Supreme disposing Power. In secondary parts he operates of and from himself, but his great governing operations are performed in pursuance of the will of Zeus. And not of Zeus in a merely personal, or so to speak departmental, capacity as air-king or otherwise, but of Zeus as head of the Thearchy and Ruler of the world. These operations are without difficulty, and without originality. Accordingly, he does not bear those deeper lines of character which are stamped upon some Olympian divinities as upon men, by effort and by conflict.

In general, the marked interventions of the deities on behalf of

or against individuals are referred to their own judgments or emotions. It is thus with the bitter hatred to Troy of the three great Hellenising divinities (*Il.* xxiv. 25-8); with the watchful love of Athenê for Diomeî and Odysseus; and with the concern of Herê for Agamemnon and Achilles (*i.* 209)—

ἄμφω ὁμῶς θυμῷ φιλείουσά τε κηδομένη τε.

But Apollo is a deity without passions; he neither loves nor hates; in his principal and highest form of action he simply transmits and seconds a superior will.

The epithets and titles appropriated to Apollo are, as bearing upon character, jejune. The greater part of them relate to the bow, or to brightness, and will require a separate consideration. The terrible (*deinos*, *Il.* xvi. 788), or the best of gods (*theōn ὀρίστος*, xix. 413), or the great (*megas*, v. 433), or the people-rousing (*laossoós*, xx. 79) used as it is in a particular connection, are too vague to afford light. The word *eîos* (*inf.*) is of disputed meaning. The unshorn (*akersekomes*, xx. 39) connects itself with other parts of the inquiry, but not directly with character. The only phrase pointing to character is indicated in the passage (*Dii philos*, *Il.* i. 86) 'dear to Zeus.'

It remains unfortunately true that the head or principal name of Apollo has not yet been traced to any root giving it a certain or even probable signification, or placing it in any distinct relation to other designations. Were this discovery to be made it might possibly throw light upon the rationale of the Olympian conception which so remarkably combines heterogeneous indications. Meantime we may note that Müller, who has written on Apollo, in his *Dorians*, with a marked combination of learning and care, rejects wholly the derivation which would connect *Apollon* with *apollumi* and the idea of destruction, and leans to *Apellon* as the ancient 'Doric Æolian' form, and as equivalent to *apotropaîos*, 'the averter of evils.' He treats *Phoibos* as the more important name; but, however important for certain purposes, it is undoubtedly in Homer secondary. He thinks the root of Apollo must be Greek: it would not surprise me to find it Eastern.¹

Upon the whole, the character of the Homeric Apollo, properly so called, and as distinguished from his attributes, is singularly limited. Its basis lies in obedience: willing obedience, but obedience also absolute and unquestioning. It may be comprehended in a few words: union of will with the will of Zeus, and action conformed to this union. There is therefore, as we have seen, a relation of love between them, and Zeus addresses him as the dear *Phoibos* (*phile*, *Phoibe*, *Il.* xv. 221; xvi. 667), an epithet never used by him to any other deity with the single exception of Athenê as 'dear child.'

¹ Müller's *Dorians*, vol. i. pp. 311, 312.

When these things have been said, all has been said. He does not reflect or reason, audibly to us. No speech, I think, is assigned to him beyond the compass of a few lines, except in the single case of his plea in the Olympian Court for the body of Hector, where he is promoting the desire of Zeus, and supported by him. But neither polity as in Zeus, nor nationality as in Herê, nor mental force as in Athenê, nor physical force as in Poseidon, appear to be specially developed in the character as Homer has drawn it.

But this conformity of will is in truth more than enough to set upon him a mark. There is nothing exhibited in any other deity which resembles it. Sometimes, in the deliberations of the Court, there is murmuring or opposition, or stratagem and evasion, or acquiescence or agreement; but there is nothing else that approaches a personal union of will between any two deities; and the case where it would have been most natural to expect it, that of the wife of Zeus, is the case where discord most prevails (*Il.* viii. 408). To this most curious and striking feature of the Apollo I am not aware that anything analogous has been found in what are commonly known as Aryan traditions, or in the results of Egyptian research. When we approach the Semitic province, there is a change. In the Assyrian system, as it is set forth in the volume of Professor Sayce,² the character of Merodach appears to be related to that of the god Ilea, his father, in a manner much corresponding with the relation between the Apollo and the Zeus of Homer. We are now brought upon ground where remarkable coincidences have already been disclosed, although it is impossible to forecast the bearings of future Assyrian discoveries on what has been already found. But if Merodach exhibits a correspondence with the Homeric conception, he corresponds also with what may be his Semitic original, namely, the undeveloped but most significant tradition recorded in the book of Genesis respecting a future Deliverer, who was to bruise the serpent's head, and to undo his work by restoring mankind to that very union with the highest will which had been broken by transgression, and of which the Homeric Apollo exhibits an unvarying and finished example.

III. ATTRIBUTES OR FUNCTIONS OF APOLLO.

In passing from the character to the attributes or functions of Apollo, we pass from monochrome to polychrome—from what is uniform to what is, beyond any other Olympian example, diversified and multifarious. More than in any other instance, these attributes or functions place him in relations with both the higher and the lower forms of religious tradition lying outside the Olympian system. Apollo is the image of Brightness, an attribute though not a function, manifested especially in his title Phoibos, which I shall sepa-

² P. 402.

rately examine in its relation both to the Nature-worship so widely spread, and to Semitic traditions. The strictly Olympian offices of Apollo may be summed up as follows; but even these are not solely Olympian, as they seem to have lying behind them other associations, without which they cannot be explained, or harmonised.

1. He is the god of the bow.
2. He is the god of knowledge, past, present, and to come.
3. He is the god of poetry and music.
4. He is the god of healing.
5. He is the defender of heaven against assault.
6. He has the Ministry of Death.

Viewing these functions as a whole, we may remark, first, that there is no common source or basis to which they can be referred. Secondly, that several of them are likewise exercised by other divine but secondary personages: as to the bow, by Artemis; as to healing, by Paieon; and as to poetry and melody, by the Muses.

For the purpose of identifying these functions singly, I observe as follows.

1. In the grand scene of the Plague (*Il.* i. 44-9), the bow is appropriated to him much in the same manner as the horse to Poseidon in the journey from Aigai (*Il.* xiii. 23-38).

The treacherous act of Pandarus in the Fourth Iliad is devised and arranged entirely by Athenê; but (in her disguise) she advises him to pray to Apollo before discharging the arrow (101-3), and he does it accordingly (119), while there is no record of the acceptance of the prayer.

Notwithstanding the extreme closeness of the relation between Odysseus and Athenê, yet when he is about to execute his vengeance on the Suitors, his expectation is founded (*Od.* xxii. 7) on the help of Apollo, and reference to this attribute more than once occurs.

As a weapon of war, Homer thinks meanly of the bow. Teukros, the Achaian archer, is altogether a secondary warrior. In the main the use of it is left to the Trojans, and is made the means of compensating in an important degree the inferiority of their leaders in combat hand to hand. If we combine with this disparaging view of archery the Poet's lofty conception of Apollo, we may the more readily perceive that the real link between Apollo and the bow has to be sought in associations lying outside the Olympian system.

2. His office as the god of knowledge is conveniently indicated in the description of Calchas (*Il.* i. 68-72): 'He, first by far of augurs, knew the present, the future, and the past, and guided the Achaians into Troas by his gift as prophet which he had from Phoibos Apollo.' We here perceive, what may be less distinctly traced elsewhere, that the gift of prophecy, derived from Apollo, was not confined to prediction, but also involved a gift of discernment, for the present, in the interpretation of signs; while, with respect to the past, this

office touched upon the borders of the office of the Bard. In Book *xvi.* 707, he prophecies in person to Patroklos on the coming fate of Troy; and in *Od.* viii. 79 we find that his oracle at Putho was already established in reputation, as it was consulted by Agamemnon, and revealed to him the predestined strife between Odysseus and Achilles.

3. The Bard and his work are not placed by the Poet in directly expressed connection with Apollo. The boast of Thamuris was that he could surpass, not Apollo, but the Muses; and the Muses accordingly inflicted the punishment depriving him of the art both of song and of the lyre (*Il.* ii. 594–600). So, in the case of Demodokos, it was the Muse who greatly loved and also sorely hurt him, for she struck him blind, but gave him the sweet gift of song (*Od.* viii. 63–4). But the two gifts of lyre and verse were always in company, as with Achilles (*Il.* ix. 186–9), and the youthful performer on the Shield (*xviii.* 569–71). In the great Olympian feast, Apollo appears to have been the lord and conductor of the Muses, who took parts (*ameibomenai*, i. 603). As he was the unquestioned lord of the lyre (*ibid.* and *xxiv.* 63), we must, I conceive, also assign to him the lordship, or over-lordship of song, which harmonises with his gift of knowledge, and was in those days its chief reservoir. In *Il.* i. (472–4) song is addressed to him apparently as the god of song, since there is no other case in the Poems.

4. Not only does the exercise of the healing office belong to Apollo; but the office is discharged by him in a remarkable manner. ‘Hear me, thou Lord,’ says the wounded Glaukos in *Il.* xvi. 514–6, ‘who mayest be in Lukiê or in Troas, but who art able from whatever place to hear one suffering as I suffer now,’ and so forth. Apollo (527–9) hears the prayer, and straightway the pain is gone, the gore wiped away, and the soul filled with resolution.

This deity is not the only personage who heals and tends the wounded. When, as inspector of the field, he has deposited Aineias, not in the abode of that prince, but in his own temple, Leto and Artemis join in nursing him. But there is no immediate restoration like that of Glaukos. They engaged, or busied themselves, in healing him (*akeonto*, v. 448), and honouring him (*kudainon*, *ibid.*), apparently by their service.

When Aidoneus has been wounded by Heracles, he repairs to Olympos, and there is treated by Paieon; but the treatment is in the human manner by anodyne herbs applied, and so the cure is effected (*Il.* v. 395–402).

In truth, according to the ordinary mode of mythological derivation, Paieon may be termed the Olympian god of healing. For in Egypt (*Od.* iv. 227–32), so famous down to historic times for the specialised cultivation of medicine, every man was a healer, for this reason, that they are of the lineage of Paieon—

ἡ γὰρ Παιήονος εἰσι φερέθλης.

But this name of Paieon is also in Homer the proper word for a song of rejoicing like that of the Achaians in *Il.* i. 473, or of triumph, as over the dead body of Hector in *xxii.* 381; and it seems possible that by this channel there is conveyed to us a relation between Apollo and Paieon, somewhat like that between Apollo and the Sun; that is to say, a relation which was one of identity in some other place and system, but which is sharply bisected by the Poet for his purposes into two independent personalities. In any case it remains clear that Apollo is with Homer the supreme physician, operating without limit of distance, and without subjection to the use of instrumental means.

5. The office of Apollo as the defender of heaven against revolt seems to have formed a capital article of Olympian mythology throughout the historic age. In Homer it is made prominent by the passage of the Eleventh *Odyssey* which relates to Otos and Ephialtes, who were children of Poseidon, and whose enormous stature even in boyhood emboldened them to the design of heaping mountain on mountain to invade the dwelling of the gods. And, says the Poet, they would have done it, had they been of ripe age; but, as they were, Apollo destroyed them (*Od.* ii. 311-20).

In another legend (*Il.* v. 385-7) these giants, described as sons, that is, reputed sons, of Aloeus, had begun the war in another form, and had seized Ares, and held him a prisoner for thirteen months.

We find, then, here the unfailing characteristic which runs through all those offices wherein the thing done by Apollo is also done by some other divine personage. It is done by him in a sovereign and transcendent manner. The forces, that are too strong for Ares, give way before the might of the great deliverer.

6. The remaining Olympian prerogative of Apollo is the Ministry of Death. This requires a more minute scrutiny, as it does not rest upon a single conception, but appears to combine the ideas of deliverer and destroyer; the first possibly as primary, the second as subordinate.

The first, as primary. For the most prominent office of Apollo in relation to death relates to a form of death which is divested of all its terrors, and is wholly beautiful and calm. The same office is given, by reflection as it were, to his sister Artemis; and we are supplied in the *Odyssey* with a passage which conveniently discriminates different kinds of death. Odysseus asks of the spirit of his mother what was the form of death that had brought her to the Underworld (*xi.* 171), and she replies that it was grief and yearning for him, not chronic disease, nor yet the visit of Artemis with her soft or tender arrows (198-203). By these visits, then, we are to understand a strictly natural death; the tranquil and painless cessation of a vital action, which there is no longer any residue of force to sustain. At least there must be no contrary sign; as in the case

of Hector, who, after the rescue, lay by the divine action of Apollo (xxiv. 18) fresh, and as one that might be spoken to, i.e. taken for alive (xxiv. 757-9). Thus it was that Orion died under the hands of Artemis (*Od.* v. 123), and that the inhabitants of the rich and fertile island of Suriê passed away in their old age (xv. 403-11). It is the formula employed in these cases which gives such prominence to the ministry of gentle death, death without a sting. And thus, it seems evident, died Phrontis, son of Onetor, the steersman of Menelaos, a skilled pilot, in the actual discharge of his office. Perhaps the etymologies used, and at any rate the epithet *agana*, or tender, for the darts which did the deed, indicate the kind of death very clearly. Thus we see that the essential point is the absence of pang or struggle, but that the gentle death may also be a sudden death. We should, I think, conceive of Phrontis as one of those old and devoted servants, happily well known in all ages, who would not give up his office, and could not be torn from it, but yielded passively to the law of nature in a rapid yet painless extinction.

But we find death which is painful and penal also inflicted by the same hands. On the accusation of Dionusos, Ariadne was slain by Artemis (*Od.* ii. 324). Apollo with his bow slew the sons of Niobe, Artemis the daughters; and all lay for nine days weltering in their blood (*Il.* xxiv. 605-10), while Zeus turned her people into stone.

In the instance of Niobe, the children of Leto have a separate and special concern, as the offence was a vaunt that disparaged her; yet the wider official character also appears, since Zeus takes part in the vengeance on the people. In the case of Eurutos, again, Apollo slew the man in his wrath (*Od.* viii. 227), while yet in his vigour, for challenging the god to a match in archery. The Plague of the First *Iliad* offers a third conspicuous example. These are no doubt all tinged with resentment; but in *Od.* vii. 64, without any offence on one side or wrath on the other, the Poet, seeking simply to convey that one died without heirs, says that Apollo struck him when childless in his home, and thus marks that god as the minister of ordinary death. And in like manner Achilles, anticipating his own death, expects it from the action of the swift darts of Apollo (xxi. 227-8).

The details, which I have now supplied, appear to me to bring home the remark that there is no common idea to which the six Olympian offices of Apollo can be referred. Through the medium of song we may connect the lyre with knowledge, so far as knowledge concerns the past; but there is no tie to associate these with the interpretation of signs, and with knowledge of the future. The two provinces are in truth discriminated in Achaian society, as much as in their own nature.³ The Prophet and the Priest have certain points of contact; but the Prophet and the Bard are the representa-

³ See *Od.* xvii. 383-5.

tives of perfectly distinct professions. Again, we may connect the lordship of the bow with the ministry of gentle death, or with that of penal death: it is perhaps a strain to tie it to the latter of these offices, because in the ordinary conception and in actual war the bow was a secondary, and could hardly be called a national, weapon. It never appears in the descriptions of general battle, or of conflicts between great warriors, and the office of the bowman in Troas does not rise above that of the sharpshooter in modern warfare. How again can we find a common basis for Apollo as the minister of vengeful or even of ordinary death, and for Apollo as restorer; or how can any of these be brought into line with the Apollo of music, and the Apollo of augury?

Neither is there open to us a refuge from the dilemma in showing, or in supposing, that these heterogeneous functions are in truth a miscellaneous collection, which the Olympian scheme had gathered into its bosom from the mythological stores of other countries, and which had filtered into the Peninsula and found representation there. For, as I have shown in several of these cases, the ground is preoccupied by the ascription of like offices to other Olympian personages, as, for example, to Paieon as the healer, and to the Muses as in charge of song, and the professors of song. Indeed this single case, in this limited view of it, utterly shatters the symmetry which some have thought might be found in the Olympian system, and obliges us to seek a key to the enigma in some quarter which we have not yet visited.

The same observation applies in its full force to the Solar theory, which for this broad purpose is equally impotent with the Olympian system, and can supply no explanation of the union between the six offices of the Homeric Apollo. Of the six functions which have been enumerated, there is but one which could be an appropriate function of the Sun as such, namely, the office of inflicting death in a form not natural; and even this is subject to a further limitation to such forms of death as are due to solar heat. To conceive of the Sun as the minister of gentle death, or of ordinary death, appears little less than ludicrous. On the other hand, we have negative evidence. The chariot and horses, which beyond all other appendages we might have expected to find as emblems of the Sun, are not given to Apollo in the Poems.

Herr Roscher⁴ has published an interesting work to establish the correspondences between the Greek Apollo and the Italian Mars; and justly observes that the want of agreement in name does not take away from the force of these correspondences, which are principally solar. But it is from works of this kind, from the comparative poverty and jejuneness of the features they present, that we may draw the strongest corroboration of the proposition that something more in quantity, and higher in kind, is needed, if we really desire to com-

⁴ Roscher, *Studien zur vergleichenden Mythologie*, i. p. 7. Leipzig, 1873.

prehend the Apollo of Homer, or the other personages with whom he is associated. And it must be borne in mind, in reading these remarks, that the evidence directly connected with him is but a portion drawn from a mass of concurrent testimony supplied by the Homeric pictures of several other divinities.

IV. ACTION OF APOLLO.

The main and superior part of the action of Apollo is performed by him as the directly commissioned agent of Zeus, or as invested with a Providential office. There is also, however, a secondary part where he appeared, like other Olympians, to act, so to speak, in his department.

The former and loftier part of this action is made prominent in the *Iliad* only.

It is in Book IV. that we have the first Battle, and several stages in it are to be distinguished. The description begins in ver. 422; and from the outset the two armies are described as under the respective care of Arês and Athenê, while a number of pure impersonations, as a kind of camp followers, 'more embroil the fray.' All this, however, is by way of general superintendence without personal intervention, and seems meant to give the Achaians an opportunity of showing that, even in the absence of Achilles, they could keep the upper hand. In ver. 555, the first ranks of Troy retire, and their enemies draw off the bodies of the slain, and establish an advance. Then it is that Apollo (507) shouts audibly to rally them, without any recorded order of Zeus: upon which Athenê at once supplies a counterpoise, and traverses the Achaian ranks at the points where the soldiers want incitement. So the general battle is fairly maintained (543-4); until, with the opening of the Fifth Book, the *aristeia* of Diomed commence, and Aineias is disabled together with his mother Aphroditê, who is wounded in the attempt to carry him away. A fresh access of Olympian aid is now supplied by Arês, who (592-5) enters personally into the fight, stalking in front of Hector or behind him, and made visible to the opposing army. As in the first stage Apollo had come to arrest the Trojan retreat, so now the presence of Arês causes the Achaians (699-702) to give way. Next follows the descent of Herê and Athenê from Olympos, expressly permitted by Zeus in order to the chastisement of the hateful Arês (764-6). Herê condescends to stir the Achaians by shouting; and Diomed in his supreme exploit, with the aid of Athenê, wounds Arês, and sends him howling to Olympos. The Sixth Book is mainly episodic. In the Seventh, when Hector, Paris, and Glaukos have done some execution among secondary enemies, Athenê and Apollo arrange by consent (vii. 16-43) for the single combat between Aias and Hector. Night arrives. After this Zeus finds it high time to

establish provisionally a state of things more favourable to Troy. He professedly prohibits all divine intervention on either side (viii. 5-14). The second Battle begins on the next day, and he enjoys the spectacle from Mount Gargaros, until the sun is declining. Then, by the scales hung out in the sky, he exhibits, that is, ordains, disaster to the Achaian host. This dispensation is fulfilled by means which are so adjusted as nowhere to imply their military inferiority. But the command is broken by the intervention of Poseidon, to which Zeus sharply puts a stop; and then, in direct contravention of his own ordinance, he bids Apollo to descend, carrying the Aegis, which is the emblem of supreme power; to make Hector his especial care; and to drive back the Achaians even to their ships (*Il.* xv. 221-35).

I stop to observe that during the action of the Poem down to this point, (1) Apollo is never placed in conflict with Athenê; (2) he always acts in accordance with the known will of Zeus, though without any expressed command; (3) he seems to fulfil the office of a Providence, but always on the side of Troy.

In the Fifteenth Book, under the commission received from Zeus, he conducts the prospering affairs of the Trojans to their climax. Not being a war god, he does not, like Pallas or Arês, assume the spear; but he brandishes the Aegis, bewilders the Achaian force, and drives it back upon the ramparts (xv. 344). He breaks away the edges of the ditch, and creates a passage of the ample width of a spear's throw. Across this he conducts the Trojans, and breaks down the Achaian rampart (355-366). In the Sixteenth Book, the tide is turned by the appearance of Patroclos on the field; and now it is the function of Apollo to prevent that chieftain from achieving the final victory. By a divine might, acting without instrument, he thrice hurls back Patroclos from the wall of the city, which but for him (xvi. 608) would on that day have been taken. 'It is not,' he says, 'for thee, nor yet for Achilles who far excels even thee, that the capture of Troy is reserved' (xvi. 698-711). He throws the Achaian army into disorder (727); and then, himself assaulting and partially disarming Patroclos, leaves him an easy and inglorious prey (788-817). In the Seventeenth Book, which may be called the *aristeia* of Menelaos, Apollo stirs up Hector against him; and, even after the close of the long day (xviii. 239) which was the last respite of the Trojans, the appearance of Achilles in the field, and the adverse issue of the Theomachy, he continues in Books XX.-XXII. to help the Trojan cause. He gives aid to Hector, even in the closing scene, until the fateful moment has arrived. At that moment, according to the Poet's usual method, he is withdrawn from the field to avoid disparagement; and Athenê takes his place to superintend and promote the triumph of Achilles over Hector, in that last scene in which alone he sustains at the last in its fulness the character of the hero. Apollo's care for the body of Hector (xxiv. 15-21), and his pleading in the Olympian

Court for the rescue of it, close the long course of his action on behalf of Troy, which throughout is not only agreeable to the will of Zeus, but conformable to that largeness of method and of scope which distinguishes the proceedings of the head of the Olympian Court.

In certain cases, where the action of Apollo is not thus directly associated with the Providential order, we nevertheless have an indication of the closeness of his relation to Zeus in a kind of partnership between them for particular purposes, as to which Apollo has a principal, and Zeus a secondary place. Take, for example, the somewhat mysterious affair of the Greek rampart. If, as seems probable, its erection was invented by Homer as illustrative of the necessities created by the Wrath, it follows that he would have to account for the want of any trace of so considerable a work, and to devise a machinery, somewhat clumsy it must be owned, for its total effacement. The agency of Apollo is introduced in this performance, and the principal part is assigned to him, as he turns upon it the streams of all the local rivers. Poseidon supplies manual labour, as might be expected, since he had resented the construction of it as competing with his own handiwork, the wall of Troy; while the participation of Apollo is probably to be referred to his predominance in the religious system of Troas. But Zeus also intervenes, and gives the aid of rain (xii. 17-33). I cannot see any reason for the intervention of Zeus, especially in a secondary character, except that it exhibits his unfailing sympathy with Apollo.

The same observation may be made in the case of the children of Niobe. It is the displeasure of Apollo with her sarcastic reflection upon Leto which is given as the cause of the slaughter, and he is of course seconded by Artemis (*Il.* xxiv. 605-9). Thus the work seems to be accomplished; but there is a supplement, for Zeus turns the subjects of Niobe into stone (611). Here again his subordinate action is hard to understand, except by his close identity in feeling with Apollo.

The action of Apollo in the Plague is described (*Il.* i. 44-52) in verses of great splendour, but more agreeably than usual to the manner observed in the ordinary Olympian deities. There is something more approaching to detail in the movement, and the arrows are altogether as material as they are destructive. The action described corresponds with the operation of the sun on an army affected by the neighbouring marshes in the heat of summer. This portion of the narrative appears to point to the local worship of Apollo in Troas, which I shall mention shortly. But when the hecatomb has been offered by the Achaian army, the story becomes detached from the lower form of treatment. The damsel returns to her sire; the prayer is heard (i. 446, 457); the sacrifice is offered, and the feast ensues; but, although the atonement is complete, and the god wholly appeased, the element of physical satisfaction, which appears elsewhere, is excluded. Apollo

experiences pleasure, but it is simply from the hearing of the hymns which the Achæians sing all day long in his honour (472-4).

In the Theomachy, the gods of the Trojan party generally are worsted; but, in the two cases of Apollo and his mother Leto, no conflict takes place. Hermes declines the fight with Leto; and Poseidon, pretending to invite Apollo to begin it, proceeds to supply him with strong arguments why they should not fight at all, and thus makes it easy for him to reply that he will not commit such a folly.

The action of Apollo in the *Odyssey* is in Ithaca alone, and it is carefully veiled for reasons which will be presently examined.

It remains to consider briefly certain cases in which there is no readily available explanation of the office assigned to Apollo, or where it appears to be of a disparaging character. The legend, in which it is recited (*Il.* ii. 763-7) that Apollo reared the horses of Eumelos, is sustained by his endeavours in the chariot race to maintain for that warrior the heading he had gained, by depriving Diomed, who pressed hard upon him, of his whip (*xxiii.* 375-85). But the basis of the legend is obscure. The same remark applies to the part assigned to Apollo in the transaction with Laomedon. While Poseidon built the wall of the city, Apollo tended the herds in the hollows of Ida (*xxi.* 446-9). It does not seem easy to connect either of these legends with the known Homeric attributes of Apollo. They are detached or stray legends: so far as the Poems are concerned.

As no Achæian warrior of the first order is ever disabled in fight by a Trojan, Homer has to reduce Patroclus to a state of almost impotence before he is dispatched; and it is effected by the agency of Apollo. It seems a poor invention, but some device was absolutely required by the position and the intense nationality of the Poet, and the course of the plot in its theurgic portion designated Apollo as the proper instrument.

Aischulos, who far more than any other poet represents the Homeric spirit, applies to Apollo the epithet *hagnos*, the pure, by which Homer marks the chastity of Artemis. He appears, however, in the licentious legend of the Eighth *Odyssey*, and enters into the spirit of the tale (*Od.* viii. 334-42). But an explanation, partial if not complete, appears to be supplied by the fact that in this case we are dealing not with the Hellenic, but the Eastern, tradition and character of Apollo. This consideration, however, does not apply to the passage in the Ninth *Iliad* (a passage the most perplexed in all Homer by parenthesis within parenthesis) which has been understood to signify that Marpessa was ravished by Apollo (*ix.* 562-4). But the sensual connections between gods and women in the Poems are nowhere indicated in this form. They are always apparently voluntary, and always with offspring, nor (I think) has the force of the preposition *and* been sufficiently observed. The *anerpace* (*ix.* 564) of this

narrative agrees with the *anereipsanto* (xx. 234) in the narrative of Ganumedes, carried off to heaven by reason of his beauty, to dwell among the immortals. The allusion is too succinct to allow of certainty, but it suggests as most probable an analogy to the case of Ganumedes, and seems in no point to agree with the mode in which the concubinages of gods are related by the Poet.

V. RELATION OF THE HOMERIC APOLLO TO THE SUN.

It remains to examine into the relation between the Homeric Apollo and the Sun. This is an inquiry, if I mistake not, of great importance. It tends to open up the question how one personality may lie at the root of plural nomenclature :

πολλῶν ὀνομάτων μορφή μία

how, conversely, attributes or traits drawn from various sources may combine in one Olympian character; and, finally, how vast an influence might be wielded by a Poet of supreme genius, exercising his imagination in due regard to the diverse and heterogeneous traditions of races when in process of amalgamation, and giving dignity and prominence to what he might deem the worthier and more effective elements, without shocking local prepossessions by any glaring solecism or contradiction. In all these processes we find the poet pursuing his constant purpose to depress the cult of Nature-powers, which had variously taken root around him, and to construct firmly his theanthropic system. While Hesiod, in his *Theogony*, is little more than a mere recorder of promiscuous legends, gathered on the surface of society, Homer is all through busied with method, working below the surface, and manipulating his materials for a distinct end. Nowhere does he supply more abundant evidence to this effect than in his relative treatment of Apollo and the Sun.

It seems, in the first place, to be beyond dispute that, in the religion of Troas, Nature-worship was preponderant or supreme. Although there is no glaring contrast between the language of warriors on the two sides respectively in regard to the gods, yet the depth of the distinction is exhibited on the most critical occasions. As the purpose of the Poet absolutely required that the course of the war should be governed by a polity of gods having common action, he had to mould local peculiarities into this design, and to limit the exhibition of differences accordingly. Yet, on the great occasion of the Pact in the Third Book, which is aimed at a final settlement of the quarrel, and which for security throws back each party on the sanctions which it deemed the most solemn, the Achæians offer a lamb to Zeus, the Trojans a pair of lambs to the Sun and the Earth respectively (iii. 103-4). From the form adopted in the invocation,

the higher rank of the Sun is evident, as he is separately addressed, after and like Zeus, with attributes, while the name of *Gaia* is simply coupled with the Rivers (276-8). And yet the Sun has no place, properly speaking, allowed him in the plot. He sets unwillingly at the command of Heré, because the night thus admitted (xviii. 240) is to usher in the disasters of his worshippers; but he *does* nothing to help them, and he has no place in the Theomachy, nor is he named in the Olympian Assemblies. On the other hand, the River Xanthos, not named in the solemn invocation, and only included as belonging to the order of Rivers, plays a most important part in the battle, and would have worsted Achilles but for the interference of Hephaistos. Though seemingly occupying the highest local place as a god, not even the lowest place in the action is accorded to the Sun. This group of puzzles, like the incident of the Plague, is at once accounted for if we suppose that in the Troic system of religion Apollo was the Sun. If so, the methods of reconciling treatment have been these. The Poet has divided one personage into two; has arranged round each the appropriate traditions; has kept in the foreground those traditions which dominated in his plan and among his countrymen; and has sufficiently maintained poetic unity by taking care that his Apollo and his Helios shall never be in action, or even, avowedly, in presence, together.

Indeed, even if the action of the Plague be taken alone, it is difficult to repel the argument of those who hold it to prove the local identity of the two personages; for all that Apollo does there in the theanthropic or Olympian manner is just what his cousin-german the Sun would do in the regular course of nature. But the Sun's name and personality are carefully kept back. Even the heat of the weather is not named; and we plainly find this not to be an accident but a principle, when we traverse the whole range of the Poems, and find that, as far as visible presentation to us is concerned, wherever the personality of the Sun is, Apollo is not; and wherever the personality of Apollo is, the Sun is not.

While no Homeric deity is more conspicuously modelled on the basis of a mixture between the divine and the human than Apollo, it is also undeniable that he bears in himself marks of affinity with the wholly inferior system of Nature-worship. Let us proceed to search for these in the titles and epithets of the god, which have been reserved for examination until the present stage of our inquiry.

There are no less than five titles of Apollo derived directly from the attribute of the bow. These are: *Aphetor* (Il. ix. 404); *Hecærgos* (Il. i. 147 *et alibi*); *Hecatebolos* (xv. 271); *Hecatos* (i. 385; xx. 71); and *Hekēbolos* (i. 96, 110). Among his epithets, *Argurotoxos* (ii. 766 *et alibi*), *Hecatebeletes* (i. 75), *Khutotoxos* (xv. 55), and (according to Voss) *Elos* (xv. 365; xx. 152) have a similar force. Homer carefully avoids giving any of these epithets to his Helios; but the bow-

function is partially solar, for in itself it accords with the discharge of light in the rays of that luminary, while it is probably also associated with other traditions of Apollo of which traces, but not full statements, are found in the Poems.

The epithets and titles of Apollo, which are directly connected with light or brightness, are fewer in number, but are at one point more important for the present inquiry. *Argurotoxos*, noticed above, belongs to light as well as to the bow. *Chrusaoros* (*Il.* *iv.* 509; *xv.* 256), which designates him as armed with the golden sword, belongs partly to light, and partly to his character as the armed champion of heaven, to deliver or destroy. *Lukēgenes* (*Il.* *iv.* 101, 119), light-born, appears to be a pure light-epithet.⁵ The same observation applies to his title as *Phoibos*, generally and safely taken as a solar word, and affording large aid to our investigation, since it is used fifty times in the *Iliad*; as well as thrice⁶ in the *Odyssey*, conjoined with Apollo in each of the three cases, and never as a substantive or independent title. It is true that the action of Apollo is much larger, and the mention of him more frequent, in the *Iliad*; where, setting apart secondary titles, his name occurs about 130 times, against only 30 in the *Odyssey*. But it will also be observed that the proportionate use of the title *Phoibos* is very much larger in the former poem. In the *Iliad*, much of Apollo's activity is placed in the Olympian Court, or in conjunction with other gods. In the *Odyssey* there is no such action of his at all. When Homeric characters address him, they call upon him always as Apollo. There are nine instances of this in the trine formula which connects him with Zeus and Athenē; four in the *Iliad*, five in the *Odyssey*. But the name Apollo is never used by a deity in addressing him, with the single exception of Hermes in the Lay of the Eighth *Odyssey*, a portion of the poem which is in various ways exceptional, and bears strong marks of a non-Achaian character. Even he combines it (*Od.* *viii.* 339) with the solar epithet *Hecatebole*, so that it implies no breach of the rule which I shall presently enunciate. And we find the remarkable fact that, while in the *Iliad* no fewer than six deities use the vocative to Apollo, every one of them addresses him by a solar title. Zeus calls him *Phoibos* (*xv.* 221; *xvi.* 667), as does Poseidon (*xxi.* 436, 448). Herē calls him *Argurotoxos* (*xxiv.* 56), as does the river Xanthos (*xxi.* 229). Athenē calls him *Hecaergos* (*vii.* 34), as does Artemis (*xxi.* 472). Lastly he is called *Hecatebolos* by Zeus (*xv.* 231). On the whole, the case may be summed up as follows with reference to the two great titles. It cannot be said that even in the mouths of men they are promiscuously used, for though the Poet himself addresses the god as *Phoibos* (*xv.* 365; *xx.* 152), adding at the same time a solar epithet (*eios*), worshippers never use that title, nor I think any solar title. On the other hand, as regards Apollo the word never appears

⁵ Müller, *Dorians*, ii. 6, 8.

⁶ *Od.* *iii.* 279; *viii.* 79; *ix.* 201.

in the mouth of a god (except in what may be termed a foreign and Eastern passage), and the titles they use are invariably solar.

What is the probable explanation?

It will be borne in mind that there are several cases in which Homer supplies a double name for a person or a thing, not merely as in the case of *Apollon* and *Phoibos* by the use of each without establishing a definite relation between them, but by describing one as the name in use among gods, and the other as in use among men. The most conspicuous of these cases are those of the River Scamandros, so called by men, but called Xanthos by the gods (*Il.* xx. 74), and of Poseidon's hundred-handed stalwart son, whose name was Aigaion among men, but Briareus among the gods (*Il.* i. 403). Then there is the night-hawk, called in the same way *Chalkis* and *Kumin-dis* (*Il.* xiv. 291), and the mound, or knoll of earth, outside the Trojan walls, called by men Baticia, but by immortals the cairn of the bounding Murinné (*Il.* ii. 813). By men the Poet probably means Achaian men, the men to whom he sang, taking no note of foreign usage.

These cases, four in all, may not afford absolutely conclusive evidence in favour of any particular interpretation of this rare but very marked form of expression. It may be observed, however, that in the case of Baticia there is a first ray of light. For the divine form at once betrays itself as the ancient form, the 'cairn' of Murinné pointing to a previous age when the cairn had been made. It may be also said that while our name of the 'hundred-handed' simply throws us back on the root *bri*, meaning force, the name Aigaion seems related to Aigai, with the palace of Poseidon, under the Olympian system, and to the Poseidon worship. Of these it is likely that the simpler name is also the older. And the common interpretation appears reasonable, that we are to understand by the divine name the name which had prevailed as the earlier of the two, not necessarily in the most remote, but yet in pre-Achaian times.

Homer applies carefully his own rule in the only case where, from frequency of mention, we can trace his employment of the name. 'Scamander' supplies an epithet for the Plain (ii. 465-7) and the meadow, for the son of Hector (vi. 402), for a hunter (v. 49), and for the River in the speech of heroes (vii. 329). In the only case where he is addressed as a person, Achilles calls him *Scamandre diotrephes* (xxi. 223). On the other hand, the Poet does not preclude himself from using the name Xanthos when he himself is speaking of the stream (vi. 4; viii. 560). But whenever it is spoken of with and among deities, or they themselves refer to him, it is always Xanthos of or to whom they speak. He is Xanthos in the muster for the Theomachy (xx. 40), and Xanthos in the speech where Herê invokes the aid of Hephaistos to put him down (xxi. 331-7), as well as in the closing

passage (383) when Heré, having relented, releases him after his defeat from further pressure by the conflagration.

We have arrived, then, upon probable evidence, at this canon, that where there is a marked distinction of names for a divine personage, and the use of one name is followed in Olympian, and of another in human, that is, Achaian, discourse, we may properly understand that the human name points especially to Achaian, and the divine name to an older and, in the Greek peninsula especially, to a pre-Achaian usage.

Now this is the actual state of the facts as to the names of Apollon and Phoibos. The god is never Apollon in the Achaian heaven, but only on that single occasion when the gods assemble for a legend evidently foreign. They meet, not, so far as appears, on Olympos, without Zeus, and under the presidency of Poseidon. The Hephaistos of the Achaians and the *Iliad* has no special relation to Aphrodité. The scene, too, is laid within the Outer Zone. In such a legend we cannot expect Achaian indications to prevail. For Olympian purposes proper the name Apollo is never used; but predominantly the name *Phoibos*, and always either *Phoibos* or some other solar title. It is well worthy of note that, with Xanthos twice over for the River in the divine array, so on both occasions we have the name Phoibos, joined it is true with Apollo on one of them, but standing alone in the other passage (xx. 38-40 and 67-74). Surely we have now brought Apollo and *Phoibos* manifestly under the law which governs the use of Scamander and of Xanthos.

If so, we seem to be led by the evidence to the following conclusions. That there had been within the cognisance of Homer, on Achaian ground, a cult of the Sun-god. That he was worshipped as a Nature-power under the ruling name of Phoibos, though possibly with an undefined share of attributes or titles drawn from other sources. That under Achaian usage, and under the manipulating hand of the Poet, this Sun-god grows into and forms what may be called the material and popular basis for the Homeric Apollo. That, thus made conformable to the theanthropic law, and with the titles of a material colour uplifted into brilliant and imposing metaphors, he takes his place in Olympos, and becomes one of its most splendid figures. Of the transcendental elements of that figure I will not now speak, for I have not yet adduced more than a fragmentary part of the evidence which sustains his title.

I have here set out from the safe assumption that, if a Nature-Power and an Olympian personage, appearing on the same ground, are related to one another, we are safe in taking the Nature-power to be senior, and the Olympian junior.

Without dwelling further on the likelihood that the Sun-god of the *Iliad*, worshipped in Troas, was of an identic personality with Apollo, I look now to the Apollo of the *Odyssey*, and make bold to

state the conclusion at which I have arrived, that Ithaca and the dominion round it may with high probability be cited as at least an example of a region where Apollo was worshipped, but was decked in the traditions of the Sun-god. If so, it enables us practically to enjoy a spectacle of rare interest; to follow, in the act of passing through its stages, under the veil with which the Poet had to disguise in order to unify them, the wonderful process by which the raw and rude materials, supplied from various sources, were transfigured by the combined influence of local usage, of shifting tribal mixture, and of superlative genius, into the brilliant and imposing kaleidoscopes of Olympus.

There are various differences, in the first place, to be observed between the Odysseist, so to call him, and the Poet of the *Iliad*, in their treatment of the points related to the present inquiry. Not only the absolute but the relative use of the name Phoibos is in the *Odyssey* much more restricted, and appears nowhere after Book IX. Again, except in purely incidental recitals, the solar epithets and titles of Apollo may be said to disappear,⁷ while in the *Iliad* all along they are freely and thickly strewed. The personality, again, of the Sun, which in the *Iliad* was kept apart from that of Apollo by being entirely torpid, and excluded from Olympus, has in the *Odyssey* his place among the immortals, and his access to Zeus (xii. 374-88); together with a decided personal activity, but an activity only in a foreign land, the region of Eôs and the far East (xii. 3, 4). He is never named in Ithaca. With these diverse methods of treatment, which the Poet's ingenuity probably suggested to him as the best expedients for evading the difficulties of his amalgamating and eclectic work, we find united strict adherence to the one unbending rule that in neither poem are the two deities, under their respective names, ever placed visibly in contact, or upon the scene together. We may here be reminded of the *Comedy of Errors*. Two Antipholi, and two Dromios, however apparently alike, may be presented to the world, until they are seen together, when it must be determined whether they are two or one; or, to take a meaner and converse example, the real Simon Pure and the sham Simon Pure must not be on the stage at once. In the *Iliad* particularly, Apollo is in contact successively with almost every other important god. Their careful separation is in close accordance with the belief that somewhere outside the Achaian sphere they still had but one personality between them; in other words, that the Helios of Troas, of Trinacrië, of the Kirkë-land, and we may further say of Ithaca, had been shaped by the Poet into the great Apollo of the Olympian system; or into

⁷ The reader disposed to examine the details will find them as follows: Argurotoxos, thrice (*Od.* viii. 64; xv. 409; xvii. 251); Klutotoxos (viii. 323, 339; xviii. 494; xxi. 267); Hecatebolos (*Od.* viii. 339; xx. 278); nine cases in all. In the *Iliad*, if I reckon right, fifty-three.

a framework within which higher prerogatives, other and nobler traditions, might be lodged.

In the *Iliad*, where Helios is little more than a zoophyte, the Poet can safely decorate Apollo with epithets and titles more directly belonging to a displaced proprietor who could not be a rival. In the Outer Zone of the *Odyssey*, wide separation of sphere and the absence of Apollo from direct share in the action, suffice to obviate competition or confusion. But in the Ithacan and closing portion the case is different, and the Poet's expedient for meeting it is a large use of reserve. The Providential action, apart from the personal and esoteric relation of Athenê to Odysseus, is evidently in the hands of a deity who must be either Apollo or the Sun, or both in one; yet Apollo is very rarely named, and the Sun never. Homer could not, according to my hypothesis, employ the word *Phoibos*, because it was the old local solar name; and he has only incidentally used the word *Apollon*, because it was not yet familiarly indicative to the Ithacan people of the same personality as Phoibos. He attained his poetical result: there remains the mythological riddle, with such materials as he has allowed us for its solution. Let us now go to the particulars of the text.

Twelve books of the *Odyssey* wholly, and the greater part of three more, have their scene laid in Ithaca. The name of Apollo, used twenty-nine times in the *Odyssey*, appears but eleven times in the large Ithacan portion of the Poem. Of the eleven passages two only have reference to acts of religion in Ithaca, although the great crisis of the Poem was connected with the day of a great religious festival (*heortê*), the only religious festival mentioned in Homer. It was a very great festival, for it is called holy (xxi. 259), and on it apparently no work could be done; for, says one Suitor to another, 'how could you expect to bend the bow on such a day as this' (259)? It was to be observed by all the people (xx. 156; xxi. 258); and, says Eurukleia, the head of the household, the Suitors, to-day, are certain to assemble very early (*ibid.*).

Now it appears to be placed by particular circumstances beyond all doubt, that this festival was a festival of the Sun. For the Poet tells us, first (xiv. 162), on the prediction of the Return among the Suitors delivered to Eumaios, that it shall take place on the day when one month ends and the next begins. Secondly, on the repetition of the prediction, he repeats the promise, accompanied with a solemn oath to Penelope (xix. 207). It is to be a month in the solar year then current: τοῦδ' αὐτοῦ λυκάβαντος, this same sun-passage. The word *lukabantos* is found nowhere else in the Poems. They use the word *heniautos* for the circling year; and, with its derivatives, it occurs no less than twenty-nine times. The introduction on this occasion only of a solar name appears to point clearly to the Sun as associated with the festival.

•We have in this passage several links with the historic time. The year in Greece was solar, and was not uniform in the different states. But it was subdivided by lunar months, with expedients for supplying a remedy to inequalities. It always commenced with one of the months; and the terms *phthiñón* and *histamenos* were applied in Athens to the first and third decades. Moreover, as the monthly course of the moon did not correspond with the earth's diurnal motion, there was a broken day termed the *hené kai nea*, which exactly corresponds with the declaration here that fixes the event on a day made up from one month passing out and another coming in; at the end of one month and the beginning of the next. The calendars of history continued still to be marked at their intervals by sacrificial observances.⁸

It will presently be made plain that this festival was also the festival of Apollo. Yet the Poet, twice mentioning the *heorté*, neither time calls it the *heorté* either of the Sun or of Apollo. He adopts a method of reticence singular with him. The day is (xxi. 258) simply *ἑορτὴ τοῦ θεοῦ*, 'the festival of that god,' or 'the god.' We cannot have a clearer proof of the reserve maintained by the Poet in using the name of Apollo in connection with the Ithacan religion.

And yet it is quite plain that this is not because he had little to do with that religion. On the contrary, he appears more nearly to have had everything to do with it. I do not dwell on the references in xxi. 267, 338, 364, and xxii. 7, because they are related to Apollo's office as lord of the bow, which is general, beyond saying that the frequency of repetition may deserve some notice. But the action of the Poem is placed in undeniable and close relation with him (1) by the otherwise unexplained intervention of Theoclymenus the augur (xv. 223, 256), and the exercise of his office in interpretation and prediction (xxv. 525; xx. 360, 376-80). (2) By the choice of the Bow as the operative cause of the catastrophe; for be it remembered that Odysseus had not been in war a bowman, and that the use of the bow is appropriated only to secondary heroes, Teucros of the Achæians, Paris and Pandaros on the Trojan side. (3) To Apollo is assigned a function appertaining to the Providence or ordinary divine government of Ithaca: it is by his will that Telemachos is now of an age to control misconduct (xix. 86). But (4) it is in connection with this festival that we have the most conclusive evidence. In *Od.* xx. 277, the heralds solemnly bring in, for the celebration of the feast, what is called the sacred hecatomb of the gods; and the people were gathered to meet them 'in the thick grove of Apollo.' The 'hecatomb of the gods' was therefore a sacrifice to him. This appears to give him the place of chief god in Ithaca. It is just as

⁸ See Smith's *Diet.*, 'Calendar;' and more largely Sir George Lewis on *The Astronomy of the Ancients*, p. 22. *seqq.*

Zeus in *Il.* i. 423 went to his banquet among the Aithiopes, and the other gods attended him:

θεοὶ δ' ἅμα πάντες ἔσονται.

There was a common interest for all, and a special honour to the head.

What between artful expression and artful silence, the text, then, at certain points betrays indications of the Sun-god as supreme in Ithaca, and at certain other points the same inference has to be drawn for Apollo. The probable mode of reconciliation is that a modifying and uplifting process was going on; the Sun-idea was dying; the Olympian idea, far loftier yet claiming kindred with it, took the inheritance by a change without shock or danger. The Sun-god, in some of the Outer theologies associated with the Phœnician name and intercourse, was undoubtedly the head of more or fewer systems of local worship. As elsewhere of a Zeus-Poseidon, so here we seem to have indications of a Zeus-Apollo; and we may rationally propose an hypothesis to the effect that Sun-worship for some special reason had ruled in Ithaca; that Ithaca had become subject, like the rest of the Achaian lands, to the action of that theanthropic idea, which took up the old materials lying ready to hand, and accommodated them according to the laws and needs of its own composite and eclectic system; that the whole offices and, so to speak, estate, of the Sun-god became part of the equipment of the grand Homeric Apollo; that time had to be allowed for the reduction of the old elements to a secondary position; that it was not well to force into too prominent a place the name which we have found to be so closely annexed to the new and enlarged conception. And if all this be so, we see at once how well it suits and promotes the general purpose of the Poet to call the festival, in the speeches which he puts into the mouths of his Ithacan personages, not the festival of Apollo, but the festival 'of that god' or of the god; the god *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, who under that general name would be perfectly recognised at the time, and in the place.

To complete this view, I must subjoin that the important lines giving us the grove of far-darting Apollo as the place where the hecatombs of the gods were to fall by the sacrificial knife, is not in any Ithacan speech, but in the narrative text of the Poem, meant of course for recitation throughout Greece.

In this investigation I have not yet referred to the passage (*xii.* 343) where Eurulochos, advising his shipmates to consume the best among the sacred kine of the Sun, proposes that by way of compensation they shall build a temple for him in Ithaca, and supply it liberally with ornament (*agal mata*, ver. 347) and endowment. I have not dwelt upon this passage, because it seems to me to be capable, if it stood alone, of being applied either way. It might

mean that he was already well known, or that his worship was absolutely unknown in Ithaca, and that they would introduce it; or that his personality, once familiar, had been absorbed and forgotten, and that they would revive it. But the emphasis seems to be placed on the ornamentation and endowment; and the duplication of temples was common; whereas it might seem strange for private persons to promise so glibly the introduction of a new cult into the island. The hypothesis I have suggested is quite independent of this passage; but may on the whole derive a degree of confirmation from it.

The phenomenon of a worship in Ithaca distinct from that of the Achaian land generally stands at the point to which this paper carries it, as an isolated phenomenon. But I hope to supply it with support, and support on a wide basis. I propose elsewhere to set forth fully a number of indications, which go to prove a marked connection between Ithaca, with its lord, and the important element which, for want of a better name, I call exotéric or Phœnician, and which very deeply colours the Homeric Poems and the Achaian age.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

SCIENCE FALSELY SO CALLED.

A REPLY.

MY sincere respect for Professor Huxley forbids me from following him into the field of personal polemics, even if this Review were a fitting place for such exertations. There are, however, some points of general interest in his last article on which I wish to say a few words.

The first of these concerns the use which Professor Huxley makes of the word 'science.' In common parlance this word is now very much confined to the physical sciences, some of which may be called specially experimental sciences, such as chemistry, and others exact sciences, such as astronomy. But Professor Huxley evidently uses it in that wider sense in which it includes metaphysics and philosophy. Under cover of this wide sweep of his net, he assumes to speak with the special authority of a scientific expert upon questions respecting which no such authority exists either in him or in anyone else. It seems to be on the strength of this assumption that he designates as pseudo-science any opinion, or teaching, or belief, different from his own.

I will illustrate what I mean by an example. One of the most elaborate of Professor Huxley's own works is his volume on *The Elements of Comparative Anatomy*, published some twenty-three years ago. Comparative anatomy is one of the branches of the larger science of Biology in which Professor Huxley is an expert; and, like all the other branches which grow out of the one great stem of 'Life,' as a subject of physical investigation, it runs up into ideas and conceptions which belong to, or border on, the region of metaphysics. In that volume Professor Huxley deals with the well-known question of comparative anatomy whether the vertebrate skull can, or cannot, be 'interpreted' as a developed vertebra. Through an elaborate argument, strictly conducted on the observation and analysis of physical facts, Professor Huxley comes to the conclusion that this 'interpretation' breaks down. 'The vertebral hypothesis of the skull,' he says, 'seems to me to be altogether abolished.' Yet, whilst rejecting this particular 'interpretation,' he accepts and enforces the general conception that there is a complete 'unity of organisation'

between all vertebrate skulls, from the skull of a man down to the skull of a pike. Furthermore, Professor Huxley explains that by this 'unity of organisation' he means that all vertebrate skulls 'are organised upon a common plan.' Repeating the same idea in another place, he says, 'osseous skulls are constructed upon a uniform plan.'¹

Now, if not absolutely in this conclusion, yet on all the physical facts leading up to it, Professor Huxley is an authority in the strictest sense of the word. He is an original investigator, and if any other man were to contest his facts, or even his interpretation of them, without independent observation, Professor Huxley would be entitled to pronounce his opinions to be 'pseudo-science.'

But Professor Huxley's scientific conclusion may become itself the basis of a farther investigation, and in this farther investigation he may be no authority at all. We are all entitled to ask as a question, not of physical science, but of philosophy, 'What are the conclusions involved in the mental recognition of a "plan" as explaining an observed "unity of organisation" in all vertebrate skulls?'

This is a question—of the very highest interest—in which Professor Huxley as a biologist is not necessarily an expert. That laboratory in which the mind analyses its own operations is a laboratory accessible to us all—in which we can all work, though not with the microscope or the knife. And if in this higher sphere of investigation other men are able to reach conclusions which Professor Huxley disputes, it is at least possible that it is his contention, and not that of his opponent, which best deserves the 'pseudo' prefix. In his article on the Preacher of St. Paul's he ridicules the word 'archetype'² as applied to the community of organisation of the vertebrate skeleton. Yet this term was applied to it by an expert in biological science quite as eminent as himself; and it needs no expert to see that his own word 'plan' as the best word to express the facts, stands exactly on the same level with 'archetype' as what he calls a 'realistic figment.'

I have dwelt upon this point because men are very apt to be intimidated by authorities in 'science,' when in reality no sort of authority exists. Professor Huxley talks about 'intellectual sins' quite in the language and spirit of the Vatican.³ I know a good many scientific men of the very highest standing who totally dissent from Professor Huxley's metaphysics and philosophy; and are by no means inclined to accept his expositions, even of physical science, when those expositions travel beyond the particular branch in which he is an original observer.

For example, Professor Huxley disputes the relation between the three laws of Kepler and the Newtonian law of gravitation, which in one chapter of a book published now some twenty years ago I have represented to exist. As that chapter has stood the test of

¹ P. 290.² P. 204.³ P. 191. †

criticism fairly well on the whole, I was curious to know whether Professor Huxley's attack is founded on distinctions of any value. For this purpose I have applied to two mathematicians of the highest authority, not only in Britain but in the world. One of these says, 'It is certainly true that the three famous laws of Kepler turned out to be the necessary result of the Newtonian law of gravitation.' Another of these authorities says, 'The laws of Kepler tell us *how* a planet moves, but are absolutely silent as to the *why*. To Newton we owe the *why*. But this was a step not only of an infinitely higher order than that of Kepler, it was in a totally different field. The one was descriptive, the other explanatory.' This is exactly the kind of difference which I indicated between the two; and it explains the sense in which one physical law may be said to be higher than another. Fortified by this authority, I feel quite safe in pronouncing Professor Huxley's verbal distinctions upon this point to be worthless. The relation between 'laws' such as those of Kepler and laws such as that of gravitation is a relation substantially such as I have represented it to be.

Professor Huxley propounds some of those old logical difficulties which attach to all our conceptions, and still more to all our language, upon the relations between mind and matter, as if nobody else had ever heard of them, or as if nobody but a comparative anatomist can even handle them. He refers me to Dr. Foster's excellent textbook of physiology—I can assure the Professor that I know it well, and have made some recent use of it—for the purpose of clearing up confusions of thought in which his own philosophy abounds.

In conclusion, let me express a hope that Professor Huxley will yet do an important service to science, by entering in some detail upon a subject to which I have only alluded in passing, but in terms which have excited his astonishment. He says, most truly, that 'as is the case with all new doctrines, so with evolution, the enthusiasm of advocates has sometimes tended to degenerate into fanaticism, and mere speculation has, at times, threatened to shoot beyond its legitimate bounds.' These words indicate vaguely and tenderly, but significantly, a fact which I stated, and will again state with emphasis. There has been not merely a tendency to degeneration into fanaticism, but a pronounced development of it, and a widespread infection from it in the language of science. But it will be enough if Professor Huxley will explain fully what he means by this 'tendency,' and if he will specify wherein it has been shown. This is a work which has yet to be done. The knowledge of a great expert would help Professor Huxley to do it sooner than it could be done by others. They can only work with the materials which are supplied by such as he. It is a work which has begun, and which his own warnings have encouraged. Since he has authority

to deal with 'intellectual sins,' let him convict, and lay bare, and anathematise this one which he treats so gently. The tendency of new doctrines to degenerate into fanaticism is one of the 'laws' to be traced in the long history of human follies, and all those who help to resist it are among the benefactors of their kind. I trust Professor Huxley may yet be with us for many years to come, and that he may expand and emphasise the hints and warnings he has given. '

ARGYLL.

A NEW TITLE FOR THE CROWN.

THE crowning event of the Jubilee year of Her Majesty's auspicious reign is the first Conference of Representatives of the Colonies: the crowning memorial of the year is 'the Imperial Institute of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and India;' the crowning fact of the past fifty years is the national expansion, which has added a great and growing colonial empire to these circumscribed mother islands.

In 1876 it was found necessary to mark the position of India in the Empire by amending the title of the Sovereign. What I would propose as the crowning Act of the Jubilee year is the completion of this amendment of the Sovereign's title by the addition of words acknowledging that the great Colonies are now, together with the United Kingdom, part and parcel of the nation's heritage and the nation's hopes; and that it is necessary there be an expansion of the royal title to meet and cover the expansion of the nation.

I. NEED FOR SUCH AMENDMENT.

In an address before the Royal Colonial Institute, in December 1884, I proposed, as a practical and necessary step, especially in view of our relations with foreign Powers, that the royal style and titles might be amended so as to make it perfectly clear that our Colonies and dependencies were integral parts of the British Empire.

On many occasions in various Colonies, and also in discussion with the leading colonists who visited London in 1886, I have found a general consensus of colonial opinion in favour of such amendment; and the proposal is now being privately placed before the representatives of the Colonies who are attending the Colonial Conference.

The title of the Sovereign, for legal reasons, should be co-extensive with the limits of the territories over which the sovereignty extends. The expansion of the British rule outside the limits of the United Kingdom requires a corresponding expansion of the title of the Sovereign.

* Of the fact of this expansion of the nation the following figures are eloquent proof:

Fifty Years' Growth of India and the Colonies.

	1835		1885	
	India	Colonies and Dependencies	India	Colonies and Dependencies
Area governed, in sq. miles	600,000	520,000	1,380,000	7,000,000
Population, of European stock	300,000	1,800,000	500,000	2,500,000
Population, coloured	96,000,000	2,100,000	254,000,000	8,000,000
State Revenues . . £	19,000,000	5,000,000	71,000,000	51,000,000
External Trade . . £	12,000,000	90,000,000	130,000,000	600,000,000
Shipping . . . tons	1,200,000	7,500,000	7,300,000	55,000,000
Index numbers .	128.	107.	464.	730.

From these recorded results it will be seen that during the past fifty years the nation has created for itself provinces outside the mother islands which in regard to commercial and industrial—and in that degree to political—importance are a distinctly new feature in the national existence. But while the growth in India has been hardly fourfold, the growth in the Colonies has been nearly sevenfold. If in 1876 there was reason to define that the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland was also Empress of India, still more is it desirable now to mark that our great and growing Colonies are part and parcel of that united Empire of which the Queen is the constitutional head.

II. ARGUMENTS.

On turning to the Parliamentary discussions on the grant of the title of Empress of India in 1876 it will be noticed that the chief objection raised was that the Colonies were not at the same time dealt with. Mr. W. E. Forster, in the House of Commons, said that he

regretted exceedingly, when the important step was taken of proposing an addition which was tantamount to a change in the titles of our Sovereign—no change having been made since the beginning of the present century, and only two or three changes in the whole course of the existence of our monarchy—the question of including our great Colonies had not been more thoroughly considered.

Lord Sherbrooke, then Mr. Lowe, led the Opposition to the proposed alteration in the debate of the 17th of February, 1876. He concluded his speech in these words:

The ~~last~~ objection I have is much more powerful, and I hope it will receive the serious consideration of Her Majesty's Government. The Queen is Sovereign of other Dominions besides the United Kingdom and India. . . . What do you

think these other great communities will say if they find India selected to be placed above them? . . . The Colonies are no parts of the United Kingdom, nor are they, properly speaking, Dependencies.

On the 9th of March, 1876, Mr. Gladstone criticised the proposal in these words:

It is a subject which requires much consideration whether we can wisely introduce reference to India in the title of Sovereign while we at the same time take no notice of the Colonies. . . . As to the inclusion of the Colonies in the title of the Sovereign, and in the name of the United Kingdom, so far as the title of Sovereign is concerned, I really am not aware of it. I think it a very serious matter indeed if, when we have had no opportunity of consulting the Colonies, we should give Government a discretion to advise the Crown upon the enumeration of countries in the title of the Sovereign. . . . I do not hesitate to say that I, for one, am not prepared to be a party to the exclusion of the Colonies from the scope of this Bill.

On the other hand, those who proposed the addition to the Sovereign's title of 'Empress of India,' did so for reasons precisely similar to those which now exist for a similar extension of the title to include the Colonies. Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. Disraeli, on introducing the Bill, spoke of the ignorance and neglect of Indian affairs that had once prevailed but had by then passed away; of the satisfaction such a step would give to the people of India; and he concluded by saying:

It will be agreeable to the people of the United Kingdom, because they must feel that such a step gives a seal, as it were, to that sentiment which has long existed, and the strength of which has been increased by time, and that it is the unanimous determination of the people of this country to retain our connection with the Indian Empire.

III. PRECEDENTS.

In regard to precedents, when Spenser dedicated his *Faery Queen* to Queen Elizabeth, he gave her the title of 'Empress Queen of England, of Ireland, and of *Virginia*.' Since those days official notice had to be taken of the union of the two Crowns of England and Scotland. Meanwhile the Sovereign of England also claimed to be Sovereign of France. Then followed the Union with Ireland, and in the Act of Union provision is made for the Sovereign to drop the then meaningless title of 'King of France,' and adopt the new title of King 'of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.' Since then, when the proclamation was made of the assumption by the Sovereign of direct rule over India the proclamation was made by the 'Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and the Colonies and Dependencies thereof in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia.'

The following have been the fifteen actual alterations made in the Royal Style and Titles:

N ^o .	YEAR	SOVEREIGN	STYLE
1	1066	William I.	Rex Anglorum.
2	1100	William II.	Anglelandes King.
3	1135	Stephen	Rex Anglorum Dux Normannorum.
4	1154	Henry II.	Rex Angliæ Dux Normanniæ et Aquitanie.
5	1199	John	Rex Angliæ, Dominus Hiberniæ, Dux Normanniæ et Aquitanie.
6	1265	Henry III.	Rex Angliæ, Dominus Hiberniæ, Dux Aquitanie.
7	1341	" "	Rex Angliæ et Franciæ, et Dominus Hiberniæ.
8	1421	Henry V.	Rex Angliæ, Hæres et Regens Franciæ, et Dominus Hiberniæ.
9	1429	Henry VI.	Rex Angliæ et Franciæ, et Dominus Hiberniæ.
10	1544	Henry VIII.	Angliæ Franciæ et Hiberniæ Rex Fidei Defensor et in terrâ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ et Hiberniæ supremum caput.
11	1559	Elizabeth	Queen of England, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith.
12	1603	James I.	King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith.
13	1702	Anne	Queen of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith.
14	1801	George III.	Britanniarum Rex, Fidei Defensor and of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith.
15	1877	Victoria.	Of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, Empress of India.

IV. USE OF AMENDING.

The late Lord Iddesleigh, when, as Sir Stafford Northcote, he supported the 'Empress of India' Bill, pointed out that the Government was merely following 'precedents set in former cases when there have been changes in the constitution and limits of the Empire.' Changes in style and titles of the Sovereign, as was then pointed out, do not alter the powers of the Sovereign, but merely describe the area over which those powers hold good. Lord Beaconsfield said, in 1876, 'The amplification of the titles of the Sovereign is no new idea . . . it is founded upon a great respect for local influences, for the memories of distinguished deeds, and passages of interest in the history of countries. It is often only by the amplification of titles that you can touch and satisfy the sentiment of nations.' Proof of this has been afforded by the fact that the title 'Empress of India' has never interfered in the smallest degree with the Queen's constitutional or popular position in these islands or the Colonies, whereas it has placed the seal of recognised authority on all acts of sovereignty in the Indian Empire.

The practical desirability of such an alteration I pointed out by one example in my address before the Royal Colonial Institute in December 1884. I then said, in reference to Imperial commercial relations, 'The first step is to secure for all British exports "most favoured nation" treatment in as many markets as possible. It is a step which is not only immediately practicable, but of the highest importance. The spread of this principle is a new bond of inter-

national friendship, to which we may confidently look to break down many of the hitherto existing barriers to free intercourse. Twenty years ago England enjoyed this advantage with only seven of sixteen European States. Now she enjoys it with fourteen, as well as with most of the other large States of the world. And we can trace in the wording of the treaties securing this advantage a gradual acknowledgment of the necessity of including therein our Colonies. In such early treaties as that made with the United States in the year 1815, the advantage is obtained for "the Territories of his Britannic Majesty in Europe." Afterwards a more general term comes into use conferring the benefit on "goods, the produce of the two High Contracting Parties;" a third phrase has since been adopted, viz. "the dominions and provinces of Her Britannic Majesty;" and in the Austrian Treaty, made in the year 1868, the words used are "territories and possessions, including the Colonies and Foreign Possessions." To this right standard all other treaties should be raised; and I mention all this in detail because it is a fair sample of something which might be set about, as I say, to-morrow, and which is necessary in the interests of the Empire. These treaties are made in the name of Her Majesty, and that is why it seems so important to make the royal title specifically to include all the provinces of the nation.' Thus in making treaties and generally in dealing with foreign Powers it is indispensable that the Sovereign Power of the nation be completely defined.

V. WORDING OF THE AMENDMENT.

The practical alteration required in the Royal Style should (i.) define with sufficient fullness and accuracy the present area over which the national sovereignty extends: (ii.) be sufficiently elastic to cover any fresh growths of the Colonial Empire, so as to avoid the necessity for further alteration; (iii.) be short and concise for practical use.

The actual wording of the addition is an important detail. In the 'Empress of India' debate in the House of Commons in 1876, Mr. Anderson suggested that the Royal Title should run: 'Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Canada, Australia, India, and South Africa.' Others have made similar suggestions. But if one colony or dependency is mentioned, all must be; and even if continents or quarters of the world were proposed, as in the Indian Proclamation, still there would be colonies and dependencies on distant islands not included. Moreover, the names must appear in some order, and that raises the vexed question of precedence; and above all the enumeration would be lengthy and cannot be concise.

The title I would suggest to meet the three conditions, given above, would be: 'Of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and

Ireland and of all the Dominions and Territories of the British Nation, Queen, Defender of the Faith, Empress of India.' Such a title includes, without naming, all the colonies and the dependencies as well, and leaves the royal signature—'Victoria Regina Imperatrix'—supreme as of old, but more significant because indicating the fixed unity and unanimity of the whole British Empire.

VI. IN CONCLUSION.

The method of procedure would, of course, be the introduction by the Government of a Bill 'to enable Her Majesty to make an addition to the Royal Style and Titles appertaining to the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom and its Colonies and Dependencies.'

It is earnestly to be hoped that it will be the pleasure of Her Majesty to accept such a trust, and by this means indelibly to stamp on the history of the nation the greatest of the incidents of that history, viz. the growth of the Colonial Empire in the Victorian age.

GEORGE BADEN-POWELL.

THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY

No. CXXIV.—JUNE 1887.

THE JUBILEE.

1887.

I.

EIGHT hundred years and twenty-one
Have shone and sunken since the land
Whose name is freedom bore such brand
As marks a captive, and the sun
Beheld her fettered hand.

II.

But ere dark time had shed as rain
Or sown on sterile earth as seed
That bears no fruit save tare and weed
An age and half an age again,
She rose on Runnymede.

III.

Out of the shadow, starlike still,
She rose up radiant in her right,
And spake, and put to fear and flight
The lawless rule of awless will
That pleads no right save might.

V.

Nor since hath England ever borne
The burden laid on subject lands,
The rule that curbs and binds all hands
Save one, and marks for servile scorn
The heads it bows and brands.

V.

A commonweal arrayed and crowned
With gold and purple, girt with steel
At need, that foes must fear or feel,
We find her, as our fathers found,
Earth's lordliest commonweal.

VI.

And now that fifty years are flown
Since in a maiden's hand the sign
Of empire that no seas confine
First as a star to seaward shone,
We see their record shine.

VII.

A troubled record, foul and fair,
A simple record and serene,
Inscribes for praise a blameless queen,
For praise and blame an age of care
And change and ends unseen.

VIII.

Hope, wide of eye and wild of wing,
Rose with the sundawn of a reign
Whose grace should make the rough ways plain,
And fill the worn old world with spring,
And heal its heart of pain.

IX.

Peace was to be on earth ; men's hope
Was holier than their fathers had,
Their wisdom not more wise than glad :
They saw the gates of promise ope,
And heard what love's lips bade.

X.

Love armed with knowledge, winged and wise,
Should hush the wind of war, and sec,
They said, the sun of days to be
Bring round beneath serener skies
A stormless jubilee.

XI.

Time, in the darkness un beholden
That hides him from the sight of fear
And lets but dreaming hope draw near,
Smiled and was sad to hear such golden
Strains hail the all-golden year.

XII. •

Strange clouds have risen between, and wild
Red stars of storm that lit the abyss
Wherein fierce fraud and violence kiss
And mock such promise as beguiled
The fiftieth year from this.

XIII.

War upon war, change after change,
Hath shaken thrones and towers to dust,
And hopes austere and faiths august
Have watched in patience stern and strange
Men's works unjust and just.

iv.

As from some Alpine watch-tower's portal
Night, living yet, looks forth for dawn,
So from Time's mistier mountain lawn
The spirit of man, in trust immortal,
Yearns toward a hope withdrawn.

xv.

The morning comes not, yet the night
Wanes, and men's eyes win strength to see
Where twilight is, where light shall be
When conquered wrong and conquering right
Acclaim a world set free.

xvi.

Calm as our mother-land, the mother
Of faith and freedom, pure and wise,
Keeps watch beneath unchangeful skies,
When hath she watched the woes of other
Strange lands with alien eyes?

xvii.

Calm as she stands alone, what nation
Hath lacked an alms from English hands?
What exiles from what stricken lands
Have lacked the shelter of the station
Where higher than all she stands?

xviii.

Though time discrown and change dismantle
The pride of thrones and towers that frown,
How should they bring her glories down—
The sea cast round her like a mantle,
The sea-cloud like a crown?

XIX.

The sea, divine as heaven and deathless,
 Is hers, and none but only she
 Hath learnt the sea's word, none but we
 Her children hear in heart the breathless
 Bright watchword of the sea.

XX.

Heard not of others, or misheard
 Of many a land for many a year,
 The watchword Freedom fails not here
 Of hearts that witness if the word
 Find faith in England's ear.

XXI.

She, first to love the light, and daughter
 Incarnate of the northern dawn,
 She, round whose feet the wild waves fawn
 When all their wrath of warring water
 Sounds like a babe's breath drawn,

XXII.

How should not she best know, love best,
 And best of all souls understand
 The very soul of freedom, scanned
 Far off, sought out in darkling quest
 By men at heart unmanned?

XXIII.

They climb and fall, ensnared, enshrouded,
 By mists of words and toils they set
 To take themselves, till fierce regret
 Grows mad with shame, and all their clouded
 Red skies hang sunless yet.

XIV.

But us the sun, not wholly risen
Nor equal now for all, illumines
With more of light than cloud that looms ;
Of light that leads forth souls from prison
And breaks the seals of tombs.

XXV.

Did not her breasts who reared us rear
Him who took heaven in hand, and weighed
Bright world with world in balance laid ?
What Newton's might could make not clear
Hath Darwin's might not made ?

XXVI.

The forces of the dark dissolve,
The doorways of the dark are broken :
The word that casts out night is spoken,
And whence the springs of things evolve
Light born of night bears token.

XXVII.

She, loving light for light's sake only,
And truth for only truth's, and song
For song's sake and the sea's, how long
Hath she not borne the world her lonely
Witness of right and wrong ?

XXVIII.

From light to light her eyes imperial
Turn, and require the further light,
More perfect than the sun's in sight,
Till star and sun seem all funereal
Lamps of the vaulted night.

XXIX.

She gazes till the strenuous soul
 Within the rapture of her eyes
 Creates or bids awake, arise,
 The light she looks for, pure and whole
 And worshipped of the wise.

XXX.

Such sons are hers, such radiant hands
 Have borne abroad her lamp of old,
 Such mouths of honey-dropping gold
 Have sent across all seas and lands
 Her fame as music rolled.

XXXI.

As music made of rolling thunder
 That hurls through heaven its heart sublime,
 Its heart of joy, in charging chime,
 So ring the songs that round and under
 Her temple surge and climb.

XXXII.

A temple not by men's hands builded,
 But moulded of the spirit, and wrought
 Of passion and imperious thought ;
 With light beyond all sunlight gilded,
 Whereby the sun seems nought.

XXXIII.

Thy shrine, our mother, seen for fairer
 Than even thy natural face, made fair
 With kisses of thine April air
 Even now, when spring thy banner-bearer
 Took up thy sign to bear.

XXXIV.

Thine annual sign from heaven's own arch
Given of the sun's hand into thine,
To rear and cheer each wildwood shrine
But now laid waste by wild-winged March,
March, mad with wind like wine.

XXXV.

From all thy brightening downs whereon
The windy seaward whinflower shows
Blossom whose pride strikes pale the rose
Forth is the golden watchword gone
Whereat the world's face glows.

XXXVI.

Thy quickening woods rejoice and ring
Till earth seems glorious as the sea :
With yearning love too glad for glee
The world's heart quivers toward the spring
As all our hearts toward thee.

XXXVII.

Thee, mother, thee, our queen, who givest
Assurance to the heavens most high
And earth whereon her bondsmen sigh
That by the sea's grace while thou livest
Hope shall not wholly die.

XXXVIII.

That while thy free folk hold the van
Of all men, and the sea-spray shed
As dew more heavenly on thy head
Keeps bright thy face in sight of man,
Man's pride shall drop not dead.

XXXIX.

A pride more pure than humblest prayer,
More wise than wisdom born of doubt,
Girds for thy sake men's hearts about
With trust and triumph that despair
And fear may cast not out.

XL.

Despair may wring men's hearts, and fear
Bow down their heads to kiss the dust,
Where patriot memories rot and rust,
And change makes faint a nation's cheer,
And faith yields up her trust.

XLI.

Not here this year have true men known,
Not here this year may true men know,
That brand of shame-compelling woe
Which bids but brave men shrink or groan
And lays but honour low.

XLII.

The strong spring wind blows notes of praise
And hallowing pride of heart, and cheer
Unchanging, toward all true men here
Who hold the trust of ancient days
High as of old this year.

XLIII.

The days that made thee great are dead ;
The days that now must keep thee great
Lie not in keeping of thy fate ;
In thine they lie, whose heart and head
Sustain thy charge of state.

XLIV.

No state so proud, no pride so just,
The sun, through clouds at sunrise curled
Or clouds across the sunset whirled,
Hath sight of, nor has man such trust
As thine in all the world.

XLV.

Each hour that sees the sunset's crest
Make bright thy shores ere day decline
Sees dawn the sun on shores of thine,
Sees west as east and east as west
On thee their sovereign shine.

XLVI.

The sea's own heart must needs wax proud
To have borne the world a child like thee.
What birth of earth might ever be
Thy sister? Time, a wandering cloud,
Is sunshine on thy sea.

XLVII.

Change mars not her; and thee, our mother,
What change that irks or moves thee mars?
What shock that shakes? what chance that jars?
Time gave thee, as he gave none other,
A station like a star's.

XLVIII.

The storm that shrieks, the wind that wages
War with the wings of hopes that climb
Too high toward heaven in doubt sublime,
Assail not thee, approved of ages
The towering crown of time.

XLIX.

Toward thee this year thy children turning
With souls uplift of changeless cheer
Salute with love that casts out fear,
With hearts for beacons round thee burning,
The token of this year.*

L.

With just and sacred jubilation
Let earth sound answer to the sea
For witness, blown on winds as free,
How England, how her crowning nation,
Acclaims this jubilee.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

OUR GREAT COMPETITOR.

WHEN thoughtful people consider for a moment the great, the enormous disadvantages under which the people of Great Britain have to fight the commercial battle of life with the same English-speaking people in the United States, they will simply marvel at what we in the old country can do under the circumstances.

It is a popular and well-founded belief that the Americans are a very clever and ingenious people; but I hold that the people of Great Britain are equally clever and ingenious, if not indeed much more so, and that we only require to be put on the same footing with them to run even with them still, if not to beat them in the race.

What are the advantages that the Americans have over us in this country? I need only for my present purpose name a few.

Invention, which is the life and soul of progress to any nation, is welcomed and encouraged by the Government as well as by the people of America: the Government makes it easy for inventors to patent and protect their inventions, the fees for any single patent only amounting to the sum of 7*l.* for a period of seventeen years, and a body of experts being provided to see that every invention is novel before a patent be granted, thus insuring its value and giving it the best possible protection if the patent comes afterwards to be disputed.

Taxation.—At present the Americans pay no imperial taxation whatever, the whole Government and Civil Service expenditure being paid out of the import duties; there are no church rates in any shape or form, there being no established church (though it is a thoroughly Protestant and Christian country, the people more church-going and the ministers of religion better paid than in this country); the local taxes are much less in proportion than they are in this country, there being nothing like the grinding poverty and misery that we have here.

Education.—Every child is thoroughly educated in America at the expense of the nation, and education is therefore free; it is also compulsory. This insures an educated people at little cost, and tends towards the enlightenment and progress of all classes.

Local Government.—The United States of America comprise thirty-eight separate States, populated in all by sixty millions of

human beings speaking the English language ; every State makes its own laws and governs itself in all local matters, thus insuring good government without legislative arrears in each State, and allowing the 'Imperial Parliament' at Washington ample time to deal with purely imperial affairs.

Agriculture.—The farmers in America as a rule pay no rent for the land which they till—they own the land which they occupy and everything on it ; while, owing to climatic and other conditions, splendid crops are the rule, and not the exception as with us in this country. Farming in America is therefore a profitable business at which farmers make money, and they can well afford to send us their surplus stuffs at a low price after satisfying the wants of their own country. In a country where farming pays and flourishes abundantly, every other trade and profession flourishes in like proportion, and plenty and contentment reign.

Food.—Provisions of all sorts in America are very cheap, much cheaper than with us in the old country, cheap though we think our food may be, therefore the cost of actual living is very low ; and though clothing, luxuries, labour and attendance are considerably dearer than in this country, still the average American working-man lives 100 per cent. better than the average working-man does in Great Britain, because he has higher wages and cheaper food in greater variety.

Resources.—The natural resources of the United States are enormous ; in wood, coal, minerals and metals of all sorts it is, without doubt, the wealthiest country in the world. The means of transit, by water and by rail, are as perfect and complete as it is possible to imagine, being, in fact, unsurpassed by any series of countries.

Many other advantages might be mentioned, but I have said enough to show that it need not surprise us to find that a country possessing such advantages, and under such conditions, should at the present time be at least twenty years ahead of Great Britain in invention and in commercial and political advancement.

It will, I think, be at once seen where we have to look for our rival, in commerce and in arts and sciences, in the present as well as in the future ; and that, if we can by any possibility keep ahead of or even abreast with the people of the United States, we can quite well afford to ignore all the other older and slower nationalities of the world, and still hold our own in progress and prosperity.

On our present lines, however, it is utterly impossible for us to keep pace with our great competitor, and it behoves our people, and especially our statesmen, to be stirring.

What are the disadvantages under which our people in Great Britain labour ? Our disadvantages are indeed many, and I will name a few of them, in the order in which I have placed the advan-

tages of the American people; that the contrast may be more clearly seen.

Invention.—When I say that, practically, invention is discouraged by the Government in Great Britain, I simply state the naked truth. Until very lately the Government of this country made it as difficult as possible for inventors to patent and protect their inventions. Now, to be sure, it is a very little easier, in the earlier stages, to do so. But this slight concession was only granted after a committee, in England and in Scotland, of inventors and others interested in inventions, had kept the subject alive at their own expense, and had for years dinned their country's grievances in this respect into the ears of unwilling statesmen. To show how trifling was the concession granted, I need only mention the exact state of the case as it at present stands. Instead of paying 7*l.* in total fees for a period of seventeen years, as in America, the poor inventors in this free country of Great Britain have to pay the Government the sum of 154*l.* in Government fees, during a period of fourteen years, for every single invention patented and carried through to completion. That is, the inventors in this country have at the present time to pay twenty-two times as much to the Government, for a shorter period, as the inventors in the United States pay to their Government for a longer period of protection—which, when the difference of time granted for protection is taken into account, gives the ingenious and inventive people of the United States fully twenty-six times the advantage, in every patent, over their brethren in Great Britain. It will be understood, of course, that the costs as I have stated only refer to the fees paid to the respective Governments: there is always to be added the sum payable to the patent agents for preparing the necessary formal and legal documents, and for the preparation of the drawings, &c.; but these additional costs are about the same in both countries.

Unfortunately also in this country, owing to our peculiar laws, it is not possible for an inventor of small means to retain the protection granted to him, and for which he pays so dearly, on any valuable invention, should a great public company choose to appropriate or infringe the said invention, as, though the lower law courts may decide in the inventor's favour every time, he cannot follow the appeals, say, up to the House of Lords, and ultimately he must, in these circumstances, lose his case as well as his invention for want of being able to continue the fight with hard, hard cash.

This is one phase of the law and justice of this country, about which we boast so loudly in our foolish ignorance. To me it seems as if the law in this case was constructed specially for the benefit of the rich and mighty, and as if justice, forsooth, could be bought only by the longest purse.

There is no body of experts provided by the Government to inquire into the novelty of any invention before allowing it to be

patented, and patents are practically granted indiscriminately to all who can afford to pay for them. The consequence of this is that a patent granted in this country gives no warrant that the 'invention' is novel, and it has not the same value as a similar patent granted in the United States. If, again, a patent in this country turns out to be valuable, its novelty has generally to be decided afterwards in the law courts at enormous cost, to the ruin, as a rule, of the patentee, and to the ultimate loss of the country. The United States Government considers that an encouragement of invention benefits the country, and gives a stimulus to the genius and inventive faculties of the people; it very wisely does not attempt to reap a revenue from the brains of its people, but it rather puts a premium on invention—instead of unduly taxing it—by running the patent office department most efficiently, but yet as economically as possible. The British Government, on the other hand, keeps invention at a heavy discount, by taxing it at a rate out of all reason, and by reaping a huge revenue annually from its most talented and progressive countrymen.

Taxation.—While the American people are entirely free from imperial taxation, we, the British people, literally groan under it. Our other taxes also, and our iniquitous mining royalties, &c., are so many, and bear so heavily and so unequally on the trading and working portion of the community, that it is astonishing how the majority of the people can get along honourably and progressively at all. Take the case of London alone. The taxes average from 25 to 30 per cent. on the rental, and the rental is not small, while there is a special tax levied on all coal that comes into London by water, rail, road, or otherwise, to the extent of 13*d.* a ton. True, this special tax on all coal used in London comes to an end in a year or thereabouts, but there are strenuous efforts being made, and the very greatest pressure is being brought to bear on members of Parliament, to get it re-enacted:

The electric light cannot be applied on any large scale owing to the dead weight hung on it; telephony and telegraphy are so taxed that no private individual can afford to apply them in business, unless through companies heavily handicapped by the Government. Practically no telephonic communication can be had in business, from city to city or from town to town—as it can be had in America—because the Government holds the telegraph and main wires, and will neither take up telephony itself, for the use of the public, nor give reasonable facilities for private companies to do so. Need it be wondered at, therefore, that in the application of these scientific appliances we are far behind America, and that trade languishes in this country when it is in full 'boom' on the other side of the Atlantic? It is certainly most extraordinary that in the application of telephony Great Britain should actually be behind a compara-

tively poor country like Sweden—where I found last year the telephone in universal use in Gothenburg, and in Stockholm, and the surrounding small towns, amongst all classes of business men and private citizens.

Education.—It is well known to what an extent the cost of education bears on all classes in this country, and how, in consequence of this, poor people try every expedient to cut short the school term of their children's education. This proceeding cannot of course tend towards enlightening the mass of the people, and until free and compulsory education is adopted in this country, on the lines of the system which has been so long in use in the United States, we cannot attempt to keep pace with, far less to outstrip, the Americans in progress.

Local Government.—We are woefully deficient in local government in this country, all government worthy of the name being centralised in London, to the disadvantage and enormous cost of the nation at large. No alteration of a railway, not even the widening or the deviation of a road or stream in a county in the heart or at the extremity of either England, Scotland, or Ireland, nor any other petty local matter of this nature, can be accomplished without a previous application to Parliament in London for permission to carry out the work. When an application of this sort is opposed, as it generally is, by interested parties, it becomes a question again of money, and very often a cause of great injustice. An illustration of some magnitude may be given in the case of the Manchester Ship Canal Bill, lately brought before Parliament, which Bill was successfully opposed by a great railway company and other capitalists, by sheer and enormous money expenditure, and thus the unanimous desire of the whole people of a district was thwarted and great good deferred—to say nothing of the heavy burdens incurred by the wasteful use of a long purse in the feeing of lawyers, and in creating obstructions. For years progressive legislation has been blocked because of the utter inability of Parliament to overtake the work given it to do, and everything is in arrears. It seems, therefore, to be little short of the height of madness to attempt to continue to govern our mighty empire, in local as well as imperial matters, from London. We must decentralise more—following the successful example shown us by the United States and our own colonies—and establish local Parliaments in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, for the settlement of all matters pertaining to local government in each of these countries; leaving imperial matters to be settled solely by the Parliament in London, if we are to have progressive legislation and to relieve the people of heavy burdens.

Agriculture.—Farming in this country at the present time is not a profitable business, to say the very least, the whole agricultural industry being in a state of utter stagnation. I do not

suppose any man will be found bold enough to say that farmers are now making money—in fact, if the truth were told, we should very likely be informed that any little money which even the richest of our farmers may still possess is rapidly leaving them, and that they are paying their rents as well as the costs of their living out of capital. This is a sad state of matters and it is impossible that it can go on much longer. How is it possible that our farmers can continue to pay heavy rents, in many cases under unjust restrictions, and compete with the American farmers, who, under more favourable climatic conditions, practically sit rent free? Our land laws have much to answer for, and the sooner they are put on a better and more just footing the better. The internal trade of no country can prosper when farming is bad and most of its farmers are in a state bordering on bankruptcy.

Food.—Owing to the blessings of free trade outside, our food supply is plentiful and comparatively cheap, but we have to import the greater part of it. Without cheap food in this country multitudes of our fellow countrymen would die of starvation every year, and without cheap food we could not possibly have cheap labour! while without cheap labour again we could not do an export trade, and without an export trade we should cease to exist as a manufacturing nation.

Our great competitor, the United States, is even now still our best customer, but how long this will continue it is hard to say, seeing she is already supplying our colonies and ourselves with many of our own kind of manufactures. The United States, again, can grow everything in the shape of food which she may ever require within her own borders, and could supply all our wants in that respect besides. The only advantage we have over the United States is, as I have said, that we have cheap labour, and because of our cheap labour, and that only, can we send into her markets raw material and manufactured goods despite her heavy import duties. The import duties of the United States, however, are being gradually but surely lowered, and she is tending towards the adoption of free trade. When the United States adopt free trade, or anything approaching it, the price of labour in America will come down, and the American people will then be able to compete with us in our own country and run us out of the race, unless we, in the interim, develop our resources, stir ourselves up, and show ourselves as progressive and far advanced as she undoubtedly is in the industrial arts and sciences.

Resources.—It should be remembered that our resources in this country—great in our eyes though these may be—are really of little moment when compared with the illimitable resources of the United States. Any one from the old country who has travelled over that vast domain, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the

great northern lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, cannot fail to be impressed by its vastness and the greatness of its natural riches. Everything that man or the hand of man can require is to be found within the borders of the United States, and its people can beshut—as it were—entirely out from the rest of the world, and still live on in plenty and even in superabundance. We, on the other hand, notwithstanding our great mineral resources, owing to the multitude of human beings within so comparatively small an area and to our ungenial climate, could not live even for a day without aid from the rest of the world.

Under the heading of 'Food,' I referred to the fact that we were blessed with free trade outside, meaning of course that, with the exception of certain luxuries not absolutely necessary, the world was allowed to send us in, duty free, all kinds of necessary food, raw material and manufactured articles. I am afraid this is, however, not quite an unmixed blessing, seeing that while the rest of the world can send in their wares to us duty free, we really have not free trade by any means amongst ourselves, inside the borders of the United Kingdom. Foolish as we may think the policy of our great competitor to be, under Protection outside, the Government of the United States is not quite so foolish as to put a load on the internal trade, and on the progress of its people, within its own borders in the manner our Government does.

The cost of transit of goods is very much heavier in Great Britain than it is in America, and our governing powers seem to agree with our great railway companies, that our competitors from the outside ought to have the preference. To give a single case: goods can actually be sent from New York to London, *via* Liverpool or Glasgow, at a less cost for freight and carriage than we, the British people, can send similar goods by the same rail from Liverpool or Glasgow to London, or *vice versa*.

I could go on enumerating many more disadvantages under which we labour in this country, but space forbids. I think sufficient has been said to show the true state of matters, and that a remedy must be found somehow or other, and that speedily, if we are in the future to hold our own against our all-powerful antagonist.

Our great competitor—being the greatest agricultural, manufacturing, and mining nation in the world, with unlimited credit, and being besides 'essentially British,' and having eight thousand daily newspapers—is no unworthy foeman; we must therefore be up and doing while there is yet time to clear the decks of all unnecessary dead-weight.

It may be noted that the Americans are trying to show us in this year of grace what they can produce in invention and manufacturing, by holding an exhibition of purely American mechanism and manufactures in London, which is likely to be the Jubilee exhibition (for London at any rate). It should be known that this

exhibition is neither instituted nor supported by the American Government, but is a purely private though gigantic speculation got up by some of the most eminent men and manufacturers in the United States; and the mere fact that such an exhibition, solely composed of our great competitor's wares, should take place in the capital of the commercial world, and in the heart of our empire, shows the pluck of the Americans and their determination to cut us ultimately out of the running, even in our own country, if they possibly can.

When was ever such an exhibition held, in a foreign country without Government assistance, by any other nation in the whole annals of the world?

Considering the great advance the people of the United Kingdom have made during the past fifty years, in spite of the heavy weights hung on them, by 'use and wont' and all other remnants of feudal traditions, it surely stands to reason that, under more favourable circumstances, the advance will be proportionately greater.

How comes it that the 'essentially British' Americans are so go-ahead and inventive, if not because they are enlightened and progressive—running lightly, as it were, in the race?

Why again are the mass of the people in the old country (of the same race as the Americans) so comparatively slow, and to all appearance so non-inventive—if not because they are unenlightened and lethargic—running heavily laden in the race, looking back to the past rather than forward to the future?

In the language of a high authority, 'the old nations of the earth creep on at a snail's pace, while the American Republic thunders past with the rush of the express.' Why should this be? Who is to blame for the existing state of matters?

In a free, constitutionally governed country like the United Kingdom, is it not time that the mass of the people were waking up, and insisting on their representatives and statesmen reading the signs of the times, and seeing that the disadvantages under which they labour as a nation are removed, and that the whole country is really governed by the people, and for the good of the people, in every sense?

JAMES KEITH.

AN ACTOR'S NOTES.

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No. 4.

M. COQUELIN ON ACTORS AND ACTING.

It is some years since I had the privilege of recording in this Review a few casual observations connected with the Drama. They related chiefly to characters in Shakespeare, and had no personal drift. My renewal of them now is suggested by the article which M. Coquelin has contributed to the May number of *Harper's Magazine*, and by certain personal considerations which are an inevitable result when one player has undertaken to criticise his fellows. As a rule, this kind of review is much to be deprecated, for it is easy to conceive that, if every artist were to rush into print with his opinions of his compeers, there would be a disagreeable rise in the social temperature. Criticism is generally sufficient in the hands of the professors of the art; but when an actor takes up its functions for the enlightenment of other actors, and, with the freedom of M. Coquelin, invites comparisons and suggests parallels, he runs no little risk of a grave misapprehension of his purpose. I take it for granted, however, that in this instance the object of the writer is to lay down certain immutable principles of the actor's art.

I do not propose to follow M. Coquelin through the details of his thesis, which contains a comforting proportion of truisms. Nor is it necessary to devote much space to the initial difficulty—which, by the way, he only discovers at the end of his discourse—namely, the difference between English and French ideas of natural acting. This difference may be considerable enough, but it need not be made greater by hasty generalisation. Even my insular training does not, I hope, disqualify me from an intelligent admiration of M. Coquelin's genuine accomplishments; nor does it, I venture to think, blunt my perception of the misdirected zeal with which he associates the elements necessary to make up the art of what he calls true portraiture. In a word, I believe that he completely misses the vital essence of tragedy, and that his criticism is of the earth earthy.

It is hardly within the scope of this note that I should discuss with M. Coquelin as to how far the resources of a comedian may be suitable for tragic parts. There seems to be a deep-rooted conviction in his mind that the qualities which enable an actor to observe certain

types of character, and to embody their salient features in a consistent whole, will invariably enable him to scale the heights of the poetic drama. But the most odd feature of this assumption is his labour to prove that an actor must give to each character a separate physiological maintenance, so that every fresh impersonation may begin the world with a new voice and a new body. That an artist, with an individuality so marked as M. Coquelin's, should imagine that his identity can be entirely lost seems singular. It must be granted that this art of transformation, even in part, is of great importance in that large range of the drama where M. Coquelin is quite at home, and where the purely mimetic faculty has its chief significance. When, however, we are asked to believe that the representation of a great tragic part depends on the simulation of a physical apparatus which the actor has not previously exhibited, we must seek refuge in a respectful incredulity. It would almost seem as if M. Coquelin, in the midst of his dissertation on the significance of a wrinkle, had lost sight of the fact that in tragedy and the poetic drama it is rather the *soul* of the artist than his form which is moulded by the theme. Edmund Kean sometimes passed from one part to another with little more external variation than was suggested by a corked moustache; but the poetry, the intensity, the fiery passion of the man, made his acting the most real and vivid impersonation that his contemporaries had seen. M. Coquelin perhaps takes it for granted that the actress is exempt from the burden of change—the perpetual metamorphosis—to which he dooms the actor. If there be no such exemption, then the task of the artist who must vary her face and figure for Rosalind, Juliet, and Imogen is likely to become unpopular. What did Rachel owe to any transformation of physique? She, as M. Coquelin must be well aware, was the most trained actress of her time. She knew all that Samson could teach; she spared no elaboration of art; but all this experience and labour would have counted for little without the divine fire which made her so great. This electric quality is the rarest and the highest gift the actor can possess. It is a quality which, in varying degrees, distinguishes those who tread the highest walks in the drama, and which has given fame to-day to Salvini, Barnay, Booth, and Mounet-Sully.

When M. Coquelin maintains that an actor should never exhibit real emotion, he is treading old and disputed ground. It matters little whether the player shed tears or not, so long as he can make his audience shed them; but if tears can be summoned at his will and subject to his control, it is true art to utilise such a power, and happy is the actor whose sensibility has at once so great a delicacy and discipline. In this respect the actor is like the orator. Eloquence is all the more moving when it is animated and directed by a fine and subtle sympathy which affects the speaker though it does not master him. It is futile to deny absolutely to the actor such impulses as touch the heart by the sudden appeal of passion or pathos.

Kean was not a player who left anything to hazard, and yet he had inspired moments, which, perhaps, anyone holding M. Coquelin's views might ascribe to insanity. Diderot and Talma pointed out—and M. Coquelin repeats the lesson—that an actor has a dual consciousness—the inspiring and directing self, and the executive self. Yet, it was also Talma who remarked that an actor will often leave the stage at the end of a scene, trying to remember what he has done, instead of thinking what he has still to do. This, at all events, is idealism in art, and my complaint of M. Coquelin is that he seems to allow to idealism only a very small place in his philosophy. Not the least striking illustration of this defect is his proposition that a hideous soul should have a hideous body, and that Mephistopheles should therefore be represented as an image of deformity. History and fiction alike rebel against such a dictum; for, if this critic be right, then the Borgia, Iago, Macbeth, Tito, Ulric, should embody moral disease in their physical tissue. It is true that Mephistopheles need not be a handsome demon, but why should a hump be a symbol of cynicism? Some of the most exquisite spirits that ever reflected the radiance of divine love upon earth have been shrouded in ugliness! The greatest infamy in Italian history smiles down upon us in old picture galleries from the perfection of manly dignity and the most delicate loveliness of woman. M. Coquelin's conception is as primitive as the orthodoxy which used to insist that the devil wore horns and a tail. The demand that the incarnation of evil shall be pre-eminently distinguished by physical distortion is, to say the least of it, scarcely in harmony with the enlightenment of our age. 'Faust' is a mixture of legend and philosophy—a great human drama, with the intense reality of life overshadowed by the supernatural. Mephistopheles is both man and spirit, and should not the actor suggest to the imagination of the spectators an almost exaggerated idea of the commanding, all-embracing influence of the evil principle, while presenting the personality of the 'squire of high degree'? It is impossible to represent such a creation in any adequate fashion without summoning picturesque aids to heighten the spiritual effect of the play. To what extent the picturesque may be legitimately carried in dramatic art will always be a moot point. 'Picturesque' is a word often used vaguely, but if it mean beauty—the selection of what is pleasing and harmonious in illustration—then by all means let us be picturesque. To discard this element in action, colour, and expression, would surely be a serious error. I fear that if I understand M. Coquelin aright, his philosophy is much more material than would be expected from an actor who tells us that he is nothing if not 'lyrical'.

There is, of course, much in M. Coquelin's article that is true and that is admirably put—notwithstanding that he frequently upsets in one paragraph the proposition of another. Nobody would deny that

the study of character is the foundation of our art, or that the detail which is foreign to a character ought not to be presented for the sake of theatrical effect. But the essay is not a primer for beginners, it is addressed to the writer's colleagues and contemporaries. It deals out praise in this quarter and blame in that, and it has a strong flavour of autobiography. This distinguished comedian scarcely does justice to his intelligence when he forgets that no two actors of any originality will play the same part alike. An actor must either think for himself or imitate someone else. Such imitation produces a reverence for certain stage traditions that is sometimes mischievous, because an actor is tempted to school himself too closely to traditional interpretation, instead of giving fair play to his own insight. Probably it is of our departure from this rule that M. Coquelin is thinking when he sighs over 'the deep-seated love of originality' in the English race. But that originality, after all, is only the very natural assertion of the principle that the representation of character can never be cast in one unchanging mould. The individual force of the actor must find its special channel. Salvini's Othello is a great impersonation, but judging from all we know of Edmund Kean's performance of the Moor, it differed widely from the Italian's. There seem to be no difficult problems in Othello's character, and yet it would be idle to expect a succession of great actors to play the part in precisely the same way. M. Coquelin divides actors into two classes—those who identify themselves with their characters, and those who identify their characters with themselves. Excellent as this definition is, it is somewhat misleading. M. Coquelin tells us that when he played Thouvenin, it was his greatest difficulty to repress his own idiosyncrasies. His study was to efface Coquelin entirely—voice, walk, gesture—and to present only the man he conceived Thouvenin to be. This is very good as far as it goes; but why should Edwin Booth, when he acts the part of Hamlet, try to forget that, physically speaking, he was ever Edwin Booth? His mind is absorbed in the character—he looks and speaks the melancholy, the passion, the poetry, and the satire of this supreme creation; yet is he to be told that, if in some detail of aspect, gesture, or movement, he remind the audience that he still be Edwin Booth, he is making the character a part of himself, instead of losing his own nature for the time in the world of imagination? The actor who portrays with the grandest power the Titanic force and energy of Lear, or the malignity and hypocrisy of Shylock, will be truer to the poet than another who interests us chiefly in the characteristics of age or a type of the Jewish race. M. Coquelin would, I fear, in tragedy teach us to be too prosaic; for however important realistic portraiture may be in the comic drama—and there are noteworthy examples of its success on the English as well as the French stage—in tragedy it has a comparatively minor place.

HENRY IRVING.

ARE ANIMALS MENTALLY HAPPY?¹

II.

It remains to inquire how far the favourable conclusion we have formed from a consideration of the bodily pleasures, the conveniences, of animal life will be modified if we take into account the mental satisfactions and dissatisfactions.

Here again we must necessarily argue from our own feelings to those of the lower intelligences. We must presume a similarity between our own affections and the affections of animals, which similarity will be still closer if we limit our comparison to the affections of childhood, or those of primitive man. If in examining and analysing our own emotions we find we can trace any element common to all our mental pleasures, we are bound to assume the presence of the like element in the mental pleasures of the brute. True, there can be no direct comparison between such a pleasure as we derive from the C minor Symphony of Beethoven, or from the Blenheim Raphael, and any pleasure of which we can suppose the mind of a rabbit to be capable. But we must remember that all our more civilised pleasures are exceedingly complex: they are combinations of a number of separate, simple, pleasurable elements, each of which is quite distinct and unaffected by the presence of the others. Thus in listening to the symphony we have a separate pleasure in the rhythm (a ganglionic pleasure associated with muscular movements), a separate pleasure in the harmonies and melodic phrases (also ganglionic; the latter depending on the former, inasmuch as melody gives no pleasure by itself, but only as it suggests beautiful harmony), a separate pleasure in the contrasts of light and shade, pianos and fortes (likewise ganglionic); and amongst a host of intellectual elements we have a separate pleasure in tracing the development of the theme—a pleasure of the kind called ‘plot interest’; a separate pleasure in the whole work considered as a *human* creation; a separate pleasure in the imitation by the orchestra of human emotional phases, and so forth. Of these and of a dozen other distinct elements is our delight in an art-product builded up, and therefore, though it is quite impossible that any being of more limited capacities should find the slightest enjoyment in such a complex resultant, still, the separate

¹ See the *Nineteenth Century* for August 1886.

elements, or some of them, may be within the grasp of the inferior capacity, and if so, the reason why they give pleasure to man will also be the reason why they give pleasure to the animal. .

Now in the above example, as in almost all our mental pleasures, there are certain of what we have called bodily conveniences mingled with purely mental satisfactions. The fact that these are almost invariably blended in life has to some extent effaced the essential distinction between them, and we are apt to forget that only by way of metaphor can they be brought under one name. Towards the opposite end of the æsthetic scale we do in some measure preserve in our speech a record of the inherent difference between torture of limb and grief of spirit. When we use such a word as torture to symbolise a certain degree of mental distress, we so employ it with a distinct recognition of its symbolical character. No less symbolical, however, is our use of such a word as pleasure to characterise mental elevation. Language has been fixed in ages when as yet mental satisfactions had not arrived at their present importance and complexity; confusion in language has led to confusion in thought, and psychologists have been accustomed to content themselves with considering the case of a sprained muscle or a crushed limb, imagining in so doing they had at the same time furnished a complete explanation of the distress arising from a frustrated desire. It will, however, suffice to fix in our minds the essential difference between the two if we remember that their very physical signs are different. Thus in mental distress the brow is contracted, while in bodily suffering the corners of the mouth are affected; and it is only when bodily sufferings are protracted so as to affect the mind or when they are accompanied by danger causing mental distress that the corrugator muscles begin to make furrows in the brow. If you see in a statue or painting of a human figure the upper part of the face indicating suffering, you instantly conclude the suffering to be mental; if you see the lower part of the face drawn or distorted, you recognise it as the sign of physical pain. That is to say, you recognise the fact that the nervous centres concerned with mental distresses are distinct from those occupied with local or bodily pains.

Now, before we can attempt any estimate of the mental satisfactions of animal life, we must start with some hypothesis as to the nature of that common element which at different moments we express by such words as glad, happy, pleased, joyful, and the like. The theory of Mr. Herbert Spencer which we have accepted as a sufficient explanation of physical pleasure affords no guide whatever for the interpretation of the widely different phenomena of mental satisfaction. No theory of nerve waste and nutrition can be of any use to us in determining what there is in a particular painting and a particular social situation which leads us to characterise our feelings in the presence of both by the same name.

What we want is to discover some common element, the presence of which characterises all our pleasurable emotions, and the intensity of which varies in proportion to their exaltation, while the presence in varying intensity of its exact opposite characterises in like manner and measure all our sadness and distress.

There is a passage of Lucretius in which the poet (to use Lord Bacon's phrase) 'that beautified the sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest' compares two typical mental pleasures; it is delightful, he says, to stand on the sea-shore in a high wind, and to watch the dangers of those who are on the deep;—it is equally pleasant to behold, from an elevated station, a battle raging in the plains below, because it is naturally agreeable to witness those misfortunes from which yourself are free; but far more pleasant still is it to occupy wisdom's heights and from thence to look down upon others groping and wandering in search of the true light.

This passage could not have been written by any modern poet—the veil of sympathy through which we now look on the troubles of another is too sacred to be thus rent in twain. But it is precisely because that sympathy is modern and not primeval that it is necessary to go behind it if we would ascertain the essential characteristic of our pleasures. The passage of Lucretius is valuable for two reasons. In the first place, it tears aside this veil and compels us to trace back our emotions to a more primitive type. Neither of the feelings he mentions should we now describe as pleasurable; they would be so overpowered by altruistic feelings—our sympathy would be so strongly with those who were struggling, that the total resulting consciousness would be a form of distress which we could convert into pleasure only by actively assisting in the rescue of those in danger. Nevertheless, all the time the pleasure in our own superior position, in the discomfiture of another, would be there concealed, it may be, but concealed only, and not destroyed, by the more powerful altruistic feeling of our later civilisation. Secondly, the passage is valuable because it suggests the real explanation of pleasurable emotion. Here are two situations—walking on a shore in safety in the one case, and the consciousness of mental acquisition in the other case; in neither of these is there any pleasurable element necessarily involved; but introduce in each case a foil, the boat's crew labouring in the sea, and the ignorant wandering in mental darkness—the new factor gives us an impression of individual power, of personal elevation, of superiority over another, and the situation becomes at once a pleasant one.

In using the phrase 'consciousness of power' to represent this sense of personal elevation, I think I have chosen the word which best expresses the essential ingredient in our simplest pleasures. It is the emotional accompaniment of the assertion 'I can,' just as the sense of weakness is the emotional accompaniment of the statement,

'I am compelled.' The simplest form of the one is exemplified in the baby's cry when he learns to stand upright, and of the other in the child's helpless sobbing when its nurse by force compels it to go with her against its inclination. Did we desire to represent the highest and lowest notes in the æsthetic scale, the height of human enjoyment, and the depth of human woe, we could not find better types than two which are quite obviously enlargements of the same simple emotions: Buonaparte at Mantua placing on his own head the iron crown of Lombardy with the words, '*Care à qui la touche!*' in the one picture, and, in the other picture, Eugene Aram walking between the two stern-faced men with gyves upon his wrists.

With the assistance of this formula, 'the consciousness of power,' we are in a position to institute a direct comparison between our mental satisfactions and those of any intelligence presumably similar to our own. Whenever we find a set of circumstances which would evoke in our own minds a consciousness of power, we are able to infer a similar pleasurable emotion in the mind of any similar intelligence, whether of more or less varied range, placed in those same surroundings. The extent or intensity of the suggestion of power furnished by any given external conditions provides us with a gauge whereby to estimate the extent or intensity of the pleasure experienced by any mind similar to our own in such a situation. The question whether an animal is happy under any given conditions is reduced to the simpler question whether the conditions are such as would suggest to the mind of man a consciousness of his individual power.

It will be convenient if we try to arrange our mental pleasures in a graduated scale, beginning with the most rudimentary forms and ascending in the order of their complexity. We should probably place first in order the reproduction in the mind of a previous bodily pleasure. This is a simple act of memory involving a faint revival of the associated emotion. Next we should place that which Mr. Grant Allen regards as the type of all happiness—namely, anticipation of bodily pleasure. These two are not mental pleasures proper, but simply the revival or the forecast of ganglionic pleasures. Next in order will come the beginning of mental pleasures proper—the first and simplest form of consciousness of power, viz. the mental pleasure accompanying bodily activity; afterwards the operations of the intellect give us the like consciousness of power, and we have mental pleasure accompanying mental activity. So far all is simple, but there is no foundation here for the higher and specially human pleasures. These latter depend on two principles; first, that of sympathy, by which man is led to identify himself in emotion with another individual, with the family and the tribe, and with humanity; and, secondly, the principle of ideal reproduction and extension, whereby man is able without any prompting from the outside world

to summon into consciousness a series of mental images from which he can derive pleasures akin to those he would experience if the images had been actual and objective. Shortly we may call these ideal pleasures. We have, then, these different kinds of mental delights to consider—

1. Recollection of bodily pleasures.
2. Anticipation of bodily pleasures.
3. Pleasure accompanying bodily activity.
4. Pleasure accompanying mental activity.
5. Ideal pleasures.
6. Extension of nos. 6. Another individual.
7. } 3, 4 and 5 by } 7. The family and tribe.
8. } sympathy to } 8. Humanity.

This list is not put forward as a philosophical classification of our pleasures, but simply as a catalogue convenient for reference in considering the pleasures of a lower grade of intelligence. A similar list might be made of mental distresses, but it is sufficient to consider them simply as modes of depression corresponding severally to the modes of elevation.

Of the eight varieties of mental pleasure which we have thus catalogued, there is only one which is peculiar to man—that viz. which we have placed last in the series, and to which we are indebted for our most highly civilised enjoyments. Much of the delight which is afforded to us by works of art, whether of poetry, music, drama, or pictorial art, is dependent on sympathy with humanity. Animals can have nothing to correspond with such a feeling, but in all the other seven varieties they share to a greater or less extent. The great distance which separates human happiness from animal happiness will be found in two directions; first, that of human sympathy just mentioned, and, secondly, the department of ideal pleasures, which in animals have a merely fragmentary existence, but which in man have such an enormous extension and development that they occupy the greater area of waking consciousness, sometimes to the entire subjugation of the impressions derived from the actual world. These two elements apart, the mental pleasures of animals are fairly comparable with those of man; the first three elements in the above list are as well developed in the one as in the other; the element of pleasure in mental activity is present in all higher animals, though of course wanting the extension which it acquires in man: in like manner, individual and tribal sympathy have their effect on animal pleasures, though exhibited only in rudimentary form.

1 and 2. There is very little to be said of either the recollection or the anticipation of bodily pleasures. The former, however, in all probability is of more importance to animals than to man; it is not brought into competition with so many other pleasurable emotions, and it is probably more deeply stirred. Past bodily

pleasures can no doubt be recalled by all animals possessing memory, that is—according to Mr. Romanes—all forms from the Mollusca upwards. Such emotional states lie in the background ready to be revived by an appropriate associated sensation. Now the sense of smell seems to possess more strongly than any of the other senses the power of reviving in our own consciousness the exact æsthetic condition at a previous moment when a similar odour presented itself. Perhaps the odour of a bean field will recall with singular impressiveness the precise mental condition, with its exact æsthetic value, of some forgotten holiday-time in youth. Sight has of course a corresponding power, though not in such intensity. Now both these senses are far more highly developed in the animal world than in man, sight for instance in raptorial birds, and scent in carnivora and ruminants. We may therefore fairly suppose that in animals such as the red-deer and the dog a resuscitation of past pleasures would be aroused with much more vividness and more certainty by an associated scent, and that the occasions of such resuscitation would be much more frequent than in our own experience. Any animal whose scent is so keen as that of the dog must be constantly receiving through that sense-organ impressions which directly and vividly recall some particular gratification of one or other of its appetites, and in general any such recollection must be distinctly pleasurable. It is worthy of remark, too, that this pleasure is all pure gain to the individual; that is to say, there is practically no corresponding pain, for the recollection of previous bodily suffering is so slight that it scarcely even acts as a stimulus to action until after several experiences. We find in our own case that the memory of days long past is always more or less pleasant; in recalling an incident long gone by the pleasurable elements come up with something of their old freshness, while all the painful elements, if there were any, are subdued and softened down, even if they have not disappeared altogether, so that when we arrive at maturity we are accustomed to look back on the days of our childhood as days of uninterrupted happiness.

The anticipation by an animal of bodily pleasure is usually apparent to an observer only just immediately before its realisation, as when we give to one of our domestic animals the signal for its daily exercise, or when it discovers the approach of its own dinner; but we must admit a much more extended foresight than that involved in interpreting immediate sensations. We can trace the effect of expectation in the brisker step of the horse when its head is turned homewards; and in the deliberate preparations and long stealthy marches of many predaceous animals there must be from the beginning a confident anticipation of the resulting dinner. Your own fox-terrier will remember from one day to the next the exact place where he concealed the remains of a particularly offensive fish's

head, and on the first moment of freedom will scamper off to realise his dreams of the past dozen hours. In the animal's anticipations, as in its recollections, there is little or no corresponding pain. In the case of the dog certainly we have taught him to associate the sight of a whip with a subsequent flogging, so that when he sees us go to fetch the instrument of woe, he no doubt anticipates the result with bitterness. But this is simply the result of an education which man alone and not outer circumstances could impart. Remove man from the world and animals would have known no anticipation of pain until the moment before the occurrence of an injury. There is no surmise or foreboding of possible danger, no apprehension lest to-morrow's dinner be insufficient, no dread of any evil outside the immediate circle of present realities. The bird does not anticipate the clutch of the hawk until it sees the form of the hawk above it. When we speak of an animal as timid, we speak of it in reference to ourselves. Timidity is unknown in regions to which the civilising influences of the rifle have not reached. Animals are of course afraid of those of their own kind whose natural prey they form, but not until they actually see their devourer. It is man who has taught animals to be frightened of sounds and signs.

3. *Pleasure accompanying bodily activity.*—Within the limits fixed by previous wear and present nutrition all muscular activity affords a direct bodily 'convenience.' But if in exerting such activity we become aware that we are exerting a power over nature, then the activity is attended with mental or cerebral pleasure. These two elements may go together, may increase at the same time and throughout the same actions; or, as very frequently happens, the mental exaltation may continue to increase after the exertion has ceased to be 'convenient,' when the limit of normal muscular action has been passed and fatigue has set in. So long as we are visibly and perceptibly exerting a power over our fellows or over nature, the sense of exaltation continues, and with the spur of rivalry it may become so strong as to lead us to over-exert ourselves, and prolong the action until acute physical pain or complete prostration compels us to desist. The youthful part of our lives is largely made up of instances of such elementary consciousness of power. A schoolboy does not, as Sydney Smith supposed, climb walls for the reason that it is agreeable to him to be afraid of tumbling, but for the sake of the same mental exaltation which a few years earlier inspired his first steps across the nursery, and which a few years later will seat him at his thwart in his college eight. All muscular exertion, the effect of which on our position we can realise, and which therefore conveys the impression of power, is directly pleasurable in proportion to its felt effectiveness. Everyone who has climbed a mountain, or even walked up a decent-sized hill, has experienced how at first the simple 'gaudium' pleasure of the walk or the climb is the main ingredient;

how, on attaining a certain elevation and looking round, there comes a mental satisfaction which goes on increasing, while at the same time the muscular activity begins to tell its tale, and fatigue supervenes, only however to be suppressed and kept under by the overmastering mental exaltation until the summit is reached. Then, in all probability, the climber remarks that, if he could only have flown up, his happiness would have been complete. He recognises that his happiness is due to two elements: first, the physical 'convenience' of exercise; next, the mental consciousness of power—the consciousness that he by his own muscular exertion has raised himself 2,000 feet. He recognises also that in this case the physical convenience was 'played out' rather too soon, and thenceforward acted as a damper on his mental joyousness, and he infers that if with less wear and tear (as by flight) he could have raised himself to the same altitude, or if he could with the same amount of exertion raise himself four times as high, in either case his pleasure would be proportionately more intense.

May we not infer that all animals whose muscular development is greater in proportion to their bulk than that of man should derive from its exercise a greater intensity of pleasure, greater absolutely in proportion to the attainments and less interfered with by the greater muscular ease with which they are accomplished. If this is so, the majority of the mammalia and almost all birds should in their powers of speedy movement on earth or lofty flight in the air possess resources of mental pleasure intense beyond ours and less subject to be dimmed by the pain of overstrained muscles. The power of flight is, without doubt, associated with pleasures which we cannot directly gauge or estimate, but of the value of which our desires can give us some idea. That birds distinctly enjoy the exercise of their powers there can be no manner of doubt. Having once acquired the power of flight or inherited it from their Sauropsidan ancestor, they have developed it far beyond all the requirements of their individual or specific life. If it were not pleasurable, then flight would be discontinued when it was no longer necessary. But, as a fact, bird life presents innumerable instances of the maintenance of the powers of flight in species to whose existence it is by no means essential. The skylark does not soar from mercenary motives; pigeons, domesticated for generations, fly about all day long, though they need to seek neither food nor shelter. It is not necessary to watch birds on the wing for very long to convince oneself that the act of flight is one of pure enjoyment; that it is cultivated and adorned with the refinements which characterise an 'accomplishment.' Such is the evolution of the tumbler pigeon, such the more refined and masterly hovering of some birds who possess the power of so balancing themselves on a slanting breeze as to remain motionless with respect to the earth, without apparently

moving a wing or a feather, floating all the time, calm and still. This soaring, to accomplish which no doubt requires minute momentary muscular adjustments, must be an acquirement bestowing the keenest pleasure. Not the most enthusiastic yachtsman steering his own cutter on a stiff breeze can derive more pleasure from the motion than can the poised bird conscious that at any moment it has only to move its wing the fraction of an inch in order to hold its own against a fresh slant of the wind. It is the fine art of flight, acquired perhaps accidentally without any reference to the search for food, and persisted in purely as a pleasurable relaxation or accomplishment for the sake of the mental glory involved in supremacy over the powers of the air. Minor fancies in the method of flight abound in birds.

There is (says White of Selborne) a peculiarity belonging to ravens that must draw the attention even of the most incurious—they spend all their leisure time in striking and cuffing each other on the wing in a kind of playful skirmish, and when they move from one place to another frequently turn on their backs with a loud croak, and seem to be falling to the ground. When this odd gesture betides them, they are scratching themselves with one foot, and thus lose the centre of gravity. Rooks sometimes dive and tumble in a frolicsome manner. . . . Ring-doves, though strong and rapid at other times, yet in the spring hang about on the wing in a toying and playful manner.

It is a mistake to suppose that animals will continue instinctively for ever to toil and work, to exert their muscles and energies without reference to pleasure. They are by no means insensible to the charms of repose, and are naturally lazy, just to the same extent as men are naturally lazy. So long as exertion is necessary to existence or gives them enjoyment, they will exert themselves; when they can exist and enjoy themselves without exertion, they cease to exert themselves. Whenever we see animals habitually performing any act or any movement which involves trouble or exertion, we may be quite certain that, if the act or movement is not essential, it is pleasurable. If it were not accompanied by pleasurable feelings, it would not be continued. The act of collecting honey is apparently accompanied by more trouble than pleasure. So long as it is necessary to existence it is continued by force of what we should call public opinion or municipal law; but transport a hive of bees to a climate where nature provides them with honey all the year round, and in three or four years they cease to store it. The act is troublesome, and is discontinued when no longer necessary. The slave-making ants are a still stronger example; the *Polyergus*, having provided itself with slaves who perform all the necessary work of life, who provide it with food, and actually feed it, is now gradually divesting itself of every instinct, and dies of starvation if deprived of its assistant.

Similar to the pleasure of flight, though not so keen, must be the

pleasure accompanying the gallop and other speedier movements of quadrupeds. The horse obviously enjoys its more extended paces, and shares with its rider the delights of a bit of open country. So we can well believe that the best horses (from a racing point of view) of each year take keen pleasure in showing their heels to their field. Foals run races just as boys do, and no doubt with the same kind of enjoyment, which in the horse lasts further into maturity than is the case with man.

Here, then, we have the origin of *play*. In youth, when the nervous centres are over-nourished and under-worked, there is a natural tendency for the overcharge to seek relief in muscular exercise of any kind. Play of any sort furnishes a bodily convenience. But youth is not satisfied with the bodily convenience alone, it so adapts the muscular exercise as to furnish to the mind the consciousness of power, and thus play combines mental satisfaction with bodily convenience. All the games of boys involve the element of rivalry as well as of bodily exercise, and though we are not yet in a position to appreciate the code of rules which regulate the sports of animals, we can be in no doubt as to two facts: first, that animals do play; and, secondly, that their sports do involve an element of personal antagonism, and, therefore, that they are fitted to contribute mental enjoyment as well as bodily exercise. Some of the games of animals appear to possess considerable complexity. Some species there are, as the marmot and bower bird, who, not satisfied with the use of their limbs, construct playthings and playgrounds. Others there are who keep pets, organise social gatherings on a large scale, and indulge in a dance with real measured steps and regulated evolutions. It is only reasonable to suppose that these more advanced forms of amusement serve to contribute mental delight of a more refined description than that which is associated with the races and sham fights of colts and puppies.

4. *Pleasures accompanying mental activity*.—Mr. Romanes enumerates the following emotions as observable in animals, taking the order in which they appear as we ascend in the scale of existence: surprise and fear, sexual emotions (Mollusca); social and parental feelings, industry, curiosity (Insects); jealousy, anger, play, affection (Fish, Cephalopoda, Reptiles); sympathy (Hymenoptera); pride, terror (Birds); grief, hate, cruelty, benevolence (Carnivora and Ruminants); revenge, rage (Monkeys and Elephant); shame, humour, deceit (Apes and Dog). To this list I would take leave to add three others: first, the sentiment of freedom, probably taking its rise in insects, and certainly developed throughout the Vertebrates; second, two of the most complicated of human sentiments, those connected with property and home, appearing in birds and mammals; and, thirdly, beginnings of pleasurable appreciation of colours and sounds, the first foundation of æsthetic feeling; these last being

observable in insects and spiders, and strongly developed in birds.

Psychologically there is very little value in such a list of names. A catalogue of emotions can have no scientific value, because, looked at from one point of view, emotion is one and indivisible; while in another sense emotions are so infinitely varied that language would exhaust itself long before it had defined them. Two different sets of circumstances, on two succeeding days, may both affect me emotionally, and in each case I may say 'I am surprised;' but I use the same word in both cases, not because of the identity of the two forms of emotion, but because there are such innumerable shades of kindred emotions that language declines the task of identifying them. So it may happen that, from the point of view of pleasure and pain, the two emotions which I confounded under one name were really widely different; and both the physical expressions accompanying them, and the actions resulting from them, may have been quite opposite. Thus the names which we give to different emotions are really names of groups, and to attain anything like a scientific classification we ought to have generic and specific names as well. Such a classification as has frequently been attempted by mental philosophers is but labour in vain, the same name having to do duty for several different shades of feeling, the opposite extremes of which have very little in common.

In reviewing the list of names which Mr. Romanes gives, we find only four groups of emotions which are distinctively painful—namely, fear, terror, grief, and shame; the remainder are either essentially pleasurable—in other words, directly associated with consciousness of power, or else are painful only when the voluntary actions to which they would otherwise lead are frustrated; that is to say, when they evoke only a consciousness of weakness. Even such states of mind as rage and revenge are distinctly pleasurable when they lead up to their appropriate *satisfaction*, whether that satisfaction be actually accomplished or only ideal. We are familiar with the delights of revenge as depicted in primitive literature or as actually exhibited by children and savages. Nor is the sentiment entirely obliterated by modern culture; even amongst civilised communities where private vengeance is forbidden, a substitute is provided in the regulated revenge known as justice, which enables the injured man to enjoy something of the pleasures of the savage. With regard generally to all those which we may describe as the primitive emotions—such as curiosity, anger, cruelty, rage, &c.—those which presuppose the individual in opposition to his kind, those which are developed in childhood and in a savage state, but which in civilised communities are kept in check by more ideal and sympathetic emotions—all these primitive emotions may with strong probability be regarded as furnishing a very substantial contribution to animal

happiness. No one can doubt that the capture of a mouse gives considerable mental pleasure to the cat, for the cat will continue the pursuit as a pastime even when so well fed that it does not care to eat the mouse when caught.

In animals the primitive emotions are allowed their free sway, and give rise to the voluntary movements appropriate to them; such emotions are therefore pleasurable in animals when under similar circumstances they would, owing to repression, not be pleasurable in man. Those acts of natural savagery which result in the infliction of physical injury by one animal on another no doubt afford pleasure to the former. Every violent death is a source of satisfaction to the destroyer. That which in mankind is exclusively associated with painful feelings is usually in the animal world a means of affording enjoyment, and it is some set-off to the physical pain inflicted by the carnivora, that they themselves delight in the chase and the spoil. As we have already admitted the extent and severity of the pain suffered by the victim, we may now fairly place to credit the reality of the mental pleasure enjoyed by the destroyer.

Animals are, however, capable of emotions of a much higher order and in no way depending on the foil of another's pain. A better example we shall find in the sentiment of personal liberty. The remark has been frequently made that freedom involves of itself no pleasure whatever, but is pleasurable only by contrast; that it is the release from bondage which furnishes enjoyment; that just as the blessing of health is appreciated only after partial deprivation, so the blessing of freedom is apparent only after confinement. The observation, however, is incorrect. Uninterrupted health does involve pleasure; the very words in which Mr. Herbert Spencer defines the bodily conditions of pleasure are in themselves a definition of health; and just as health contributes permanently to the stock of bodily 'convenience,' so liberty contributes permanently to the stock of mental 'satisfaction.' It might with equal truth be said that bondage is painful only by way of contrast with liberty—indeed with rather more truth, for that bondage which is cheered and lightened by every possible alleviation is still painful to the man who realises that it is deprivation of liberty. There is in the state of individual freedom a constant source of positive mental pleasure arising from the consciousness of power with which that state is associated, and there is in bondage, however gilded and solaced, a constant source of positive mental distress, arising from the consciousness of weakness which such a state perpetually suggests. It is true that (from a cause to which we shall hereafter refer) the mind of the captive gradually becomes insensible to many of the bitternesses of his position, but it never ceases to be felt as essentially sad. It is true, on the other hand, that civilised man has learned to place a lower value on the pleasures of absolute liberty, or rather has learned that there

are other pleasures to be preferred before them. But the community has had to learn this lesson simply because man is incapable of enjoying absolute liberty without abusing it. His powers are too varied, his spontaneous activities too great: to allow their use without stint, to give them unfettered sway, would involve injury to others, and therefore the community, the corporate 'other,' is compelled in self-defence to prescribe limits to the action of the individual. Civilised man, being born into such a system, takes that naturally as his type of freedom of action, and learns to desire no wider or more untrammelled sphere, but thereby he is to a certain extent incapacitated from appreciating the pleasures of a life where individual action is a law unto itself. Such a life is that of the animal, wherein the cravings of nature are themselves the bounds of their own healthy activity. As a rule, that which an animal desires to eat is proper for its food; that act which it desires to do is one which will in no way injure its health. It therefore enjoys the full exercise of its activities without let or hindrance, without the necessary restraint of prudential motives or of positive law. But, more than that, the toil of civilised man is a part of his servitude; the toil of the lion, of the buffalo, of the swallow, of the bée, is a part of its freedom. They appreciate daily and hourly that absolute untrammelled freedom of action which some men enjoy for a few days each year on the moors or on the sea, but which the majority of human beings realise only rarely in a lifetime. It may be that the ideal pleasure which man purchases by his renunciation of liberty is worth far more to him than the joys of license, but the value of the latter remains intrinsically as great as ever to beings who cannot enjoy the former.

That animals do as a fact enjoy their liberty is proved by their grief at losing it, by their exuberant delight at regaining it, and by the sounds they give utterance to while in the enjoyment of it. There is no sign of grief more acute than the beatings and flutterings of a newly caged bird, nor is there any evidence of yearning more profound than the pacing and repacing of the caged quadruped. Both these are quite easily distinguished from the instinctive promptings of the migratory season. If a migratory bird is detained by the clipping of its wings, it exhibits for the first year or two and at the appropriate season a desire to get to the extreme northern (or southern) limit of its enclosure. This is purely instinctive, and we may suppose that the discomfort accompanying the frustration of the act, though appreciable, is not very great, for, as a matter of fact, the bird will in the course of a year or two cease to exhibit the symptoms. But it will never lose its desire for flight. The yearning for freedom has nothing to do with instinct; it is a matter of individual happiness, not of maintenance of species, and neither time nor kind treatment nor the best of nourishment will entirely extinguish the craving. The transports of grief gradually subside, the muscular energy

diminishes, so that there is no surplus requiring outlet; the nature is subdued to the inevitable; but unbar the cage and give the animal or bird but one hour of freedom, and it will return no more. In those animals which are susceptible of domestication, the original yearning does, by dint of kind treatment, regular feeding, and close association with man, get gradually overlaid and hidden by laziness or weariness, by fear of consequences, by the affections of home; but it never entirely disappears; the dog is still unwilling to be chained, and overjoyed when let loose; the horse still objects to being caught in the paddock, and still breaks into a gallop when again turned out to grass.

To a certain extent we may take the sounds uttered by birds and animals as an index to their emotional condition. If you hear a man humming an air as he walks along, you conclude either that he is a lunatic or that he is happy. Spontaneous song, whether of birds, animals, or man, is possible only when the singer is cheerful. A pianist may of deliberate purpose play a set piece, but he will never successfully improvise when he is miserable. The song of our hedge warblers, though it of course contains inherited elements, is essentially an improvisation; it is by no means necessary to their existence or their perpetuation. Developed at first as an adjunct to sexual selection, it has been extended as the highest exponent of pleasure of all kinds. It begins each year in the breeding season, but it is by no means confined to that season. Our woods and fields are vocal all the summer and until late in November. In some species there appears to be a partial silence in the month of August, but the song breaks out again in harvest time, to be continued until the winter. It therefore has no exclusive, or even principal, connection with the pairing time; rather it is a welcome to the time of roaming; the skylark pours forth its song to the rising sun, while the bittern with his hoarse cry welcomes the approach of night. The song is the appropriate expression of the joys of freedom, and the first result of captivity is the cessation of its strains.

We may not be able to get a direct answer in words from the animal world to the question 'Is life worth living?' but we get an answer in sounds and signs which, on all ordinary rules of interpretation, are equally decisive in the affirmative. Animals have no motive for dissimulation; if they appear happy they probably are, if they sound happy they probably are, and half an hour of a summer's evening spent in seclusion near a rabbit warren would probably convince anyone that in capacity, as in opportunity, for enjoyment, rabbits still deserved Uncle Remus's description, '*more samer than folks*.'

We may take yet a step higher, and affirm that animals share some of the sentiments which we associate with the idea of *home*. There is substantial proof of this in the numerous and well-attested instances of domesticated and semi-domesticated animals taking long journeys to regain their home after a removal. In many of these

cases it is clearly not their former masters whom they desire to rejoin; animals have indeed actually left their master's presence to return to his old abode, and in the semi-domestic animals who have no personal acquaintance with their possessors a change of ownership can have no influence. The same tendency to seek old quarters has indeed been observed in animals which are practically wild, as in horses in Mexico, and the inference is that the feeling is one which has nothing whatever to do with domestication. Association with man has in all probability impaired it rather than strengthened it, and the reason why we have observed it chiefly in domestication is simply because we have practically no opportunities of observing it in a state of nature.

Instances of the like attachment to old quarters on the part of birds are as numerous almost as the species of birds themselves. That must be a very strongly implanted sentiment which guides the migratory bird after his compulsory winter's journey of hundreds of miles, back again in the spring to the same country, the same hill-side, the same field, and the same hedgerow. White of Selborne and other naturalists have observed cases in which, though the nest has been blown down or destroyed by man each year, yet still the birds have returned to build in the same wall. Mr. Darwin, indeed, and Mr. Romanes after him, have quoted this as an instance of imperfection of instinct. But surely this is scarcely a fair description of the incident. It is questionable whether the choice of a place for the nest can be ascribed to instinct, which in all probability simply defines the general characters of locality most suitable. Thus instinct leads one species to choose the tops of trees, another a depression in the ground; but it does not confine the bird to a particular tree or to a particular field. The instinct which now leads the swallow to choose the inside of a chimney, no doubt existed before there were any chimneys in England. The work of instinct is to select a locality of the kind which usually best preserves and promotes the growth of the offspring, but within these limits the bird's individual preferences have scope to choose. Having once chosen a place, no instinct compels the bird to go to the same precise spot again, and within the same limits of choice as before it is free to follow personal inclinations. Instinct is satisfied with a sunny wall, and is quite indifferent as between two houses which are equally warm. The reason why the bird returns to the same place can only be described as home memory or association. It is the memory of past pleasures which serves as a guide, but that same memory is also powerful enough to recall the circumstance of the destruction of the nest in the previous year; if, therefore, there were no opposing motive, the recollection of that destruction would be quite sufficient to prevent the bird building in the same spot again. Such an opposing motive presents itself in the bird's affection for the home, in the tender memories encircling the old spot, and the strength of that affection may be fairly measured by the number of

years which it would take the winds or the hand of man to drive the bird elsewhere. That the strength of the affections surrounding home is greatly increased by the fact that the home is the work of the bird itself we cannot doubt. Plainly nest-building is a pleasure and one that man himself might envy, a delight perpetually renewed each year with entire and perfect freshness. It is practised in many species with refinements and embellishments which raise the work to the dignity of an art, and in almost all species it is accompanied with an expenditure of care and time and pains far beyond any of the requirements of comfort or safety. The bird builds a nest of some kind or other of necessity; it builds a nest of peculiar strength or beauty or complexity or elegance, of choice, and not of necessity: not of course the choice of the individual, but of the species, the result of inherited training, every step in which has been prompted and confirmed by the pleasures it evoked.

5. *Ideal pleasures.*—Here man and animals part company; the mental life of the two might almost be discriminated—the animal by the predominance of the actual, and the human by the predominance of the ideal. The animal brain is occupied by the impressions of the moment; the brain of man is occupied with visions, and schemes, and calculations, setting aside the impression of everything that is passing around him, treating it as nothing in comparison with something else which is absent, contingent, or remote. The animal, if his body is tortured, is wholly absorbed by the pain of the moment; the man can be burnt alive while his mind is rejoicing in the triumph of his own faith. However willing we may be to recognise the trace in animals of those same modes of intellectual existence which we are conscious of in ourselves, yet we cannot ascribe to them more than the very faintest germ of ideal mental states. Animals do dream in their sleep, that we are tolerably certain of; and therefore probably they are capable of day-dreaming, which is the first germ of the ideal. Further than that we cannot go. It would be absurd to attribute to the moth some ideal pleasure which counteracts the pain of the candle flame. It is scarcely less absurd to trace ideal pleasure in the mind of those African toads, who, according to Livingstone, made a practice of crawling into the camp fires, pressing on into the hottest part until they were consumed. Some other explanation must be found for this strange phenomenon (as for other cases of alleged *fascination*) than that of pleasurable mental pre-occupation. Still, we have reason to infer a certain amount of pleasure accompanying the primitive day-dreaming of the higher animals. The dog basking in the firelight no doubt indulges in ideal reproductions of pleasures, the immediate suggestions of which he derives from his sense impressions of the moment. While he is stretched on the hearthrug, some odour which has reached his keen nostril has suggested a reminiscence of some past enjoyment, and

his mind expands it into a dream of the future, so at intervals we see a faint wag of the tail, indicating that his ideal pleasure has become distinct enough to demand an outward recognition. We not unfrequently see in a quiescent animal some sudden movement which has all the appearance of the result of a train of thought; the dog will leave the hearthrug, run to the window, glance in a certain direction, and after a minute return to its repose. We infer that something has been passing in its mind; further than this we cannot go, but we may with great plausibility presume that the power of day-dreaming cannot exist without an accompaniment of pleasurable feeling.

Of those sympathetic or altruistic extensions which are the final crown and flower of our pleasures, a portion at all events may be traced in animals; something we can discover of that which corresponds to our personal friendship and affection, something of that which constitutes in us family tenderness and patriotism. All that is exclusively human is that last and most extensive of our sympathies which embraces all human kind, and on which so much of our pleasure in art as in life depends. The stories related of individual attachments of animals frequently approach the romantic, but they are so numerous, and in many cases so well attested, that there can be little doubt about their possibility at all events. Such instances have been most frequently observed amongst carnivorous animals, probably for the reason that in them a development of tenderness towards what might be regarded as natural prey is most striking. The tale of the lion in the Tower who made a pet of the spaniel, and who ultimately pined and died of grief after the loss of the spaniel, is a well-known example; and similar instances have been recorded much lower in the scale of existence, one of the most remarkable being the affection of a boa constrictor for its owner (recorded in Mr. Romanes's book on *Animal Intelligence*), evinced finally on the death of the owner, when the snake lay down by his corpse, refused food, and died. This story, though apparently well authenticated, certainly verges on the incredible; but at the same time it is only fair to remember that we have but very few opportunities for gauging the reptilian mind, and that if, as seems probable, the germs of sympathy are to be met with in forms so lowly as snails (an instance of an apparent errand of mercy to a suffering fellow-snail having been recorded), then it is quite probable that the feeling should be developed in far greater intensity in vertebrates. It is not, however, necessary to rely on extreme or dramatic instances. Most of us have, no doubt, observed cases of genuine sympathy on a smaller and more domestic scale in the animals with which we are more frequently brought into contact. Such acts as ministering to a suffering fellow-creature or calling man's aid to it are frequently noticed amongst cats and dogs; and

sometimes we observe the formation of permanent friendships. That careful observer, White of Selborne, records instances which he himself observed of friendship between a doe and cows, between a horse and a hen, and the like. 'There is,' he says, 'a wonderful spirit of sociality in the brute creation, independent of sexual attachment. . . . Many horses, though quiet with company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves; the strongest fences cannot restrain them. . . . Oxen and cows will not fatten by themselves, but will neglect the finest pasture that is not recommended by society.' Of more strictly gregarious animals it may be said that sympathetic feeling enters largely into their lives. It is exhibited strongly by ants, apparently with striking individual differences which render its genuineness unmistakable. It is implied in such acts, as the keeping of pets and assistance in operations of toilet and cleanliness, acts common to many species. The habit of conferring favours and doing acts of kindness both necessarily supposes and directly favours an extension of the pleasurable side of existence. From their nature such acts cannot be reflex; they can scarcely ever become instinctive, they are therefore essentially pleasurable, otherwise they would not be performed. We are entitled to presume that in animals they are accompanied by pleasure of the same kind as that which accompanies corresponding actions in us. We may add that all organisations, family or tribal, presuppose some social pleasures. There are few animals which do not enjoy one or the other of these openings for pleasures beyond the reach of the lonely individual. In the case of gregarious beings, we find signs of the existence of those feelings of hostility to other tribes and devotion to the commonwealth which characterise primitive human organisations.

What set-off is there against this very tolerable body of mental satisfactions, thus faintly indicated as part of animal life?

We may answer this question briefly: consider what are man's mental distresses, and then subtract all those which depend on the future. Remove the largest portion of the burden of pain which rests on men's minds, and the residue will include the utmost extent of mental distress which we can attribute to animals. All foreboding, all anxiety, all care, all serious thought for the morrow—that, in short, which constitutes three-quarters of human misery—is to animals absolutely unknowable; and of the remaining quarter how much there is which is purely the product of civilisation, and from which animals equally with the lower savages are also free!

The older naturalists did not regard the life of animals as one of misery. They knew nothing certainly of embryology, nothing of natural selection, nothing of those modern conceptions which have transformed natural history from a catalogue to a science. But one thing they did know, and for our present purpose it is the all-important thing: they had lived amongst animals, and knew from practical

experience what their lives were. Buffon, indeed, who thought that 'in the human species the greatest number of individuals are devoted to pain from the moment of their existence,' thought also that perhaps some animals were 'created for misery,' and he instanced the sloth as one of these devoted animals. It was a fortunate instance! The habits of the sloth were not then known, and he had been observed only when grovelling on the earth; there was every reason to regard him as a natural mistake, an animal who had missed his proper element, and presented a perfect example of misery. Waterton was a genuine naturalist; he sought out the sloth in his native forests, picked him up from the ground, placed him on the branch of a tree, and saw him at once 'on his way to pleasure.' And *à propos* of Buffon's remark, Waterton afterwards records in his *Wanderings*: 'I cannot conceive that any of them were created for misery. That thousands live in misery there can be no doubt, but then misery has overtaken them in their path through life, and whenever man has come up with them I should suppose they have seldom escaped from experiencing a certain proportion of misery.'

Paley, who in the pre-scientific era may perhaps be allowed to rank as a naturalist, bases one of the principal arguments of his *Natural Theology* on animal happiness. The proof of the Divine goodness he rests on two propositions: first, that most contrivances in nature are designed with obvious beneficence; and, secondly, that the Creator has added pleasure to animal sensations *gratuitously*—that is, when, as Paley conceives, the same purpose might just as well have been accomplished painfully.

'Nor is the design abortive. It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view' (*Natural Theology*). Paley goes on to quote as instances the motions of insects on the wing testifying 'their joy and the exultation which they feel in their lately discovered faculties,' the movements of fish in the water, 'their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it (which I have noticed a thousand times with equal attention and amusement), all conduce to show their excess of spirits.' 'Walking by the sea-side in a calm evening, upon a sandy shore, and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water, to the height perhaps of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water. When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space filled with young shrimps in the act of bounding in the air from the shallow margin of the water or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this; if they had

meant to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done so 'more intelligibly.' Paley would not have hesitated to reverse this argument and, instead of inferring from the happiness of animals the beneficence of the Being whose fiat called them into existence, he would, from the basis of a divinely benevolent government of the universe, have proceeded to infer the essential happiness of its creatures. It is difficult to see how anyone who occupies Paley's standpoint can avoid drawing this latter inference. If there be any who are prepared to say they believe in animal misery and, at the same time, in an all-powerful and beneficent Ruler, it is for them to show how their two faiths can be reconciled, for to the present writer they appear absolutely inconsistent. If it were true that misery and suffering are the ordained lot of the animal world, what should be said of the author and maintainer of such ordinance? Some epithets might be appropriately applied to such a being. But would those epithets be 'kind' or 'beneficent'?

Man habitually sees the worst side of animals. No sooner do animals become acquainted with man than they acquire a dread which constantly oppresses them. Their actions are constrained, they are shy, and their ways are underhand, crawling, and devious. It is impossible—without taking pains to do so unobserved—to ascertain the real motives and feelings of the lower animals. Many there are which habitually look miserable in the presence of man; in all probability because they are terrified. The hare has been the type of animal wretchedness (and with some reason as far as man has had it in his power). The Greek fable related that the hares thought themselves the most miserable of beings, and were going to drown themselves, until they saw the frogs. Yet Cowper found hares even in confinement playful and frolicsome, always genuinely happy, except for sundry fits of bad temper. We may safely assert that the more closely men have been enabled to observe animal life, as it exists when freed from the constraint of overpowering humanity, the higher has been the conception formed by the observer of the gladness of that life.

The preceding considerations may help us to estimate the æsthetic value of the lives of the lower animals when compared with man in youth and maturity.

We may liken the total range of feeling to a musical scale, extending indefinitely upwards for pleasure and downwards for pain, with a neutral point of indifference dividing the two portions of the scale. Now in childhood the neutral point will occur low down in the scale; the whole scale itself is contracted, the pleasures few, and the pains still more diminished. With growth the scale lengthens, fresh pleasures become possible, while at the same time actions which before were pleasurable now become indifferent, and later wearisome. So the neutral point rises; but as the rise is by no

means commensurate with the upward expansion of pleasure, there is a vast gain, the proportion of pleasure to pain being so much greater than it was in the contracted scale of infancy. And when in maturity the scale reaches its greatest extent, so also does the supremacy of pleasure over pain. In declining years the process is reversed, the point of neutral feeling suffering a depression. And though it never again reaches such a low level as in infancy, its tendency is downwards. Concurrently with this is a general contraction of the scale; the pleasures diminish in number and intensity, but by no means so rapidly as the pains, until that state is attained of calm and equable content which ought to characterise old age. Some such contraction in the scale we may frequently notice in men who have suffered a serious illness, or who are overwhelmed by a mental or moral catastrophe. Slowly the sufferer becomes accustomed to the new conditions of his life. The energy which before was accustomed to spend itself in a wider activity, perhaps ceases to be generated, or finds other outlets; the scale of feeling contracts in both extremities; fewer pleasures are possible, and also fewer pains; until, perhaps, if the deadening influences are continued sufficiently long, there is little extension of the scale left in either direction; pleasures and pains range but little above or below the point of dull indifference. And so the captives of the Bastille when they were liberated crawled back to their dungeons, frightened at the too widely opening possibilities.

Now a similar scale for the animal would resemble that of childhood in the lowness of the neutral point, but it would possess a greatly increased upward extension into the pleasurable region. Some of the joys of the adult must be added to those of the child to represent the extent of animal pleasure, while at the same time the pains are no more than those of the infant. Thus while the scale is still contracted as compared with the adult man, yet the preponderance of the pleasurable portion is greater in the former than in the latter, by reason of the depression of the neutral point. The animal life is more pleasurable simply because the smaller and simpler stimuli which have become to man monotonous or indifferent yet retain for animals their pleasurable freshness, and thus a dog is enabled to extract enjoyment from a life which would be maddening to a civilised human being.

This does not enable us to put a very precise value on the life of an animal, but it does enable us to reaffirm more confidently the conclusion to which we were led by considering bodily pleasure and pains only—namely, that if in man's life there is a preponderance of pleasure, there is in the animal's a greater preponderance of pleasure; if in man there is but an equality between pleasure and pain, there is a decided preponderance of the former in animals; that, even if in man, on the whole, pain predominated, it is highly probable that in animals the proportions would be reversed.

B. CARLILL.

FRENCH PENAL COLONIES.

Efforts to found penal colonies range far back into French history ; they date from a period long antecedent to the last craze for colonial aggrandisement. The very first attempt to sow the seeds of a prosperous community with the failures of society was in 1763, when the colonisation of French Guiana, already often attempted without success, was again tried on an ambitious scale. The project failed miserably. An expedition fourteen thousand strong, recruited mainly from the scum and sweepings of the streets of Paris, melted away within a year, and starvation carried off all whom the lethal climate spared. A second similar experiment was tried in 1766, with a like disastrous result. No serious importance could be attached to the colonising efforts of the victims exiled to Guiana by the revolutionary tribunals. Barely half survived the voyage, and the balance were in no condition to act as pioneers. The records of French Guiana are full of such fiascos, the most terrible of all being the philanthropic attempt of the Baron Milius, in 1823, to establish a penal colony on the banks of the Mana, by the marriage and expatriation of habitual criminals (*récidivistes*) and degraded women—a most ill-judged undertaking, speedily productive of ghastly, but nameless horrors.

After this, penal colonisation seems to have fallen into disfavour with France. Not only was it not renewed, but the principle of criminal deportation, of exile as a penalty, was formally condemned in 1847, both by such eminent publicists as MM. Lucas, De Béaumont, and De Tocqueville, and by the Government of the hour. Yet within a year or two, in 1851, it was restored to the French penal code, suddenly, and for reasons not readily apparent. To the new men in power there was probably something attractive in the theory of transportation, as may be seen from the high-sounding phrases that accompanied their decrees. The idea was not merely to banish the dangerous social elements to a distant soil ; the young Republic wished to prove that ‘humanity presided over all its actions.’ Deportation, with the disciplinary processes that surrounded it, was expected to bring about the moral regeneration of those subjected to it ; the convict would be transformed into a useful citizen ; no longer a terror in his old home, he would aid the development of and become a positive benefactor to the new. The Government was, indeed,

so fascinated by the prospective advantages of transportation to the convicts themselves, that it expected them to accept it as a boon. Registers were opened at all the bagnes or seaport convict stations on which prisoners might inscribe their names as volunteers for the high favour of removal to the promised land beyond the seas. The philanthropic wish to benefit the exile was not, however, the sole pre-occupation of the Government, as may be seen in various articles in the decrees. The hope of founding substantial colonial possessions was not disguised. The convict might benefit by expatriation; but so would his new country, and to a greater degree. He went out, in a measure, for his own good; he remained, willy nilly, for that of the community. It was laid down that even when emancipated he was to be kept in the colony; those sentenced for eight years and under must spend there a second period as long as the original sentence, those sentenced for more than eight years must remain in the colony for life. Their labour, their best energies, were thus impounded for the general good, in the sanguine expectation that they were being utilised in the progress and development of French colonisation.

We have here the most plausible explanation of the readiness with which the French Government revived transportation. The not unnatural desire to emulate the success of another Power and build up somewhere a French Australia was probably a powerful inducement to follow in our footsteps. But the French publicists looked only to results achieved; they ignored or misunderstood the steps by which they had been secured. They aspired to possess, without counting the cost of acquisition, without anticipating the difficulties, disappointments, the extravagant outlay, and the constant heartburning that for years and years went hand in hand with the growth of our Australian colonies. Strange to say, France adopted transportation just when we abandoned it. We had tried it with patient perseverance on the very widest and most expensive scale, often varying the system, taking up process after process, and rejecting all in turn, till we arrived at the unalterable conclusion, not perhaps with the best grace, but indubitably, that transportation, however defensible in theory, was in practice radically hopeless and impossible. The great Antipodean empire of which felon emigrants were the first pioneers had not really thriven and prospered through transportation, but in spite of it. No doubt there had been epochs in colonial life when the presence of a great mass of convict labour was distinctly beneficial to the young community. But the period was short, and the fleeting benefits were soon swallowed up and absorbed by many monstrous ills. The early history of New South Wales may be quoted in proof of this. Those old convict days were cursed with many woes. Society was debased, demoralised; corruption, widespread drunkenness, and debauchery universal. It is almost unnecessary to recapitulate the many grievous evils that flowed

directly from transportation. The system was open to innumerable grave objections. First and foremost the punishment it inflicted was altogether unequal. The exile that bore so hardly on the inexperienced and better-disposed was a positive boon to some—to the callous wrongdoers whom it transferred free of cost to a land of promise, whither wives or partners soon followed with the proceeds of robberies, and all started life afresh as capitalists under the fiction of master and convict assignee. There was no sort of penal discipline as we understand it: uniform, coercive, but reformatory. A convict's treatment was quite accidental. It might be brutal, cruel, inexpressibly degrading, or lenient, even luxurious. All graduated through that school of awful depravity, the convict ship, with the shameful indiscriminate herding together of the most degraded. But it depended upon chance, or rather good management, whether the next stage was the yet deeper infamy of road-gangs and penal settlements, or the comparative ease and comfort of private service. Where, as in the cases quoted, the convict was assigned to his own wife or his former friends, the relations were reversed, and he became naturally the master, not the slave. If he fell to strangers his life might be more irksome, and it was constantly overshadowed by the lash, which could be freely and readily applied; but even here there were great opportunities for licence, for idleness and debauchery, under the careless perfunctory control of unofficial gaolers and private overseers. Transportation to a distant land put a premium rather than a check upon metropolitan crime. The judge at assize meted it out as a penalty upon transgressors, just when emigration agents offered the same transfer as a boon to honest folk. Such a system of penal legislation was farcical, but its full absurdity was not obvious till the gold discoveries exalted the colonial penitentiary into a new El Dorado. This was the crowning blow. But already transportation stood finally condemned. It could not survive the glaring inconsistencies, the monstrous evils, it had fostered and encouraged. The condition of the colony, the insecurity of life and property, the low moral tone, the fierce antagonism of classes—on one side the emancipist insolently prosperous, on the other the free settler resentfully refusing them all social equality—all these combined at last to make the continuance of transportation impossible in any shape or form.

Yet our experience, fully advertised and widely acknowledged, was wasted on our near neighbours. The French, ignoring or refusing to be taught by our example, were still blindly, obstinately resolved on imitation. France for some thirty years has followed closely in our footsteps, working on a much reduced scale, but seeking always the same ends. The results she has achieved must surely be disheartening to her. She has encountered most of the difficulties we faced, has fallen into the same errors, has paid proportionally much

the same price. Yet she has been denied the smallest reward. It can hardly be pretended that any French penal colony promises to expand into an Australasian empire. No doubt France has been heavily handicapped in her undertaking. Compared to Great Britain, she has had fewer outlets at command, has been served by far less enterprising sons. France has never happened upon a vast fertile country asking only for development; her people have never gone forth gladly and in great numbers from over-crowded centres at home to reap the harvests sown by felon hands abroad. French colonies have nowhere offered irresistible attractions to emigrants. French penal settlements have seldom won the emancipated convict to make them his permanent residence, the scene of a new, a virtuous, and an industrial life. No measure of success has attended French efforts in colonisation; this is not denied even in France, where, however, various excuses are urged in extenuation. Of these the most popular is that transportation has never had a fair chance hitherto; it has never been practised under the favourable conditions that alone could insure success. This argument has much present importance, because it probably governs contemporary French policy in the Pacific. Land-hunger may be among the causes that have brought about the late suspicious descent of the French upon the New Hebrides; but another and not less powerful motive has certainly been the wish to find a new and more promising field for experiment in penal colonisation.

The revival of transportation was formally promulgated by the law of May 1854, which laid down that hereafter the punishment of *travaux forcés* should be undergone in establishments created in a French colonial possession other than Algeria. As at this time the only available outlet was French Guiana, this tropical colony alone was utilised as a convict receptacle. In adopting it, the very first principles of penal legislation were ignored. To consign even convicts to a pestilential climate, and expand the lesser penalty into capital punishment, was, even with a despotic government, a monstrous and illegal misuse of power. Exile to French Guiana meant nearly certain death. This must have been well known to French rulers. For three centuries every attempt to colonise the country had ended in disaster. Yet the Government of Napoleon III. adopted deportation with a light heart and on the most extensive scale. Within two years a third of the 6,915 convicts disembarked on the Safety Islands had already perished. The mortality became greater as time went on, and the number of deaths varied from 33 to 63 per cent. In thirty years just 12,000 convicts have succumbed out of a total of 23,000 transported; and this disastrous record is less than it might have been, because in later years more care was taken to protect Europeans from the climate, and because a large proportion of those sent out to Guiana belonged to the coloured races subject to France.

The conditions of life were almost invariably unfavourable ; the sites for penal settlements badly chosen, insanitary, and subject to both endemic and epidemic diseases. The Montagne d'Argent, one of the first establishments, was decimated by ague and yellow fever. That of Saint Georges, surrounded by marshes, was so ravaged by marsh fever that in ten months the disease carried off 110 convicts out of a total of 248, whilst the wretched survivors were all incapable of further work. The establishment of La Trinité was quite as insalubrious as the preceding ; it sweltered perpetually in the hot steam exhaled from the damp surface of its clayey soil. Death was always busy at Sainte Marie, where the convicts employed in clearing the primæval forests died wholesale from both marsh and yellow fever. It was the same at Saint Augustin, where the convicts ceased to be prisoners, and worked for their own benefit on concessions of land, clearing ground and raising dwellings. They, too, were seized with the blood-poisoning superinduced by the marshy exhalations and were swept away. A permanent residence at Saint Augustin was declared out of the question by the medical men : it was not only impossible to keep well there, but even to keep alive. Saint Philippe was a new settlement not far from Sainte Marie, built on higher ground, but equally cursed by conditions inimical to life. Saint Louis was a mountain, far above Sainte Marie, appropriated to the newest arrivals from France. But if few of its occupants escaped the intermittent fevers of the lower ground, they fell victims to a dysentery peculiar to the exposed and constantly rain-swept plateau. At no place, except Saint Laurent du Maroni—which was organised in 1857, after three years of repeated failures elsewhere—did the colonial administration meet with the slightest encouragement. But on the banks of the Maroni a locality was at last found not quite deadly, and ere long this establishment became the most important—in fact, the only remaining settlement upon the mainland.

Everywhere the administration sought to develop the agricultural resources of the colony. Every settlement was intended to clear ground and bring it under cultivation ; the first idea to make the convict labourers self-supporting, the second to regenerate them by giving them a personal interest, the responsibility of ownership, in the lands they tilled. Much money was wasted in plantation : in attempts to grow coffee, cocoa, and the sugar-cane ; the last being the only product that gave any satisfactory results. Forestry was also tried on a large scale, and the raising of cattle, poultry, and pigs. Government farming, agricultural establishments worked by the convicts under official overseers, always and most assiduously occupied the attention of the colonial authorities. But, if figures can be believed, in no case have the receipts from these farms equalled the expenditure, and all such well-meant endeavours have proved fruitless from the simple fact that the bulk of these convict emigrants hated regular work, even under favourable conditions which were absent in Guiana, and

were altogether unsuited for colonisation. The completeness of the failure is now generally admitted in France, and by none more fully than by the surviving officials who were actively concerned in the trial. One of these, Admiral Fourichon, who was Governor of Guiana in 1853-54, speaks conclusively as to the utter futility of the attempt to establish a penal settlement on the Equator. No European—French, English, or Dutch—he said, speaking in the French Chamber, could resist the climate; he knew of no single case in which a white man raised food for himself and his family from the soil. Europeans might contrive to live there, but only if they took all manner of precautions, avoiding the heat of the sun and draughts or sudden chills, with doses of quinine as a constant article of diet. This was the terrestrial paradise with its splendid forests and luxuriant vegetation; under them lay hid the most venomous malaria, the poisonous seeds of every deadly disease. It was little likely that penal colonisation, a first principle of which was penal labour in the open air, could be anything less than a fiasco. The terrible effects of the climate were so far admitted that the garrison was changed every two years, and all the officials; yet neither troops nor employés were subjected to *travaux forcés*, they were seldom sent out in the heat of the sun, they had a generous diet, prompt attention in illness, and might look after themselves carefully. A comparison between them and the convicts must obviously be in their favour; yet it was upon the latter, the vagabonds and idlers, the criminals of low physique, that the whole effort of colonising fell. No wonder then that the results obtained were so pitifully unequal to the efforts made.

The French Government, slow to accept the evidence of facts, has never abandoned deportation to Guiana. But it is no longer sanguine of success, and the attempt to colonise is continued with other than Frenchmen native-born. The total convict population of Guiana, as shown in the last French official returns, had dwindled down to 3,441, and of these barely a thousand were Europeans; the rest were Arabs from Algeria, and Annamites, Asiatic blacks, from the new French possessions in Cochin China and Tonquin. The Europeans were made up of nearly equal proportions, of convicts still undergoing sentence, and emancipists compelled to reside in the colony. Large numbers of both categories are now retained in the penitentiaries on the sea coast, where they can be constantly employed at industrial labour under cover; as at Cayenne, the capital, where vast administrative establishments exist, executed at great outlay in more prosperous times. Here are large storehouses and work-rooms, a steam saw, slips for building ships, a brickfield, a carpenter's and other artisans' shops. The operations carried on in the Cayenne prison cannot, however, be very remunerative or extensive, for the total population, according to the latest returns, was only 130 men. In the Safety Islands there is a general dépôt which receives all convicts on first arrival, and

although there is only one prison-house on Ile Royale, a number of workshops for various industries are distributed through the islands; the tailors' shops are here, where all clothing is manufactured and repaired, the shoemakers also, and there are forges and woodyards, with special sections for carpentry, cabinet-making, and other branches of the timber trade. On Ile Saint Joseph there is a tannery for local leather, and a cocoa factory. But the working staff on the Safety Islands is also greatly limited; once the chief sanatorium for sick, convalescents, and lunatics, to the number of eight or nine hundred, there are now no more than 360 all told, including handicraftsmen, incorrigibles, and invalids. The only points at which colonisation has been even moderately successful are at Kourou on the sea coast not far from Cayenne, and the settlements already mentioned on the banks of the Maroni River. Evil fortune, however, has pursued the first named of these. It owned considerable plantations and raised much stock, when the free colonists of Cayenne began to clamour at the unpleasant propinquity of this penal settlement to the colonial capital. Although it was now fairly self-supporting, and provided food and vegetables for other establishments, these protests brought about its evacuation, and desolation soon supervened. Weeds destroyed the cotton plants and fruit trees, and one day the sea rose against the dyke constructed to keep out the high tides and swept all before it. The felon labour that might have availed in more prosperous times to stay the havoc of the waves was now wanting, and the lands around were all submerged. A year or two back the uses of Kourou as a suitable source of supply were again brought home to the colonial administration, and great efforts made to revive the settlement. In 1883 the buildings were in ruins, the plantations no longer existed, the pasturages were destroyed. But some progress was made before the end of the same year, when nearly five hundred convicts were at work in recultivating old clearings. The re-establishment of Kourou was, however, effected at the expense of the settlements on the Maroni, which for nearly five-and-twenty years had been the chief centre of penal colonisation in Guiana.

The population of Saint Laurent was mainly composed of *concessionnaires*, of well-conducted convicts from other colonial penitentiaries, to whom the privilege of working in comparative liberty was accorded. The convict passed through certain stages, and in due course, if he was industrious and well-behaved, a grant of land was made to him which he could cultivate on his own account, or he might work as a handicraftsman for other employers. At one time the number of these partial emancipists rose to nearly nine hundred. But the total soon fell away from this maximum; death was always busy, and many *concessionnaires* preferred to work in the inland mines. Yet the Government sought by every means to encourage the young

settlement. Saint Laurent was erected into a commune with a municipality of its own. But the progress of the settlement has nevertheless been disappointing. It has been dependent for some years past upon Arab recruits, and the French officials already sorrowfully confess that members of the Arab race transplanted to New Guinea are not of the stuff to make good colonists. They are idle, discontented, a prey to unceasing nostalgia. A great effort has been made by the administration to attach the Arab emigrant to the land of exile by transporting thither—I use the words of the latest report—‘the image of the Arab family, its customs, habits, and religion.’ Marriages are encouraged with Arab women according to the Mussulman law. But little success has attended these well-meant efforts. The Arab soon develops nomadic instincts; he will not stick to one spot, but wanders abroad in search of work which will give him the means of a speedy return to Algeria. Not seldom he shows a clean pair of heels. Escapes in French Guiana have been a constant source of trouble and annoyance to the authorities. The total number of convicts who had escaped or disappeared from French Guiana between 1852 and 1883 was 3,146; and since Arabs have been sent there they have supplied the largest proportion of fugitives. At the Maroni they went off in bands; nothing could check them. No surveillance was effective, the Government cutters cruising along the mouth of the river might be evaded, and the country boats gained which carried them off from the colony.

It must be sufficiently plain from the foregoing facts that the attempts to colonise French Guiana with convicts have ended in more or less disheartening failure. Even in spots not fatal to Europeans, the conditions of life were opposed to the growth of a prosperous community. There was little increase to population possible. The ill-assorted marriages of convicts with degraded women of their own class proved generally sterile. Infant mortality was excessive; children born in the colony could never be reared. The substitution of Arabs for Europeans has been accompanied, as I have shown, with little more success. Now, according to the latest report of the French Colonial Office, Annamite convicts hitherto retained in their own country for the completion of various important colonial works, are to be directed upon French Guiana. ‘The Annamite,’ says the report hopefully, ‘is a good agriculturist; he can face the climate of Guiana without danger, and the convicts of this race will doubtless largely contribute to the development and cultivation of the colony.’

The melancholy miscarriage of deportation to French Guiana did not suffice to condemn it. The locality was only in fault; the system, it was thought, deserved a fuller and fairer trial. France now possessed a better site for experiment, a territory in those same southern seas where English transportation had so greatly prospered.

New Caledonia was annexed to France in 1853, but its colonisation had proceeded slowly, and there was only a handful of white population when the first shipload of convicts disembarked in 1864. A town, at this time little better than a standing camp, was planted at Noumea, a spot chosen for its capabilities for defence rather than its physical advantages. It had no natural water-supply, and the land around was barren. Exactly opposite lay the little island of Nou, a natural breakwater to the Bay of Noumea—well watered, fertile, and commanded by the guns of the mainland—and here the first convict depôt was established. The earliest work of these convict pioneers was to build a prison-house and to prepare for the reception of new drafts. The labour was not severe, the discipline by no means irksome, but some progress was made. Prison buildings rose upon the island of Nou, a portion of the surrounding land was brought under cultivation, and outwardly all went well. As years passed the prison population gradually increased. In 1867 the average total was 600; in the following year it had increased to 1,554, after which the yearly gain was continuous. Various causes contributed to this: the gradual abolition of the *bagnes* or convict stations at the French arsenals; the wholesale condemnation of Communists also, crowds of whom were deported to New Caledonia. In 1874 the convict population exceeded 5,000; in 1880 it had risen to 8,000; and according to the last published official returns the effective population, taking convicts and emancipists together, was 9,608 on December 31, 1883. In all, between May 1864 and the last-mentioned date, 15,209 convicts had been transported to New Caledonia.

The development of the young colony was, however, slow. Efforts were chiefly concentrated upon the penitentiary island, and the convict labour was but little utilised on the mainland. Those public works so indispensable to the growth and prosperity of the settlement were neglected. The construction of high roads was never attempted on any comprehensive scale, and, notwithstanding the mass of workmen available, Noumea the capital was not enriched with useful buildings or rendered independent of its physical defects. Henri Rochefort, who saw it in 1872, ridicules its pretensions to be called a town. It might have been built of old biscuit-boxes, he said; imposing streets named from some book of battles—the Rue Magenta and the Rue Sebastopol, the Rue Inkerman and the Avenue de l'Alma—were mere tracks sparsely dotted with huts, single-storied and unpretending. The town lay at the bottom of a basin surrounded by small hills. 'It was like a cistern in wet weather, and in the hot season it might be the crater of a volcano.' A great mound, the Butte Conneau, blocked up the mouth of the port and inconveniently impeded traffic. Water was still scarce, and, according to Rochefort, a barrel of it would be the most acceptable present to any inhabitant of Elephantiasopolis, as he christened Noumea from the endemic

skin affections. It took ten or a dozen years to improve Noumea. But by 1877 the Butte Connéau had been removed and levelled; about the same time an aqueduct was completed, 8,000 metres in length, which brought water to the capital from Port des Français and Yahone. A number of more or less ambitious residences had also been erected: a governor's house, bishop's palace, administrative offices, hospitals, and barracks for the troops.

The influx of convicts produced many projects for their employment over and above the development of Noumea. Following the practice that had prevailed in Guiana, agricultural settlements, half farm, half prison, were established at various points on the mainland. One of the first of these was at Bourail, about a hundred miles from the capital. Another was founded nearer home at Ourail, on the mouth of the Foa. A third was at Canala, on the opposite and northern shore of the island. A fourth was at its eastern end, in the Bay of Prony. Besides these a number of smaller stations were distributed at various points through the colony. The works undertaken were everywhere much of the same kind. At Bourail the sugar-cane was cultivated, and various vegetables; at Canala, rice, maize, and coffee; at Ourail the land was poor, and the settlement was moved further up the river to Fonwary, where the raising of tobacco, the cultivation of fruit trees and quinine bush were attempted; at the Bay of Prony the convicts became woodcutters to supply fuel for the rest of the colony. The inner life of one of the smaller stations, the labour camp of Saint Louis, has been graphically described by M. Mayer, a political transport, whose personal experiences, the *Souvenirs d'un Déporté*, published on his return to France, are worth perusal. This camp consisted of 124 convicts, a heterogeneous polyglot collection, herded together indiscriminately in the wretched *cases* or straw-thatched huts, the prevailing prison architecture of New Caledonia. Amongst these, of whom forty were political and non-criminal convicts, there were twenty-six Arabs, four Chinamen, and two negroes. Several notorious desperadoes, Frenchmen born, were associated with the rest. One had been at the head of a band of poisoners of Marseilles; another, who had murdered a girl in Paris, had been arrested and sentenced during the Commune by a Communist commissary, who, by a strange fate, was now his comrade convict in this same camp of Saint Louis. Except for the scantiness of diet and the enforced association with the worst criminals, M. Mayer did not find the life hard. The labour hours varied; the daily minimum was eight, the maximum from ten to twelve. But the work performed was desultory and generally unproductive. The principal aim was to clear the land around by removing the rocks, which were afterwards broken up for road-making metal. The supervision was lax and ineffective; the few warders were most active in misappropriating rations. The chief warder himself, who

had a fine garden and poultry yard, stole the wine and soft bread issued for the sick. Many convicts eked out their meagre fare by cooking roots and wild fruits, *pommes de banes* and Caledonian saffron. The lot of the Arabs was most enviable; they monopolised all situations of trust. One was the quartermaster, another the chief cook, others worked as carpenters, bootmakers, and blacksmiths. The baleful practice of putting one convict in authority over another, long condemned by enlightened prison legislators, was always in full force in New Caledonia. Strange to say, too, the French authorities preferred to choose their felon overseers from an alien race. The Arabs seem to have found most favour with their masters, although, if Mayer is to be believed, these Arab officials were all fierce untamed ruffians. Many had been transported for atrocious crimes. Yet they were entrusted with great authority over their less fortunate comrades, and were especially esteemed for the vigour with which they administered corporal punishment. Mayer has preserved the picture of one Algerian savage, six feet high, who went about seeking quarrels and striking his fellow-convicts on the smallest excuse. This man was considered an artist with the martinet or French cat-o'-nine-tails, and was said to be able to draw blood at the first stroke. His ferocity gained him the sobriquet of 'The Tiger,' and he was so deeply execrated that, a plan having been openly discussed for his removal, he was eventually murdered by one who had suffered greatly at his hands.

Discipline was always defective in New Caledonia. Its weakest point was its uncertainty. In many cases, especially at first, it was harsh and cruel in the extreme; latterly, under a milder régime, it degenerated into dangerous laxity. The chief difficulty of enforcing it lay in the absence of proper incentives to do well; the only real reward for good conduct was a concession of colonial land; but there were lesser inducements, which were really demoralising bribes, such as an increase of food, the issue of local rum, the privilege of light labour or comparative idleness. The one boon which might have been held up to all, some graduated scale of remission of sentence, earned by marks on the plan introduced by Captain Maconochie, and since adopted in our English system, was nearly impossible. Expatriation for French convicts was more or less perpetual; little hope was held out to any of those deported, except for very short terms, of eventual permission to return to France. Failing this, the only judicious kind of persuasion, coercion, one or other form of repressive discipline became inevitable. For a long time the lash was freely applied, but corporal punishment was presently abolished as 'unworthy of a republican government in a liberal and civilised country,' and after this good order was with difficulty maintained. I have no desire to defend personal chastisement as a weapon of penal authority, but where it is forbidden there should be other effective means

of maintaining discipline. There is only one of admitted efficacy, and that is the close and solitary confinement of offenders in dark or light cells. The New Caledonian penitentiaries do not appear to be largely provided with these, and, whether or not, the percentage of misconduct among the convicts is extraordinarily high. According to the returns which I have examined between 1880-83 inclusive, this percentage has varied annually from 125 to 159 per cent.¹ There remains, moreover, a considerable residuum of incorrigibles, the reckless and nearly irreclaimable members of the *cinquième* class, who seem to perpetuate the terrible traditions of Norfolk Island and Tasman's peninsula. The French convict passes through four categories or classes: from the fourth to the third, where he receives a small pittance or *récompense exceptionnelle*; thence into the second, with a higher rate of wages; and so into the first, the daily earnings of which amount to forty centimes; and, last of all, the conditional liberation, with the choice of work for self or the free colonists. But at the very bottom lie the dregs: those degraded to the fifth category or *peloton* of punishment, for whom there is no hope, a shorter diet, the foulest occupations, and, often enough, the penalty of perpetual double chains. Naturally the fifth class supplied the great proportion of the worst kind of colonial crime. Local law and authority seemed powerless to check and control it; no larger penalties remained to be inflicted but death, or a longer sentence of *travaux forcés*. But, although thirty-nine were sentenced to death in 1884, capital punishment has lost its terrors, since the sanction of the home Government is required before execution, and tardy intercommunication so prolongs the dread decision that the convict cannot well be executed in the end. As for the reduplication of sentences, this has reached the climax of absurdity when courts-martial are compelled to impose further terms of years upon offenders already sentenced for life. Cases might be quoted of life convicts sentenced to twenty, thirty, and forty years more, although I can find none in the New Caledonian records at all approaching the case of Jean Hébrard, a convict transported to Cayenne, upon whose head were accumulated no less than 235 years of *travaux forcés*.

The French authorities have seemingly encountered many of the difficulties which were well known to our own colonial administrators. The constantly increasing numbers, and the dangers that followed as the convict element grew more and more preponderating and less amenable to discipline, were among the chief of these. There has always been wanting an effective supervision and control. The supply of suitable officers, especially in the lower grades, has

¹ The returns for 1884, now published (1887), show a marked increase on the previous year. In 1883 there were 3,148 serious punishments (*punitions graves*) inflicted; in 1884 this total had risen to 4,897. This increase is attributed by the authorities to the relaxation of discipline in the road-making parties.

always been limited. Fairly liberal terms were no doubt offered, but the promises held out do not appear to have been scrupulously fulfilled. A salary which appeared high at home was soon swamped by the great cost of colonial life; the spacious quarters with its fruitful garden proved to be little better than a hovel. Many on arrival would gladly have resigned at once, but they were engaged for a term of years. Naturally, first disappointment soon deepened into discontent. Many grew reckless, seeking solace in drink and debauchery. They thus set a bad example, and their value as guardians of order was greatly depreciated. The authorities themselves, when they grew philanthropic, appear to have hastened the loss of respect amongst their subordinates by attaching exaggerated importance to any complaints the convicts made. These complaints were invited, and could be made direct to the highest personage in the colony. Cases are on record where not only warders, but superior officials, were put upon their trial in an open law court on charges brought against them by convicts. Under such conditions the bonds of discipline must naturally be loosened. The same reckless defiance of constituted authority prevailed as in Australia under the same conditions. Insubordination was chronic, thefts frequent, murders not uncommon. Escapes have been always of constant occurrence, especially from the road parties and out-stations, where supervision was slack and safe custody hardly possible. They were not easily compassed, however; neither from the penitentiary island of Nou, nor on the mainland, did success often crown the attempt. Disappearance into the barren and inhospitable bush meant ultimate starvation or surrender, unless capture was more speedily effected by the savage native police, who were paid head-money for every convict they brought in. The official statistics of escapes from New Caledonia compare favourably with those of French Guiana, and in twenty years, between 1864 and 1884, only 381 are reported as *évadés ou disparus*. But the frequency and extensive scale of the escapes—half of fifty convicts at a mining camp disappeared in one day—show how lax is the repressive system, a fact further proved by the generally unsettled condition of the colony.

It is an admitted axiom in penal science that enforced labour is not easily made productive; unless peculiar incentives to work, such as the English mark system, are employed under a stringent yet enlightened discipline, the results have always been meagre and disappointing. As these conditions were absent from New Caledonia the consequences are what might have been foreseen. Notwithstanding the very considerable efforts made and the vast quantity of convict labour always available, the colony still owns no great public works; whilst large and sustained efforts to develop its agricultural resources by the same means have also failed. No doubt the nature of the soil has been unfavourable. New Caledonia, while not without

its natural advantages, such as a nearly perfect climate, a freedom from reptiles and fierce fauna inimical to man, is physically not richly endowed. The island consists of a rugged backbone of mountains clothed with dense forests and grooved with rushing torrents, along whose banks lies the only cultivable ground. A thin and sandy soil covers a substratum of hard rock, which makes but meagre returns for the labour bestowed, and serves best for pasturage. Hence the convict farms already referred to have never been profitably worked. Those especially of Bourail and Koé, the largest and most ambitious, show a positive loss. At the former only three and a half tons of sugar were turned out in one year by four hundred men; ten years of toil had only brought fifty hectares of land into cultivation. At Koé five years' receipts were valued at 50,000 francs, and the expenses for the same period just tripled that sum. In 1883 the then Minister of Marine approved of the suppression of the penitentiary farms on the island of Nou and at Canala, and of the limitation of the sugar-cane cultivation at Bourail, on the grounds that the returns were altogether inadequate to the outlay. It is only too evident that the efforts have been misdirected, and that the labour was wasted and frittered away instead of being much more usefully employed for the benefit of the whole colony. One signal instance of the shortcomings of the colonial administrators is shown by their neglect to develop the means of internal communication. It was not until 1883, that is to say after nearly twenty years of colonial life, that road-making, that indispensable preliminary to development, was undertaken on any extensive scale. Down to the end of 1882, New Caledonia, an island 230 miles long and 50 broad, owned only 57 kilometres of road. It was Captain Pallu de la Barrière, a governor whose administration was severely criticised on account of his excessive humanitarianism, but whose views as regards the utilisation of convict labour were far-seeing, who removed this reproach. His idea was to substitute what he called movable camps for the *bagnes sédentaires* or permanent penitentiaries. He thought that the severest toil should be the lot of all convicts, at least at first; and this, he conceived, could be best compassed by employing them in road-making, thus benefiting the colony while effectively punishing the convict. His whole scheme of organisation reads like a page from the despatches of our own colonial governors some thirty years ago. The measures he proposed, his plans for housing the convicts and providing for their safe custody, were almost identical with those in force with the road-gangs of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. He was very hopeful; he had no fears of escapes, of aggravated misconduct, or of any great dangers to the sparse community scattered over the wide area which he now proposed to people with convict gangs. His intentions were no doubt excellent, but in the three years which have elapsed since he first put forward his scheme

they have borne no very substantial fruit. No doubt the immediate and considerable increase of expenditure entailed by his proposals gained for them a very lukewarm support at home, whilst the colonial community declined to be propitiated by the prospective benefits, and murmured constantly against the increased insecurity of the island. The map published in the last report shows a very small length of road as yet completed of the vast mileage contemplated. A few lengths of tramway have, however, been laid down, connecting important stations with each other and the sea coast, and other longer lines have been projected.

• But the colonial administration has had even less satisfaction out of the emancipists than the convicts still under restraint. The former are a great and increasing body, for whom work cannot easily be found. The hope that the labour markets of the colony would absorb a great proportion has already proved illusory. For some time past the free colonists, by no means a numerous class, have declined to employ emancipists, declaring that while they claimed the free man's wages they would not give the free man's work. The settlers preferred to import native labour from the neighbouring islands, especially the New Hebrides, thus coming into direct conflict with the authorities, who soon put their veto on such importation. The settlers were told that if they wanted hands they must seek them amongst the emancipists, and any protests were silenced, after the despotic manner of French bureaucracy, by reminding the colonists that New Caledonia was a penal settlement, and that if they lived there they must abide by its constitution. At this time there were some four or five thousand emancipists living at free charges, lodged, fed, and clothed at the cost of the State, yet making absolutely no return. The bulk of these were kept in a military camp under some semblance of discipline, but undergoing little restraint beyond the prohibition to wander abroad, and within the limits of the camp its occupants could do as they pleased. A very terrible picture of this emancipist dépôt has been painted by one who was detained in it. It was a seething mass of rascality, where the will of the most reckless was law and the weak always went to the wall. Naturally vicious, always idle, these precious roughs drank, gambled, thieved, and quarrelled; the knife being always ready to end every dispute. So terrible was the common lot among these hopelessly brutalised wretches that convicts under restraint have been known to prefer a continued stay in the penitentiary. The Government no doubt tried to lessen these evils: where it could it furnished work, a make-believe of employment, with convict rations and wages at a nominal rate. But the numbers have become more and more unmanageable, and there is daily less hope of disposing of even a fraction of the whole body according to the original idea. The hope of regenerating the criminal by converting him into a prosperous colonist has never been

abandoned. It had always been hoped that the first or probational period of enforced exile would encourage habits of labour and thriftiness, so that, on arrival at conditional pardon, the emancipist might soon be self-supporting and eventually develop into a good citizen. Every effort was tried to this end. The concession of grants of land, accompanied by a liberal gift of plant, tools, seeds, and stock, was made to many. Marriages were also encouraged, with the idea of creating that domestic hearth, with its joys and responsibilities, which, according to the Utopian authorities, would make the convict a new and perfectly moral man. Such marriages were hardly conducive to this end; the brides were selected at home from the inmates of female prisons, and forwarded by the administration to a sort of conventual establishment in the colony, where the would-be Benedict, after a courtship of a few short hours, made his choice. This practice was exactly similar to that which prevailed in the old convict days of New South Wales, and, as there, these ill-assorted marriages seldom, if ever, turned out well. The antecedents of these women were altogether unfavourable, and their relapse into the lowest depths of degradation, often at the instance and generally with the full consent of their husbands, was inevitable. The French official returns are at great pains to quote the instances in which these colonial *concessionnaires* have prospered. Whole pages are filled with accounts of old convicts transformed into industrious cultivators, devoted to their homes, possessing lands and cattle, and already realising every Frenchman's dream of becoming *rentiers* and *propriétaires*. The only commentary upon these reports is a statement of the numbers who have thus succeeded. A minute and detailed statement of the extent to which concessions have been made is given in table No. 30 of the last published official returns which appeared this year (1887). The total number of *concessionnaires* from the commencement of transportation to New Caledonia down to December 1885, was 1,640, and of these 1,163 were still convicts, the balance, 477, *libérés* or emancipists. But considerable deductions must be made from this gross total for those who were dispossessed of their concessions for misconduct and for those who abandoned or sold them, and who amounted to 387. This leaves a balance of barely a thousand as the net result of upwards of twenty years. At the same time trustworthy evidence is forthcoming to show that these partially emancipated criminals are seldom fit and proper persons to work out their regeneration and develop a new country. It is the same here as in French Guiana. The convicts belong mainly to other than the labouring class; they are mostly city-bred, with no aptitudes for field-work. Besides which, but few are provided with the capital, or the thrifty habits that would soon supply it, and the bulk pass inevitably into the hands of local usurers, who advance money at exorbitant rates and eventually take possession of

the land. Usury is one of the chief curses of New Caledonia; it enriches a few at the expense of the many, and is the bane of every class in the colony.

The French authorities are still reluctant to admit the hopelessness of transforming the ex-convict into an agricultural proprietor, or at least show no present intention of abandoning the attempt. On the contrary, and in spite of official confession that 'the *libérés* furnish no serious workmen,' that 'they are generally idle and drunken, wanting stability, and soon degenerating into vagabondage' or worse, the colonial administration still desires to plant them out on the land. In pursuit of this chimerical philanthropy positive injury threatens the friendless free settlers. There is a growing scarcity of good land for concession owing to the limited reserves kept, and the Government has already resolved to increase greatly the so-called penitentiary domain. At the same time, according to the last report (1885) of Mr. Layard, the British Consul at Noumea, a new land tax has been imposed upon all uncultivated areas, the effect of which will entail large forfeitures of the grants given to colonists. As most of the land will not repay cultivation, it is utilised largely for grazing, and the fines will be so heavy that forfeiture is inevitable. This measure has caused the strongest dissatisfaction in New Caledonia, and adds another to the many pre-existent causes for conflict between the home Government and the colonial community: a conflict growing day by day more aggravated and embittered. Indeed, the free colonists, although weaker and less numerous than those of New South Wales some forty or fifty years ago, are already giving voice to the very same protests and complaints that brought about the cessation of transportation with us. It is roundly declared that everything is made to give way to the demands of penal colonisation. The first consideration of the Government is for its success, for the satisfactory disposal and progressive amelioration of the convicts, while the honest non-criminal community goes to the wall. This was the line adopted by Governor Macquarrie in New South Wales in 1809-21, which was wisely reversed by his successors, or Australia would never have thriven. It was bad enough to exalt the convict class at the expense of the free settlers, but the discouragement of free emigration soon affected the labour market and reduced the chances of employment for the emancipists—a trouble which now greatly perplexes the French colony.

Smarting under their wrongs, and, not strangely, indignant at the preference shown to their felon fellow-citizens, the free colonists have at last set on foot an agitation which the French Government cannot well affect to ignore. A delegate from New Caledonia has been lately in Paris proclaiming on high the nearly unbearable evils from which the colony suffers, and loudly demanding reforms. The precise direction these should take has not been made quite clear.

But one point which is urgently insisted upon must possess peculiar interest for us. This is the earnest and forcible appeal made to the French Government that a newer and better outlet should be found for its criminal *sewage*. With refreshing candour the very spot is indicated. Hard by New Caledonia lies, inviting annexation, a much more promising territory, more richly endowed by nature for colonisation, whether by bond or free. There are the New Hebrides, why not utilise them? Either send all convicts there and gradually deplete New Caledonia, or let the free colonists acquire these new lands, abandoning the old altogether to the authorities as a colonial *bagne*. It is more than probable that the suggestion embodied in this alternative commended itself to the French Government and may yet be found to explain wholly or in part its recent policy in the South Pacific. There may be a deeper reason for French intrusion into the New Hebrides. Their continued presence there in spite of diplomatic protest and in defiance of treaty obligations may be really the retort of France to our prolonged presence in Egypt, and she may refuse to withdraw from the one till we promise to evacuate the other, counting much upon the pressure Australia may exercise on our policy. But these are remote reasons; others lie nearer the surface. In the uses, direct and indirect, immediate and prospective, of the New Hebrides to French penal colonisation, are to be found potent, perhaps irresistible, temptations to remain there. Annexation may silence unpleasant murmurs, while the possession of a new and more hopeful field for experiment encourages the still unexploded fallacies with regard to the disposal of criminals. It is too soon possibly for that admission of utter failure which inevitably waits upon these misdirected and inordinately costly attempts at penal colonisation. But the day will assuredly come when France will accept, even against her will, the later experiences of the very nation whose earlier mistakes she has so blindly perpetuated. The only useful and intelligible penal system is that which provides for the uniform punishment of criminals in home prisons, where labour may be made remunerative and strict discipline can always be maintained under the close and watchful supervision of authority backed up by public opinion.

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

NEWNHAM COLLEGE FROM WITHIN.

COLLEGES for women have for some time held a recognised and quietly prosperous position of their own; they have passed the stage of doubtful experiment, nor can those who go to them any longer be set down as strong-minded individuals who have struck out for themselves a line which could not safely be adopted by ordinary people.

The number of women students is large, and it is increasing; I am not sure that it will not soon be larger than that at which most people would be prepared to estimate the number of women possessed of remarkable individuality in the whole of England, and when once any course has come to be adopted by a sufficient number of ordinary people, its character, as possible, expedient, and orthodox, may be looked upon as pretty well established. Although, however, this is the case to a very great extent among certain classes in England, and although there are numbers of girls—good, dutiful, home-loving girls, who have grown up with the idea that after school will come college, and have looked upon the going to college as an event as natural as is to others their ‘coming out’ and presentation—it is just as true that in another class the very term ‘women’s college’ often carries with it a suggestion of something unwomanly, while at the same time the most curious ignorance exists as to the nature of the institution which is thus condemned unheard.

‘Are your rooms at college next to your brother’s?’

‘What time do they put your bedroom candles out at Newnham?’

‘Are the students bound by any kind of vow?’

These are three questions, arising from misconception of three distinct kinds, which have been put to me more than once in perfect seriousness by very different people.

The first inquirer laboured under the delusion that going to Newnham was identical with going to King’s or Trinity, and that women’s colleges and men’s colleges were one and the same thing. Number two, on the other hand, could not rise to the conception of anything but a large boarding-school for grown-up girls; while to number three a number of women residing together could suggest nothing but the idea of a convent or sisterhood. In view of these

different and erroneous impressions, perhaps some account of Newnham work and life as it actually is may not be out of place, for it is surely worth while, even for those who, disapproving of the system, would never entertain the idea of college for themselves or those for whom they are responsible, to learn something about a life which, as a matter of fact, is adopted by, and does largely influence, a very considerable number of young Englishwomen.

I said 'Newnham work and life,' making a distinction between them; but of course the one is a necessary part of the other, and in fact its *raison d'être*, for the growth of Newnham was gradual and corresponded to the growth of a desire on the part of women for University education. It was thus a case of demand and hence supply.

It is seventeen years ago since the first lectures for women resident in Cambridge were delivered by University men, prominent among whom were Professor Henry Sidgwick and the late Frederick Denison Maurice. These were eagerly attended, and presently came an application from another part of England for leave to come to Cambridge for the purpose of attending them. The request was considered by those who managed the lectures; it was granted, and a lodging found for the applicant, whose example was followed by so many others, that in 1871 a house was opened for students, under the charge of Miss Clough, the present Principal of Newnham College. Four years later, after more than one migration to larger quarters, it was found necessary and possible to build a hall for the accommodation of the increasing number of students, and this was the origin of the red-brick Queen Anne building, designed by Mr. Champneys, and known now as the South Hall of Newnham College, but then designated Newnham Hall.

The South Hall stands in good-sized grounds of its own; these include three tennis-courts, a gymnasium, and a laboratory, and are separated by a road only from the North Hall, a building in the same style, which was opened in 1879, and placed under the charge of a Vice-principal, Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, succeeded in 1882 by Miss Helen Gladstone, the present Vice-principal of the College.

Nor is the process of growth yet completed. About twenty students, for whom there is not room in either of the old halls at present, occupy a house near to Newnham College, known as the Red House, and presided over by one of the resident college lecturers; while, adjoining the North Hall, are already to be seen the foundations of what will probably in future be known as the West Hall.

In the early days of Newnham the students worked for the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations, and these are still taken by the majority as preliminaries to, and by the minority instead of, a Tripos.

It was in 1874 that the first women students were admitted, in-

formally, to a Tripos Examination, and during the next six years thirty-three more were examined in the same informal way and obtained honours. Their success, and that of the Girton students, resulted in 1881 in the passing by the University of certain Graces which gave to women the right of admission to the Tripos Examinations after keeping the same number of terms at Newnham or Girton as is required of men at their colleges, and after passing either the Previous Examination or certain groups in the Higher Local Examination. Cambridge has not yet followed the example of the London University in conferring degrees upon the women students, to whom there is awarded instead a certificate stating the place obtained in the Tripos.

The subjects in which they have obtained honours are: mathematics, classics, natural science, moral science, history, and mediæval and modern languages.

Of course the choice of a subject lies with the individual student, and depends upon her tastes, talents, and previous training.

In classics and mathematics a girl's education has seldom been such as to enable her to take a high place, although first classes have been obtained in both. In the other subjects she starts with advantages about equal to those of the men, especially as regards history and modern languages, of which indeed at eighteen she will probably know more than her contemporary from a boys' public school. A proof of this is to be seen in the class lists of 1886—the only names in the first class of the Modern Languages Tripos being those of two Newnham students, while another was bracketed first in the History Tripos.

A Tripos is aimed at by most of the students; indeed four-fifths of those now in residence are preparing for one; but it is in no way pressed upon them, and they may, if they prefer it, take different groups of the Higher Local each year; or even, if their work is good and sufficiently advanced, study without taking any examination at all. Thus there should be no fear of overpressure; nor has steady regular work been found otherwise than conducive to health. That it really is conducive, and in more instances than is commonly supposed essential, to health, is perhaps a discovery that in the case of many women yet remains to be made. Another such discovery is the fact that a course of study at Cambridge is less exhausting than a course of gaiety in London, and that the dangers of overwork are small compared with those of over-dancing, late hours, draughty ball-rooms, &c., though it is the fashion to dilate severely on the former, in the case of girls, and ignore the latter, or, at all events, look upon them as natural and inevitable. With regard to the advisability of examinations for either men or women, there will always be two opinions. But I believe that the advantages outweigh the disadvantages, and that it is good—once in a lifetime at least—

to make a definite effort to achieve a definite end of this description. Besides this, the specialising involved in the preparation for a Tripos is particularly valuable to women, with their tendency towards desultoriness, and the attainment of a little of everything, and nothing well.

As to the instruction at Newnham, it is given by means of lectures, partly within, and partly without the college. There are five resident women lecturers: one classical, two mathematical, one for modern languages, and one historical, all of whom were formerly students of the college. Also three natural science demonstrators who reside in the town. Lectures are delivered by these, and by University men, some of whose lectures in their own colleges are also attended by the students. A great deal is also done by private coaching, which, indeed, wholly supersedes the lectures during the long vacation term, *i.e.* from the beginning of July to the end of August, when one hall is open for the reception of all students who wish to gain the extra few weeks of work.¹

The number of hours' work in the day varies of course with the nature of the work and of the student. Roughly speaking, however, eight hours is the greatest, and six the least amount which it is generally found well to give to regular work.

The day at Newnham is divided in the way which has by experience been proved to be the best adapted to work. At eight o'clock the South Hall bell and the North Hall gong are sounded, and the students come down to prayers in their respective dining halls, that is to say, the majority do so, but attendance is not compulsory. A short lesson and some collects are read by the Principal, and then comes breakfast, at a number of small tables, each of which affords accommodation for eight. Every one sits where she likes, excepting that there is rather a strong prejudice among the students in favour of none but those in their third or fourth year going, as a general rule at least, to the 'high table' at the top of the room, where sit the Principal and resident lecturers.

There is no ceremony about breakfast; it is a very cheery meal, with plenty of chat and laughter going on, students coming in and out almost constantly, late comers arriving, and those who have finished leaving when they choose.

By nine o'clock the latest breakfast is over, and the majority have settled down to work, or gone off to their lectures. Each student having one room only, as bedroom and sitting-room com-

¹ Full information as to the University Examinations open to women is given in a pamphlet on this subject, and in the Newnham College Report, copies of which may be obtained on application to the Hon. Secretary, Miss M. G. Kennedy, The Elms, Cambridge. The Report also gives information as to the scholarships tenable at Newnham. The fees for those who do not hold scholarships are twenty-five guineas a term, payable in advance.

bined, during the greater part of the morning work goes on in the library, or in the sitting-rooms, of which there is one on each floor. At half-past twelve the bell rings again for luncheon, a meal of the same informal description as breakfast. After luncheon people play tennis or fives, or go to the gymnasium, or for walks. Some read the papers in the library—there is a ‘newspaper meeting’ at the beginning of each October term, when the organs of every party alike are voted for with the strictest impartiality.

Tea is in Hall at the somewhat unusual hour of three, and after this comes a time very favourable to steady reading, and unbroken by lectures, which seldom take place in the afternoon.

At half-past six is dinner, the only formal meal in the day. The Principal asks a certain number of students to her table every night, no one going there at dinner without an invitation. There are two courses, and the meal is generally over in about half an hour, the housekeeper carving at the side table with extraordinary rapidity.

‘Roll’ is kept by the entering of the students’ names in a book by the Principal’s private secretary during dinner.

The students of one hall can always ask their friends from the other to dine; and also invite acquaintances in the town (ladies). Occasionally too they can have a friend or sister to stay with them, at a small fixed charge.

The time after dinner is spent variously, according to the time of year. In the May term (*i.e.* from April to June) half-past eight is the hour for being in, and most are glad to stay out of doors till then; but during the Michaelmas and Lent terms there is no going out, except in the case of concerts, &c., after half-past six, and then is the time for the meeting of the various societies, great and small, which I shall presently describe. At eight there is tea in Hall for those who like it, and after that most people work for two hours, or an hour and a half; ten o’clock—which is announced by the well-known sound of the bells at the neighbouring colleges of Selwyn and Ridley—being pretty generally regarded as the signal for leaving off. There is, however, of course, no rule as to the times and amount of work, and I am simply describing the habits of the average student.

The hour that follows is a favourite time for visiting and receiving visits from friends, and also for one of the great institutions of Newnham student life, namely, that form of entertainment known as a ‘cocoa party.’ The entertainment is of the simplest kind, but the guests enjoy themselves. They know each other, or want to know each other, and this is an opportunity; besides, they have been working most of the day and are ready to be amused.

The Newnham rooms are not very large, the smallest being about fourteen by twelve, but it is wonderful how much can be made of them, and what variety exists.

Each is provided with a bed that makes into a sofa by day—so

remarkably life-like a sofa, indeed, that 'Very nice, but where do the students sleep?' is a question frequently put by visitors to the college. There is also a bureau, table, bookcase, chintz-covered box, and arm-chair, beyond which any adornments that are to be seen must be attributed to the occupant herself.

The æsthetic tastes of some are manifested by the sage-green, peacock blue, or terra-cotta-coloured papers and chintzes of their rooms; others prefer something brighter, though none, I believe, have followed the advice of an American girl who once went over the college and declared that if she had a room there, she should 'fix it up with red and gold.' Perhaps the rooms never present a more pleasant appearance than in the evening, when a cocoa party is in full swing. At one time games are played, at another stories told; one hostess will insist upon the recitation of something in prose or verse by every guest; while another provides chestnuts for their amusement; or, on St. Clement's Eve, apples, suspended from the mantelpiece by a string, and dropping, when roasted through, into the basin below. These are the larger, noisier kind of parties; plenty of smaller, quieter ones, there are, at which a few friends will meet for talk or discussion.

None, however, last much later than eleven, by which time there is a certain tacit understanding that the house shall be quiet, and after which any one who is disturbed by noise has a right to appeal to the 'J.P.' (Justice of the Peace), an officer elected every term by the students on each floor, and charged with the maintenance of order and quiet. The J.P., however, is an exclusively North Hall institution, I believe.

Of the societies above referred to, the most important is the Debating Society, to which all the students and college officials belong. It is managed by a president, vice-president, and committee, elected at the beginning of every year, and charged with the duty of fixing the days for the debate, and of selecting one of the motions put up on a board, kept for the purpose, in each hall, so soon as the date has been announced.

It is open to any one to put up a motion, or to sign her name as opposing one that is already up.

Much excitement prevails when the committee meet to consider the motions, and make their choice, between which day and that of the debate a week is allowed to elapse, so that both proposer and opposer may have time to prepare their speeches. Debates always take place on a Saturday, and visitors, both Girton students and ladies from Cambridge, are invited for seven.

The dining-hall of the North Hall is on such occasions as full as it can be, an organised detachment of students undertaking to bring down chairs from the lecture rooms and to decorate the hall with plants.

The president sits in state on a raised seat at one end of the room, the vice-president and secretary below her, and the Principal, Vice-principal, and other college dignitaries occupying arm-chairs at the same end. The proceedings begin with the reading of the minutes of the last debate by the secretary, after which, and when business motions, if there are any, have been discussed, the proposer and opposer make their formal speeches, and the debate is opened. Any one may speak, though visitors are not allowed to vote, and there is generally a very lively discussion. No speech may be read, or last longer than ten minutes, excepting those of the proposer and opposer.

The motions discussed are of all kinds and classes, the following being, perhaps, a fairly representative selection of those of the last few years:—

‘Life without leisure is life misspent:’ carried by a small majority.

‘That Socialism is the only remedy for existing evils:’ lost by 71 against 14 votes.

‘War between civilised nations is never justifiable:’ lost.

‘That we are better than our grandmothers:’ carried.

‘That in the present day plainer living would conduce to higher thinking:’ carried.

‘That the training of teachers as such is undesirable:’ lost.

In each of the two last Lent terms an inter-collegiate debate has been held at Girton with great success. The motions discussed were:—

‘That hero-worship is injurious to both the worshipper and the worshipped;’ and ‘That college life tends to develop the selfish at the expense of the unselfish side of the character:’ both of which were lost.

On ordinary debate nights at Newnham the debate is closed by the president, who calls upon the proposer to make her reply, after which the votes are taken, and the result declared. The evening generally ends with dancing among the students, and many a cocoa party, at which nothing but re-discussions of the motion are to be heard.

Another no less flourishing institution is the Political Club, which meets every Monday night at seven o’clock in the South Hall for the discussion of political questions exclusively. The sittings of this ‘Honourable House,’ as it is scrupulously termed by its members, only last for an hour, but are extremely animated. There is an orthodox speaker, government, and opposition. The prime minister is elected by ballot at the beginning of the year, or whenever a dissolution occurs, and she and her cabinet are responsible for the introduction of Bills—a weighty undertaking, especially when a division of opinion exists, on which occasion a ‘cabinet council’ has been known to occupy the time between dinner and tea for three consecutive evenings. However, every third Monday is set apart for private members.

A very large proportion of the House is Liberal, which is perhaps strange, considering the extremely opposite tendencies of undergraduates taken as a body; but there has hitherto been a determined minority of Conservatives, who have on occasion been known to combine with the Radicals below the gangway, and overturn the government!

The said Radicals, by the bye, introduced a comprehensive measure of Home Rule some time before the appearance of Mr. Gladstone's Bill. It was, however, opposed and defeated by the Liberal Government of that day. Great interest is felt in the Political Club, which at one time had an agent in London—the sister of a student—to telegraph news that could thus be learnt sooner than if the papers were waited for. This was at the time of the fall of Khartoum, and great was the excitement and applause when, in the midst of one of the sittings of the House, a telegram arrived with the news that it was thought Gordon might still be holding out in the citadel.

Nearly all the students belong to the Political Club, next in importance to which is the Musical Society, the weekly practice of which is conducted by the organist of King's College. The number of musical students naturally varies from year to year, but there is always a fair number. Some attend the University lectures on the theory of music, though only one, I believe, has studied music exclusively. A few belong to the University as well as the Newnham Musical Society, and attend the practices of both.

Other clubs are, the 'Modern Languages,' 'Historical,' 'Classical,' 'Natural Sciences,' 'Moral Sciences,' &c., which meet at varying intervals for the reading of papers and discussions.

There is a 'Sunday Society,' at which, on Sunday evenings, a paper on some subject, either religious or moral, is read and discussed; and an 'Educational Society,' where the like is done with subjects connected with education.

Smaller societies for the reading of poetry in general, of Browning in particular, of German plays, of English novels, &c., are of course perpetually being formed and dropped. The longest lived, perhaps, of these is a 'Sharp Practice' society for the debates, known as the 'Incapables,' and possessing rather curious rules. The members meet after dinner in the president's room, each bringing with her a motion, to which no name is signed. One of these motions the president draws at random, and reads out, announcing that 'the motion before the House this evening is so and so.' Two minutes of solemn silence follow, after which the president draws the name of one of the members, also at random, and calls upon her to speak in favour of the motion, three minutes being the shortest, five the longest allowed for any speech.

The next person whose name is drawn has to speak against the motion, and so on alternately until the close of the debate, when

those whose fate it has been to speak against their convictions may satisfy their consciences by voting in accordance with them. All kinds of ludicrous motions are discussed with perfect gravity by this society; one spirited debate, for instance, having taken place on the proposition 'that, in the opinion of this House, it is desirable to hire Conservatives at a small but regular salary for use at the Political Club.'

An unfailing source of amusement is found in the members, of whom there are usually more than one, who dutifully stand up during the allotted time without ever getting beyond the prefatory address to the president, 'Madam!' ejaculated at intervals with diminishing emphasis; the president's grave 'I must remind the honourable member that she has already spoken for three minutes,' being hailed with the unsympathetic laughter of the House.

One well-tried expedient is for a speaker to think of all the arguments on the side with which she really sympathises, and duly produce them, whatever be the side for which she has to speak—only, should it chance to be the wrong one, concluding with the remark, 'Such, Madam, are the arguments which will, I foresee, be brought forward by my opponents. I should proceed to refute them, did the time permit; but I see the president's eye upon her watch,' &c., until the five minutes have really elapsed.

During the winter months dancing takes place every Thursday evening, after dinner, in the North Hall, and occasionally the students get up a fancy ball among themselves. This entertainment is only announced the day before it takes place, so that the expenditure of time upon the dresses is by no means considerable, though the very reverse is true of the ingenuity displayed.

I must not omit to mention the Fire-brigade, which is carefully organised in each Hall, and holds regular practices, both with the hose and buckets. An alarm practice is also occasionally held, the summons being given by the blowing of a terrifically loud horn by the captain.

I remember the stampede that took place all over the house on one occasion, when an unfortunate lieutenant of the brigade blew the said horn by mistake, having 'only meant to see whether she could make it sound.'

The principal outdoor amusements are lawn-tennis and fives, although comparatively few are found to patronise the latter.

There is a college tennis club, which plays Girton every year for a silver cup, and in the long vacation sends a champion to play with one from Girton, against Lady Margaret and Somerville Halls, the Oxford colleges. The two halls also play each other every term, and the friendly competition thus induced is one of the advantages of the existence of two separate buildings; there is no distinction between the students resident in each, who are on the

most friendly terms, and constantly meet at lectures, debates, and on dancing nights; although the same possibilities of intimacy do not of course exist as between those who live under the same roof. That a student should feel 'especial affection for the hall in which her lot happens to be cast is but natural, and each has its own advantages—the South Hall possessing the library, the gymnasium, and the chemical laboratory; the North, the lecture rooms, the largest dining hall, and the greatest number of tennis courts. The number of students in the South Hall is at present forty, in the North Hall fifty-three, the Red House twenty. There will be accommodation for fifty in the new Hall, which is to be connected with the North Hall by a covered passage. There are also a certain number of 'out students,' *i.e.* women living with their parents or guardians in Cambridge; or else, being over thirty years of age, in lodgings approved by the principal of the college. Among the students are often to be found women from America and the colonies, who are always most welcome; the daughters of the poet Longfellow were in residence for several terms.

Apart from the apparatus of lectures and examinations which I have described, and which might, in part at all events, be obtained elsewhere, it seems impossible to overrate, from an educational point of view, the advantages of Cambridge itself as a place of residence for the women students.

It is a truism to say that education does not consist in lectures and examinations, but the fact would appear to be overlooked by those who, though not denying their usefulness and admissibility for women, would have them provided at what they consider a safe distance from a university town. Such persons do not reflect, for one thing, on the additional interest that is imparted by the mere fact of living in, and becoming connected with, a place full of the ancient traditions of learning, and of the memories of great men—a place, in short, with a history of its own. It was Arnold's great regret for Rugby that it had no historic past like that of Eton and Winchester. Let the women students then share the advantages conferred by the historic past and historic beauties of Cambridge. They are indeed in this century for the first time college students; foundresses they have often been. The colleges of St. John's, Christ's, Sidney, Clare, Pembroke, and Queens' were all founded by women, and it is not more than just that they should participate in the benefits conferred by their predecessors of centuries ago.

Many mothers, however, dislike the idea of their daughters resorting to the same place of education as their sons, and the question is often asked whether 'difficulties' are not sometimes caused by the proximity of the men's colleges. To this the answer is emphatically in the negative: such difficulties do not practically arise.

There are no regulations as to where, and where not, the students may walk: they attend the services at King's Chapel, at town churches, or the Nonconformist chapels, just as do other ladies resident in the town, and they go, as I have already said, to many of the college lectures as naturally as they would to a public lecture or concert in London; where the audience is not composed exclusively of one sex. As to paying visits in college rooms, this they do on the same terms as would the daughters of residents in, or visitors to, Cambridge—namely, with a chaperon, either the Principal or one of the lecturers, who are always most ready to facilitate the acceptance of invitations to tea, &c.

This same rule applies in the case of a brother, who, however, may take his sister for a walk whenever he pleases, or visit her at Newnham, of course on the understanding that no other students are present at the time.

Besides the interest of the place itself, another obvious advantage is the possibility of intercourse with cultured men and women, of hearing, at least occasionally, the best lecturers, the best preachers, the best musicians. And apart from all this, and the interest and attachment to Cambridge which it awakens, there exists among the students a very strong and, as I think, ennobling loyalty and gratitude to the college itself, and to those to whose patient, unselfish labours it owes its existence; the character of its founders and of those who have hitherto carried on their work, together with the fact that wealth has been the very smallest factor in its growth, ought to be, and will be, a precious heritage and undying source of pride and satisfaction to future generations of students.

The latent enthusiasm that exists breaks forth especially each year on the 24th of February, which is kept as the anniversary of the day on which were passed the Graces giving to women a recognised position in the University. Then windows are illuminated, speeches made, names cheered, and full expression is given to that corporate feeling, that loyalty and love for something besides individuals, which women often miss, but which is perhaps as good for them as it is for men.

It is a pity that more of what is sometimes called the 'leisured class' do not avail themselves of this corporate life than is at present the case. Perhaps, as regards its male section, no class in England wholly deserves such a title; but the same cannot be said of the women. It is easy to talk of home duties and work among the poor, but the supply is not equal to the demand. Granted that these come first, it is not every home or every parish that affords scope sufficient for the energies of, for instance, a large family of grown-up girls, most of whom, if in a slightly different class of life, would take to work of some kind as a matter of course.

The greater part of the students at Newnham have been educated

at high schools, and intend to become teachers in them when the college course is over.² Some have already taught, and thus saved up money for the refreshment of three years' learning. Why do not women of quite the upper ranks oftener study with the same object? The education of girls of any but the lowest classes, whom they have taught in Sunday schools, has never been considered by them as an honourable and enviable occupation, for which every bit of refinement and good breeding they may have makes them the more fit; but surely, for the sake of all, this is a pity, and a day should come when the position of mistress in a public school will be considered just as possible and creditable to a woman, however high her social status, as is that of master to a man.

Apart, however, from the idea of preparation for teaching in the future, the two or three years of college life are of great value in themselves. Besides the advantage of real definite study under the most favourable circumstances, there is, I think, infinitely much to be gained of experience, of self-knowledge, of tolerance and sympathy, and at the same time definiteness of opinion, from the being thrown into the society of a number of women of widely differing class and thought, yet united together by the bond of a common life and pursuit. Nowhere else perhaps are people valued so entirely for what they are. At home a woman is the squire's daughter, or the clergyman's, or the doctor's, and treated accordingly by her acquaintance; at college her position is of no consequence; her disposition, as manifested to others, of the greatest.

This is very wholesome, nor does it mean that there is antagonism to rank or station and so on in themselves, simply that they are factors which are ignored as having no influence upon the college life. This is more the case at Newnham than in the men's colleges, where there is an aristocracy of school if of nothing else, and public school men are often apt to think it not worth their while to make acquaintance with those who have been educated elsewhere. In this respect the advantage is, I think, with Newnham, as also in the greater simplicity of the college arrangements and life led, and in the fact that, at present at least, study is in all cases the real, as well as the professed object of the students.

Conceit is what many fear as the result of a higher education, but experience proves the truth of the saying that it is a 'little knowledge' which is the 'dangerous thing.' It is the clever member of a home-bred family who is the readiest victim to this failing, the girl who has never left her own circle, whose story has been accepted

² Of the 355 former students whose names are on the College books from October 1871 to June 1886, about 170 are engaged in teaching, 30 being head-mistresses, 101 assistant-mistresses in high schools either in England or the colonies; 13, including the Vice-principal, are on the staff of the College; 1 is Principal of the Cambridge Training College for women teachers; 5 are Professors and Lecturers in American colleges, and 1 is Directress of the Victoria Lyceum at Berlin.

by a magazine, or who has passed one Local examination—not a student who knows what real work is, and has, moreover, constantly before her eyes, not only those who have merely done better than herself, but also some of the greatest authorities in the particular branch of study she has chosen to adopt.

Nor is success a gauge of popularity; good work is always revered, and this is, I think, one of the best fruits of the life; but kindly qualities of heart and mind are of such infinitely greater importance to the happiness of the place (as of every other place) than brilliancy, that there is no fear of the possessor of this last alone being unduly elevated by the respect she receives.

The tone of the college is unquestionably good; there is a healthy, hearty interest in the work, a genuine satisfaction in the success of others, great readiness to afford help to those who need it.

An intelligent interest exists too in subjects unconnected with the work; there is a general feeling against much discussion of 'shop,' and plenty of sensible talk may be heard in Hall and at gatherings of the students—sensible nonsense too, with a remarkable absence of gossip. The age of the students is, of course, not that of school girls, none being admitted younger than eighteen, while there is no limit on the other side. In the October term of 1883, the average age was twenty-two in the North Hall, and twenty-four in the South, while there are generally in residence some students a good deal older than this.

It is on the question of religion that anxiety is perhaps most often felt when the desirability of college life for women is considered. There is among Church people the objection to unsectarianism; and among others as well, an impression that all sorts of loose speculations must be rife in such a place, and that it is hardly possible for a girl to spend three years there without the risk of having her opinions, to say the least of it, unsettled.

It is of course true that Newnham is unsectarian, and necessarily so, as is obvious when the circumstances of its foundation are considered. The same, however, is also true nowadays of the old foundations, so that the objection, if it be one, applies equally to both. An objection, no doubt, it would be, in the eyes of earnest-minded Churchmen and Nonconformists alike, if it caused laxity and indifference to religion. But experience proves that the reverse of this is true. Principles become clearer, more definite, are more highly valued when brought into contact with their opposites. The contact must come later on in life: persons of different denominations must work more or less side by side. It is better that the tolerance which alone can insure harmony should be learnt in college days, when all are bound together by the tie of a common life and interest. Especially true would this seem to be in the case of women.

I may mention that the Council of the college are anxious that the

fact of its being unsectarian should not afford a pretext, which would otherwise not exist, for neglect of religious observances. Hence a house rule to the effect that 'students are expected to inform the Principal what place of worship they choose for regular attendance.' And as indifference to religion is far from being a characteristic of the place, so is any antagonism to it among those whose views are Agnostic.

That there are such it is true, but their presence is no more marked than in any other large society; and far from gratuitously obtruding their opinions, they treat the beliefs of others with the fullest regard and reverence. There is no disposition to rush lightly into the discussion of serious matters of this class; they are by common consent avoided at all public debates, and no doubt this public reserve is not without its effect upon private discussion.

A girl with no bent towards speculative inquiry might, I believe, pass through her three years without ever coming in contact with any; while for a thoughtful mind that will somehow or other think out things for itself, it is surely more wholesome to mix freely with others of the same stamp. There will be a better chance thus of its finding the standing ground which it will at all events never take for granted on the word of others.

A girl of this inquiring turn of mind will find at college that she is no *rara avis*, and this is a useful discovery. At home she is possibly the only one who has been led to question the doctrines in which all alike have been brought up. At college she will see these doctrines earnestly believed in, earnestly acted up to, by persons who have passed through the same phase as herself—persons of whose intellectual superiority she can feel no doubt.

I have tried in this account to give my own impressions of Newnham as it presents itself to me after a residence of three years, hoping that it may help to interest some in a college that does good work, and is much loved by all connected with it.

EVA KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

A BEGGAR-POET. .

To a naturalist the habits and structure of a midge, or a stoat, are as full of interest as the nature of an eagle or a buffalo; and to a student of human character, the portrayal of Caliban ranks with the portrayal of Prospero. He feels as much sympathy with the 'poor fool' when he is hanged, as with the calamities of Lear himself. These considerations must be my warrant for recalling the existence of a creature so humble, so needy, and so wretched as a poor beggar who was also a match-seller, net-maker, herbalist, and poet.

We may all know what a player thought of the passions and perplexities of the soul; and likewise how a Puritan scholar regarded existence. Of innumerable others of almost every degree, we know the feelings and speculations on the phenomena of nature; but with the beggar, who has of course also his own view, it is different; the world has only guessed the way in which he regards the life around him. It so chances, however, that a hundred years ago there lived one who happily could express his views and feelings in verse, which, though unpolished, and frequently imperfect, and in halting metre, tells distinctly what he meant to tell of his observations and reflections, his sufferings and his hopes.

This outcast, James Chambers, was born at Soham, Cambridgeshire, in 1748. His father was a leather-seller, and at one time in tolerably good circumstances; but, drifting into evil days, his son, from choice or necessity, left his home and became a pedlar, though by this he was scarcely able to obtain a livelihood. To increase his chances, he made nets of various kinds; but it is said he was of a disposition so indolent that he never troubled to sell the nets after he had made them, so that they were often torn to pieces by rats, or worn out with friction before they had ever been in use. He was sixteen years of age when he began his wanderings, which he continued with brief intervals until he was seventy-two, when he lived at Woodbridge. After that time I have no knowledge of him or of his movements beyond the fact that he died at Stradbroke, in January 1827, aged seventy-nine years.

It was during his stay at Woodbridge that some admiring well-wishers, taking pity on his forlorn condition, supported the project of collecting and publishing a volume of his poems, which was brought

out at Ipswich in 1820. Mr. Webb gave an account of him in the *Suffolk Garland*; and there is also another notice of him in the same work by an unnamed author; and in 1810 Mr. Cordy, of Worlingworth, published a statement of the poet's case in the *Ipswich Journal*, wherein he calls attention to the fact that a friend of his in a volume of poems thus alludes to Chambers in verses upon a small market town called 'Haverhill':—

Near yonder bridge, that strides the rippling brook,
A hut once stood, in small sequester'd nook,
Where Chambers lodg'd: though not of gipsy race,
Yet, like that tribe, he often chang'd his place.
A lonely wand'rer he, whose squalid form
Bore the rude peltings of the wintry storm:
An hapless outcast, on whose natal day
No star propitious beam'd a kindly ray;
By some malignant influence doom'd to roam
The world's wide, dreary waste, and know no home.
Yet Heaven, to cheer him as he pass'd along,
Infused in life's sour cup the sweets of song.

Mr. Cordy's poetic friend, in a footnote to his verses, says of the wanderer-poet:—

He was a person of mild, unassuming, and inoffensive manners, and possessed a mind strongly tinctured with a sense of religion.

And Mr. Cordy himself remarks:—

It is astonishing to witness such capabilities of mind under the garb of extreme wretchedness. He was literally without clothing; and altogether in a state calculated to excite our sympathy, and the best feelings of the humane mind.

Mr. Cordy took the poet to his house, where he may have had a wife and grown-up daughters, and young maid-servants, so that surely he must have meant 'metaphorically' and not 'literally' without clothing, or most likely he meant very bad clothing.

Mr. Cordy tells us that his appeal in the *Ipswich Journal*

induced the Duchess of Chandos, Countess of Dysart, Lord Henniker, and others to send donations to him for the use of this solitary wanderer. A plan was accordingly formed to make him stationary, but an attempt might as well have been made to hedge in a cuckoo. A cottage was hired at Worlingworth, and furnished, and his poems were to have been printed for his benefit; but alas! a scene of humble comfort seemed neither grateful to his mind nor auspicious to his Muse, for after residing there a month or two he set off on one of his peregrinations, and returned no more; custom doubtless had wrought such a habit in his nature that he really would have preferred the solitude of a shed to the splendid enjoyments of a palace, and a bed of straw to a couch of down.

In the year 1818 he resided at Framlingham in a miserable shed at the back of the town, and daily walked to Earl Soham, or some of the neighbouring villages; his next route was for Woodbridge, which I believe has been his chief abode since that time.

James Chambers, though by no means an ignorant savage, was absolutely untamed, and his life was more like that of a hare or bird than of a civilised human creature, but with this notable exception, that hares and birds are scrupulously clean, whereas he was not so, and endured every vexation that accompanies uncleanness. He slept in sheds, pigstyes, in the open fields, under hedges, and in the shelter of haystacks; barns were his favourite sleeping-places, but they were luxuries rarely enjoyed, as farmers were disinclined to let him enter them for the purpose. He was always in rags; and in the portrait which was taken for a frontispiece to his poems he is presented in a tattered soldier's jacket; breeches too short and unbuckled at the knees; a sort of stocking on one leg, and one shoe down at heel; his hair hangs about in disorder, and his countenance has the inquiring look, 'What will the kind lady or gentleman do for me?' His elbows stand out awkwardly, and over his right arm hangs a roll of ballads. When a child he was at school for one month; he was never christened, nor did he ever marry; but it is said that 'He formerly made some progression towards matrimony by forming an acquaintance with a young woman, who after a number of unsuccessful solicitations and hapless endeavours left him a prey to the pangs of pungent disappointment.' He consoled himself with dogs, keeping a great number of them always about him for companionship, probably on the principle of that German philosopher who said that the older he grew, and the more he knew of mankind, the more he loved dogs. He had only vague notions of how to behave himself, for although he was gentle and sensitive, and burned with hatred of injustice and cruelty, and really felt grateful for kindnesses rendered, he scarcely ever gave any thanks for them, even for a draught of his well-beloved home-brewed beer. Although so scant in the expression of civility, he was sober and strictly honest, and moreover faithfully performed whatever he had promised to do, while the utmost confidence might be placed in his truthfulness. He must have been constructed of a singularly tough fibre, for his ways of life had hardened him to the endurance of a wild animal: after supping on hard mouldy crusts he would sometimes wake in the morning covered with snow, driven through the crevices of the shed wherein he had been sleeping, his limbs so benumbed that he could not feel the cold; and though his constant complaint is of hunger, his health seems not to have suffered from these distresses, for at the age of seventy-two, though his wretchedness is fondly dwelt upon by his biographer, no allusion is ever made to his bodily health.

He was mainly dependent upon charity for his living, but he would sometimes obtain actual coin for specimens of his art in the form of acrostics on the names of persons and upon short sentences: five shillings, half-a-crown, or a sixpence would be given for one of

them; but his most common payment was a meal. His editor says that his first poem was an acrostic on his own name, beginning:—

J ames Chambers is my name,
A nd I am scorned by rich and poor;
M any a weary step I came,
E nduring hardships very sore;
S o I design to take a wife, &c.

It can scarcely be correct to put this forward as his first poem, for in the body of the work are 'Lines made by the Author when a little Boy, on a Journey with his Father to Wicken Hall.' 'I design to take a wife' must refer to a later than the 'little boy' period. 'Jimmy,' as his father called him, was rejoiced to visit the owner of Wicken Hall, a gentleman of 'Benevolent mind, with affluence blessed,' and on the road remarked upon the scenery:—

Your church and your steeple I didn't much admire,
Because I was certain our own was much higher.

But he condones the shortcoming of the steeple on account of his host's reception:—

You received me as well as e'er I could desire,
With the Miss's company and a good fire;
You gave me plum-pudding, which pleased me well,
And other good food, that I might have my fill;
You gave me strong beer, in a fine silver cup,
I grateful received it, with joy drank it up.

Most little boys would have been pleased with such treatment; but Jimmy seemed to expect similar comforts to be spontaneously offered during the rest of his life. In another poem, 'On the Benevolence of a Friend,' he says:—

At eve I walked in keen distress,
In yonder town, disturbed in mind;
Kind friends, who might my grief redress,
I at the present could not find.

As the eve grew duskier happily a gentleman, 'directed by kind Providence,' after a little chat took him to the Falcon Inn and gave him biscuits and old beer—

He pitied there my case forlorn,
How I subsisted could not see;
To purchase viands in the morn,
An argent piece he gave to me.

He then compares his friend to the Samaritan:—

Who erst the poor man's wound did bind.

His faith in rhythmical exposition is profound, for in a poem of 'A little Black Dog stealing the Author's Meat,' after describing the beauties of the landscape, he says:—

All nature declares the Créator is good,
 Yet I pine with distress, and I languish for food;
 My thoughts could I muster, and form them in rhymes,
 Of half my sharp sufferings in these trying times,
 The rich who regale in their luxury and pride,
 Would exert every nerve that my wants might subside.

Soon after he had arrived at this bold conclusion, it appears that
 'a kind lady' gave him a piece of pork and a mug of her good home-
 brewed beer, when

How bright was the prospect, the trees in full bloom,
 The cowslips and violets sent forth their perfume.

But he soon had cause to exclaim—

How vain are our sanguine projects below,
 What losses await us no mortal does know!

For meeting a tradesman coming out of an inn, he sat down upon
 the stepping-block and began to talk with him, at the same time
 regaling himself with a draught of fine ale. He quoted some of his
 own verses; and after awhile brought forth 'an ancient good
 book':—

The book was concerning the door of salvation,
 Unlocked by the key of regeneration.

No wonder that in the discussion of a subject so occult he became
 absorbed, and did not notice that the little black dog had stolen his
 meat, and returned after having eaten it to steal his suet, which the
 poet would have also lost had not the maid of the inn cried out to
 him, 'Jimmy, you'll have nothing to eat, a little black dog has ran
 away with your meat;' when Jimmy exerted himself and saved the
 suet. He congratulates himself heartily upon this recovery, ex-
 claiming:—

Yet no more I'll repine, or grieve at my cross,
 Some kind recent friend will compensate my loss.

Seven years after came his compensation, and faith was re-
 warded:—

In the Summer one thousand eight hundred and eight,
 I travers'd gay fields, but had no food to eat,
 And having no cash, no provision could buy,
 Sure ne'er was poor bard so distressed as I;
 Once near the *Buck's Horns* I was robbed of my meat,
 Deprived of my supper, severe was my fate;
 'Twas in the Spring time, eighteen hundred and one,
 Seven years are expired, yet I eat bread alone,
 On hard mouldy crusts and cold water I live.

Then through a dozen or more lines he chants the virtues of
 patience: 'Sustained by this motto, Kind Heaven will provide.'
 Kind Heaven did provide, in the fashion following:—

I entered a farm-house, told gentry some rhymes,
 They sympathised with me in these trying times;
 With good bread and meat I my vitals did cheer,
 Refreshed languid spirits with good home-brewed beer;
 But tho' for the present well sated with meat,
 That I the next evening might have more to eat,
 Kind Providence ordered a brindled greyhound
 To filch me a piece, then recline on the ground,
 The young cur most tacit resigned it to me;
 Soon every domestic did kindly agree
 That I should reserve it to eat the next day,
 Thus Providence surely will fodder our way;
 We should not trust in man, but in aid most divine:
 'Tis best in all seasons our wills to resign,
 For tho' by one dog I sustained a cross,
 Another relieves and compensates my loss:-
 If ever poor Fly should be drove to distress
 If 'tis in my power, his wants I'll redress,
 If he should be hungry and have nothing to eat,
 I'll give him a bone when I've stript off the meat.

At Whitsuntide he is interested in the amusements of 'Grundisburgh Fair' where young females are walking for 'vernal air,' and who 'their sweethearts meet at Whitsun Fair:--

Most courteous they young ladies treat,
 And buy them luscious fruit to eat,
 Then at the *Dog*, or *Halfmoon* drink,
 The reckoning pay in ready chink;
 The Yeoman, with his much-loved bride,
 Walks to the Fair at Whitsuntide.

After enjoying the various sports for some time where 'gazing lowns laughed at the fun,' he finds the noise of the rustic rioting too much for him:—

To visit Fairs I'm not inclined,
 The noise and bustle hurt my mind,
 There fleering lowns, who without cause,
 Will break the peace and wholesome laws,
 While worthies grand in chariots ride,
 And peace enjoy at Whitsuntide.

I feel no real pure delight
 To riot in excess all night,
 It me enerves, it gives me cold,
 'Tis neither good for young nor old;
 Should heaven a peaceful home provide,
 I'd there repose at Whitsuntide.

Notwithstanding the distress to his nervous system, after a few dark hints of the wickedness that goes on at such places, he leaves the fair with a warm blessing upon the holiday-makers.

He wrote an acrostic on a Dismal Thunder Storm over Hadleigh-Heath; and this is followed by a poem on a Barn being Burnt Down in the above Thunder Storm, which opens thus:—

Celestial muse assist, my pen inspire,
 May reverence deep possess my thoughtful breast,
 Replete with zeal and true poetic fire,
 May every sentiment be well expressed.

The chief sentiment he had to express was exultation at a lucky escape, as he 'Had thoughts some days revolving in his breast' of going to that very barn to sleep; and yet, had he done so, he does not feel sure any harm would have happened to him; as, he sublimely exclaims:—

One supreme command
 Could cause the fervid flames to lose their power :
 He who saved others by his mighty hand
 Could him preserve in that tremendous hour

After completing the Thunder Storm, and the Burning Barn, he writes, 'The Author's Journey to Woodbridge after the Storm'—

The worthless author of these simple rhymes,
 'Tis true, was once in a superior state,
 But losses, crosses, and these trying times
 Had lately him reduced to sufferings great.
 Replete with keen remorse and discontent,
 Quite penny-less 'mongst men superb he strayed,
 Contemptuous smiles from cynics did regent,
 Yet did not quite distrust celestial aid.

At length some gentlemen beneficent,
 Excited by rich grace and love divine,
 To soothe his fears and give his mind content,
 To raise a small subscription did incline.

That these plain verses might in print appear,
 Which he on that dread Thunder Storm composed
 May all who read them serve their God with fear,
 Ere by death's chilling hand their eyes are closed.

As a herbalist he seemed to enjoy more pleasure than in any other way of spending his day, for he travels his beloved fields, safe from the jeers and scoffs of the 'lowns' and the 'vulgar' who gave him such constant annoyance, seeking the plants which grew in open places; and when the heat is too much for his comfort he enters a shady grove, and continues his explorations; then, when feeling somewhat tired, he rests beneath an oak and reflects on that 'Supernal power,' 'Whose pencil tinged each variegated flower.' After a while he takes his Bible, and having selected some passages and closed the book, he says he 'takes his pen a poem to compose;' but, as it is doubtful whether he could write at all, this must be taken as 'Hail Urania!' or any other of his merely poetic figures. He gives descriptions of the various plants he gathers with their medicinal properties, some at considerable length. Woodbetony delighted him especially, not only on account of its cephalic virtues in 'chasing dire disorder from the brain,' but also on account of its popularity:—

All authors own Woodbetony is good,
 'Tis king o'er all the herbs that deck the wood ;
 A king's physician erst such notice took
 Of this, he on its virtues wrote a book.

Whatever may be the nature of a plant, he generally manages to turn its quality into a pious simile and make it a little text for preaching, an amusement in which he delights more than in anything else save the undying hope that heaven will send a friend, or rather a never-ceasing series of friends, to continue their efforts in doing something for him. His poem called 'The Poor Phytologist, or the Author gathering Herbs,' opens gloriously :—

When bright Aurora gilds the eastern skies
 I wake, and from my squalid couch arise ;
 Brisk Philomela tunes her dulcet lay,
 And larks arising hail the opening day ;
 The plumed choirs with cheerful accents rise,
 And chant their matins to ethereal skies.
 The whole creation seems combined to raise
 A sacred anthem of celestial praise.

Then follows a curious idea, by which it seems his wretchedness has tempered his piety ; or he may be desiring more beauty of diction :—

I rise invested with my tattered dress,
 Grateful sensations could to heaven express ;
 (Was I enrobed with ornaments divine,
 Garments that all superb attire outshine :)
 My clothes in sleeping hours my covering were
 From chilling blasts, and from the inclement air.
 These screened me from the cold in some degree,
 Yet much I felt—the light I gladly see.

After a long day of enjoyment the sun descends, dense clouds obscure the atmosphere ; he repairs rapidly to his rural cot, for, says he :—

My vestment scarce defends from chilling air,
 My languid heart for some refreshment pants,
 But first I'll set my curious herbs and plants,
 These may compensate all my toilsome hours,
 If watered soon by fertilising showers.
 I enter now my mean repast to take,
 And if I'm one who suffers for Christ's sake,
 Though void of furniture my food to dress,
 Yet he'll the meanest morsel deign to bless ;
 Should I enabled be, utensils buy,
 Some wholesome food I'd often boil or fry,
 A friend with me on richest herbs might dine,
 In mutual peace, and drink domestic wine ;
 If with the Saviour's gracious presence blest,
 Our hearts are cheered by so divine a guest.
 No more I'll envy those whose sumptuous fare
 And luscious juices oft become a snare,
 Who Ophir's gold and Tyrian purple wear ;

Be calm my mind, subside ye trying times,
 And soar my muse beyond these sordid climes ;
 Behold a table richly spread on high,
 In blissful mansions 'bove the expansive sky,
 Where rich and poor in peaceful union meet,
 There saints are in their glorious head complete,
 With joy they on delicious viands feast,
 While recent wine supplies the rich repast.
 Ah ! blissful state where foes no more distress,
 No haughty tyrants humble saints oppress,
 All partial pride for ever done away,
 Pure love shines perfect as meridian day.
 Gladly I'd leave all sublunary joy,
 And fading scenes which might true peace destroy,
 To join the favored throng in tuneful strains,
 And sing free grace and love thro' blissful plains.

To a miserable tattered demalion who rarely tastes decent food, and lives on from day to day half famished, what more natural than that his most splendid conception of heaven should be in sumptuous feasting, and sitting for ever among the rich on equal terms, never more fearing the assault of foes, the scorn of pride, nor the gold-belaced tyranny of the well-fed, pompous beadle !

He was once an inmate of Soham workhouse ; and in 'The Poor Poetaster,' which is one lengthened wail in a minor key, his great unutterable horror is lest he should have to go there again. As this poem tells his sufferings more completely than any other, it must be given at some length ; indeed, I am acquainted with no verses that so vividly picture the trials of an outcast ; and they show, moreover, that the despite he had to endure came from those nearest his own class, who, in packs, worried the helpless untamed wanderer well-nigh out of existence :—

I, the poor Poetaster, bewail my hard fate,
 Sad losses and cares have depressed me of late,
 My cash is dispersed, friends seem to turn foes,
 I've walked till I'm weary, and worn out my clothes.
 My stockings are torn as I walk in the dirt,
 And some months I've existed without any shirt,
 My feet they go wet, and my neck takes much cold ;
 And rustics despise me because mean and old ;
 As to pay for a bed I've of late not been able,
 By permission I've slept on some straw in a stable ;
 Friends lent me a cloth to preserve me from harm,
 In freezing sharp weather I sometimes lie warm ;
 I lodged in a calf's-crib, by leave of a friend,
 Gelid snow and short straw did promiscuously blend ;
 The boys did insult me, they filched my store,
 They my property spoil—'tis my fate to be poor ;
 From place then to place I was harassed about,
 Stoned, robbed, and insulted by every base lout ;
 While I was at Church they played a sad joke,
 They stole all my nets, and my pitcher they broke ;

I moved to a whinshed, 'twas worse still indeed,
 They filched my good books, now I've not one to read ;
 Into a cold pigstye I sometimes did creep,
 Undressed me, and there on the damp floor did sleep.
 Stones came in the day, and snow in the night,
 Which hurt me and chilled me, forbidding delight,
 Dire foes to insult me exerted their spite.
 Ye gentry, who on a soft down bed repose,
 Consider poor bards who in gelid air doze ;
 On Sunday when I to sacred courts went,
 Louts and morts, to filch from me, the precious hours spent ;
 Again in the hog's cote I slept among strife,
 Was mobbed out of town, and escaped for my life ;
 In barns I'm surrounded too oft by the mob,
 And slyly they enter, they spoil and they rob.
 If Providence kind recent friends does not raise,
 I in a dread workhouse must finish my days,
 Must cease turning verses, and noding ' choice twine,
 While some fellow-mortals in these branches shine.
 By day I must dwell where there's many a wheel,
 And a female employed to sit down and reel ;
 A post with two ringles is fixed in the wall,
 Where orphans when lashed, loud for mercy do call ;
 Deprived of fresh air, I must there commence spinner,
 If I fail of my task I lose a hot dinner ;
 Perhaps at the whipping-post then shall be flogged,
 And lest I escape my leg must be clogged.
 While tyrants oppress I must still be their slave,
 And cruelly used, tho' well I behave :
 Midst swearing and brawling my days I must spend,
 In sorrow and anguish my life I must end :
 Of this cruelty I've had experience before,
 And wish their keen lash to come under no more ;
 The young they encouraged the old to abuse.
 They both youthli and age do inhumanly use,
 Friendless orphans they beat, while for mercy they cry'd,
 The blood it gushed forth—they in agony dyed,
 Dropped down on the floor, no more did they rise,
 Which struck timid minds with a sudden surprize ;
 I too was abused, 'twill again be the case,
 If a great happy change has not taken place.
 Adieu tuneful muses! and fine florid glades ;
 Kind neighbours farewell ! you no more will me see,
 If those direful mansions reserved are for me ;
 But sure wealthy friends, when they see I look old,
 And view my bare limbs thus exposed to the cold,
 Replete with philanthropy soon will be kind,
 Impart some relief to compose my sad mind,
 Procure me a dwelling-place and a good fire,
 With all needful blessings this life can desire.
 I then would not envy the rich nor the great,
 But strive to prepare for a more blissful state.
 But rather than pass thro' more drear scenes of woe,
 Or in Soham mansions of industry go

'Mongst Belial's sons of contention and strife,
 To breathe out the transient remains of my life;
 In a neat market town I'll reside for awhile,
 Their friends t'oblige, fleeting moments beguile,
 A chamber or garret I'll cease to refuse,
 Like a mean Grub-street bard there in solitude muse.

Philanthropists will rejoice to contrast the present treatment of the poor in workhouses—'mansions of industry' as Chambers calls them—against a time when both young and old could be fastened to the rings of a whipping-post, and flogged till they fell down upon the floor fainting and covered with blood. They must be very different now, if we may judge from the reply a strong young Sussex peasant made to a suggestion that he should save some of his wages against age and a rainy day: 'Not if I know it; I mean to enjoy myself while I am young. When I am old, and can no longer enjoy myself, I shall go into the workus and make the rich keep me, as they are forced to, whether they like it or no: now I'm for getting all the pleasure I can, while I'm young and able.' A spirit so ignominious is almost enough to make the lover of his species sigh that 'ringles' and 'whipping-posts' have, like tinder-boxes and brimstone matches, become nothing more substantial than tradition.

It shows an inherent wildness of nature, that, notwithstanding the horror Chambers had of the workhouse, he should consider it a great concession to friends he wishes to oblige, that he even theoretically consents to enter quiet lodgings in a town and give up his hedgerow life; and, moreover, it is a curiously illustrative fact, that never once throughout his writings, in wishing for a more comfortable existence, does the idea occur to him of *doing* anything towards it; it is invariably a *hope* that some one else will do all that is necessary to relieve him from the troubles over which he so constantly sorrows. But had it been impossible for him to transcend his own sordid cares, this notice would never have been written; it is because he has on several occasions done so that he shows himself poet, as well as beggar begging in rhyme.

In his ballad 'On the Opening of A New Peal of Eight Bells the gift of the Right Honourable the Earl of Dysart,' he enters with some degree of sympathy into the village sports, though regarding the 'louts' with undisguised contempt; but, by way of balance, he is awe-stricken in admiration of the 'grand gentry' and the 'grand drest ladies.'

One Monday, tho' a showery day,
 And in the afternoon,
 For Helmingham I urged my way,
 'Twas on the tenth of June.

The garden near yon sacred place,
 Grand gentry does contain,
 Attended there by every grace,
 They're seen in sprinkling rain.

Ladies adorn the brilliant scene,
 Drest in superb attire,
 With fine umbrellas, blue or green,
 While gazing groups admire !

In this vicinity I hear
 Some special ringers dwell,
 Others from Norwich too appear,
 'Tis thought their notes excel !

They on delicious viands dine,
 Then take their turns to ring,
 They drink in luscious punch or wine,
 'Success to Earl and King.'

The noble Earl does condescend
 With menials to converse,
 And will commence the peasant's friend,
 If he his bale rehearse.

Behold, on yonder eminence,
 The barrels flow with beer,
 Supplies the throng without expense,
 Their drooping hearts to cheer.

At close of day, near to the Hall,
 The Rural Sports commence,
 Thought I, I'll stay to see them all
 Ere I retire from hence."

Then follows a jingling match, and wrestling for fruit and cash.
 Then

A White Chemise appears in view,
 For which two lasses run,
 Drest up with ribbands, red and blue,
 One loves the pleasing fun.

A pole is fixt, all over greased,
 Rustics to climb begin,
 And either surely would be pleased
 A genteel Hat to win.

The Sports are o'er, the evening's dark,
 And I with speed retire,
 To seek repose I leave the Park,
 Good lodgings I desire.

On the following Wednesday he went again into Helmingham Park, where he was delighted to behold 'The lovely fair walk out with elegance and ease ;' when 'Of nature's works they seem to talk, or muse on virtuous love ;' and to 'view bucks and does in sportive glee' ; but he seemed bent on composing verses, and enjoying himself in quietude, lying, 'Beneath the spreading shady tree,' where he remarks—

If gentry most benign permit,
 I'll hail reviving Spring,
 Beneath these leafy branches sit
 And hear the loud peal ring.

The cheerful ringers still obey
 The Noble Donor's will ;
 In ringing changes every day
 They shew their strength and skill.

The last instance quoted will be found free from the strained Little-Bethel piety that weakens a large portion of Chambers's best verse ; and it is in no way tainted by his monotonous beggar-whine, that, after a while, makes the reader more inclined to skip than sympathise ; and (a rare thing with him, when not writing of his own sufferings and sensations) he has thoroughly identified himself with his subject ; stating the intention clearly, continuing the narrative steadily onward, without deviation or a wasted stanza, to the end.

• *The Wounded Soldier's Return.*

The sun was just retired, the dews of Eve
 Their glow-worm lustre scattered o'er the vale,
 The lonely nightingale began to grieve,
 Telling with many a pause his tender tale.

No clamours rude disturbed the peaceful hour,
 And the young moon, yet fearful of the night,
 Reared her pale crescent o'er the burnished tower
 Which caught the parting orb's still lingering light.

'Twas then, where peasant footsteps marked the way,
 A wounded soldier feebly moved along,
 Nor aught regarded he the softening ray,
 Nor the expressive bird's melodious song.

On crutches borne his mangled limbs he drew,
 Unsightly remnants of the battle's rage,
 While pity in his pallid looks might view
 A helpless prematurity of age.

Then, as by sad contortions, laboring slow,
 He gained the summit of his native hill,
 And saw the well-known prospect spread below,
 The farm, the cot, the hamlet, and the mill.

In spite of fortitude, one struggling sigh
 Shook the firm texture of his throbbing heart,
 And from his hollow and dejected eye
 One trembling tear hung ready to depart.

'How changed,' he cried, 'is this fair scene to me !
 Since last along this narrow path I went ;
 The soaring lark felt not superior glee,
 Nor any human breast more true content.

When the fresh hay was o'er the meadow thrown,
 Amongst the busy throng I still appeared,
 My prowess too at harvest-time was shown,
 When Lucy's carol every labour cheered.

The scorching sun I scarcely seemed to feel,
 If the dear maiden near me chanced to rove,
 And if she deigned to share my frugal meal,
 It was a rich repast—a feast of love.

And when at evening with a rustic's pride,
 I dared the sturdiest wrestlers on the green,
 What joy was mine, to hear her by my side
 Extol my vigor and my manly mien!

Alas! no more the sprightly maid shall run
 To bid me welcome from the sultry plain,
 But her averted eye my sight shall shun,
 And all my fondest cherished hopes be vain.

And you, my parents, must ye too endure
 That I should ever damp your homely mirth,
 Exist upon the pittance ye procure,
 And make you curse the hour that gave me birth?

Ah! hapless hour, when at a neighbouring wake
 The gaudy serjeant caught my wondering eye,
 And as his tongue of war and honour spake,
 I felt a wish to conquer or to die.

Then while he bound the ribbands on my brow,
 He talked of Captains kind, and Generals good,
 Said a whole nation would my fame avow,
 And bounty called the purchase of my blood.

But I refused that bounty; I disdained
 To sell my service in a righteous cause;
 For so to my dull sense it was explained,
 The cause of honour, justice, and the laws.

The rattling drums beat loud, the fifes began,
 My King and Country seemed to ask my aid,
 Thro' every vein the thrilling ardour ran;
 I left my homely cot, my village maid.

In loathsome vessels now like slaves confined,
 Now called to slaughter in the open field;
 Now backward driven, like chaff before the wind,
 Too weak to stand, and yet ashamed to yield.

Till oft repeated victories inspired
 With tenfold fury the indignant foe,
 Who closer still advanced as we retired,
 And laid our proudest boasted honours low.

Thro' burning deserts now compelled to fly,
 Our bravest legions moulder fast away,
 Thousands of wounds and sickness left to die,
 While hovering ravens marked them for their prey.

Ah! sure remorse their savage hearts must rend
 Whose selfish desperate phrenzy could decree,
 That in one mass of murder man should blend,
 Who sent the slave to fight against the free.

■ Unequal contest! at fair Freedom's call
 The lowliest hind glows with celestial fire;

She rules, directs, pervades, and orders all,
And armies at her sacred glance expire.

Then be the warfare of this world accursed,
The son now weeps not o'er his father's bier,
But grey-haired age, for nature is reversed,
Sheds o'er its children's graves an icy tear.'

Thus having spoke, by varying passions tost,
He reached the threshold of his father's shed,
Who knew not of his fate, and mourned him lost,
Among the numbers of the unnamed dead.

Soon as they heard his well-remembered voice,
A ray of comfort chased habitual fear ;
Our Henry lives, we may again rejoice,
And Lucy sweetly blushed, for she was there.

But when they saw him in such horrid guise,
His mother shrieked, and fell upon the floor,
His father looked to heaven with streaming eyes,
And Lucy sunk, alas ! to rise no more.

Now may this tale, which agony must close,
Give deep contrition to the self-called great,
And teach the poor how hard the lot of those
Who shed their blood for Ministers of State.

It is a comfort to have travelled through a whole poem without having the writer's woes obtruded upon us from unexpected places ; and to have been so carried along that not even the fear of them has checked the swift current of the tale ; for, as a person whose wont is to talk in plaintive tones of joy, sorrow, or the colourless concerns of daily life, the yearning for assistance, with pathetic persistency, underruns most of his writings.

Poets in relation to the acceptance of alms must be judged differently from other persons ; for although they are gifted with more emotional sensitiveness, a keener and more varied perception of beauty, and far greater expressional power than others, yet in reliance upon their own resources, in the dislike to lean their weight upon others—in a word, manliness—they are inferior ; for, though we must except the great immortal stars of our literature, it will be found that the practice has been sanctioned by a sufficiently illustrious company to leave no manner of reproach upon so miserable an outcast and one so wretched as Chambers ; the difference between the alms received being not in character or quality, but in degree and frequency ; and as the weak ever rely upon the strong for support and defence, their conduct marches in harmony with the movement of the human race.

It cannot be claimed for Chambers that he was a poet by nature, and a beggar by accident, for he was the ideal of a beggar, never doing a day's work save under dire necessity, and when hunger was more potent than even his habitual indolence. He regarded the

rich as agents appointed by a Divine Providence to distribute their wealth among the poor in coals, food, clothing, cottages, anything they might reasonably require. He had no socialistic envy of their high estate; on the contrary he looked up to them as superior beings, who were as much bound to look after the welfare of their inferiors as the soil was in due season bound to produce a harvest; tillage and suitable service never entering his mind nor disturbing his conclusions. He lived alone and had no equals; the rich, from nobles to farmers, were all gentry and far above him: but all labourers in turn considered far beneath him, calling them lowns, clowns, hinds, louts, morts, peasants, rustics, and vulgar, rarely mentioning them without scorn and aversion. On the other hand, if he was essentially a beggar, he had much of the poet's nature in his extreme sensitiveness to abuse, which infirmity was exercised with cruel frequency by his much-hated lowns, and bitterly resented by him in verse. The pain he felt at this gross injustice may be contrasted with the comparative mildness of his repinings over physical suffering—('I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness')—when his reflections scarcely swell into any more fervid strain than wonder that the gentry do not press eagerly forward to relieve him of all his troubles! The bright poetical warmth of his constitution is shown in the ease with which he passes from the dreary aspect of the country, under snow-storms and thunder storms, to his memories of the same scenes when smiling in the sunshine, and loaded with the wealth of spring or summer flowers, or blushing with rich autumnal fruit. But these beauties serve only as types or promises of another world where, freed from all anxieties, he hoped to behold them infinitely multiplied and breathing in eternal bloom. His sudden rebounds from anguish to hopefulness indicate the highly-strung elasticity of his organisation; and tough indeed it must have been to have borne him through almost unendurable hardships till they ended with his death at the age of seventy-nine. He was an oddity, who loved to muse and sing for his own pleasure, and tease others to support him, rather than work for others to support himself; but he owned this advantage over many of his betters, he was perfectly transparent and candid. We look into his mind and know his thoughts, his feelings, his hopes and terrors, with as much certainty as when looking into a mirror we know that we behold ourselves.

To the storm-battered lonely outcast the apostrophe of Cordelia forms a fitting epitaph:—

And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.

THOMAS WOOLNER.

COMTE'S ATHEISM.

I CANNOT be otherwise than gratified by the fact that Mr. Frederic Harrison has seen fit to notice the paper on 'Comte's Three States' which appeared in the October number of this Review. It is true that he has treated me, especially in the opening of his article, with something approaching to sublime contempt; but there is a mixture of kindly feeling, for which I thank him, and, as for contempt, I could scarcely expect to put my foot within the precincts of Comte's philosophy for the purpose of questioning the truth of a fundamental principle without appearing to a genuine Comtist as rash, ill informed, and mistaken. But as I have no other end in view except the establishment of the truth, I am glad that Mr. Harrison's condemnation of my paper has not been confined to his own thoughts, but has been permitted to assume a palpable and legible form. He will not, however, be surprised to find that I have thought it necessary to write a few pages in reply.

But before I attempt to grapple with that which appears to me the central part of Mr. Harrison's criticism, I wish to make a remark or two upon a less prominent feature of the paper.

In the first place, I am apparently called to order for using Miss Martineau's translation of the *Philosophie Positive*. I did so because I understood the translation, or rather condensation, in English by Miss Martineau to have been accepted and authorised by Comte himself. In the publisher's announcement, prefixed to the second edition, we read as follows :—

It is not for us to speak of the execution of this work, but we may fitly mention that it was so highly approved by the author himself that, in his annual issue of his catalogue of works sanctioned by him, he substituted Miss Martineau's version in the original. In consequence of this, her version has been, since his death, retranslated into French for the sake of its diffusion among the author's own countrymen.

This seems to be a sufficient warrant for accepting Miss Martineau's work as equivalent to the *Philosophie Positive*.

But it is curious that, immediately after reflecting upon me for studying Comte 'in a translation of one of his works,' Mr. Harrison should have quoted from that same translation the following passage :—

During the whole of our survey of the sciences, I have endeavoured to keep in view, the great fact that all the three states, theological, metaphysical, and positive, may and do exist at the *same time in the same mind in regard to different sciences*. I must once more recall this consideration, and insist upon it, because in the forgetfulness of it lies the only *real* objection that can be brought against the grand law of the three states. It must be steadily kept in view that the same mind may be in a positive state with regard to the most simple and general sciences, in the metaphysical with regard to the more complex and special, and in the theological with regard to social science, which is so complex and special as to have hitherto taken no scientific form at all.

It is curious, I say, that, immediately after reflecting upon my use of a translation, Mr. Harrison should have done the same thing; but it is still more curious that the words which are italicised, and for the sake of which the quotation is chiefly made, are not in the original. Here is "the passage which is represented by Miss Martineau as above:—

Dès le début de ce traité, j'ai présenté cette hiérarchie fondamentale comme la suite naturelle et l'indispensable complément de ma loi des trois états. Néanmoins, il n'est pas inutile de la rappeler formellement ici, soit pour prévenir les seules objections spécieuses qu'une irrationnelle érudition scientifique pourrait inspirer contre la loi d'évolution que je viens d'établir directement, soit pour faire acquérir aux diverses vérifications spéciales toute leur portée logique, en les disposant ainsi de manière à s'éclairer et à se fortifier mutuellement. Sous le premier aspect, je puis affirmer n'avoir jamais trouvé d'argumentation sérieuse en opposition à cette loi, depuis dix-sept ans que j'ai eu le bonheur de la découvrir, si ce n'est celle que l'on fondait sur la considération de la simultanéité, jusqu'ici nécessairement très commune, des trois philosophies chez les mêmes intelligences.

Mr. Harrison may perhaps say that the passage which he has quoted contains in a condensed form all that is to be found in a more diffused shape in the original. It may be so, but the use of italics in such circumstances is somewhat strange and unusual, especially in connection with the rebuke just administered.

But let me pass to a more substantial point. Mr. Harrison speaks of what I should have found if I had pursued my study of Comte a little beyond the opening pages of a translation of one of his works. If Mr. Harrison means to accuse me of not having read all that Comte ever wrote, I plead guilty at once. But if he charges me with rushing without thought and consideration upon a discussion of the theory of the three states, he does me wrong. The fact is that I have long thought upon this subject, and tried to get my mind in a clear state with regard to it. I have endeavoured in this as in other cases to act upon that quaint but really valuable epigrammatic advice of Coleridge: 'If you do not understand an author's ignorance, suppose yourself to be ignorant of his understanding.' I have felt sure that there must be some kind of truth in Comte's dictum, and yet have felt almost as sure that it could not be the great truth which he believed it to be; and it was in the course of

reflection upon the mysterious subject of creation, with reference to the mode of treatment of that subject adopted in a little book which I published about a year ago, that the light seemed to dawn upon me. I came to the conclusion that as a general rule subjects of human knowledge can be studied from three points of views— theological, philosophical, scientific; that these points of view are not necessarily mutually destructive; that they may coexist and help or explain each other. This conclusion seemed to me to throw a light upon Comte, and to indicate the nature of the truth which his dictum has in my judgment distorted, exaggerated, and virtually changed into an untruth. The result was that I determined to put my notions concerning Comte's famous dictum into the form of an essay, which I thought might be useful, and for which I may add I have received several hearty expressions of thanks.

But I venture to vindicate my right to criticise Comte's dictum of the three states without having read all that he has written, upon a very plain and intelligible ground. A fundamental proposition laid down by an author in the forefront of his works, as a great discovery upon which as a foundation all his system is to stand, ought to be capable of being examined and criticised in its own light. Newton begins his *Principia* with certain lemmas, which used to be when I was a Cambridge student, and perhaps are now, almost the only portion of the *Principia* regarded as of obligation in the Cambridge course; it was rare to find a man (I mean a young man) who had pursued his study of Newton beyond the opening pages of a translation of one of his works. Nevertheless, the doctrine of prime and ultimate ratios was a doctrine which the student could understand and appreciate without following Newton into all his subsequent investigations. If Comte's doctrine of the three states be as sound as Newton's doctrine of prime and ultimate ratios, it will stand in like manner upon its own feet.

But I pass from these preliminary remarks to consider more particularly Mr. Harrison's criticism. His complaint in general is that my paper is a typical example of what logicians call *Ignoratio Elenchi*, that is proving or disproving something which it may be proper and possible to prove or disprove, but which is not the thing which your adversary has said. The complaint against me is not that my conclusions are wrong, but that those conclusions are not such as even Comte himself need have denied in order to save his own doctrine. I have, in fact, misapprehended Comte's meaning, and this in two principal ways.

I. I am said to understand the 'theological' state to mean a belief in a Creator; the 'metaphysical' state to mean general philosophy; and the 'positive' state to mean the denial of creation, or atheism.

II. I assume Comte to have said that men, or a generation of men, are necessarily at any given time in one or other of the three

states exclusively, passing *per saltum*, and as a whole, from one to the other; and that one mind cannot combine any two states.

Upon each of these indictments I have something to say.

I. With regard to the meaning to be assigned to the three fundamental adjectives, theological, metaphysical, positive, the first is by far the most important, and that which determines the amount of importance to be attached to the other two. *Metaphysical* is a term concerning the meaning of which I should deem it unnecessary to argue; and *positive* being, so far as I know, Comte's own word, as applied to philosophy, he may have a right to assign to it any meaning that he pleases within his own system. But *theological* is a very solemn and far-reaching word, which no one has a right to trifle with, and to which arbitrary meanings ought not to be assigned. Hence I think that we have just cause of complaint that when Comte introduces the word for the first time he makes it synonymous with *fictitious*—*L'état théologique, ou fictif*. It may be said that, whether this use of the term be justifiable or not, it is at all events manifest that *theological*, in Comte's sense, means simply *fabulous* or *fictitious*, and does not imply belief in a Creator. No—does not imply this belief; but does it include it? Is belief in a Creator comprised in the same category as Fetichism, or not? Let us look at Comte's own words.

Le système théologique est parvenu à la plus haute perfection dont il soit susceptible, quand il a substitué l'action providentielle d'un être unique au jeu varié des nombreuses divinités indépendantes qui avaient été imaginées primitivement. De même, le dernier terme du système métaphysique consiste à concevoir, au lieu des différentes entités particulières, une seule grande entité générale, la nature envisagée comme la source unique de tous les phénomènes. Pareillement, la perfection du système positif, vers laquelle il tend sans cesse, quoiqu'il soit très probable qu'il ne doive jamais l'atteindre, serait de pouvoir se représenter tous les divers phénomènes observables comme des cas particuliers d'un seul fait général, tel que celui de la gravitation, par exemple.

Now this language seems to be sufficiently plain. Theological, according to Comte, includes polytheism—"the numerous independent divinities which had been imagined in primitive times"—and it may be supposed, therefore, to include the rudest and basest conceptions of supernatural action; but it is not confined to these—the term still holds where the conception of 'the providential action of one supreme being' has been substituted for all inferior conceptions. Doubtless it ought to do so; the only question would be whether we are justified in using the term of any lower conception of the divine nature; but observe, for this is the point, that Comte does distinctly include within the term 'theological' the conception of the providential action of the One God; and therefore, though it may be true that in a certain sense Comte does not mean by 'theological' a belief in a Creator, it is equally true that Comte does include that belief within the meaning of the word.

Is it not clear that, this being so, the assertion of the three states is potentially and logically atheistic? The theological state includes the belief in the providential power of One God: but this state is a fictitious state: it necessarily gives way to other states which are inconsistent with it and supersede it. Is not this to all intents and purposes atheism?

And I do not perceive that this conclusion is at all inconsistent with what Comte says himself in the passage above quoted. Theology comes to its perfection in monotheism. In like manner, the metaphysical system finds its perfection in the conception of nature, that is, *natura naturans*—nature as the source and explanation of natural phenomena; while the positive system, which excludes the other two ('qui s'excluent mutuellement'), finds its perfection in conceiving of all phenomena as particular cases of one general fact, such as gravitation. Is it a misinterpretation of Comte to say that the man who can attain to the point of positive philosophy here indicated is incapable of conceiving of the universe as the work of, and under the direction of, one Supreme Being? And if this be not a misinterpretation, as surely it is not, how can we avoid the conclusion that the theory of the Three States involves atheism?

II. I now proceed to deal with the complaint that I assume Comte to have said that men, or a generation of men, are necessarily at any given time in one or other of the three states exclusively, passing *per saltum*, and as a whole, from one to the other; and that one mind cannot combine any two states.

I think that the best method of dealing with this charge will be to quote exactly what Comte has said; I do not mean that the words which I quote are all that can be found bearing upon the subject, but they contain the point which seems to me to be exactly that concerning which it is worth while to contend.

Cette révolution générale de l'esprit humain peut d'ailleurs être aisément constatée aujourd'hui, d'une manière très sensible, quoique indirecte, en considérant le développement de l'intelligence individuelle. Le point de départ étant nécessairement le même dans l'éducation de l'individu que dans celle de l'espèce, les diverses phases principales de la première doivent représenter les époques fondamentales de la seconde. Or, chacun de nous, en contemplant sa propre histoire, ne se souvient-il pas qu'il a été successivement, quant à ses notions les plus importantes, *théologien* dans son enfance, *métaphysicien* dans sa jeunesse et *physicien* dans sa virilité? Cette vérification est facile aujourd'hui pour tous les hommes au niveau de leur siècle.

With regard to the conclusions drawn from this statement I have with me Dr. Martineau, from whose *Types of Ethical Theory* I quoted in my former article a passage agreeing in its spirit, almost in its language, with what I had myself written. Mr. Harrison cannot throw Dr. Martineau on one side as a man who has not sufficiently studied Comte; but he parries the blow by speaking of Dr. Martineau's

language, in making Comte say that every cultivated man is a *positivist* in his maturity, as 'a bit of careless rhetoric.' But this is to deal with the surface, and not with the inner substance. It is true that Dr. Martineau uses the word *positivist*, where Comte has *physicien*, and this may be *careless*, but it is not very important; the important thing is the *rhetoric* which follows, and in which is marshalled an array of names of distinguished men whose experience and utterances it is difficult to reconcile with the assertion that all men 'up to the level of their age' have become *physiciens* as contrasted with *théologiens*. Surely there must be looseness of expression, or some error of statement, in an apparently plain assertion of fact, which has led Dr. Martineau astray as completely as myself. Mr. Harrison's explanation of the matter is this: 'Comte says nothing of the kind. Comte says that a cultivated man becomes a *natural philosopher* in his maturity:—meaning a man whose habit of mind is to accept scientific evidence in each subject.' If this be all that is meant, the assertion is little better than truism; it comes very much to the same thing as saying that when we become men we put away childish things. Every man of sound mind, whether up to the level of his age or not, pursues knowledge and weighs arguments and draws conclusions in a very different manner from that which was his wont in early years; but this is not incompatible with being still in the true sense of the term a theologian—that is, still holding that highest form of theology, belief in one God, which Comte himself recognises as the highest, and which also he tells us is incompatible with the third state of mental development.

But it seems that I have gone wrong by applying the law of the three states to 'each human *mind*,' and not to 'each *class of human speculations*.' To which it might be replied that, if I have gone wrong, I must plead that Comte himself is my leader into the error. I care comparatively little about the progress of human speculations and the stages through which they must pass; to theorise upon such progress may be curious and interesting, but it does not touch any vital question: in the passage, however, last quoted from the *Philosophie Positive*, there is nothing about *human speculations*: it is all about man himself. Comte tells us there that every man—*chacun de nous, en contemplant sa propre histoire* (no words can be more express)—finds that he goes through the three states, *qui s'excluent mutuellement*.

I might find fault with Mr. Harrison's restriction of Comte's law to *human speculations*; for what he says himself is *chacune de nos conceptions principales, chaque branche de nos connaissances*, which it may be argued goes beyond *speculations*; but I pass over this for the purpose of dealing with another point connected with that part of the subject which I am now discussing. It seems that I have gone wrong by forgetting to observe that the three states, theological, meta-

physical, and positive, *may and do co-exist at the same time, in the same mind, in regard to different sciences.* These are the italics with which I ventured to find fault in a former page, but I waive the objection. The application is made, in a subsequent part of Mr. Harrison's essay in these words:—

The opinions about creation of men like Herschel or Faraday are not the opinions of men in the positive stage of thought, but of men in the positive stage of astronomy and chemistry, and in the metaphysical or theological stage in sociology and in morals. When Faraday was dealing with gases, he was rigidly working out physical and chemical problems on the basis of physical and chemical laws. If he discovered a new electrical phenomenon, he did not, as a savage or an alchemist might, attribute the flash to some latent god, or an explosion to some bottled-up devil. When Faraday was dealing with the special inspiration of the Holy Spirit, he deliberately put aside all reference to law or to science; possibly when he was dealing with some big political problem he grounded his opinion entirely on strong prejudices formed in youth, but certainly not tested as he tested his chemical compounds.

The distinction which Mr. Harrison here draws is quite clear, and I do not wish to pretend to misunderstand it. It may be illustrated by the classes of a school. The same boy may be in very different positions with regard to different subjects: he may be in the first class for classics, the second for mathematics, the third for modern languages, and so on; and it does not follow that the thoughts of the same boy will be of equal value upon the different subjects with which he is engaged. But the difficulty which strikes me is this. I instance men like Herschel and Faraday, as holding views which seem to me to be inconsistent with Comte's theory, and I am told that 'the opinions about creation of men like Herschel or Faraday are not the opinions of men in the positive stage of thought, but of men in the positive stage of astronomy and chemistry, and in the metaphysical or the theological stage in sociology and in morals.' But who is the master that has authority to arrange the classes in the world's great school? If there ever was an all-round man, one to whom all kinds of knowledge seemed to come with almost equal facility, it was perhaps the late Sir John Herschel; but we can put him on one side with regard to any subjects we please, by saying that with regard to those subjects he was not in the positive stage. I was reading the other day a remarkable address on 'Evolution,' delivered in Cambridge by the President of the Royal Society, in which amongst other things I find him saying, 'When we study any phenomenon, we can hardly avoid asking ourselves, How did it arise? Out of what previous condition did it grow? In other words, by what process of evolution did it come? We here assume for trial that it did come by some such cause as we can investigate, and we set ourselves to seek it out. It may be that though we cannot succeed in explaining it, yet we notice features of resemblance to what we can explain, which confirm our belief that

it is explicable, though we do not see our way to the explanation. There is nothing in all this that anyone could object to. But it might conceivably be that not only were we unable to see the explanation, but it seemed utterly unlike anything to which our explanations apply. In such a case we should have no right to assume that it might not have had a supernatural origin. I do not say that we are obliged to refer it to such an origin, but only that we are not to rule it out of court. We should at least hold our judgment in suspense. To assume that there can be nothing supernatural about it, but that it must be referable to evolution, is virtually to deny the supernatural altogether.' Is it possible to put on one side a weighty statement of this kind, coming from Professor Stokes, by saying that on the subject of 'light or general physics he is in the positive stage, yet on the subject of the supernatural he is only in the theological?

But take the case of a greater man even than the present President of the Royal Society, the father of modern science—Newton himself. Now the special feature of Newton's evidence as regards the present argument is this, that it so happens (as I have elsewhere noted) that after all his great physical discoveries he goes, as it were, out of his way to declare that these discoveries do not supersede the conception of an Almighty God; the declaration is emphasised by the fact that Laplace criticised it as unphilosophical; but there the declaration stands, and it proves, if anything can prove, that Newton was in the theological state with regard to cosmical phenomena, after he had become more acquainted with those phenomena than any man who had lived previously; so that we cannot put Newton on one side upon the plea that he was in the positive state with respect to physics, but in the theological with respect to other subjects (say the prophecies of Daniel), for he did, in fact, only with deep solemnity, just what Mr. Harrison says Faraday never would have done. He did not, indeed, attribute phenomena to 'some bottled-up devil,' but he did attribute them ultimately to 'a latent god.' It would be difficult to say that Newton was not in the positive state as regards physics; equally difficult to say that he was not in the theological. The only method of reconciling the two facts is to conclude that he was in both simultaneously, which I quite believe that he was, but which, according to Comte, he could not have been. *Qui s'excluent mutuellement*: we cannot get over these words.

On the whole, therefore, while I fully acknowledge, and, indeed, it is manifestly true, that a mind may be in different conditions, different stages of advancement, with regard to different subjects, I think I am justified in maintaining that the same may be true with regard to the same subject, and therefore in quoting such cases as those cited by Dr. Martineau and by myself as evidences that what

Comte has taught with regard to the development of the mind of every man who is up to the level of his age, is not true in the sense which Comte's words must be taken to imply.

Having thus dealt with Mr. Harrison's two principal indictments, I trust that I have written enough, not perhaps to persuade all readers that I am right in my conclusions concerning Comte's three states, but at least to show that Mr. Harrison's criticism is not so crushing as he assumes it to be. There are, however, yet one or two points upon which I should like to offer a few remarks before bringing my paper to a close.

Mr. Harrison reminds his readers of the necessity of bearing in mind the golden rule of Aristotle, 'to demand that degree of precision that fits the matter in hand.' Truly a golden rule, and one which I would not willingly break. But just observe the difficulty of applying any such rule to the consideration of Comte's fundamental proposition concerning the three states. It is a *grande loi fondamentale*, to which human intelligence is subjected *par une nécessité invariable*, and it applies to *chacune de nos conceptions principales, chaque branche de nos connaissances*. And in the application of the law to the development of individual minds it is *chacun de nous* who finds himself successively *théologien, métaphysicien, and physicien*; also the law may be verified by *tous les hommes au niveau de leur siècle*. A law which is heralded to the world with such a bold assertion of universality can scarcely be of such a kind as to make it necessary to claim that only that degree of precision should be demanded that fits the matter in hand. If the law were put forward as one which needed caution in its application, or if it were restricted in the manner in which Mr. Harrison himself restricts it (as I shall observe presently), I should not think it worth while to contend against it. I should come to the same practical conclusion if I thought that there was no truth or reality in Comte's law. It is just because I believe that there is truth in it, but that as Comte has stated it the law goes far beyond the truth; and is likely to lead, and probably has led, to great mischief, that I have thought it a duty to write what I have written. I am glad to believe that Mr. Harrison's paper may tend to indicate that professed disciples of Comte do not regard his law as asserting that which I, and probably thousands of the uninitiated, imagine that it does.

Mr. Harrison finds fault with me for referring to Bacon and others with regard to indications of a triple form as belonging to human knowledge. At least, he says that he fails to see how these references advance the matter in hand. To me such references have been very helpful; they have thrown a light upon the whole subject which, as one endeavouring to understand Comte, and not simply to refute him, has seemed to me to be not without its value. At any rate

they have suggested a triple view of knowledge, *chaque branche de nos connaissances*, to which Mr. Harrison assents, and in which he says that Comte is entirely at one with me. Out of this triple view I venture to suggest that Comte's law, as stated in the *Philosophie Positive*, is an abnormal and exaggerated growth. In this, of course, neither Comte nor Mr. Harrison is with me; but I throw out the suggestion for what it may be worth.

Mr. Harrison concludes his paper by giving his own version of the law of the Three States.

The law is this:—that in the infancy of thought, the mind attributes changes in phenomena to a will of some kind, which it supposes to be acting, but of which it has no real proof; secondly, that the mind gradually passes to attribute the changes to some abstract principle, which it formulates without true verification; finally, that the mind comes to take an exact view of the true facts of the case.

The law, so stated and liberally understood, I am content to accept as a true description of the manner in which, historically, the physical sciences have been built up; so that here Mr. Frederic Harrison and I may shake hands. But I deny that this is the law as stated by Comte; there is nothing here about the *mutual exclusion* of the three states, which is of the very essence of the matter. If there be *mutual exclusion*, then when a man, or when human thought, 'comes to take an exact view of the true facts of the case,' it must put aside the notion of 'a will of some kind which it supposes to be acting.' We have seen that, as a matter of fact, Newton did not put aside this notion, nor have many other scientific philosophers. But the notion of a will must be put aside if Comte's law is true. Modify it according to Mr. Harrison's version, and I at least shall not quarrel with it.

H. CARLISLE.

SOUTH AFRICA AS IT IS.

FROM A COLONIST'S POINT OF VIEW.

FAR off in the Southern Ocean, half-way on the road to Australia and to India, lies a land of sunshine and of shadow. Nowhere does the sun shine more brightly upon mountain and on plain, and nowhere has history been darkened by sadder or more untoward episodes. Visitors to that land meet their first welcome to it from the stern brows of Table Mountain, and the rugged outlines of that frowning sentinel aptly typify the conditions alike of nature and of life in the vast territories behind. Except on its eastern seaboard—where the sylvan beauty of the coast-line, river-seamed and bush-clad, charms the voyager's eye—South Africa is a land of wild and majestic aspects. Its mountains are cold, sharp-cut, and crag-bound; its plains are vast and verdureless, save for the stunted scrub of the karroo. Its streams are few and turbulent, unless dried up by the too frequent touch of drought. Its vegetation in most parts is scant, peculiar yet attractive. Nor is its climate less remarkable or more commonplace. An atmosphere of exquisite purity, skies of intense blueness, spells of perfect calm, seasons of divine exhilaration, alternate with blasts of scorching wind, with thunderstorms of unsurpassed severity, with occasional tempests of hail, snow, and rain, with periods of pitiless and destructive drought. There are times—and they are perhaps the rule—when mere existence is, climatically considered, a delight in South Africa, but there are also times when oppressive heat or brooding storm prostrate man's energies and depress his mind.

The history of South Africa; has been in keeping with its physical conditions. No other southern colony of Great Britain can show a more chequered record. Again and again has war—the bitter and brutal warfare of savage against settler—laid waste its border territories. Again and again has panic paralysed industry, rebellion broken out into devastating flames, and bloodshed left its stains upon memory and life. The onset of the thunderstorm has not been more sudden or appalling than the outburst of savage strife in many instances. Nor has the brooding calm which sometimes prevails for seasons and for years been more oppressive than the periods of dull depression and social stagnation which alternate with cycles of commercial progress and productive activity.

The history of colonisation in South Africa has differed in many respects from the history of colonisation in other portions of the Empire. Thither the stream of European outgoers has flowed but feebly and fitfully. In 1820, 5,000 British settlers were planted at the cost of the Empire in the eastern district of Albany. Nearly forty years elapsed before any further migration of European settlers to South Africa took place upon an extended scale. Between 1849 and 1852, over 4,600 British immigrants were received under private auspices by Natal. A few years later and a body of German legionaries were located in Kaffraria. From time to time since then the Governments of both colonies have initiated systems of free or assisted immigration that have been the means of introducing into the Cape and Natal several thousands of European settlers. But there has been in neither case no such continuous and steady inflow of population as has filled up and fertilised with vigorous reproductive life the colonies of North America and Australasia. Burdened and beset by a vast congeries of native tribes, borne down by the dead weight of a multitudinous and menacing barbarism, South Africa has but in a minor degree been vivified by the stimulating influences of European immigration.

Ten years have passed since a supreme effort was made by the dominant power in South Africa to place on what it deemed to be a better and firmer basis the affairs of its possessions there. To that end one of the Empire's ablest representatives and most faithful servants was sent, charged with special powers to carry out a certain policy, a policy which had for two years been nurtured in the breasts of imperial statesmen. When Sir Bartle Frere—a name than which none is held in higher reverence throughout South Africa—left England on his ever-memorable mission, in the month of March, 1877, the territories confided to his care had been, with one small exception, at peace for many years. That solitary exception—I refer to the rebellion of Langalibalele—had been indirectly the cause of the new imperial policy and the new imperial representative's mission; but this fact does not concern us now. The fact I seek to emphasise is that Sir Bartle Frere's advent in South Africa marked the close of one cycle and the beginning of another. A cycle of peace and of comparative political quiescence was followed by a cycle of war, disturbance, and profound depression. When England's great proconsul set out upon his mission, he expected to be the harbinger of concord and union amongst the diverse races of South Africa. That elements of possible danger and difficulty existed he, like others, perceived; but his hope concurred with his aspiration, that a wise and firm and far-reaching policy would avail to allay and overcome them. He no more than men upon the spot fully realised the true character and extent of the heritage upon which he was about to enter. It was my privilege to travel as a fellow-passenger with Sir Bartle Frere in the ship that bore him to his destination ten years ago, and I had

abundant opportunities of knowing how little he anticipated that the task before him would involve the possibilities which came to pass.

My object in this paper, however, is not to indulge in a political review of Sir Bartle Frere's administration,* but rather to point out the changes that have occurred in South Africa since he assumed office there. Almost coincident with his arrival in Capetown was the annexation of the Transvaal by Sir Theophilus Shepstone. Four years' later, almost to the day, that act was undone. At that time, therefore, only one colonial state or territory actually remained outside the area of British rule. Kaffirland was more or less under the domination of the Cape Government. Natal was undergoing the five years' experience of constitutional restriction imposed upon it during Sir Garnet Wolseley's administration. The diamond fields were subject to Crown rule pure and simple. Zululand was suffering under the severest phase of Cetewayo's despotism. The Cape Colony and the Orange Free State alone enjoyed the privileges of self-rule. Politically speaking, South Africa at that time was without form and void. Racial feeling was dormant. The pride of nationality had yet to be developed. The idea of South Africa as a whole existed in but a few minds. Each colony and state was beset by apprehension of its native difficulties. The Cape felt trouble brewing on its frontiers. Basutoland was a constant source of anxiety. Griqualand West had its native embarrassments. The Free State was not free from a thorn in the flesh. In the Transvaal the native menace had largely contributed to bring about annexation. Though free from internal troubles or perils, Natal was harassed by the state of affairs in Zululand, and kept in a chronic condition of disquietude by rumours and statements from that quarter.

The commercial and financial conditions of South Africa ten years ago are best indicated by a few figures. The country was about entering upon that period of inflation, caused primarily by the high price of wool in the home markets, which culminated in 1882. In 1876 the imports of the Cape Colony were valued at 5,556,077*l.*, and the exports at 5,012,303*l.*; in Natal the imports were 1,022,890*l.*, and the exports 657,308*l.* In the Cape Colony the revenue was 1,323,207*l.*; in Natal it was 265,551*l.* In the Cape the Loan Debt amounted to five millions; in Natal the debt at that time was about a million. Railways were represented in the Cape Colony by about 125 miles, and in Natal by say 25 miles, of opened line. The mineral wealth of South Africa was represented by the produce of the diamond fields, of which no record was then kept; and of the copper mines of Namaqualand, yielding about 20,000 tons of ore. The gold fields at that time were little talked about, and contributed but a nominal addition to the exports of the country. Ostrich farming, on the other hand, was fast approaching its zenith, and vied with wool growing and diamond mining as a lucrative and leading industry.

In few countries has the course of change been so rapid as it has

been in South Africa during the last ten years.' In California and in Australia the revolution wrought by gold discoveries transformed the social conditions of each country within a briefer span, but in South Africa the process has affected the political relations and territorial arrangements of the several communities. The past decade has been a period of almost incessant activity and agitation. At least ten separate military movements or expeditions—each forming in itself a 'little war'—have enlivened the records of that period. It would be a bootless task to estimate the cost of these operations, either in blood or treasure, nor would the sum total of the bill be in either case a pleasant fact to contemplate. This much may be said, however, that the expenditure of these millions of pounds and these many thousands of lives may be regarded as the purchase price—alas! all too costly—of that better, more stable, and less menacing order of things which it is my object to bring into view now.

For I dare to believe, and I confidently submit, that South Africa is now incomparably nearer the goal which Sir Bartle Frere set before himself at the outset of his mission than it was when he landed on its shores in April, 1877. If in moving onward to that goal it has been our lot as colonists to do so amidst an experience of strife and bloodshed unexampled in modern colonial history, we at any rate have such solace as may spring from the thought that the tale of suffering and sacrifice has not been in vain.

Let us look at each colony or state as it now stands, first as regards its constitutional circumstances, and next as regards its political relations.

The Cape Colony can proudly point to the tenacity with which it has, in spite of strain and tension, maintained in unimpaired integrity its privileges as a self-governed colony. Not being myself a Cape Colonist, I am free to bear unaffected and unrestrained testimony upon this point. I do so with no less sincerity than unreserve. In no colony has responsible government been put to severer tests than in the Cape, but in no colony has the common-sense, the patriotism, and the sturdy independence of the community proved more adequate to either occasion or emergency. Nor, let me add, can any colony show a record marked by a more prudent or salutary conservatism. A quarter of a century has passed since a representative legislature was granted to the colony. Throughout that period the local Parliament has only on one occasion been prematurely dissolved. For fourteen years the colony has governed itself by its own representatives, yet only four ministries have held office during that period. Am I wrong in assuming that such a record of stable, self-controlled action is unique in the history of British colonisation? I may possibly be answered by the sneer that the fact is due rather to the phlegmatic passivity of a bucolic community than to any special development of conservative tendency on the part of the electors and their repre-

sentatives. It is not necessary to argue the point. The fact remains; and I, at any rate, as the inhabitant of a neighbouring and independent colony, prefer to attribute it to the instinctive conservatism, rather than to the constitutional apathy of the people themselves. It is necessary to lay some stress upon this point, as in the colony itself a disposition exists in certain quarters to dispute the value of responsible government, and to regret its existence. These objections are probably but skin deep, and I take leave to doubt whether they would be implemented by any definite admission of readiness to revert to the old form of government. It is but right, however, to repeat my conviction that in no part of the Empire has more successful effect been given to that great principle of colonial self-rule which is the crowning glory of the Victorian era than in that land of diverse races and conflicting conditions, the colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

The Cape Colony has not only held fast to its free autonomy; it has done much more than this: it has lengthened its cords and it has strengthened its stakes. It has absorbed that storehouse of almost fabulous treasure, the province of Griqualand West, and all the territories lying between the Kei and Natal, Pondoland only excepted. It has also seen the supreme authority of its Governor, in his capacity of High Commissioner, extended by the hand of the Crown over the territories of Basutoland and Bechuanaland. This means the acquisition of a district which from a few hundred acres of ground yields an outturn of precious stones worth from three to four millions sterling per annum. It means the extension of the colonial authority over all the native tribes that live in the territories that are conterminous with the Cape frontier. It means the pacification of a native race which has been so far proved almost invincible in its strongholds, and it means, in the opinion of well-qualified judges, the final termination of those native wars, those frontier panics, and those costly rebellions which have in the past been so terrible a drain and strain upon the resources of the Cape Colony. I say nothing here of the circumstances under which these acquisitions of territory have been effected, nor of the questions involved in the future treatment of them. I say nothing of possible readjustments of frontier and control in the future. As regards Pondoland and Griqualand East, territories abutting upon Natal, it is quite within the range of possibility that circumstances may lead to a redistribution of authority. As regards Basutoland and Bechuanaland, no one can say with precision at this moment what may be their political destination. My present purpose is merely to point out that during the last ten years accident or design—statesmanship or strategy—have extended the influence and control of the Cape Colony and brought within reach and management those elements of danger and difficulty that have caused so much embarrassment and trouble in the past.

Although in some respects the statistical returns of the Cape Colony show little, if any, advancement during the last four or five years, a comparison of results between 1876 and 1885 demonstrates the progress that has been made by that portion of the Empire in common with the whole world. The combined import and export trade has advanced from 10,568,380*l.* to 10,584,348*l.*; but while imports declined from 5,556,077*l.* to 4,772,984*l.*, exports advanced from 5,012,303*l.* to 5,811,444*l.* The tonnage inward of shipping advanced from 1,130,193 to 2,715,058, and the actual revenue from 1,318,341*l.* to 3,317,310*l.* The distinctive features of the decade as regards the material development of the Cape Colony are: (1) the establishment of diamond mining as a stable industry, localised in the heart of Africa; and (2) the steady tendency to open out and to popularise new manufacturing industries such as leather tanning, boot and shoe making, furniture and match manufacture, to say nothing of further efforts to improve and promote the production of wine. The completion of a colonial railway system consisting of 1,600 miles of line running from the four colonial seaports and virtually tapping nearly the whole country, may, however, be justly regarded as the crowning achievement of the Cape Government. When the character of the country comes to be considered—its enormous breadths of uninhabited Karroo, the dryness and sterility that distinguish so large a portion of its area, the paucity of population, the primitive conditions under which the pastoral pursuits of the settlers are usually carried on—the intelligence and enterprise that have inspired such a policy, and the resolute vigour which has carried it to so complete a realisation, will bear comparison with the display of similar qualities in any other portion of the Empire. I shall revert to this question, which is at this moment the vital question in its bearing upon the unity of South Africa.

To Natal, no less than to its neighbours, the past decade has been a period of excitement and of change. When the decade began the colony was passing through the first year of that term of imperial tutelage self-imposed upon the colony by its legislature on the suggestion of Sir Garnet Wolseley. That term ran its course and ceased by effluxion of time with the consent of everybody concerned, the experiment of a restricted constitution having failed to evolve the panacea of a strong government. Since then Natal has piously conserved its existing privileges, but has been content to do little more. In a few minor respects the colony has improved and modified its constitution, but the relations of the Crown-appointed executive with the popularly chosen legislature remain substantially what they were ten years ago. It is the colony's own doing that it is so. Just five years since the Home Government offered the colony the gift of self-government with all its attendant responsibilities, but it deliberately declined the offer; nor has it subsequently

seen reason to reverse its verdict. It must be remembered, however, that Natal has witnessed two wars upon its immediate borders; that it has been, and is still, the abode of a large garrison of imperial troops; that it has suffered in no ordinary degree from the consequences of a policy in the direction or shaping of which it has had neither part nor lot; and that all through, and at this very moment, it is its fate to participate in the consequences of methods and measures which the large bulk of its population has condemned and disapproved. These circumstances may appear calculated to foster a tendency towards emancipation and self-reliance, but the actual effect has been of a contrary tendency. The colonists have been made nervous and distrustful rather than confident and self-assured, and though it is morally certain that they will sooner or later ask for and resolutely assume the rights and privileges which are enjoyed in the Cape Colony and the two—or I should say the three—republics, their readiness to do so has yet to be formally expressed.

Meanwhile the policy desired to be pursued by Natal in her external relations is one of amity and expansion. Did circumstances permit it, the colonists would be well pleased to see the rule of their government extended over Griqualand East and Pondoland on the southward, and over Zululand in the northward. The most important act of annexation that has just been announced may possibly prove the prelude to the ultimate incorporation of Zululand with Natal. The present extension of British rule over the country will be recognised by the colonists of South Africa as the tardy but inevitable sequel of the Zulu war. It is tardy because the step ought to have been taken immediately after that war. It was inevitable, because to have failed altogether in taking it would have been a default of obligation towards a conquered and submissive people of which no imperial power with any pretension to righteousness of purpose could conceivably have been guilty. That the measure will be warmly welcomed by the mass of the Zulu people cannot be doubted. Two or three aspirants for sovereignty, egged on perhaps by irresponsible advisers, may affect a show of disappointment; but to the people at large the announcement will have been hailed as a message of joy and deliverance. It may not be all that we in Natal desire. It is believed by the colonists that imperial as well as local interests would be served by an enlargement of the colonial boundaries, though it must not be supposed that in this respect they—the colonists—are actuated by any greed of territory. They only desire to secure such political advantages as must come from a proper rectification of frontiers. Neither as regards trade nor boundaries does Natal desire to overstep legitimate geographical limits. The idea of acquiring territory west of the Drakenberg has at no time found favour or expression. Nor has it ever been seriously proposed to advance the southern frontier of the colony

beyond a convenient and appropriate line on the St. John's or Umtata rivers. During the last session of its legislature, the colony distinctly offered to relieve the mother country from any further trouble in connection with Zululand by proposing to accept the responsibilities of government there. It also intimated its readiness to enter into negotiations, if need be, for the incorporation of Griqualand East and Pondoland with the colony. The first of these offers may appear to have been more adventurous than prudent, but it was made in all sincerity and with a full sense of what such a measure would involve. We know in Natal well enough that all the Zulus need now is firm and just government, such government as our own natives have enjoyed in peace and order for forty years. That is the sort of government they crave and ask for. In a certain measure it has been for some time past established in the Zulti Reserve, under the rule of Mr. Osborn, the Resident Commissioner. It need entail no large military expenditure, as the best possible materials for enforcing law and authority can be supplied by the Zulus themselves. All that is wanted in governing Zululand is that they shall be dealt with on right and just principles, applied by men who know both the people and their language, and who have had, if possible, some administrative experience amongst them. Natalians would have had no mistrust of their own capacity to discharge effectually the responsibilities which they proposed to undertake had they been left with free hands to carry out the task invoked by them. A general desire exists throughout Natal—it permeates even the native population—to see the two countries united. In one respect they are already one. I may here quote the words of the Legislative Council as recorded last session, when it said—

that the Zulus, whether in Natal or Zululand, are in reality one people; that the uninterrupted good government in peace and order of the native population of Natal affords a moral guarantee for the good government of Zululand; that the administrative experience of Natal offers the best field of selection for the requisite official machinery; that the Zulus, if left in tribal isolation, will assuredly come into collision with their Dutch neighbours, or fall out among themselves; that the overcrowding of Natal by refugees from Zululand in the past renders it necessary to leave an outlet open to them for their return in course of time; that the intermixture of Zulus returning from Natal with their former compatriots in Zululand, after a sojourn in the colony, will tend to pacify, harmonise, and unite the several sections of the population; that the cost of government under such conditions would, ere long, altogether relieve the imperial exchequer from any expenditure on account of Zululand, and the Imperial Government from any responsibility on account of administration in that country.

Such were the reasons advanced by the colonial legislature for its reiterated proposal 'that Eastern Zululand and the Reserve be united to Natal under an Administration charged with the government of the combined territories, and that a protectorate, as desired by the Swazi nation, be extended over that people.' This appeal is

to be considered as a last effort made by Natal to secure for itself the territorial and political advantages which through past apathy or neglect had been lost to the colony. Natal suffers from lack of territory. The smallest of all the South African states—if we except the New Republic—she is at the same time the most thickly peopled. While the Cape Colony has but $5\frac{1}{2}$ persons per square mile of area, Natal has 22, the population of whites being in each case about the same. The fact that the larger portion of this population consists of barbarian natives explains the anxiety shown in Natal to extend the colonial territory. It is generally held in the colony that the country is congested with natives, most of whom are refugees, or the children of refugees, from Zululand. The progress of the colony is thwarted by the presence within it of a preponderant coloured population, few of whom have as yet conformed to the usages and accepted the obligations of civilisation. Could an outlet be found for a certain number of these natives in Zululand—their old home—more room would be found for such as stay behind, and many questions of social and domestic reform that are now in abeyance might be brought within the sphere of action. The junction of Natal and Zululand would thus be a matter of mutual benefit, and would undoubtedly tend to a more satisfactory and easy solution of the native question.

I have purposely said little concerning the establishment of a new Boer Republic in Zululand. It would be idle to deny that the colonists of Natal have from the first viewed with much disfavour the creation of an independent government and community in a country which they have been accustomed to regard as their natural heritage. I firmly believe that had it been understood that the Imperial Government would recognise the existence of a free State of European adventurers in Zululand, Englishmen would have endeavoured to secure for themselves the advantages which the Boer settlers have won for themselves. Be that as it may, the fact remains that the New Republic has been formally recognised, and the land claims of its burghers admitted. Whatever views may be entertained of the policy which has led to such a result, it does not fall within the purposes of any sensible colonist to counsel the repudiation of a solemn covenant. The Legislative Council has spoken on this subject with no uncertain sound.

If (said that body) it is the fact that the agreement thus entered into with the representatives of the New Republic has been formally made, and has been ratified alike by Her Majesty's Government and the Volksraad of the New Republic, this House admits its inability to recommend any interference with such a compact, nor does it desire to countenance any breach of faith with a community whose relations with this colony in the future must of necessity be those of close neighbourhood, if not of yet closer political union.

It should not be forgotten that many of the grantees in the new

state were colonists of Natal, nor that Natal purchasers have in several cases bought out the original claimants and holders. There is thus a direct personal tie between the little republic and Natal. On the other hand, Transvaal burghers and Transvaal interests are even more largely represented there, and the question of the future with the New Republicans is, which government shall they join? Their leaders admit that they are too few, too feeble, and too poor to stand alone. The cost of administering the government and maintaining law in a pastoral territory of less than 2,500,000 acres would impose upon its scattered residents a burden of taxation greater than they could reasonably bear. Sooner or later the little republic will join one or other of its neighbours. We in Natal hope that its preferences will incline our way. Durban is their natural port. Between the township of Dundee in Natal, and Vrijheid the township of the republic, sixty miles of comparatively level country intervene, and as it is pretty certain that Dundee will ere long be united by rail with Ladysmith, the trade route between Durban and Vrijheid is easy and direct. The high duties imposed upon imported commodities by the Transvaal render Natalians more than ever desirous to limit the area within which they operate, and on fiscal grounds, if on no other, the absorption of all Zululand into Natal would be a gain to British interests. Such a union will only come, however, in the event of responsible government being extended to Natal. Neither the Boer settlers nor the purchasers who may buy them out would consent to come under the form of government which at present prevails in Natal; and there is reason to believe that nothing would more effectually convert the colonists of Natal into supporters of self-rule than the prospect of such a political and territorial expansion as that which I have ventured to indicate. Before quitting this subject I should add that the New Republic, like the rest of Zululand, is rich in mineral wealth. The gold fields that exist there will at no distant date be found to rival those near Barberton. Already considerable sums have been given for farms believed to be auriferous, and the opinion expressed years ago by experts that the richest gold deposits in South-East Africa would be found near the sources of the Ityotyosi is in course of practical fulfilment. The gold fields of Zululand are believed to be a continuation of the Kaap formation, which can be traced from Vrijheid in a southerly direction, passing right through Natal, where the precious metal has been found at different points almost to the southern border.

In spite of the wars and disturbances that have prevailed upon its borders, Natal has steadily forged ahead; though the returns for last year show a falling off from those of four years ago. In 1877 the tonnage of shipping inward was 96,459; in 1885 it was 195,260. In 1877 the imports were 1,167,402*l.*, and the exports 689,817*l.*; in 1885 the figures were 1,518,557*l.* and 877,483*l.* respectively.

During the same period the revenue advanced from 272,473*l.* to 669,831*l.*, and the public debt from less than 1,000,000*l.* to nearly 4,000,000*l.* The length of the railways had increased from 25 miles to 218 miles, and the inland terminus of the line was planted temporarily at a point not more than thirty miles from the western frontier. The construction of this line and the successful execution of the harbour works are the two most memorable undertakings of the last decade. When Sir Bartle Frere visited Natal in 1878 he crossed the bar at the entrance of the port in a small steam tug, which touched the ground several times with a draught of barely six feet, a fact to which he made humorous reference at a banquet held in his honour. That bar has now practically disappeared, swept away by the quickened tidal forces generated by the new breakwaters; steamers drawing fifteen and sixteen feet of water enter the inner harbour with ease, and all that remains to be done in order to open this natural dock to vessels of the largest tonnage is the removal of a ledge of rock which stretches in smooth water across the 'sill,' and the vigorous continuance of the dredging operations that are already in progress. In the course of two years we may hope to see realised the prediction of the indomitable chairman of the local Harbour Board, Mr. Escombe, to whose tireless energy and unselfish enthusiasm these results are greatly due—namely, that the largest ocean steamer will take in Natal coal from alongside the wharf in the inner bay.

This harbour, now so soon to become one of the best upon the African coast, and this railway, for whose continuance toward the border the Legislative Council has made provision, are the national portal and highway to the two republics of the interior, a reference to which will appropriately close this brief survey of South Africa as it is.

The Free State, as becomes an eminently pastoral country, is the most thinly populated region in South Africa. It has less than two inhabitants per square mile, but of these nearly half are white. Yet in some respects the State is the most thoroughly settled territory in the country. It has no fewer than 13,497 houses belonging to European owners, 115,000 acres are under cultivation, 5,000,000 sheep and 131,000 horses, besides other stock of all kinds, represent the mainstay of local wealth; while as regards roads, bridges, schools, and churches, this inland State may well challenge comparison with any of its neighbours. The Free State, however, has other claims upon recognition. It has for thirty-three years maintained its constitutional independence without a break, and with scarcely a jar. It has been fortunate enough, thanks to imperial intervention in 1869, to keep free from any serious native difficulty, the insurrectionary episode of a few years ago having hardly ruffled the normal serenity of the State, while occasional anxieties in connection with Basuto encroachments have been allayed by the timely co-operation of President

Brand and Sir Marshall Clarke in sedative and remedial measures. The State over which Sir John Brand presides with so much tact and wisdom occupies a geographical position in South Africa that has no parallel. Its frontiers are conterminous with those of all the other European colonies and communities; the Cape, Natal, the Transvaal, Basutoland, and Bechuanaland, all touch its border line. From every port on the seaboard a main road or railway leads up to it. From Cape Colony the line to Kimberley runs for fifty miles along its western boundary. The midland line from Port Elizabeth to Colesberg terminates thirty miles from the Orange River. The border line from East London has its terminus at Aliwal North, on the Orange River. From Ladysmith, in Natal, the distance to the Free State is but twenty-five miles. There are trunk roads from Pretoria and Potchefstroom, in the Transvaal, that pass right through the republic. The State is flanked to the north-west by Kimberley—the financial heart and inland metropolis of South Africa. Yet in the territory itself there is not as yet a mile of railway either constructed or provided for, and at this moment it is uncertain whether immediate steps will be taken to connect all these converging lines by a system focalising at Bloemfontein, or branching forth from a more northern point at Heilbron.

Of the Transvaal Republic it is less easy to give accurate information, as statistical knowledge has yet to be cultivated there. A country that has five times the area of Natal, and a white population fully as large as, and probably just now considerably larger than, that of the neighbouring colony, must manifestly be a region of large possibilities. Although the native population of the Transvaal is estimated to be twice as numerous as that of Natal, its presence, scattered over so much wider an area, does not attract observation as do the native races in the contiguous colony. It is needless that I should here refer at any length to the political history of the South African Republic, or to its great natural resources. The world has long known that wool and corn and tobacco are staple products of the region, but it is only of late that attention has been drawn to the country by the discovery of vast gold fields there. After the able descriptive references made to the mineral resources of South Africa in the paper recently read by Professor Rupert Jones before the Royal Colonial Institute, it is but necessary to say that the gold fields of South-East Africa bid fair to rival those of California and Australia. Gold has been known to exist there since 1868, when the German explorer, Karl Mauch, startled the world by his description of the rapture which filled him when he gazed upon the white quartz reefs of the Tati. It took eighteen years, however, of fitful enterprise in several districts to place the auriferous wealth of the southern continent beyond the reach of doubt. At different points and at different times did the gold fever develop itself—at the Tati and in

Matabeleland, north of the Transvaal; at Eersteling, at Mac Mac, and at Pilgrim's Rest, in that territory, early in the seventies; at the De Kaap and at Moodies, early in the eighties; at Barberton, at the Komati, and at Witwatersrand, during the last year; in Swaziland, the New Republic, in the Zulu Reserve, and in Natal, in Bechuana-land, and at the Knysnain in the Cape Colony. Elsewhere in South Africa capital and energy have been and are being expended in efforts to follow up to profitable ends the traces of gold that have been found there.

The discovery and development of these gold fields could not possibly have happened at a more critical and opportune moment for both the Transvaal and its Government. Two years ago the finances of the republic were in so bad a condition that the gravest fears were expressed by local politicians as to the possible consequences. They remembered what had happened nine years previously, when the financial affairs of the country had drifted into a similar condition of confusion and bankruptcy, and they dreaded, if they did not foresee, the possibility of danger to their regained and dearly purchased independence. Fortunately for the republic the dogged persistency of gold seekers from Natal and the subsequent operations of speculators from that colony, the Cape, and Kimberley, rescued the Government from the embarrassments that beset it, and all at once converted an impoverished into an overflowing exchequer. It was reckoned that in January last the receipts from special gold sources at Barberton and Witwatersrand in the month had reached an amount of 15,000*l.* respectively, representing an income for the month larger than that derived from other sources. As gold-mining enterprise in the Transvaal only stands on the threshold of development, it will be passing strange should the regular revenue obtained from these sources not relieve the Government from any necessity to ask for fresh means of income in the form of new taxes. Let us hope that so timely a replenishment of the local treasury chest will enable the Volksraad to reduce the most vexatious and oppressive customs duties which came into force on the 1st of September last—duties which are so high as not only to encourage evasion but to restrict and divert trade. Charges of 6*d.* per lb. upon such necessities of life as butter, cheese, jams, and pickles; of 1*s.* per lb. upon pork, lard, ham, bacon, and sausages; of 5*s.* per 100 lbs. upon maize, paper, corn, and sugar; of 15*s.* per 100 lbs. upon flour and meal, and of 25 per cent. *ad valorem* upon tinned milk, fish, and meats, cannot but prove intensely vexatious to men engaged in mining operations who may and who have to depend upon imported supplies for their necessary commodities. The gold miner and the gold speculator are by far the most potential factors evolved by events in the Transvaal. They have already practically transformed the destinies of that country. When it is remembered that in January last not

fewer than 213 gold companies had been registered in the republic, it will be seen how deep a hold gold speculation and a belief in the prospects of gold mining have taken of the public mind out there. It may be, as some say, that only a small percentage of these companies will yield lucrative returns to the shareholders. It may be—indeed it is beyond denial or dispute—that the market value of shares is in many cases ridiculously in excess of any actually attained result; it may be that the recorded outturn of gold is so far in absurd disproportion to the capital invested or to the current prices of stock. Such facts are but the ordinary incidents of gold mining everywhere, or indeed of mining speculation under any conditions. No one regrets more than I do the inflation that has occurred, and the consequent losses that will be borne by very many persons who can ill afford to bear them. Not the less, however, do I believe that the successful development of gold mining in the Transvaal and in South Africa is but a question of time, patience, energy, and well-directed effort. When adequate machinery has been erected, when proper amalgamations have been effected, when nibbling at quartz reefs has given place to proper mining or hydraulicking works, then we shall find that the gold of South Africa, like the gold of California and Australia, will yield results that will justify ordinary and legitimate speculation.

The political conditions of the Transvaal during the last ten years form a theme that cannot be touched at this juncture with too light and delicate a hand. It involves events and considerations of complex and imperial interest, and it has aspects which for obvious reasons are best kept out of sight. All that we really need consider now is that the Transvaal has, after an interregnum of three years, been for five years once again in full possession of its independence, and that there is no present probability or expectation that that independence will in the future be either menaced or compromised. England has passed her word to that effect, and no true colonist would contemplate with any emotion other than dismay a proposal to unsay or repudiate that word. Foremost beyond all other obligations that are incumbent at this moment upon the empire of Great Britain is the obligation to abide by imperial pledges and imperial engagements. Of greater importance to us as citizens of the Empire, and as colonial subjects of the Queen in South Africa, is it that the honour and faith of the Empire should be inflexibly maintained, than that the territory of the Crown should be widened or the rule of the Crown extended at the expense of either. As one who believes implicitly in the unity of the Empire, and who cherishes most loyally the pride of British citizenship, I do not hesitate to express my conviction that the integrity of that Empire and the loyalty of its subjects will depend more upon the faithful fulfilment of mutual engagements and understandings between the mother country and the colonies than upon

fine-spun schemes of political union or elaborately formulated covenants.

Having thus taken a cursory view of the four European states in South Africa as separate communities, let us take a survey of South Africa as a whole. Comparing the conditions of to-day with those that prevailed ten years ago, we recognise these cardinal changes:—

1. Race feeling is fast subsiding.
2. The native power as a cohesive force has disappeared.
3. The railway has shown that, when its several systems are linked together, it will be the true factor of union.
4. Independent native territories have practically ceased to exist.
5. The two colonial Governments have conceded to the inland republic a remission of duty upon goods bonded in transit.
6. The adoption of a very low tariff at Delagoa Bay and the prosecution of railway works there, have controlled the fiscal policy of the British Colonies.
7. Gold discoveries promise to revolutionise the financial and commercial conditions of the Transvaal.
8. The coal fields having been brought by railway construction within access of the coast, the imperial and merchant navies of England can at all times command on the South African seaboard an ample supply of fuel.

Such are the leading changes wrought by the many incidents of the last ten years. Socially speaking, the subsidence of racial difference is perhaps the most important and far-reaching; how much so, only those who have lived in South Africa during this period can understand. On two occasions since 1877 it has seemed as though the two branches of the white race in South Africa were about to be rent asunder by an irreparable breach, but both times the calamity was averted. If the present temper of all sections of the population continues to prevail—as I believe it will—no such menace will again arise. If tension exists now it springs from fiscal inter-rivalry, not from race jealousies. It is quite true that in their resolve to compete with the low tariff at Delagoa Bay the Cape and Natal have entered upon a policy which must sooner or later terminate itself. Each colony has saddled itself with debt on account of railway works, whose financial prospects depend upon a large traffic with the interior. It is really to feed these railways, no less than to expand their trade, that the two colonies are contending. To some, and especially to outsiders, this strife may appear suicidal. Why, it may be asked, should two Governments deliberately resolve to cast aside good chances of earning revenue in order that one may prevent the other from increasing its trade? That may be one way of putting the case, but it is neither the fair nor the correct one. The real reasons are: (1) that each colony needs to secure an inland

traffic for its railway; (2) that the time has arrived when the claim of the republics to be considered in regard to fiscal questions could no longer be ignored. In 1884 the Cape Parliament and Government met the action of the Natal Legislature in reducing its tariff by authorising a rebate of duty upon goods passing in bond to the republics down to the Natal level. In 1887 the Cape Government met the action of the Natal Legislature in remitting duties upon certain leading articles passing beyond the borders by a corresponding reduction of rebate. Remember that the one colony has spent over thirteen millions, and the other has spent nearly three millions, upon its railways; remember, too, that for years past the republics have been pressing for some share of customs duties. Remember, further, that the whole seaboard and all the ports of ingress to these states belong to the two colonies. Under such circumstances it was inevitable, either that an agreement would be come to between the four Governments concerned, or that a fiscal struggle would be entered upon. The last alternative has occurred, but I am greatly mistaken if the outcome of the struggle, at no distant date, will not be the establishment upon a stable basis of common and reciprocal good-will of improved fiscal relations throughout South Africa.

And the chief factor in bringing about this improved order of things will be the completion of our several railway systems. It is impossible that the present spectacle of four separate lines running from four different ports up to four distinct points in the interior, without any common point of junction, can be maintained. Imagine all the lines of Great Britain stopping short just outside Yorkshire, while passing northward and southward through Lancashire. That is very much the position of railway enterprise in South Africa. We—and on this question the Cape Colony is divided in itself, as well as at issue with Natal—are all looking at and fighting with each other instead of clasping hands and joining forces in a common effort to place the railway communications and the fiscal relations of the several countries upon a basis that shall conduce to the common interests of each and all.

So far as railways are concerned, there is but one really effective method of bringing about a consummation so devoutly to be desired. The Cape Colony has three lines of railway approaching close or near to the borders of the Free State. One runs through the Karroo, direct from Capetown to Kimberley; one proceeds from Port Elizabeth to Colesberg; one passes from East London—which is the most easterly port of the Cape Colony—to Aliwal North. It is proposed in certain quarters to extend the line from Kimberley to Pretoria, and steps are already in progress to secure the construction of the first section of such a line as far as the northern frontier of the colony (the Vaal River), about thirty miles distant. This line, however, would leave the Free State altogether on one side, and

would aim at carrying the traffic of the Transvaal along 700 miles of line to the western capital of the senior colony. This project would undoubtedly meet with strenuous opposition from all the eastern districts of the Cape Colony, and it is likely to meet with scant favour from the Transvaal Government and Volksraad, who look to Delagoa Bay as their proper seaport. The scheme most likely to be supported by the eastern and border districts is the proposal to extend the line from Colesberg up to and through the Free State, where at some point in the north of that republic it could be joined by a line from Natal, proceeding towards Pretoria and into the Transvaal from that point of junction.

This is, in my opinion, the system of railway extension—centering in the Free State—which would do more to unify South Africa and to consolidate British interests therein than any other project. It would link both the republics to the two sister colonies, to the eastern and western districts of the Cape Colony in one direction, and to Natal in the other. It would bring all the civilised governments and communities of South Africa into direct railway connection. It would secure to the inland states access to whatever port upon the seaboard they might elect to make use of. It would enable a passenger to travel overland from Capetown to Durban, or from Durban to Port Elizabeth, Kimberley, or Bloemfontein. It would be an iron bond of union, more effective in its practical daily operation than any political compact or diplomatic understanding. Its realisation depends, of course, in the first instance, upon the action of the Volksraad of the Free State, now in session. That body represents a community that is in the main pastoral in its pursuits, and, therefore, not largely concerned in considerations of commercial advantage. The Free State burgher has an instinctive dislike to taxation, and, as railways are regarded as the equivalent of taxation, it is possible that yet again the Raad may decide to assume no responsibility in the matter. It would be possible, however, for both the Cape and the Natal Governments to co-operate with the republic in such a manner as to silence this dread of added burdens. This is not the place in which to discuss matters of detail, but I am sanguine enough to believe that a policy might be jointly worked out which would enable the Free State to take part as a connecting and uniting link in the unification of South Africa.

Did space permit I should like to say something about the value of the British possessions in South Africa to the Empire as a whole. It is a large question, and I can only state the case in the form of these general conclusions, namely:—

That the retention of the Cape is admitted to be absolutely necessary in the interests of the Empire.

That, were the Suez Canal blocked, all the trade of the East would have for the time being to go round the Cape.

That, were the Cape in the hands of a foreign hostile power, trade by that route would be in fatal jeopardy.

That Natal, as the eastern extremity of British possessions in South Africa, is not less necessary to imperial and commercial interests.

That the solidarity of interests in British South Africa cannot be too fully recognised.

That the time is not far distant when the two republics of the Free State and the Transvaal will find it to their interest to enter into terms of closer relationship with the seaboard colonies.

That the completion of existing railway systems will effectually contribute towards such a result.

That the existence of vast coal deposits in Natal is a factor in the general question that ought not to be longer overlooked or ignored when the value of the Cape as a coaling station comes to be considered.

That unity in feeling, and in action on the part of the two English-speaking and Dutch-speaking races is the true key-note of all future policy.

That both in the mother country and in the colonies the necessity of such unity, and of the restraints in language, policy, and action, that may conduce thereto, cannot be too fully recognised.

Much more might fairly be said in pursuance of this theme, but I may well say, in conclusion, that it will be strange indeed should the united intelligence of patriotic politicians in South Africa not succeed in working out on a basis of mutual conciliation and compromise a permanent readjustment of fiscal relations and an abiding settlement of existing difficulties. For it may be accepted as an incontrovertible axiom that the affairs of South Africa can only be set right by the efforts and action of its own people. Interference from outside, however carefully considered and well meant, will but result in a repetition of past failures, if it be anything more than the outcome of local solicitation. If the policy that has been so steadfastly and successfully applied as regards the Canadian and Australasian groups of colonies be extended to that other great group of colonies and states which lies midway between them, I cannot doubt that in course of time a South African Dominion of self-governing British subjects, compacted together in the southern world, will add new testimony to the colonising genius of the parent race.

JOHN ROBINSON.

STRANGE MEDICINES.

QUICKLY—by far too quickly for the sake of the student and the archæologist—is the wave of foreign influence oversweeping Japan, ruthlessly effacing all the most marked characteristics of native manners and customs, and substituting the commonplaces of every-day European life.

Already this tendency to exalt and to adopt foreign novelties meets the traveller at every turn, and only he who turns aside from the tracks most subject to foreign influence can hope now and then to find some staunch Conservative, who in that nation of ultra-Radicals (albeit most loyal Imperialists) has the courage to adhere to his own old-fashioned ways.

I had the good fortune to meet with [such a one in the very interesting old city of Osaka—a compounder of just such strange medicines as were administered to our British ancestors in the Middle Ages. So rapidly has the scientific study of medicine been taken up by the Japanese medical practitioners, that the survival of such a chemist of the pure and unadulterated old school is quite remarkable, and I was greatly struck by the evident annoyance of a Japanese gentleman to whom I expressed my interest in this mediæval chemist, and who evidently felt it humiliating that a foreigner should have seen such a relic of the days of ignorance.

The quaint old man whose loyal adherence to the customs of his ancestors afforded me such an interesting illustration both of old Japan and old Britain was a seller of *curoyakie*, i.e. carbonised animals, in other words, animals reduced to charcoal, and potted in small covered jars of earthenware, to be sold as medicine for the sick and suffering. Formerly all these animals were kept alive in the back premises, and customers selected the creature for themselves, and stood by to see it killed and burnt on the spot, so that there could be no deception, and no doubt as to the freshness of their charred medicine. Doubtless some insensible foreign influence may account for the disappearance of the menagerie of waiting victims and their cremation-ground; now the zoological backyard has vanished, and only the strange chemist's shop remains, like a well-stored

museum, wherein are ranged portions of the dried carcasses of dogs and deer, foxes and badgers, rats and mice, toads and frogs, tigers and elephants.

The rarer the animal, and the farther it has travelled, the more precious apparently are its virtues. From the roof hung festoons of gigantic snake-skins, which certainly were foreign importations from some land where pythons flourish, Japan being happily exempt from the presence of such beautiful monsters. I saw one very fine piece of a skin, which, though badly dried and much shrunken, measured twenty-six inches across, but it was only a fragment ten feet in length, and was being gradually consumed inch by inch, to lend mystic virtue to compounds of many strange ingredients. I was told that the perfect skin must have measured very nearly fifty feet in length. I saw another fragment twenty-two feet long and twelve inches wide; this also had evidently shrunk considerably in drying, and must, when in life, have been a very fine specimen.

There were also some very fine deer's horns (hartshorn in its pure and simple form), a highly valued rhinoceros horn, and ivory of various animals. My companion was much tempted by a beautiful piece of ivory about ten feet in length: I think it was the horn of a narwhal, but the druggist would only sell it for its price as medicine, namely ten cents for fifty-eight grains, whence we inferred that the druggists of old Japan, like some nearer home, fully understand the art of making a handsome profit on their sales. Some tigers' claws and teeth were also esteemed very precious, and some strips of tigers' skin and fragments of other skins and furs proved that these also held a place in the pharmacopœia of Old Japan, as they continue to do in China (the source whence Japan derived many branches of learning, besides the use of letters).

Unfortunately for the little lizards which dart about so joyously in the sunlight, they too are classed among the popular remedies, being considered an efficacious vermifuge; so strings of their ghastly little corpses are hung in festoons in many village shops, where I have often looked wonderingly at them, marvelling in what broth of abominable things they might reappear. So lizards and dried scorpions (imported as medicine) also found a place in this strange druggist's shop—an 'interior' so wholly unlike anything I have ever seen elsewhere, that the recollection of it remains vividly stamped on my memory—the multitude of earthenware jars containing the calcined animals all neatly ranged on shelves, the general litter of oddities of various sorts strongly resembling an old curiosity shop, and, in the midst of all, the eccentric old man, who might have passed for a Japanese wizard rather than a grave physician. It was a strangely vivid illustration of what must have been the general appearance of the laboratory of the learned leeches of Britain in the days of our forefathers.

Before glancing at these, however, it may be interesting to note a few details of kindred medicine-lore in China, on which subject a member of the French Catholic Mission writing from Mongolia says: 'May Heaven preserve us from falling ill here! It is impossible to conceive who can have devised remedies so horrible as those in use in the Chinese pharmacopœia; such as drugs compounded of toads' paws, wolves' eyes, vultures' claws, human skin and fat, and other medicaments still more horrible, of which I spare you the recital. Never did witch's den contain a collection of similar horrors.'

Mr. Mitford has told us how, also at Peking, he saw a Chinese physician prescribe a decoction of three scorpions for a child struck down with fever; and Mr. Gill in his *River of Golden Sand* mentions having met a number of coolies laden with red deer's horns, some of them very fine twelve-tine antlers. They are only hunted when in velvet, and from the horns in this state a medicine is made, which is one of the most highly prized in the Chinese pharmacopœia.

With regard to the singular virtues supposed to attach to the medicinal use of tiger, General Robert Warden tells me that on one occasion when, in India, he was exhibiting some trophies of the chase, some Chinamen who were present became much excited at the sight of an unusually fine tiger skin. They eagerly inquired whether it would be possible to find the place where the carcase had been buried, because from the bones of tigers dug up three months after burial, a decoction may be prepared which gives immense muscular power to the fortunate man who swallows it!

I am indebted to the same informant for an interesting note on the medicine folk-lore of India, namely, that while camping in the jungle, one of his men came to entreat him to shoot a nightjar for his benefit, because from the bright prominent eyes of this bird of night an ointment is prepared which gives great clearness of vision, and is therefore highly prized.

Miss Bird, too, has recorded some very remarkable details on the *materia medica* of China and Japan. When in a remote district of Japan, she became so unwell as to deem it necessary to consult a native doctor, of whom she says:—

He has great faith in *ginseng* and in rhinoceros horn, and in the powdered liver of some animal, (which, from the description, I understood to be a tiger—all specifics of the Chinese school of medicines. Dr. Nosoki showed me a small box of 'unicorn's' horn, which he said was worth more than its weight in gold.

She adds:—

Afterwards, in China, I heard much more of the miraculous virtues of these drugs, and in Salangor, in the Malay peninsula, I saw a most amusing scene after the death of a tiger. A number of Chinese flew upon the body, cut out the liver, eyes, and spleen, and carefully drained every drop of the blood, fighting for the possession of things so precious, while those who were not so fortunate as to secure any of these cut out the cartilage from the joints. The centre of a tiger's eyeball is supposed to possess nearly miraculous virtues; the blood, dried at a temperature

of 110°, is the strongest of all tonics, and gives strength and courage, and the powdered liver and spleen are good for many diseases, . . . and were sold at high prices to Chinese doctors. A little later, in Perak, I saw rhinoceros horns sold at a high price for the Chinese drug market, and was told that a single horn with a particular mark on it was worth fifty dollars for sale to the Chinese doctors.

One of the said rhinoceros horns was, as we have seen, among the most valued treasures of the old druggist of Osaka. This horn and that of the unicorn (which seems generally to mean the narwhal¹) have ever been held in high repute throughout the East as an antidote to poison, and cups carved from these horns were used as a safeguard because they possessed the property of neutralising poison, or at least of revealing its presence.

And indeed the same virtue was attributed to it by the learned leeches of Europe. At the close of the sixteenth century the doctors of medicine in Augsburg met in solemn conclave to examine a specimen of unicorn's horn, which they found to be true Monoceros, and not a forgery; the proof thereof being that they administered some of it to a dog which had been poisoned with arsenic, and which recovered after swallowing the antidote. They further administered *nux vomica* to two dogs, and to one they gave twelve grains of unicorn horn, which effectually counteracted the poison; but the other poor dog got none, so he died. Similar statements concerning this antidote, and also concerning the value of elks' and deer's horns powdered as a cure for epilepsy, appear in various old English medical works of the highest authority.

Very remarkable also is the efficacy supposed to attach to antediluvian ivory, more especially the tusks of the mammoths, which have been so well preserved in Siberian ice that their very flesh is still sometimes found untainted. There they have lain hermetically sealed for many a long century, and now, when the rivers from time to time wash away fragments of the great ice-cliffs, they reveal the strange treasures of that wondrous storehouse—sometimes a huge unwieldy hippopotamus, or a rhinoceros, or it may be a great woolly elephant with a mane like a lion and curly tusks; and the hungry Siberian bears and wolves fight and snarl over these dainty morsels, which are still as fresh as though they had fallen but an hour ago.

Here, in these marvellous ice-fields, lie inexhaustible stores of finest ivory, and this it is which the learned professors of the Celestial medical hall value so highly. So these precious tusks are dragged forth after thousands of years to be ground down and boiled to a jelly for the cure of vulgar Chinese diseases of the nineteenth century! Alas, poor mammoth!

Nor are these the only antediluvian relics which are thus turned to account. Professor H. N. Moseley tells us of the 'dragon's teeth and bones' which he bought from the druggists of Canton, where they

¹ *Monodon monoceros*.

are sold by weight as a regular medicine, and are highly prized in the materia medica both of China and Japan as specifics in certain diseases. They proved on examination to be the fossil teeth and bones of various extinct mammalia of the tertiary period, including those of the rhinoceros, elephant, horse, mastodon, stag, hippotherium, and the teeth of another carnivorous animal unknown.

He obtained a translation of the passage in the medical works of Li She Chan which specially refers to the use of this medicine. It states that 'dragons' bones come from the southern parts of Shansi, and are found in the mountains.' Dr. To Wang King says that if they are genuine they will adhere to the tongue. 'This medicine is sweet and is not poison. Dr. Koon certainly says that it is a little poisonous. Care must be taken not to let it come in contact with fish or iron. It cures heart-ache, stomach-ache, drives away ghosts, cures colds and dysentery, irregularities of the digestive organs, paralysis, &c., and increases the general health.'

Another medical authority, *The Chinese Repository*, published in Canton A.D. 1832, states that the bones of dragons are found on banks of rivers and in caves of the earth, places where the dragon died. Those of the back and brain are highly prized, being variegated with different streaks on a white ground. The best are known by slipping the tongue lightly over them. The teeth are of little firmness. The horns are hard and strong; but if these are taken from damp places, or by women, they are worthless.

From his examination of these so-called relics of the dragon (which prove to belong to so many different animals, which in successive ages have crept to the same cave to die), Mr. Moseley points out how some imaginative person probably first devised a fanciful picture of the mythical animal, combining the body of the vast lizard with the wings of a bat, the head of a stag, and carnivorous teeth, which has become the stereotyped idea of the dragon in all lands.

Even in Europe fossil bones thus found together in caves were long known as dragons' bones, and accounted useful in medicine. Indeed so great was the demand for these and similar relics, that our museums and scientific men have good cause to rejoice that their ancestors failed to discover what stores of old bones lay hidden in our own seaboard caves—as, for instance, in that wonderful Kirkdale cavern, where the mortal remains of several hundred hyenas were found, guarding the teeth of a baby mammoth, a patriarchal tiger, a rhinoceros, and a hippopotamus; or the caves along the Norfolk coast, where Hugh Miller tells us that within thirteen years the oyster-dredgers dragged up the tusks and grinders of five hundred mammoths; or those wonderful zoological cemeteries where the fossil bones of cave lions, cave hyenas, elephants, mammoths, hippopotami, woolly rhinoceros, red deer and fallow deer, oxen, sheep, and horses,

have lain so securely, stored for untold ages beneath Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square.

After all, this reduction of prehistoric bones and ivory to vulgar powders^b for medicinal use is not more strange than the fossil food which forms so large a part of the daily bread of multitudes of our fellow-creatures in Lapland, Finland, and Sweden, in Carolina and Florida, on the banks of the Orinoco, and of the Amazon, where vast tracts of earth are found composed wholly of myriads of microscopic shells, and this strange mountain-meal, being duly mixed with meal of the nineteenth century, is freely eaten by the people. In Lapland alone, hundreds of wagon-loads are annually dug from one great field, and there are men who eat as much as a pound and a half per diem of this curious condiment. We hear of fields, as yet untouched, having been discovered in Bohemia, Hungary, and other parts of Europe; so perhaps we may ere long add these primeval atoms to the delicacies of our own tables.

Of the firm belief of the Chinese in the efficacy of medicines compounded of the eyes and vitals of the human body we have had too terrible proof; for it is well known that one cause which led to the appalling Tientsin massacre in 1870 was the widespread rumour that the foreign doctors (whose skill all were forced to admit) obtained their medicines by kidnapping and murdering Chinese children and tearing out their hearts and eyes. As this nice prescription is actually described in their own books as a potent medicine, the story obtained ready credence, and we all remember the result. Moreover, the same accusation has repeatedly been spread on other occasions of popular excitement against foreign teachers.

I am not certain whether the Lamas of Peking have there introduced the fashion of administering medicine from a drinking-cup fashioned from the upper part of a wise man's skull; but such medicine-cups are greatly esteemed in Thibet, where they are mounted in gold, silver, or copper.

Such details as all these are apt to sound to us strangely unreal as we read them somewhat in the light of travellers' tales, with reference to far-away lands; but it certainly is startling when, for the first time, we realise how exactly descriptive they are of the medicine-lore of our own ancestors—in truth, to this day we may find among ourselves some survivals of the old superstitions still lingering in out-of-the-way corners. Thus it is only a few years since the skull of a suicide was used in Caithness as a drinking-cup for the cure of epilepsy. Dr. Arthur Mitchell knows of a case in which the body of such a one was disinterred in order to obtain her skull for this purpose.

It was, however, accounted a more sure specific for epilepsy to reduce part of the skull to powder and swallow it. Even the moss which grew on such skulls was deemed a certain cure for various

diseases. Nor was this simply a popular superstition. In the official Pharmacopœia of the College of Physicians of London, A.D. 1678, *the skull of a man who has died a violent death*, and *the horn of a unicorn*, appear as highly approved medicines. Again, in 1724, the same Pharmacopœia mentions unicorn's horn, human fat, and *human skulls*, dog's dung, toads, vipers, and worms, among the really valuable medical stores. The Pharmacopœia was revised in 1742, and various ingredients were rejected, but centipedes, vipers, and lizards were retained.

Nor were these strange compounds prepared for human subjects only. In the *Angler's Vade Mecum*, published in 1681, anglers are recommended to use an ointment for the luring of fish, consisting, amongst other horrible ingredients, of *man's fat*, cat's fat, heron's fat, asafœtida, finely powdered mummy, camphor, oil of lavender, &c.; and it was added that man's fat could be obtained from the London chyrurgeons concerned in anatomy.

Of ordinary skulls, multitudes are known to have been exported from Ireland to Germany for the manufacture of a famous ointment. But as regards the more precious skull of the sinner who has died by his own hand, some faith in its efficacy seems still to linger in various parts of Britain. The Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer quotes an instance of it in England in 1858; and some years later, a collier's wife applied to the sexton at Ruabon in Wales for a ragment of a human skull, which she purposed grating to a fine powder, to be mixed with other ingredients as a medicine for her daughter, who suffered from fits. Scotland likewise furnishes a recent instance of the same strange faith, which about thirty years ago happened to come under the notice of Sir James Simpson, in the parish of Nigg in Ross-shire, where, a lad having been attacked with epilepsy, which his friends vainly sought to cure by the charm of mole's blood (the blood of a live mole being allowed to drip on his head), they actually sent a messenger nearly a hundred miles to procure a bit of the skull of a suicide. This treasure was scraped to dust and mixed with a cup of water, which the boy, ignorant of its contents, was made to drink! (An equally odd cure for consumption was, not long ago, fully believed in in the adjoining county of Sutherland, where the patient was made to drink warm blood drawn from his own arm. An instance of this was related to Sir James Simpson by one of the parties concerned. Dr. Mitchell has seen several epileptic idiots who had been subjected to the same treatment.)

Equally precious to the leech of the last century were the ashes of a burnt witch collected from her funeral pyre. Such were deemed a certain cure for gout or for fever, and eagerly were they gathered up and treasured.

Whatever may have been the special merit thus attaching to criminals (and we know that a strand from the rope with which a

man had been hanged was long accounted an amulet against many ills), it is satisfactory to know that saints have had their share in this dubious honour. There is one sect of our fellow-Christians in Syria, namely, the Nestorians, who, while they eschew all veneration for relics, yet believe the remains of saints and martyrs to be endowed with such supernatural virtues, that at their wedding feasts the dust of some reputed saint is invariably mixed with the wine in the marriage cup—a custom which would seem to require numerous additions to their saintly calendar. Doubtless, however, the holy dust multiplies, that the supply may be equal to the demand.

But to return to this remarkable phase of cannibalism in Europe, we find that just as the Chinese doctor sets most store by the animals imported from foreign lands, so did our ancestors chiefly prize a preparation of long-deceased Egyptians. Among the standard medicines quoted in the medical books of Nuremberg of two hundred years ago are 'portions of the embalmed bodies of man's flesh, brought from the neighbourhood of Memphis, where there are many bodies that have been buried for more than a thousand years, called *Mumia*, which have been embalmed with costly salves and balsams, and smell strongly of myrrh, aloes, and other fragrant things.' The writer further tells how, 'when the sailors do reach the place where the *Mumia* are, they fetch them out secretly by night, then carry them to the ship and conceal them, that they may not be seized, because certainly the Egyptians would not suffer their removal.' Nevertheless the sailors had no great liking for their cargo, believing it to be connected with unholy magic, and that ships having mummies on board would assuredly meet with terrible storms, and very likely be compelled to throw them as an offering to the angry waves.

These medicinal mummies were also imported from Teneriffe, where in olden days the natives used to embalm their dead, sew them in buckskin shrouds, and hide them in caves, whence they were stolen by traders. 'White mummies' were also obtained from the coast of Africa, where bodies of drowned mariners were sometimes washed ashore, and became dried up and shrivelled as they lay unburied on the burning sands. These became so light as scarcely to weigh thirty pounds. They were, however, not considered so desirable as the genuine article from Alexandria, and were moreover more expensive.

The learned doctors of France, Germany, and Italy all made great use of this eccentric drug, and in the seventeenth century grievous complaints arose of its adulteration. Monsieur Pomet, chief apothecary to the French king, records that the king's physician went to Alexandria to judge for himself on this matter, and, having made friends with a Jewish dealer in mummies, was admitted to his storehouse, where he saw piles of bodies. He asked what kind of bodies were used, and how they were prepared. The Jew informed

him that 'he took such bodies as he could get, whether they died of some disease or of some contagion; he embalmed them with the sweepings of various old drugs, myrrh, aloes, pitch, and gums, wound them about with a cere-cloth, and then dried them in an oven, after which he sent them to Europe, and marvelled to see the Christians were lovers of such filthiness.'

But even this revelation did not suffice to put mummy physic out of fashion, and we know that Francis the First of France always carried with him a well-filled medicine chest, of which this was the principal ingredient.

Old Sir Thomas Browne, after enumerating the various diseases for which divers great doctors recommend mummy as an infallible remedy, protests against such unworthy use of the ancient heroes, and declares that to serve up Chamnes and Amosis in electuaries and pills, or that Cheops and Psammetichus should be weighed out as drugs, is dismal vampirism, more horrible than the feasts of the Ghoules.

The apothecaries of England were often well content to make use of a cheap substitute which answered quite as well, namely, the bones of ancient Britons. Dr. Toope of Oxford, writing in 1685, tells how, at the circles on Hakpen Hill in Wiltshire, he had discovered a rare lot of human bones—skeletons, arranged in circles with the feet towards the centre. He says: 'The bones were large and nearly rotten, but the teeth extream and wonderfully white.' Undisturbed by any questions of reverence for these ancestors of his race, he adds: '*I dug up many bushells, with which I made a noble medicine.*'

The mummy trade was supported by various classes of the community, for artists declared that mummy powder beaten up with oil gave richer tones of brown than any other substance, and modern perfumers found means of preparing the perfumes and spices found inside the bodies, so as to make them exceedingly attractive to the ladies. Paper manufacturers found that the wrappings of the mummies could be converted into coarse paper for the use of grocers, and the cloth and rags were sometimes used as clothing—at least so we are told by Abdallatif, a traveller of the twelfth century, who also records how one of his friends found in the tombs at Ghizeh a jar carefully sealed, which he opened and found it to contain such excellent honey that he could not resist eating a good deal of it, and was only checked in his feast by drawing out a hair, whereupon he investigated further, and found the body of an ancient Egyptian baby in good condition, and adorned with jewels. He does not record how he enjoyed that meal in retrospect. Imagine dining off the honeyed essence of a baby Pharaoh!

Is it not pitiful to think that all the skill so lavishly expended by the sages of ancient Egypt in rendering their bodies indestructible should, after three thousand years, end in this? And in truth the mummies thus dealt with had less reason to complain of their lot

than the multitude which were broken up and sold at so much per ton to fertilise the fields of a far-distant and insignificant islet peopled by barbarians!

A very interesting point of similarity between the little shop of the old Japanese apothecary and those of early English druggists is suggested by the extensive use of calcined animal matter recommended in the prescriptions which were most highly valued in England before the Norman Conquest, and which are recorded in elaborate Saxon manuscripts, carefully preserved in our national archives. These 'leechdoms' are written in ancient black-letter characters, and are curiously illustrated with pictures of the herbs and animals which are recommended for medicinal use.

Our Saxon ancestors appear to have devoted considerable attention to the subject of their hair. Though ignorant of macassar oil, they discovered that dead bees burnt to ashes and seethed in oil with leaves of willow would stop hair from falling off; but should the hair be too thick, then must a swallow be burnt to ashes under a tile, and the ashes be sprinkled on the head. But in order altogether to prevent the growth of hair, emmet's eggs rubbed on the place are found an effectual depilatory; 'never will any hair come there.'

Excellent also as a cure for deafness is the juice of emmet's eggs crushed, or else the gall of a goat, or, in extreme cases, boar's gall, bull's gall, and buck's gall mixed in equal parts with honey and dripped into the ear, sometimes with the addition of very nasty ingredients. But if earwigs had entered in, then the sufferer is bidden to 'take the mickle great windlestraw with two edges, which waxeth in highways, chew it into the ear; he, the earwig, will soon be off.'

Even this poor insect was turned to account. One prescription desires that 'the bowels of an earwig be pounded with the smede of wheaten meal and the netherward part (*i.e.* root) of marche, and mingled with honey.'

For a hard tumour or swelling, goat's flesh burnt to ashes and smudged on with water is found to be efficacious, as are also shavings off the horn of a hart to disperse ill humours and gatherings. Wood ashes seethed in resin, or goat's horn burnt and mingled with water, or its dung dried and grated and mingled with lard, were all good remedies for swellings.

For erysipelas the prescriptions are numerous. A plaster of earthworms, or of bullock's dung still warm, is recommended; but better still, 'For that ilk, take a swallow's nest, break it away altogether, and burn it, with its dung and all; rub it to dust, mingle with vinegar, and smear therewith.' For pain of jowl, burn a swallow to dust, and mingle him with field bee's honey. Give the man that to eat frequently.

To the value of every portion of a fox not even the fairy lore of

Japan can bear higher testimony. The man who has disease of the joints is advised to take a living fox, and seethe him till the bones alone be left, and then bathe repeatedly in this foxy essence. And every year he shall prepare himself this support, and let him add oil thereto, when he seetheth him. Wonderfully it healeth !

For sore of ears and dimness of eyes a fox's gall mingled with oil or with honey is recommended, and 'the fat of the fox's loin melted and dropped in the ear also bringeth health. For oppressive, hard-drawn breathing, a fox's lung sodden and put into sweetened wine and administered, wonderfully healeth.' A salve of fox's grease mingled with tar would heal all manner of sores, while his liver worked cures quite as notable as those recorded in Japan. Shoes lined with vixen hide were recommended to those who suffered from foot addle, *i.e.* gout.

Next in value to the fox ranks the hare, whose brain drunk in wine 'wonderfully amendeth' an indolent tendency to over-sleep. Its lung, bound on the sore, healeth both eyes and feet. The hare's gall mingled with honey brighteneth the eyes. The lung and liver mingled with myrrh and boiled in vinegar cures giddiness. The sinews swallowed raw are an antidote against bite of spiders; and the rennet administered in wine, against that of serpents. The heart mingled with dust of frankincense heals various forms of disease, while baldness is averted by smearing the head with oil in which have been seethed portions of this poor little animal. 'Then the hair holdeth on, and the salve compels that it shall grow.'

If the gums of a child be frequently rubbed with a hare's brain sodden, then shall its teeth wax without sore. The milk of a she-wolf was held equally efficacious, but more difficult to obtain !

Next in order of merit comes the he-goat, whose liver pounded with vinegar is found valuable as a styptic, as is also his blood dried and reduced to dust; goat's gall is a cosmetic which will remove all unsightly spots and specks from off the face; mingled with apple-juice it heals diseases of the ear, or with oil is a remedy for toothache. If a child be epileptic, 'draw the brain of a mountain goat through a golden ring; give it to the child to swallow before it tastes milk; it will be healed.' 'To get sleep, a goat's horn laid under the head turneth waking into sleep.' A goat's horn roasted and pounded with acid reduces the inflammation of erysipelas. Goat's grease and blood mingled with barley meal forms a soothing poultice, while pills of goat's grease and a draught of its blood are recommended for dropsy.

Many and indescribably disgusting are the other remedies derived from the goat. A Brahmin reverentially swallowing a little of each product of the sacred cow would shrink with loathing from the leechdoms of the early English, so important a place do they assign to preparations of the excrement of divers animals, but chiefly of bulls, of swine, of dogs, and of goats. These and many other foul

ingredients are compounded in every conceivable manner, and prescribed not merely for medicinal baths and plasters for external use, but as most unsavoury physic for the inner man.

A less nasty remedy was bull's marrow, administered in wine to check spasms, while its gall was prescribed for divers diseases; moreover it was well known that snakes would flee from any place where a bull's horn, burnt to ashes, had been sprinkled.

The brain, lung, and liver of the boar are largely prescribed, while for nausea boar's suet boiled down, and with boar's foam added thereto, is so sure a remedy that the patient will wonder, and will ween that it be some other leechdom that he drank.' A pleasant cure for sleeplessness is to lay a wolf's head under the pillow! while wolf's flesh well seasoned counteracts devil-sickness and an ill sight. A draught of wolf's milk mingled with wine and honey was a potent remedy for women in dire suffering; while an ointment made from the right eye of a wolf was the best prescription the Saxon oculist could command. The head-bone or skull of a wolf, when burnt thoroughly and finely pounded, would heal racking pain in the joints, and the ashes of a swine's jaw are to be laid on the bite of a mad dog.

Truly valuable was lion's suet, of which it is stated 'it relieveth every sore.' Elephant bone or ivory, pounded with honey, is an infallible cosmetic, removing all blemishes from the face. 'For the kingly disease, jaundice, the head of a mad dog, pounded and mingled for a drink with wine, healeth. For cancer, the head of a mad dog, burnt to ashes and spread on the sore, healeth the cancer wounds; while for laceration by a mad dog, a hound's head burnt to ashes and thereon applied, casteth out all the venom and the foulness, and healeth the maddening bites.' 'For pain of teeth, burn to ashes the tusks of a hound; sprinkle the dust in wine, and let the man drink. The teeth shall be whole.'

Another effectual remedy for cancer is to burn a fresh hound's head to ashes, and apply to the wound. Failing relief, human excrement, dried and reduced to dust, may be tried. 'If with this thou art not able to cure him, thou mayest never do it by any means!'

An excellent remedy for imperfect sight was an ointment of honey mixed with the fatty parts of all manner of river fishes. Another, equally efficacious, was a compound of dumbledore's honey with the ashes of burnt periwinkle. It was however requisite that certain mystic words should be uttered while gathering the periwinkle, a wort which had special power to counteract demoniacal possession and devil-sicknesses. The ashes of the elder-tree were applied in cases of palsy, for which a plaster of earthworms, well pounded, is also accounted excellent.

We may well believe that, for convenience' sake, many of these

calcined plants and animals were prepared at leisure and stored, ready for use in cases of emergency. Consequently, though we can hardly flatter ourselves that our ancestors were as exquisite in their neatness as the Japanese, doubtless this little druggist's shop in Osaka gives us a very fair notion of the surroundings of a learned Saxon leech, in whose repositories were earthenware jars of every size containing the ashes of goat's flesh, of dead bees, of wolf's skull or swine's jaw, of divers shell-fish, of worts and rinds without number—nay, even of human skulls and bones. On the walls hung burches of dried herbs and remains of birds, and lizards, rats, moles, and such small deer, together with skins of serpents, portions of mummies, horns of stags, rhinoceros, narwhal, elephants' tusks, and many other items of the strange *materia medica* of our own ancestors.

The foregoing 'leechdoms' are fair samples of the voluminous pharmacopœia of Britain in the tenth century. But to us, who pride ourselves on the medical skill of the present day, it is truly marvellous to find that *the early part of the eighteenth century should show so little, if any, advance on the ignorance which prevailed at the date of the Norman Conquest.* Here is a rare old volume which was printed in the Cowgate of Edinburgh in 1712. It is 'A Collection of useful Remedies for most Distempers.' . . . Collected by John Moncrief, the laird of Tippermalluch, a person of extraordinary skill and knowledge in the art of physick, and who performed many stupendous cures by these simple remedies.'

His volume contains innumerable directions for the preparation of divers herbs, and also a multitude of prescriptions of animal substances so inexpressibly loathsome as to make it a matter of marvel how any one could be found either to prepare them, or to submit to their application. Salts of ammonia in the crudest form were a favourite remedy for external or internal use.

By far the least objectionable compounds were those prepared from carbonised animals in the Japanese or early Saxon manner. Thus 'for a dangerous squinance or quinsy' Tippermalluch bids his disciples

take old Swallows, and burn them in a pot, take the powder thereof and mix it with Honey and anoint the Throat therewith. A plaister of a Swallow's Nest dissolves humours of the Gorge and Chouks. Ashes of worms applyed with honey draws out little broken bones.

For falling of the hair. Make a Lee of the Ashes of Cow's Dung, wherewith wash the Head. The burnt Ashes of little Froggs applyed cures the falling of the hair, called Alopecia. The burnt Ashes of Goats Dung mixt with Oyl, anointed, multiplies the Hair. The Ashes of a Goat's Hoof mixed with Pitch healeth the Alopecia. The Ashes of Bees mixt with Oyl, or the ashes of Southernwood mixt with old Oyl, causeth hair to grow. A Lee of the Ashes of Ivie-tree-Bark causeth hair grow yellow. The Blood of a shell Crab anointed, breeds much hair. But the Blood of a Bat, or a little Frog, the powder of a Swan's Bones, or the Milk of a Bitch hinders the growing of the hair. The bark of the Sallow Tree dissolved in Oyl maketh the hair black. The decoction of the flowers of broom dye it yellow.

To make Curl'd hair. Ashphodele roots rubbed on the head, the same being first raz'd (i.e. shaven).

For the cure of the disease called Lethargie burn the whole skin of a Hare, with the ears and nails, and give the patient the powder thereof warm. The smoak of Kid's leather burnt, holden to the Nose, awakens them powerfully. Ashes of Hartshorn burnt, mixt with the Oyl of Roses and anointed on the forehead and temples, causeth a pleasant sleep.

For Cancer, the Ashes of a Dog's head, or burnt human dung.

The Ankle-bones of a Swine or the hoofs of a Cow, burnt and drunk, cures the Colick. Hare's blood fried, taken, Rosted Hare's flesh eaten, the Ashes of a Hare, burnt whole, Ashes of burnt willow, or Ashes of the bark of the Elm-tree cureth burning or scalding. Powder of the burnt hairs of a hare cures St. Antonies Fire, i.e. Erysipelas.

Here are valuable styptics to stanch bleeding of the Nose. Make a powder of the blood of the Patient after it is burnt, and blow it up in the Nose. It powerfully stays the bleeding. Spails with the shells bruised, put in. Juice of Swine's dung, put in. Hold before your eyes the herb shepherd's scrip, or Vervain, or Knot-grass. *These herbs have that property, by looking on them, to stanch blood.*

Ashes of a Frog well burnt in a Pot, gleweth Veins and Arteries and cures Burning. Ashes of Hen's feathers burnt, or ashes of Nettles snuffed up. The blood of a Partridge, of an Ozell, of a Dove, applyed, stayeth the flowing of the blood most healthfully. The blood of a Cow put in the wound.

Cause the patient to ly on his back all naked, and drop on his Face Water and Vinegar. This is a most sure Cure. Steep a Hare's hair in Water and Vinegar, put it in the Nose and it will produce a marvellous effect.

Or take a Toad, dry it very well before the Sun, put it in a Linnen cloath and hang it with a string about the party that bleedeth. Let it touch the breast of the Left side near the Heart. Spiders pulverised and snuffed stops blood.

I think the Japanese gentleman who was so much annoyed at my having obtained a glimpse of 'the foolishness' of old Japanese medicine, might have wondered a good deal had he got hold of some English prescriptions of the last century!

From an almost endless catalogue of healing spells which are to this day practised by the peasantry of various districts in England and Scotland, I will quote a few which are considered certain remedies. The Northumbrian cure for warts is to take a large black snail, rub the wart well with it, and then impale the poor snail on a thorn hedge. As the poor creature wastes away, the warts will surely disappear.

In the West of England eel's blood serves the same purpose. For goitre or wen a far more horrible charm must be tried. The hand of a dead child must be rubbed nine times across the lump, or, still better, the hand of a suicide. It is not many years since a poor woman living in the neighbourhood of Hartlepool, acting on the advice of a 'wise woman,' went alone by night to an outhouse where lay the corpse of a suicide awaiting the coroner's inquest. She lay all night with the hand of the corpse resting on her wen; but the mental shock of that night of horror was such, that she shortly afterwards died.

In the neighbourhood of Stamfordham, in Northumberland,

whooping-cough is cured by putting the head of a live trout into the mouth of the patient, and letting the trout breathe into the child's mouth. Or else a hairy caterpillar is put in a small bag and tied round the neck of the child, whose cough ceases as the insect dies.

A peculiar class of remedy is that of making offerings of hair as a cure for whooping-cough. In Sunderland, the crown of the head is shaved and the hair hung upon a bush or tree, in full faith that as the birds carry away the hair, so will the cough vanish. In Lincolnshire, a girl suffering from ague cuts a lock of her hair, and binds it round an aspen tree, praying it to shake in her stead. In Ross-shire, where living cocks are still occasionally buried as a sacrificial remedy for epilepsy, some of the hair of the patient is generally added to the offering. And at least one holy well in Ireland (that of Tubber Quag near Carrick-on-Suir) requires an offering of hair from all Christian pilgrims who come here on the last three Sundays in June to worship St. Quan; part of the ceremonial required is that they should go thrice round a neighbouring tree on their bare knees, and then each must cut off a lock of his hair, and tie it to a branch, as a charm against head-ache. The tree, thus fringed with human hair of all colours, some newly cut, some sun-bleached, is a curious sight, and an object of deep veneration.

Travellers who remember the tufts of hair which figure so largely among the votive offerings in Japanese temples may trace some feeling in common between the kindred superstitions of these Eastern and Western Isles.

Hideous is the remedy for tooth-ache practised at Tavistock in Devonshire, where a tooth must be bitten from a skull in the churchyard, and kept always in the pocket.

Spiders are largely concerned in the cure of ague. In Ireland the sufferer is advised to swallow a living spider. In Somerset and neighbouring counties, he is to shut a large black spider in a box and leave it to perish, while in Flanders he is to imprison one in an empty walnut shell and wear it round his neck. Even in sturdy New England a lingering faith in the superstitions of the old mother country leads to the manufacture of pills of spider's web as a cure for ague, and Longfellow tells of a popular cure for fever

By wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell.

This was the approved remedy of our British ancestors for fever and ague; and I am told that in Sussex the prescription of a live spider rolled up in butter is still considered good in cases of obstinate jaundice.

Many and horrible are the remedies for erysipelas. Thus at Loch Carron in Ross-shire we know of a case in which the patient was instructed to cut off one half of the ear of a cat, and let the blood drip on the inflamed surface.

It appears that the old superstition may even survive in such an atmosphere of strong common sense as that of Pennsylvania, where so recently as the year 1867 a case was reported in which a woman was found to have administered three drops of a black cat's blood to a child as a remedy for croup. Her neighbours objected to her pharmacy, and proved their superior wisdom by publicly accusing her of witchcraft.

In Cornwall the shedding of blood is not required. The treatment prescribed for the removal of 'whelks' or small pimples from the eyelids of children is simply to pass the tail of a black cat nine times over the part affected.

Of the burial of a living cock on behalf of an epileptic patient we have had many instances in the north of Scotland in the present century, but this savours rather of devil-propitiation and sacrifice than of medicine lore.

In Devonshire the approved treatment for scrofula at the present day is to dry the hind leg of a toad and wear it round the neck in a silken bag, or else they cut off that part of the living reptile which answers to the part affected by scrofula, and, having wrapped the fragment in parchment, tie it round the neck of the sufferer. In cases of rheumatism a 'wise man' of Devonshire will burn a toad to ashes, and tie the dust in a bit of silk to be worn round the throat.

So recently as 1822 one of these quacks travelled through England 'in his own gig.' Each patient who consulted him was required to bring him a fee of seven shillings and a live toad. He pocketed the shillings and cut the hind legs off the luckless toads, placing them in small bags which he solemnly hung round the neck of the sufferer, who was required to wear this unfragrant appendage till the leg was quite decayed!

For the same malady the same remedy was in the last century recommended by a beggar wife to a girl at Gaddesden who had been a sufferer from her infancy. It is stated that the cure was effected, and that the girl never suffered afterwards. But it is worthy of note that the beggar wife explained that the efficacy of the charm lay in the death of the poor mutilated toad, which, deprived of its legs, would pine and die, but as it slowly wasted so would the distemper pass away. Here then, as in the offering of the live cock, was involved the principle of sacrifice—a life for a life.

Another girl in the same village was partly cured of the 'evil' in her eyes by applying a sun-dried toad to the back of her neck, whereby blisters were raised. Poor toads are still made to do service in divers manners in Cornwall and Northampton for the cure of nose-bleeding and quinsy; while 'toad powder,' or even a live toad or spider shut up in a box, is still in some places accounted as useful a charm against contagion as it was in the days of Sir Kenelm Digby. The medicine known to our ancestors as *Pulvis Ethiopicus* (a valuable

remedy both for external and internal use in the treatment of small-pox and dropsy) was neither more nor less than powdered toad.

Frogs are well-nigh as valuable as toads to the sick poor, who are rarely lacking in the primary necessity of faith in the means adopted. Thus frog's spawn placed in a stone jar and buried for three months till it turns to water has been found wonderfully efficacious in Donegal when well rubbed into a rheumatic limb. How much of the credit was due to the rubbing is not recorded. In Aberdeenshire a cure recommended for sore eyes is to lick the eyes of a live frog. The man who has thus been healed has henceforth the power of curing all sore eyes by merely licking them! In like manner it is said in Ireland that the tongue which has licked a lizard all over will be for ever endued with a marvellous power of healing whatever sore or pain it touches.

Another Irish remedy is to apply the tongue of a fox to draw a troublesome thorn from the foot; the tooth of a living fox to be worn as an amulet is also deemed valuable as a cure for an inflamed leg. The primary difficulty is to catch the fox and extract his tooth!

With respect to deep-seated thorns, the application of a cast-off snake-skin is efficacious, not to attract the thorn towards itself, but to expel it from the opposite side of the hand or foot. But once we touch on the virtues of the mystic snake, we find its reputation just as great in Britain's medicine folk-lore as in Japan, where the great snake-skins held so conspicuous a place in the druggist's shop, or in China, where the skin of a white spotted snake is valued as the most efficacious remedy for palsy, leprosy, and rheumatism.

Strange to say, in the old Gaelic legends there is a certain white snake who receives unbounded reverence as the king of snakes, and another legend tells of a nest containing six brown adders and *one pure white one*, which latter, if it can be caught and boiled, confers wondrous medical skill on the lucky man who tastes of the serpent broth.²

In some of the Hebridean Isles, notably that of Lewis, the greatest faith prevails in the efficacy of so-called 'serpent stones,' which are simply perforated water-worn stones. Some have had two plain circles cut upon them. These are dipped in water, which is then given to cattle as a cure for swelling or for snake-bite. Should such a charmed stone be unattainable (and their number is exceedingly limited), *the head of an adder may be tied to a string and dipped in the water with equally good result.*

The oft-quoted remedy, 'A hair of the dog that bit you,' appears in many forms. In Devonshire, any person bitten by a viper is advised at once to kill the creature and rub the wound with its fat. I am told that this practice has survived in some of the northern states of

² See *In the Hebrides*. By C. F. Gordon Cumming. London: Chatto & Windus.

America, where the flesh of a rattlesnake is accounted the best cure for its own bite.

In Black's very interesting volume on *Folk Medicine*, he mentions that the belief in the power of snake-skin as a cure for rheumatism still exists among the sturdy New-Englanders, some of whom are not above the weakness of wearing a snake-skin round the neck, or keeping a pet snake as a charm. The use by American Indians of rattlesnake oil for the same malady seems not devoid of reason; but the New-England faith in snake-skin is probably a direct heritage from Britain, where Mr. Black tells of an old man who used to sit on the steps of King's College Chapel at Cambridge, and earn his living by exhibiting the common English snake, and selling the sloughs of snakes to be bound round the forehead and temples of persons suffering from headache.

In Durham, an eel's skin worn as a garter round the naked leg is considered a preventive of cramp, while in Northumberland it is esteemed the best bandage for a sprained limb.

So too, in Sussex, the approved cure for a swollen neck is to draw a snake nine times across the throat of the sufferer, after which operation the snake is killed, and its skin is sewed in a piece of silk and worn round the patient's neck. Sometimes the snake is put in a bottle, which is tightly corked and buried in the ground, and it is expected that, as the victim decays, the swelling will subside.

The quaint little drug store at Osaka has led me into a long talk; but the subject is a large one, and the chief difficulty lies in selecting a few examples from the mass of material before me. I am sure that should these pages ever meet the eye of my Japanese friend, he will acknowledge that my interest in the medicine lore of his ancestors was certainly justifiable.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

LECKY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.¹

MR. LECKY has long ago reached so high a position in the honourable company of contemporary historians as to place him beyond the action of any fears and hopes, in connection with possible criticism, as may ruffle or perturb the minds of authors who have not yet obtained their certificate. To treat him with less than freedom would be a bad compliment to such a man; to pay him off with stinted approval an error certain to recoil on the offender. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* long ago made it a charge against Hallam that he dealt rather in deduction than in detail. Such a remark almost of necessity applies to a compressed historian. It cannot be applied to Mr. Lecky, who habitually labours to place before his reader in the clearest light the evidence that has convinced himself, and to enrich the world with the harvest gathered from his wide fields of knowledge, his penetrating insight, his conscientious research, his habitual effort to present both sides, and his enviable powers of luminous expression. It is no great subtraction from the value of these volumes if I presume to remark that his liberal fulness seems to come nearer than it formerly did to the borders of redundancy; and that he has the advantages and the drawbacks, like Dean Milman in his *History of the Latin Church*, of treating history by gathering conspicuous persons and events around the centres of most commanding interest, rather than by a continuous presentation, in the older manner, of a chain of occurrences. It follows that there is no difficulty in making choice from his pages of points, on which to exhibit and to canvass the views he has set before us.

Mr. Lecky has been bountiful beyond the ordinary practice of historians in presenting us with a summary account of what the eighteenth century² might have been 'if the fatal influence of the French Revolution, and of the war which it produced, had not checked, blighted, and distorted the natural progress.' We should probably have had from it, he thinks, the abolition of the slave trade, a reform of Parlia-

¹ *A History of England in the Eighteenth Century.* By W. E. H. Lecky. Vols. v. and vi. (London: Longmans, 1887.)

² vi. 297.

ment, the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, and an immense reduction both of debt and of taxation. 'The great industrial transition' might have been accomplished with comparatively little suffering but for the famine price of corn and the absorption of the mind of Parliament; 'and it was the introduction from France of the revolutionary spirit into Ireland that for the first time made the Irish problem almost insoluble.'

So far as regards the use of the potential mood, and the sad contemplation of what might have been, I cannot but agree closely with the historian. The list of benefits which were in view might, probably, and the list of evils which have had to be encountered might certainly, have been enlarged. The mournful contrast is summed up in what there is a temptation to call the cruel destiny of Mr. Pitt. Never perhaps in history was there such a solution of continuity as that which severs his earlier from his later life.

Mr. Lecky's fifth volume commences with a review, copious perhaps even to excess, but luminous, impartial, and valuable in the highest degree, of his character and career. It may be doubtful whether Macaulay, in treating of Pitt, has bestowed on his subject all the pains it deserved, or has done justice in all respects either to its greatness or to the extraordinary wealth of his own mind. But Mr. Lecky's account is not less conscientious than it is searching, and has a worth only to be measured by considering how vast a space that full but short existence covers in our British history. The first years of his parliamentary efforts constitute a brilliant romance of real life, presented within the walls of St. Stephen's, which had no precedent, and which has had no parallel. It may be seriously doubted whether Mr. Pitt continued all along to grow in due proportion to the lapse of years; but there surely cannot be a question that his youth was colossal, and his mental stature to the last superlative. His life presents to us a restorative and a destructive epoch; but, whether right or wrong, he was always great; and, down to the period when the rather impossible New Zealander is to sit on the ruins of London Bridge, he must remain to every student of English history—I wish I could add to every English minister and politician—a subject of earnest study and of profound interest. And he was not only great but upright. The love of power, nay the avarice of power, which Mr. Lecky ascribes to him,³ is a dangerous propensity, and one most difficult to bring in any manner within the lines of the Christian ideal; but it does not of necessity import, and in Mr. Pitt's case did not entail, any deviation from integrity. The worst act of his life, so far as I know, was his formal abandonment of the Roman Catholic claims in deference to the bigotry, and to the quivering sanity, of George the Third. This, however, seems to me to have been in his mind not the base surrender of a purpose consecrated by association

with the highest ideas¹ of justice, generosity, and good faith, but part of a vast retrogressive or obstructive process, one example amongst many, although the most conspicuous, of the action of those influences which had changed the colour of his mind; of the force of the torrent which had borne him leagues away from his earlier moorings, and which in a greater fulness of years might even have brought him to the point marked by the names of Eldon and of Sidmouth, whose followers appropriated his name and figured as his worshippers.

What seems to me to be lacking in Mr. Lecky's masterly delineation of Mr. Pitt is an adequate appreciation, or perhaps any appreciation, of the chasm which separates the later from the earlier life. In the main I hold with the proposition of Mr. Goldwin Smith in his remarkable Lectures, that (altogether apart from Lord Chatham) 'there were two Mr. Pitts; and this not the less firmly on account of the untoward fact,' patent to all who compare the earlier with the later utterances of the author, that, on the great question of Ireland, to which he gave so deep a study, there have been two Mr. Goldwin Smiths as well as two Mr. Pitts. I will quote a passage which may deserve Mr. Lecky's attention.

During the first part of his life Pitt is to be classed with the philosophic and reforming kings and ministers before the Revolution, whose names ought not to be forgotten. . . . During the second part he tends, though he does not actually sink, to the level of the Metternichs, the Polignacs, the Percevals, and the Eldons. . . . This evening we speak of the happier Pitt: of him whose monuments remain in free trade, an improved fiscal system, religious toleration, the first steps towards colonial emancipation, the abolition of the slave trade, the condemnation of slavery. Another evening we shall speak of the Pitt, whose monuments remain in six hundred millions of debt, and other evils, political and social, of which the bitter inheritance has descended to us, and will descend to generations yet to come.'

Apart from its tempests and catastrophes, in the more silent portion of its annals, and especially in that profoundly inward department which records the influence of circumstances, or as it is now said of environment, upon character, I do not know a page of history which presents a more touching subject of contemplation than is supplied by a comparison between Pitt before, and Pitt after, the outbreak of the Revolutionary war. We see him in the first fervour of youth, combined with the full solidity of manhood, step forth upon the stage with all the ideas, and with the very highest aptitudes, of a minister of peace: but an unkind fate requires him to be the author and the champion of a war the most onerous and deadly that is known to the history of the nation; a war which was in its silent and unnoted effects more mischievous, more pestilent, than the whole of them put together; and finally which, as if with the malice of a wicked fairy, instead of the appropriate, beloved, and familiar offices of his earlier life, saddled him with a description of

¹ *Three English Statesmen*, 1867, pp. 149-51.

duties which his fine genius did not greatly fit him to perform. His just and noble dream, sustained by a capacity which has made him (as I think) clearly the first among British, possibly among all ministers of finance, was, to relieve his country from those burdens and embarrassments, of which no man has had so just an appreciation: his doom was to disorganise his own admirable plans, and to lead England into a course the results of which, if they did not impoverish its capitalists and proprietors, nearly starved its population. The friend of freedom in trade, his policy brought us into a rigid and complicated system of protection, which it required generations of suffering and of conflict to abolish. The champion in youth of early and provident reform, he died its enemy. The ardent advocate of the relief of conscience from disabilities, and especially of Roman Catholic Emancipation, he 'at the length' formally renounced its service. The projector of a full autonomy for Ireland under the bond and shield of an Imperial unity, he became the official author of an Act which was obtained by a dismal mixture of violence and fraud, which went to stifle her nationality, and which became a source of danger as well as discredit to the connection it was undoubtedly intended to confirm. Not a single marked feature of the sentiments that adorned the early life salutes us in the closing years. Of these lofty ideas, the genuine growth of his great mind, it was written, as of lover's vows,

In vento et rapidâ scribere oportet aquâ.

If we could speak of opinions as of cities, we might almost refer to the Rome of Augustus, and, inverting the process, say his first creed was of marble, and his last of brick. And yet there was no tergiversation, no spot of personal dishonour. It is a profound lesson of human nature; and it shows us, how our best purposes may from without be circumvented and reversed: how the first imperceptible deviation of the tangent from the curve of the circle widens by degrees, and becomes at last immeasurable: how that which at the outset vexes and strains the will, winds gradually round it as a serpent might, and finally enlists the whole man in its service.

And so the century, too, like Mr. Pitt, was robbed by a late frost of its ripening fruits. According to Mr. Lecky,⁵ it was the French Revolution that did all the mischief in Ireland, by sowing there the seeds of a revolutionary temper; and in England all the mischief was done by 'the French Revolution and the war which it produced.' I shall presume to challenge the first assertion broadly. To the second I reply, *Distinguo*. Even in its inception without doubt the French Revolution was a great, even a terrible thing; but its infancy was dwarfish as compared with its eventual development. The French Revolution, on which we have now to look back, was the

⁵ vi. p. 297.

developed Revolution.* And as to this French Revolution, I ask, did the French Revolution make the war, or did the war make the Revolution? I do not mean by war only the war made by England, but the precipitate and feeble wars of the continental Powers, completed and sustained by the late, but sturdy and persistent, war of England against Revolutionary France.

As in politics the mightiest events often come from the feeblest beginnings, so the most devastating mischiefs may be due to errors of judgment that were hardly censurable. I suppose it can hardly be doubted that Mr. Pitt was reluctant to engage himself and his country in the contest. Or that the splendour of Mr. Burke's genius, on this one subject most unhappily misapplied, had profoundly coloured the minds of the classes which then wielded all political power. Or lastly, that the mind of Mr. Pitt moved towards war very far in the rear of theirs. It may even be questioned whether Mr. Fox, had he been minister, might not have succumbed under the pressure of those social forces, which naturally enough reached their climax on the execution of the King of France; and might not thus have missed his greatest glory, that of almost solitary protestation, maintained through a series of years. But though the war may have been wrong, though it was not based upon clear and broad grounds of principle, and though its diversified consequences have been beyond measure deplorable, it may still be true that the conditions of human judgment in transcendent crises are such as to demand a mild and softened verdict on the decision of Mr. Pitt from those who, unlike Mr. Lecky, disapprove it.

We can now see that a revolution in France had become inevitable long before the Convocation of the States-General in 1789. History rarely offers us an example of such a length of downward process, so veiled under the flowers of ostensible glory and success, as that which began in France after the death of Henry the Fourth, and was maintained with a fatal continuity, until the unhappy Louis the Sixteenth ascended the throne together with the fascinating and brilliant wife, whose dazzling presence subjugated all beholders from Horace Walpole to Burke, but on whom history appears to have pronounced the sentence that she was a calamity to France. The Ministry of Turgot, and his dismissal precipitated through the agency of the Queen,⁶ are often taken to mark the era when the last chance was lost. But it is quite another question what was the time and what were the circumstances which, by an enchainment as of fate, brought on the period of crime and horror which before the war with England had already coloured the advancing stages of the Revolution. Mr. Lecky leaves us in no doubt as to his reply. He thinks that the time was the 14th of July, 1789, and the event was the capture of the Bastille: 'It was not a revolt, but a revolu-

* Lecky, v. 389.

tion; not a change of government, but a dissolution of all government; and France began that terrible career of anarchy which was only completely terminated by the wars and the despotism of Napoleon.⁷

I own it appears to me that it would have been as reasonable to prophesy at the time the ruin of England from the riots of Lord George Gordon, as 'the wars and the despotism of Napoleon' from the taking of the Bastille. There was a small difference in the horror of the two⁸: but what was the difference in the provocation! In London it was palfy, in the eye of reason null. In Paris there was the terrible pressur  of famine, the dismissal on the previous evening of the minister on whom were hanging at the time the last hopes of the starving population, and the evil recollections of a century and a half, of which all the crimes against liberty and virtue were visibly concentrated in the doomed building as in a living symbol, although few of them had found actual place within its walls. From this time we seem to trace in Mr. Lecky's narration of affairs in France a strain of exaggeration, which perhaps is required in order to sustain his estimate of the event of July the 12th.⁹ His candour, indeed, leads him to allow that the danger of England 'from the contagion of French example was as yet very small.' Yet he fills several pages with minute particulars of our democratic or sympathetic manifestations, with Dr. Price and Dr. Priestley, with Lord Stanhope and the Duke of Richmond, and with the echoes that came back to them from France. But the question remains whether, with certain necessary reserves, those manifestations were not substantially just; whether, considering what France was suffering and had suffered, they were not in England too rare; whether the case would not have created a wider feeling in an age more alive to the true value of freedom; whether the Birmingham mob has not sufficiently disposed of the terrors of Dr. Priestley; whether the French acknowledgments do not show the willingness of Frenchmen to cherish the goodwill of Englishmen, together with their hunger for human sympathy; and whether these acknowledgments may not in some respects be compared with the ceremonious reception by the Czar of a deputation of unassuming Quakers near the time of the Crimean War?

It is very interesting to observe, that while Fox, on the capture of the Bastille, gave the reins to an unmeasured enthusiasm, Burke was still divided between admiration and misgiving. Two or three months later he had taken his line; and, on the 5th of February, 1790, when Pitt spoke of the Revolution in language the most wise and just, there appeared the beginnings of marked divergence between Burke and Fox.

⁷ Lecky, v. 440.

⁸ Let those, who would estimate aright this first and small outbreak of ferocity among the famishing populace, consider what incredible specimens of cruelty and horror had been exhibited by their masters for their education in such an event as the execution of Damians: an execution much more demoniacal than human.

⁹ v. p. 451.

If it may be permitted to me to suggest the main cause, which at length exasperated the Revolution of France into its final fury, I name it in the single phrase, foreign interference. In January 1791, Burke, in a letter to the English minister at Turin, said: 'Nothing else but a foreign force can or will do. . . . Nor is it a small force that can do the business.' Nor did he write these words under the delusive belief, in which comfort is sometimes sought by weaker men, that the revolutionists of France were only a tyrannising minority. 'God knows' (he continues) 'when the things came to be tried, whether the invaders would not find that the enterprise was not to support a party but to conquer a kingdom. . . . Theoretic plans of constitution have been the bane of France; and I am satisfied that nothing can possibly do it any real service, but to establish it upon all its ancient bases.'¹⁰

In April 1791, the reorganisation of France might be considered well-nigh complete. But in the preceding month she had suffered an immeasurable loss by the death of Mirabeau. On the 20th of June the flight to Varennes was undertaken, with the promise from the Emperor Leopold that, if Bouillé would not be strong enough to receive and hold the King, Austria would find the necessary force. This was war in principle and essence. Would any country, ought any country, having the means of self-defence, to tolerate, under any conditions whatever, the settlement of its institutions by foreign arms? May there not be some ground for a relative surprise that, after such an event as the flight, the downward course of royalty in France was not even more rapid? On the other side, the first steps towards the ill-starred coalition quickly followed it. Before Varennes, the Emperor limited his views to the protection of the French Royal family.¹¹ After it, on the 30th of July, the Queen addressed to him what Mr. Lecky well calls an 'able and statesmanlike letter,' in which she assures him that moderate men had the upper hand in France; that they were earnestly set upon terminating the Revolution; that with quiet times the monarchy would once more gain in dignity and authority, and that if the Emperor would, at the desire of King Louis, put an end to the fear of invasion, all would yet be well. But she followed up this letter by others, with the aid of cipher, in which she declared it had been written under constraint, and demanded an armed intervention. The alliance with Prussia was concluded. The sovereigns met at Pilnitz; and on the 27th of August, only two months after the flight, was published the document which in effect declared war upon France. Is it too much to say that the Emperor and the King were the persons principally responsible for all that followed? Happily, one door of hope was still open to the French; for England—which, whatever be her faults, rarely goes into a war unless when meaning to go through with it—was as yet sincerely

¹⁰ Lecky, v. 499.¹¹ v. 551.

neutral. Russia approved the coalition, but Pitt regretted the outbreak. From this time it was perhaps idle to hope for a stable pause; yet when in September the King accepted the Constitution, France glowed with enthusiasm. There was fluctuation in the foreign councils, but the German armies approached the frontier; hectoring and exasperation had their turn, and on the 20th of April, 1792, France issued her declaration of war, but of a war properly defensive.

If we consider the stuff of which at that time Prussian and Austrian resolutions were made, is it too much to hazard an opinion that, even after the enormous mischief already done, although the first horrible excesses which followed might not have been avoided, yet the war might have run a rapid course, and speedily have reached its goal, without any serious amount of European changes, but for the appearance on the scene of dogged England? If the policy of Pilnitz had a principal share in making the horrors and crimes of the Revolution, was it not British intervention that first gave a tenacious fibre to the conflict, and, driving France upon her last political and military resources, brought up Napoleon to her rescue? A rescue which proved a ruin; but after what unmeasured calamities and disgraces, with what frightful losses to civilisation, with what an awful seed-time of nearly all the troubles which have since distracted Europe, and of embarrassments, in most of the departments of national life, from which we have by no means, even at this distant date, effected an escape! I wish I could dismiss from my mind the surmise that England was the true maker of the man whom, long years afterwards, it was her office to guard—and her misfortune to guard not nobly—on the rock of St. Helena.

Mr. Lecky¹² considers that the war was on our side amply justified by the French violation of the Treaty relating to the Scheldt, and by the aims which, as he thinks, it involved. Into this argument I do not enter. But he places on record the fact that Mr. Pitt little knew what kind of war he was about to make. 'It will be a very short war, and certainly ended in one or two campaigns' were his reported words. Had he formed a truer estimate of its scope and magnitude, he might not have been so sure, as Mr. Lecky is, that he was justified in waging it.

Mr. Lecky has dealt powerfully and largely with the question of the Regency as it was handled in England. In one of his Irish chapters he makes upon his reader the rather startling demand that he shall 'excuse some considerable repetition.' He then, for the purposes of Irish history, gives a summary of the general argument alike lucid and concise, and one likely to suggest that the original statement, reaching over sixty pages, though it certainly could not have been confined within the limits of the summary, yet need not

have reached its actual and perhaps over-large dimensions. But Mr. Lecky, though sometimes long, is never tedious.

At the outset of the discussions on the Regency, Fox¹³ compromised his position by an assertion that the right of the Prince of Wales, on the King's incapacity, to the Regency was as express as his right to the succession on a demise. Pitt, with the eye of a lynx, at once fastened on the error, and it was now that he said, as is reported: 'I'll unwhig the gentleman for the rest of his life.' But it was really agreed, on the side of the Opposition, that the intervention of Parliament was necessary in order that the Prince should assume the Regency; and by the Government, that the heir apparent was beyond all question the person who should be invited.¹⁴ 'The essential question at issue was the question of limitations.' Fox held that the Regent should assume the Royal power in full. Pitt required that such powers should be doled out to him as, by an Act which was no Act, the two Houses should provide. That is to say, that a maimed and imperfect legislature, the King's Council without the King, should perform the very highest of all legislative acts, and should *pro hac vice* reconstruct the Constitution at its central point.

The Irish Parliament shunned the controversy of abstract rights, and voted an Address of the two Houses to the Prince, which requested him to assume the Regency. They did the right thing, and surely are not the less to be commended because, as Mr. Lecky says, they had a special reason for doing it—namely, the expectation that the new Ministry, whose advent was deemed certain, would give effect to some of Grattan's long-desired reforms.¹⁵ Mr. Lecky indeed thinks that the Irish Parliament would have done better to wait for the decision in London.¹⁶ But the essential question, as he says, was between limitation and no limitation. That means between Act and Address. They adhered to the sound and constitutional principle: they ran no risk of any serious practical dilemma. Yet Mr. Lecky, though a friend of the latter method, says that Grattan's haste to press on the question was the greatest political error of his life.¹⁷

But in truth, while Mr. Lecky's honesty is as conspicuous on these pages as his ability, the volumes leave on my mind the impression that his view of Irish affairs has, since he began to write, been coloured retrospectively by the vehemence of his hostility to the modern proposal of Home Rule. It might even seem that he has been obliged to tamper a little with his own manuscript; that, since the bulk of the text was written, there have been set upon it *panni*, and those not *purpurei*, to countervail or qualify its effect. Nor does he appear adequately to have appreciated the full scope of the ideas of Pitt with respect to Ireland in the period of his not less wise than brilliant youth. Our historian quotes indeed from the privately

¹³ v. 103.¹⁴ vi. 419.¹⁵ vi. 427.¹⁶ vi. 417.¹⁷ *ibid.*

printed correspondence of Mr. Pitt with the Duke of Rutland for certain purposes quite just in themselves. But he has not set out Mr. Pitt's views on behalf of Ireland in full, as they are to be gathered from that remarkable correspondence. I shall offer no apology for gathering together the main propositions. They are as follows:—

1. The two countries were to be 'one in effect,' but, 'for local concerns, under distinct legislatures' (Pitt to Rutland, Jan. 6, 1785: *Correspondence*, p. 50).

2. Ireland was to have an 'almost unlimited communication of commercial advantages' (*ibid.* p. 39). The countries were to be 'one in the communication of advantages' (p. 50).

3. In return for commercial advantages, 'some security was desired that Ireland would contribute from time to time, in their increasing proportions, to the common exigencies of the Empire' (p. 39). Again, p. 45: 'full equality in commerce was to be repaid by a very moderate contribution to our burdens.' Also p. 46.

4. For this purpose some Irish fund was to be appropriated in time of peace, which, Mr. Pitt seems to have assumed, would be a growing fund (pp. 61, 62). And the extreme liberality of his plan is shown by his adding, 'if Ireland does not grow richer and more populous, she will by this scheme contribute nothing' (*ibid.*).

5. Such being the plan for years of peace, it was left to Ireland to make in time of war a voluntary provision (*ibid.*).

6. All this belongs to his idea of a 'permanent settlement' (p. 50). Nothing is said on the management of foreign relations; but it is obviously taken for granted that this charge would be lodged, as theretofore, in London.

7. Mr. Pitt desires a parliamentary reform for Ireland. 'If it is well done, the sooner the better' (p. 69). Protestants were to be united by withholding from the Roman Catholics 'any share in the representation or government.' He does not say from the franchise.

Such were the views of Mr. Pitt in 1784 and 1785. They are propounded with a great anxiety, almost an eagerness, to give them effect. The seventh head contains matter highly important, but extraneous to the general plan. But as regards the first six, might they not be mistaken for an *abbozzo* or first sketch of the Bill which was presented to Parliament in April 1886, one hundred and one years later? It is surely a grave omission on the part of Mr. Lecky not to have brought into focus these very remarkable declarations of Irish policy.

On some points of great importance I am tempted to quote Mr. Lecky against himself, his earlier against his later views. For example, the Society of United Irishmen was founded by Wolfe Tone at Belfast in October 1791. It is admitted on all hands that, several years later, it contemplated separation from England at all costs by the use of force. It is even held that the founder from the first person-

ally desired this separation. But the society was well and wisely instituted with a reform of Parliament for its object, and the union of Protestants with Roman Catholics for the means. Mr. Lecky states this in terms which leave nothing to be desired.

The Society of United Irishmen was at first constituted for the simple purpose of forming a political union of Protestants and Catholics, and thus obtaining a liberal measure of parliamentary reform.¹⁸

But he then proceeds to describe, very truly, the contrast between the policy of Grattan and the ideas of Tone; and with Grattan in his view he says¹⁹ :—

The spirit of the United Irishmen was from the beginning wholly different. They believed, in opposition to Grattan, that it was possible for Ireland to subsist and flourish as a separate state, and their attitude to Great Britain, when it was not one of disaffection and hostility, was at least one of alienation and indifference.

I am wholly unable to reconcile these statements.

Mr. Lecky observes that—

The decadence of sectarian bigotry was indeed one of the happiest features of the time.²⁰

In 1791, he unhappily has to add—

The chief members of the Irish Government made it their deliberate object to revive the religious animosities which had so greatly subsided, to raise the standard of Protestant ascendancy, and to organise through the country an opposition to concession.²¹

Those baleful and shameful efforts reached their climax in the foundation, four years later, and in the progressive operations, of the Orange Societies. Our historian has faithfully recorded both the happy decline, and the factitious but effectual resuscitation, of the mischief. He has not described the relation between these two: has not told us why bigotry declined by a natural process, and why it was artificially relit. I make bold to present my own view. Sectarian bigotry, and the sense of national life, perhaps are in general, certainly were in the Ireland of the eighteenth century, two social factors in essential and deadly hostility to one another. In proportion as the spirit mounts in the arteries of national life, so religious hatred sickens and dies away. And if it be sought to baffle and to paralyse the operation of genuine nationality, there is no better mode than to set up that unchristian Christianity which makes men hate one another on account of differing beliefs. The reason is evident enough. The spirit of nationality, supplying to the entire nation a common source of life, fuses them into a mass; the spirit of sectarian bigotry draws them off from that in which they agree, and inflames them on that in which they differ. Because the spirit of national life was fresh and buoyant, the Irish Parliament in both its

¹⁸ vi. 466.

¹⁹ p. 468.

²⁰ p. 446.

²¹ p. 502.

Houses fought gallantly to support Lord Fitzwilliam against his deposition by the British Cabinet. Because it was too fresh and buoyant for the 'junto of monopolists' in Dublin, whose puppet in a deplorable policy the British Cabinet condescended to be, the Orange lodges were called into existence, and the feuds revived which brought about the rebellion of 1798. I may remind the reader that, with a fatal fidelity of reproduction, the national movement of Ireland in 1886 was made the pretext for the riots of Belfast.

It is due, I presume, to Mr. Lecky's later leanings that he has learned to contemplate not corruption, cruelty and fraud, not hope deferred and broken pledges, as the main cause of the Irish troubles at the close of the century, but the French Revolution. He speaks of the period 'when the French Revolution called all the disaffected elements in Ireland into activity.'²² But the period, at which these elements were called into activity, was not the period when the French Revolution exercised a fascinating power. Their activity was in and after 1795; when the recollections of the Reign of Terror, when the triumphs of irreligion, when the catastrophes of power and the dissolution of order had intervened, and when every attractive memory was blurred with gore. Aware, however, of the necessity of falling back upon some earlier time in order to relieve Dublin Castle of its frightful responsibilities, Mr. Lecky in 1790 has a heading, upon his table of contents, which runs 'Fascination exercised by the French Revolution in Ireland.' But how is the promise of this heading fulfilled in his text? He says²³ that two aspects of the French Revolution had a very special significance for Ireland: the abolition of religious tests, and the abolition of tithe. It is true, indeed, that the British Government in Ireland would not undertake that reform of the tithe which the British Government in London, at least in the mind of its head, desired to see, and that on this occasion, as was usual when the mind of London was ahead, it was worsted by vicious influence in Dublin. The sweeping away of religious tests might have had charms for Ireland, had it not been followed by the sweeping away of religion. But the truth is that the downtrodden masses of the Irish were singularly inaccessible to foreign influence. Even in their extremities of misery and exasperation, military aid from France was not always welcome. But in 1790, the only proof which Mr. Lecky adduces of French influence is taken, not from the Irish masses, but from semi-republican Belfast.²⁴ Again, when he returns to the charges in his account of the year 1792, the only real evidence he produces relates to the North. Some delegates reported, after visiting Scotland, that it 'was quite as ripe for an active democratic movement as Ulster itself.'²⁵ Mr. Lecky thus gives involuntary support to the statement of Mr. Burke, made very late in the day, that the Irish Roman

²² vi. 363.²³ p. 461.²⁴ p. 462.²⁵ p. 608-10.

Catholics were everywhere loyal, save at certain points where their loyalty had been impaired by contact with Protestants. Speaking of 1792, Mr. Lecky says,²⁶ 'In Ireland, as in all other countries, the Catholic gentry and priesthood looked with horror on the French Revolution.' And again: 'If the Catholic question had been settled in 1793, the whole subsequent history of Ireland would probably have been changed. The rebellion of 1798 would, almost certainly, either never have taken place, or have been confined to an insignificant disturbance in the North.'²⁷ So that, after all, it was not the French Revolution that brought about the calamities of Ireland, but the neglect of golden opportunity.

Indeed, in what I take to be his original text, he teaches us where to look for the true sources of the rebellion of 1798, with all those horrors and calamities which were its parents, or its brood. In describing the brilliant but baleful career of Fitzgibbon,²⁸ he says: 'He was the soul of that small party who, by procuring the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, and the refusal of Catholic Emancipation in 1795, drove the Catholics into the rebellion of 1798.' I believe it would be impossible to shake the proposition to which Mr. Lecky has here given utterance: impossible to show that disloyalty had before 1795 any foothold among the Roman Catholics of Ireland, who, more perhaps than any other population, were shielded against any undue influence from France. The movement in that country, which shocked England when it became a movement against religion, although it was against the Roman Church, was alike odious and repulsive to Ireland in each of these separate aspects.

In the opinion of Mr. Lecky, the eighteenth century has not yet had its due.²⁹ He quotes

The victories of Marlborough; the statesmanship of Chatham and his son; the political philosophy of Burke and Adam Smith; the religious movement of Wesley and Whitfield; the conquest of India; the discovery of Australia; the confirmation of the naval, and the establishment of the manufacturing supremacy of England.

And he justly observes, that such a century was 'certainly not without the elements of greatness.' Mr. Lecky is so large in his knowledge, and so sure in his reports, that, though I put the question, I put it not without misgiving, whether the ascription of greatness to the eighteenth century has been seriously contested among us? I should have supposed it to be the commoner opinion that in the world of intellect, and in the world of action, the greatness of that century at no point failed, and at some was transcendent. But there may be another order of questioning, in a region which lies apart from these, and with which the root and groundwork of our being are even more concerned. A century or period may after

²⁶ vi. 529.²⁷ p. 575.²⁸ p. 379.²⁹ p. 297.

all be more great than it is good. Was our eighteenth century ethically great? Did it tend to elevate or to depress the *ὑψίποδες νόμοι*? Did it raise man in his moral and spiritual being? Did it strengthen his hold upon the mainstays of principle and of belief? Did it tend to reduce the sum total of individual sin and misery in the world? Was it less or more worldly and selfish than the century which preceded? Did it cherish enthusiasm? Did it uplift us in the scale of our life? Was it a noble century? I have no sweeping reply to offer to these questions. But they are very partially touched by Mr. Lecky's recital; and they may serve to show, that that recital does not dispose of the whole matter. I go no farther. We owe much to the age that gave us Johnson and Burke, Berkeley and Butler, and with them many more. We have much to learn from it; and I heartily follow the declaration of Mr. Lecky that we should regard it with tolerance and with modesty.³⁰

But the historian has gone farther, and has enriched his pages with a comparison of the two periods in reference to a selected subject, namely, 'the standard of patriotism, of public duty, and of public honour.'³¹ I am disabled by a personal interest from a judicial criticism of this comparison, and yet compelled to notice it, for in it I enjoy the unfortunate honours of the pillory. While all other nineteenth century offenders are dealt with by generalities and in classes, I am chosen personally to represent the climax of iniquity. Mr. Lecky writes as follows: 'We have seen a minister going to the country on the promise that if he was returned to office he would abolish the principal direct tax paid by the class which was then predominant in the constituencies.'³²

This is the alternative form of corruption which the genius of the nineteenth century, in its most depraved form, has substituted for the purchasing of boroughs and the handing of bank-notes to members of Parliament. I agree with Mr. Lecky that the sleepless energies of human cupidity are unrivalled in discovering modes by which, when one avenue has been stopped, they may find access at another. But it appears to me that the historian of the past, before comparing its morality with the present, should well consider what he is about. In a much easier task, that of a mere comparison between opinions held by former and modern parties, Lord Stanhope, one of the most candid and careful among writers, propounded a series of fallacies. I do not remember any historian who has attempted the more ambitious task of comparing elements essentially moral, which is fearlessly undertaken by Mr. Lecky. It seems a little too near the business of the Day of Judgment. And, if the passage I have quoted be a fair specimen of his qualifications, I frankly deny his competency to pronounce a judgment.

I should not, however, deem the pages of this Review suitable for

³⁰ vi. p. 300.

³¹ p. 299.

³² p. 300.

canvassing an imputation of this nature, were it not that the charge touches both principles of political conduct, and points of great public interest in our financial history.

Mr. Lecky appears to be unaware that it is the uniform practice of candidates for a seat in Parliament to announce to those whose votes they desire their views upon political questions either pending, proximate, or sometimes even remote. The practice is reasonable, nay necessary, but of course liable to abuse, and that in many forms; as, for example, when men promise to support plans which they know will be illusory, or which will never be placed before them; or when they seek to realise a present benefit by what has well been termed drawing bills of long date upon the future; or when they appeal to the dominant prejudices or interests of class.

The accusing sentence is inaccurately written. In January 1874, the date to which it refers, there was no question of returning to office. I addressed a constituency as minister, and in a double capacity as Chancellor of the Exchequer and as head of the Administration proposed to repeal the income tax. But it is also untrue written. It is untrue that the payers of income tax were then the predominant class in the constituencies. In Ireland, the payers of income tax had ceased, since the ballot was introduced, to rule elections. In England and Scotland, a very large majority of members were returned by the towns. In the towns, then as now, household suffrage was in full force, and the voters were as a body more independent of the wealthy than are the rural population. The repeal of the income tax, whether proper or improper in itself, was not then a thing improper in respect of the persons to whom it was announced.

It has been held by some, that there should never be an appeal to the people by a Ministry on the subject of taxation. But why not? The rights of the people in respect to taxation are older, higher, clearer, than in respect to any other subject of government. Now appeals on many such subjects have been properly made—on Reform in 1831, on the China War in 1857; on the Irish Church in 1868, on Home Rule in 1886; lastly, in 1852, by the Tories, whose creed Mr. Lecky appears in other matters to have adopted, on the finance proper to be proposed by Mr. Disraeli after, and in connection with, the repeal of the Corn Law.

Undoubtedly, although right in principle, such appeals and promises are eminently liable to abuse. But there is one touchstone by which the peccant element in them may be at once detected. If the promise launches into the far future, it may straightway be condemned. If, on the other hand, it is one certain to be tested within a few weeks, the case is different. A minister casually pitchforked (so to speak) into office, and living from hand to mouth, might be tempted to a desperate venture. But can Mr. Lecky suppose that the Ministry

of 1868-74, which had outlived the ordinary term, and (may it be said?) had made its mark in history, would thus have gambled with false coin, and have sought to add so ignobly, and with such compromise of character, a respite almost infinitesimal to its duration?

Was the engagement to the repeal of the income tax one either obligatory or proper in itself? Was the time well chosen? Was the proposer morally bound to the proposal? I will answer yes to all these questions, and I will prove my affirmative; though my short recital will lead Mr. Lecky, if he reads it, into a field of contemporary history, which it is quite plain that he has never traversed.

By a most remarkable prevision, Mr. Herries, about 1828, declared that nothing but an income tax could enable us to reform our intolerable commercial legislation. The tax was then regarded with aversion and almost horror; so much so that, in 1833, the House of Commons seems to have been led by the prospect of it to rescind an incautious vote for the partial repeal of the malt tax. Only prolonged financial disorder and discredit emboldened Sir Robert Peel in 1842 to propose it, for the restoration of the balance between revenue and charge, and for the relief of industry. But it was then proposed only as a temporary measure. It was passed for three years. In 1845 it had achieved a marked success. It might have been dropped without danger to revenue; but Peel asked for its renewal, that he might repeat his operations on behalf of trade. Another period of three years ran off. Then came 1848. The French Revolution had broken out; and the military terrors, which disturbed the old age of the Duke of Wellington, were beginning to operate on our estimates. The tax was renewed in that and subsequent years, but only from year to year; and the change to annual enactment was a new mode of signifying its temporary character. Experience had by this time opened to us new dangers. It was seen by some, that the tax was fraught with temptations to immorality; by others, that it would offer fatal facilities for extravagance; it was held by those who paid it, especially under Schedule D, that its inequalities were absolutely intolerable. That they are manifold and grievous, Mr. Lecky, if he could give three or six months to a study of the subject, would not fail to perceive. The consequence was, that we gradually passed into a state of opinion which condemned the tax outright in its existing form, and would only endure it if differentiated, that is to say, imposed at varying rates on the several schedules. This alternative was approved, partly under the authority of Mr. Hume, by the great mass of the Liberal party. But, in the creed of the practical authorities from Pitt to Peel, the reconstruction of the tax was impossible; while its repeal, as matters then stood, would have involved the utter disorganisation of our finance. In these circumstances Mr. Disraeli, when proposing his Budget of December 1852, undertook, without the knowledge of the Board of Inland Revenue, to

differentiate the tax by a reduction on Schedule D. He was defeated. The Ministry of Lord Aberdeen took office. They had to face a position of financial danger, to which I say without hesitation the last fifty-five years afford no parallel. But they escaped from the dilemma and obtained a renewal for seven years. And how? By a large plan of finance, based upon the gradual diminution and the final extinction of the tax. The abandonment of the impost was thus promised in a form the most binding that could be devised. Those, who gave the promise, believed the thing they promised to be politic and right, and for the promise they received large value in the stability both of the finance and the Administration. They bound themselves to get rid of 'the principal direct tax;' and none but the nation could absolve them from the attempt to fulfil their offer. Public exigencies postponed for fourteen years the practical acknowledgment of the obligation; but it had never been forgotten. The way had been carefully prepared by the Ministry of 1868-74, through successive reductions of the tax from 8*d.* to 3*d.* In 1874, for the first time since 1845, the opportunity arrived. The nation had its opportunity, and took its choice. It may have been wise or unwise; but it was made by competent authority. The result is told in our present expenditure of ninety millions. What in Mr. Lecky's mind is a piece of unequalled political profligacy was in prospect, and is in retrospect, according to my conviction, the payment of a debt of honour, and the fulfilment of a solemn duty.

This cramped and contracted statement is, I am aware, charged with a vein of involuntary egotism. I therefore regret the less that want of space forbids me to expand it. It refers chiefly to my first query, but throws some light upon the others. As the thing was obligatory, so the time was eminently proper. We had the tax already lowered below any previous rate, and before us there lay a solidly estimated surplus of six millions. No such opportunity for a large and various improvement in our taxation had theretofore, or has since, occurred. Of this Mr. Lecky is not bound to know anything; but he ought to have known, and to have stated, that with the proposal to repeal the income tax came a proposal to reconstruct and enlarge the death duties. Direct taxation of a kind most vexatious to trade and industry was to be removed: direct taxation, the least of all unfavourable to trade and industry, and going, as a direct tax should wherever possible go, straight to property, was to be imposed.

I must mention one other among the considerations which show the eminent propriety of the time. The Parliament was in its sixth year; and would in regular course have been dissolved in the autumn of 1874. During the session, it would have been a moribund Parliament; the least fit of all to deal with great questions, the most prolific of dishonesty and intrigue. By the dissolution, we sent Antæus back to kiss his mother earth, and we secured that a great subject should at

any rate be considered by an Assembly exempt from personal fears and temptations, and clothed with the amplest and most unquestionable authority.

One word, lastly, as to the proposer of the plan. As Chancellor of the Exchequer, he obtained the tax in 1853 by means of the promise; as Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1874 he was the person bound beyond all others to redeem it, when at length it could be redeemed. He was not altogether a novice, for he had already produced and carried ten Budgets, and he knew that what he proposed, for a Parliament that was to meet in February, he must in March make ready to perform. Except under (what I think) the absurd contention that the nation is never to be consulted upon the exercise of its chief and primary right of giving or withholding taxes, it appears to me, I frankly own, that in this case Mr. Lecky's condemnation ought to be itself condemned. But, beyond all doubt, the sentence was passed by him as a debt due to justice, such as he conceived justice to be; and its appearance on his pages does not make me one whit less grateful for these conscientious and able volumes, or less anxious that, in his noble profession as an historian, there may still be reserved to him many long years of happiness and fame.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

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